

The Immortal Woman Revolutionary

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**Foreign Languages Publishing House
Pyongyang, Korea
1989**

1. In the Children's Company

Wearing the Military Uniform for the First Time

After fierce battles and exhausting marches for many consecutive days, the unit reached and bivouacked for days in the thick forests near Fuhoushui, Linjiang County.

The members of our Children's Company, 16 or thereabout, got flurried in battle or in march. But during encampment or rest, they frisked about most noisily and did a lot of mischief.

One evening, before supper, we were sitting here and there in group, preoccupied with a "matter of interest" in our own fashion. In company with a few comrades, I was drilling myself in bayoneting the dummy before a tree of a large girth.

Unexpectedly I heard voices of people exchanging greetings. I saw two women guerrillas walking towards us under the trees some way off. One of them was Comrade Kim, the cook of our Children's Company, and she looked very delighted.

But who might that woman guerrilla be who was coming hand in hand with our children, adjusting their clothes and talking gaily with them? I was bewildered for a while at the unexpected appearance of a stranger, before I stepped towards the comrades who were gathering one after another around the woman guerrilla.

I did not believe my eyes when I recognized the woman guerrilla who was standing by the cook wiping her dripping sweat with a smile.

"O my! She's comrade political worker!" It was Comrade Kim Jong Suk. In the Pinggangde village of the Changbai area I used to see her in a simple Korean dress. So I felt a lump in my throat when I saw her in military uniform for the first time after I joined the guerrilla army.

At most it was only two months or so earlier that I had seen her last at Pinggangde, but my heart thumped wildly and my eyes blurred as if I had met my mother after many years' separation.

Meeting even a person from the same village in such a mountain

recess would be as glad as meeting a kinsman. Much more so as I met Comrade Kim Jong Suk whose image was engraved indelibly on my heart. I was unable to find proper words to describe my feelings at the time.

Since many of our company crew had been trained under her care in the Changbai area before they joined the guerrilla army, it was not easy for her to exchange greetings with all of them. Some comrades wiped off their tears and sweat together stealthily.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk who was greeting them in turn, recognized me before long.

“Why, who’s this!”

Her eyes gazing at me became watery in an instant. Gripped by a surge of joy and sorrow, I dropped my head. If there had not been my comrades around, I would have thrown myself into her arms and have a good cry.

She had brought me up with a kind heart from the days when I was singing the Children’s Corps Song going up and down the hills of Pinggangde in worn-out rubber shoes and hemp clothes. She was now close by me protecting me even in the flames of the fierce anti-Japanese war. This feeling of joy and happiness overwhelmed my heart like a flood tide.

Later I learned that she had just returned to the unit after fulfilling her underground work in the Changbai area and, instructed by the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung to take good care of the newly organized Children’s Company, came to us in spite of her fatigue.

That day she watched us taking meals, and in the evening gave us candy and cakes and pieces of white cloth to line our tunic collars.

Then she called me to her side. She closely examined my appearance as I was standing with a rifle on the shoulder and the cap on the head.

I felt uneasy thinking that she did so because I was not neat and trim in my military outfit. It seemed she sensed my feeling. “It’s that I am so glad to see you in military uniform shouldering a rifle” she said. “Now please go that far and then step back here.” She remarked with great satisfaction that I had grown beyond recognition.

Then she asked me to tell her what I had gone through in the meantime. I told her everything I had experienced until that day after my enlistment in the guerrilla army from what happened on the day when our village was raided by the Japanese imperialists in a “punitive operation.” Above all, I related in great excitement the fact that the great leader had received us warmly and looked after us with a profound care like a father. When he received the report that quite a few young people came from the Changbai area to the guerrilla army determined to fight the Japanese imperialist aggressors in arms the great leader personally met us and inquired about our resolve to fight. Then he told us to show him our determination in a written form. So we sat writing our determination in the light of a pine-resin dip chasing away mosquitoes all through the night, which we presented to him.

After reading our written determination, he summoned us again and encouraged us by saying that since our resolve to hit the Japanese was high, we would make excellent fighters of ourselves in the guerrilla army in the future. But in view of our still being young he suggested forming a Children’s Company for us. Then he ensured that we were issued military uniforms of the best quality, new carbines to suit our stature and moderate-sized knapsacks. “So I’ve come to shoulder a rifle and, moreover, to wear new military uniform that is mine for the first time in my life,” I added seized once more by the emotions I had felt at that time.

“You say you have worn your own clothes for the first time!” she reiterated my words, a cloud passing over her face. She understood my feeling contained in my simple words “new clothes.”

I was born as the youngest son in a large family and lost my mother early. I had to put up with the old clothes outworn by my elder brother. Until I was 17, I had grown without knowing new clothes. So it was my cherished desire to wear new clothes even for once.

She knew well of our family’s living conditions because she had often come to our house in Pinggangde. Therefore, when I mentioned my new clothes, she understood that my earnest desire had been accomplished.

She ran her eyes over me once again and then asked me if I was hungry, if the army life was trying for me and what I felt fighting the enemy. I frankly told her what was in my mind. I was not hungry, but sometimes I felt like eating something rather than I had done at home. As it was autumn now, I remembered the impromptu roasting of beans in the fields and baked potatoes which I would eat with gusto.

She looked at me compassionately before she said, “We are living in grim years deprived of our country, so we have nothing but guns to place in the hands of children like you still in the growth period who would be gambolling as they please and study to their heart’s content at home. But the day will surely come when all these hardships of today will be recalled as an old tale and a glorious memory. Convinced of this, you should train yourself tirelessly and prepare yourself to be a good guerrilla fighter.”

I told her I would try as I was told to.

And she asked me what I felt in the first battle that I fought. I told her of the Xinfangzi Battle in which I underwent my baptism of fire. One day in the August of 1937, word came from a local revolutionary organization that the next day a large force of the forest police that was called out for “punitive operations” would move along the path over the hill to the north of Xinfangzi. The unit got prepared for battle.

We, the Children’s Company members, importuned the company commander to take us to the battle, but he did not give us a satisfactory answer. However, that evening the great leader called at our company and, hearing of our desire, said that he would take us to the battle. We danced for joy.

Remarking that the Japanese or puppet Manchukuo Army appeared to be strong, but was no more than a scarecrow in battle, he encouraged us to fight gallantly with confidence.

The following day, the great leader posted our Children’s Company along the ridge of a hill by the road to the right of the command post. Then he personally came and told us to take shelter and camouflage ourselves dexterously by using natural features of the terrain. He advised us to wait with patience without losing our heads until the enemy appeared. Thus he helped us complete the

preparations for battle to the minutest detail.

Although we had talked much of battle, my heart thumped and a tremor passed over me as I lay prone on the battlefield awaiting the signal shot. Moreover, I felt my lips parching when I saw the enemy's main force of over 200 men in a double file walking into our trap where we were lying in ambush, preceded by about a squad of scouts and followed by a string of more than 30 oxcarts.

Unable to keep ourselves quiet, we cast our eye on the spot where the great leader was. Smiling brightly, he was talking to a soldier. He looked as if he were unconcerned at all about the enemy's appearance on the path. Our excitement soon quietened down.

Presently the first shot was fired from the command post signalling the start of action. The battle began.

We kept on firing in such rapid succession that we did not even take our time to sight the targets accurately. Enemy soldiers fell in variable poses, but I was not sure whose bullets told.

The bugle sounded the charge and we went over the top shouting battle cries and finished off the enemies who were running helter-skelter on the path. Suddenly I saw an enemy soldier grovelling at my feet. At this moment, somebody shouted, "Comrades of the Children's Company, don't forget the old grudges of your fallen parents, brothers and sisters."

"Right," I thought to myself. "How cruelly our parents, brothers and sisters were murdered. You bastard, you killed them. So you should take this bullet."

I sent a shot through the fellow.

He twisted his body uglily before he fell flat on the ground. Other comrades, too, crushed the enemies, raising loud war cries. The battle ended in no time.

We killed or took prisoner all of the over 200 enemy troops and captured over 30 cartloads of war supplies including provisions and clothing. We returned to our encampment over hills with the prisoners loaded with the booties. On my way back, I shouted bravo in my mind, "We've won. The Japanese are nothing to be afraid of!" I felt like dancing....

Comrade Kim Jong Suk who listened to me to the last was much delighted and said that although we were young we had already grown old enough to be full-fledged guerrilla fighters. She went on to say:

“The Children’s Company is a military organization unheard-of in the history of any other country in the world.

“The General places great trust in the revolutionary children who hate the enemy and ardently aspire after national liberation and, with a view to fostering them to be the reliable reserves of our revolution, has formed the military body like the Children’s Company in our guerrilla army.

“In fact, none but our General can think of such a thing, which we can boast of all over the world.”

Her words reminded me in a new light what had happened when the Children’s Company had been formed. Certain people had insisted that since small children would be a great burden to the unit in its movement, they should be sent down to the enemy-controlled areas for the time being and recalled when they grew bigger. But the great leader rejected the idea and told them that although it might be difficult for the moment, the guerrillas should take the children along with them and train them stoutly in the flames of battles for smashing the enemy.

That day she gave us precious advice which we should follow in our guerrilla life and in the organized life of the Anti-Japanese Youth League. She said:

“The people who joined the revolutionary ranks in arms should make it an iron rule to follow unconditionally the General’s orders and instructions before anything else. Everything should be done according to his instructions.

“Every aspect of life, either battle, march or training, must be conducted in keeping with his instructions, and then it will be all right. This is the lesson and truth I have learned in carrying on fighting under the General, which cannot be bartered away for anything.

“Further, you should strictly observe discipline.

“Discipline is the life and soul of the army.

“An undisciplined army is not fit to fight and can do nothing.

“Our guerrilla army organizes and carries out all lives in accordance with one discipline. Acting upon discipline is the way to be a worthy guerrilla and, moreover, to prepare yourself to be a fine revolutionary.

“Therefore, while keeping regular hours in daily life, you must rigidly observe military and organizational discipline including unconditional obedience to the superiors’ orders.

“To acquire the spirit of overcoming difficulties is another important thing in the guerrilla life.

“When the cold season sets in, you will have a lot of difficulties. The path ahead of us is so long that no one can tell how many years it will take to reach our destination and we cannot foresee how grave the difficulties and trials lying before us will be.

“But all that we have are our two fists and a gun.

“We have neither a patch of ground to take a peaceful rest in nor a depot to give us food and clothes. All that awaits us everywhere is the Japanese meshes of watch and ‘punitive forces’.”

“But alive or dead, we must keep to the road of the revolution, and this demands that we go through all these difficulties and ordeals courageously.

“The most precious thing in the guerrilla life is comradely love.

“Our guerrilla army is a collective of revolutionary comrades who fight for one and the same objective and ideology. Now that we have lost the country, homes and kinsfolk, we have no one but the revolutionary comrades to rely on. We must learn to respect the General like our father and consider the love and sense of duty among comrades dearer than our own lives.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk thus referred to important things which we should follow as the guideline of our guerrilla life. And she told me to ask anything which I wanted to know. As a beginner in the guerrilla life, I had more than one thing which I wanted to know, but just told her I would try to learn things from life in future.

She agreed and kindly said that now that we were going to fight battles together in the same ranks, we would meet often to converse and, if I had any trouble, tackle it by joint efforts.

At the thought that from now on she would always be close by and look after me with her kind and warm heart, I felt no fear at any ordeal or hardship but found a greater joy in the guerrilla life.

The Thought of Home Is the Thought of the Homeland

One night, after supper, I was sitting alone in a fiat grass lot a little way from the barracks. The moon was unusually bright, bead-like dewdrops shone pale blue in the moonlight and the forest seemed to lie in a peaceful slumber in a pallid veil. The drifting night mist swam round the edges of the forest as if afraid of disturbing its slumber and I became wistful somehow.

I lapsed into the recollection of my native village and my dear old home which I had left long before.

... The endless expanse of the East Sea. Blue waves come rolling in and splash on the beach. My three-year old sister and I play with clamshells on the white sands. Somewhere mother is calling us.... It's already dusk. I hastily lift my sister onto my back and start running, but I stumble and fall. We cry, our faces smeared with sand.

All our family members are at table for supper; with sympathetic feelings for each other, we soothe our hunger with just half a bowl of gruel boiled with dried radish leaves. Then, we sit on the earthen verandah where dried wormwood is kept smouldering to smoke off mosquitos, and as we, the children, croon a song of the moon looking up at the bright moon, the elders would say with a sigh, "We wish you children would live well in your time."

Oh, the day when mother died of illness. That day my sister was clapping her hands in delight at having rice cakes for the first time in a long time, and I mercilessly slapped her in the face, and we together wept bitterly....

The sword-wielding Japanese on the rampage, our family plodding on and on along the road unfamiliar to us and crossing the Amnok River after driven out of the native village, the poor grandmother wiping off her tears over and over again as we arrived in the cold windswept land of Jiandao and unpacked our wretched

bundles,... I was rewinding my spool of recollections endlessly, when Comrade Kim Jong Suk approached. Even though I heard the approaching footsteps, I failed to recognize her. Just thinking it must be someone, I remained motionless lost in the chase of my own thoughts.

“Are you homesick?” I heard her low yet familiar voice.

“N... no!” I sprang to my feet with a start and stood at attention. “Oh, I’ve been woolgathering!” I thought. I felt guilty and dropped my head.

“You aren’t telling the truth,” she said, looking at me with a genial smile. “I’m speaking the truth. How can a guerrilla be homesick?” I denied it insistently.

In those days we Children’s Company members were often longing for home. We tried not to do so, but in vain.

However, it was not that we wanted to return home. Actually we had neither a home nor a home village to return to at that time. The Japanese imperialist marauders had robbed us of our country, burnt down even a hovel barely wide enough to spread a reed mat and lie down on, and killed our kith and kin at random.

But we had a home in our hearts. The mountains and rivers in our beloved native places, the faces of our parents, brothers and sisters and their warmhearted care for us and the cries they made in agony in the blood bath— this was our home.

This home which was a bleeding memory in our hearts would occasionally spring into our minds shaking them uncontrollably. At that time we tried never to betray our feelings. We were afraid that we might be ridiculed as snotty-nosed for our homesickness, and we ourselves deemed it a sign of the lack of revolutionary training. This was why I stubbornly denied to her that I had been yearning after the old home just before.

“Is that so?” said Comrade Kim Jong Suk as if she knew nothing of what was in my mind. Then she held out a small paper parcel towards me. I was in no state to receive it, and so stood still. But she unwrapped the package and urged me to take it.

The moment I took it unable to decline, I felt a lump in my throat.

It was scorched rice from the bottom of the pot! It reminded me of the small ball of scorched rice at the end of the old warped brass paddle back at my home used long for serving rice! Why did I get into a state? Probably because I saw it for the first time after I left home? Or because it reminded me of the warm love of my dear mother? The sight of a small ball of scorched rice which I used to eat without any thought at home made my eyes prickle, and why?

“You’re hungry, aren’t you? Take it please. Today I scraped it up from the pot after the bean gruel was dipped out, so it’s more tasty.” With this, she pressed me to eat it. She said Chang Guk and Hong Su, too, had taken some of it just before.

In those days the food situation was very acute and even gruel was given in small portions in the guerrilla unit. The great leader was grieved at failing to feed us our fill. At meals, he would give some of his scanty portion of gruel to us Children’s Company members.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk always kept in mind the great leader’s love for us and took care of us. That day, too, she must have evidently asked for the scorched part of the gruel for her meal, which she was giving us. I could not take it readily. My heart seemed to be singed at the thought that I was taking her supper away.

Watching me silently, she said, “What’s with you? Take it please. I’m giving it you because I have nothing else to offer.” She put it in my hand at last.

I wept soundlessly in the back of my heart.

The next day, at night, our Children’s Company set out on a long march in company with the great leader.

The silent nocturnal march through a sea of forest steeped in deep quiet brought a thousand emotions to crowd on my young mind. Unawares, I was caught in a vortex of thoughts, with my mind troubled and agitated. Above all, the yearning for my native village and my home cut into my heart.

As I was looking through the foliage of the tall trees at the bright moon sailing off and on after us, the dear memories came back to me of the days when I romped about in the fields of my home village in the flood of brilliant moonlight or when I listened to old tales narrated

by grandmother in the mellow moonlight.

My grandmother, if she is still alive, will praise me when she sees me set out on a long expedition against the Japanese proudly carrying the gun on my shoulder, and my father, though taciturn always, will say something to me if he finds me in these ranks on the march as a proud guerrilla.

I was walking on silently, turning the crowding thoughts over in my mind, when I felt somebody touch my shoulder. I quickly glanced back. Unexpectedly it was Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

“What are you thinking of so intently?”

I replied with a start as if I were caught in the act of doing wrong:

“What’s there to think of? I’m just walking.”

“You seem a bit stiff-necked,” she said with a smile.

“Yes?! What do you mean?”

She made no reply but kept smiling.

She walked quietly for a while before she opened her mouth:

“On such occasions my thought turns more often than not to my home. I think of my mother who was killed cruelly and of my nephew whose fate is unknown....”

“What? You say you think of your home?” I asked with blank surprise.”

“Why not? Is it wrong if I think of my home?”

“Well, of course....” I could find no proper words to reply. I even suspected her of teasing me with just about a self-evident thing.”

“When all is quiet around us like this even with the calm moonlight flowing down on us, who on earth will not ever think of his home?” she went on to say. Her voice sounded wet somehow.

Slowing down her pace, Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked up for a good while at the blue moon travelling through the dark night sky, before she resumed her talk:

“Indeed, your grandmother and other people of your family at Pinggange were kindhearted. I cannot forget even now that although they were in such needy circumstances, they bought me a pair of shoes and made taffy for me.... And your father is also ever present in my memory.”

I felt warm inside to hear her speak so well of my family. Yet, her remark somewhat embarrassed me. So I said, "Don't mention it...." She continued:

"Of course, your parents are not the only people who are so fine and respectable. The grandparents and parents of Korea are all fine people."

"Indeed, we cannot forget our beloved parents, brothers and sisters even for a moment."

Her talk broke off again. She looked immersed in deep nostalgia, which I had never seen before. Eyeing her, I felt myself strangely touched. Comrade Kim Jong Suk as I knew was always living uprightly and stoutly without betraying her sorrow and pain! Overcoming any severe ordeals and difficulties with a bright smile, she would plant a strong pillar in our minds. And now could it be that even she falls into such a mood sometimes?

I was hearing the unending sounds of footsteps of the guerrillas marching over the dry fallen leaves, when her calm voice came to my ears:

"To look back upon the past, your parents or mine had hearts as tender and beautiful as silks although they had lived in hardships and destitution for generations."

"They had worked all through their lives, and neither despised nor hated others."

"They deemed it their greatest duty and pride to attend on their parents devotedly, to love their younger brothers and sisters, living harmoniously together with all families and all the village helping and caring for each other."

"They were all infinitely mild and gentle people, tenderhearted and easily moved to tears."

"What do you say? Your parents, brothers and sisters were like that, weren't they?"

Tightly clasping the rifle strap slung over her shoulder, she went on:

"However, our parents were not only tender and warmhearted. Towards the enemies who oppressed and made harm to our good

people, they burned with fierce hatred and overflowed with implacable hostility. No one could tell how their gentle hearts were capable of such a violent emotion.”

“No need of going back to the distant past. How bitterly our parents hated the Japanese imperialist robbers who overrun our dear homeland and what a great deal of blood they shed fighting to rout them out!”

“ ‘ Die at the hands of the enemy rather than yield to him! You must live like a human even for a single day and die rather than live as a dog for long years’ was the invariable injunction of our parents to us, their children, wasn’t it?”

I walked on silently.

She spoke in a little higher tone:

“What do you say? Shouldn’t we feel proud of our parents, brothers and sisters who are diligent and honest-minded but stouthearted in face of the enemy? Should we ever lose sight of such fine parents, brothers and sisters of ours just because we are fighting in arms away from home?”

“No, that won’t do. After all, the aim of our revolution is to free our people, our parents, brothers and sisters from the yoke of Japanese imperialist marauders. And how do you think we can fight on if we do not think of them at all times?”

Her words shook my heart. I felt as if something warm was flowing into my heart.

“As I told you in Pinggangde, we communists love man more than anyone else. We are people who love and care for our parents, brothers, sisters, our wives and children more than others.”

“If we do not feel affection for our kinsfolk and compatriots, how can we devote ourselves to the revolution, defying all hardships?”

“The General teaches us that we should always remember our people and our parents, brothers and sisters, downtrodden by the Japanese imperialists.”

“The General said that the love for one’s parents and brothers and sisters is the love for one’s country.”

“So our yearning for our parents, brothers and sisters and for our home and native village is immediately the longing for the home country, isn’t it?”

Gradually my face got flushed. I had little thought that her words would touch my heart so strongly. Comrade Kim Jong Suk went on with a brightened face.

“I think you, too, think of your home sometimes. The more you think of it, the more it will do good to the revolution. There is nothing wrong with it, is there?”

“Yes. In fact, I...,” my words died away on my lips. But I was very grateful for her deep understanding of my inner thought rather than feeling a sense of shame that she had known all my secret thinking.

“You have been thinking of your home on this march and also thought of it at the secret camp yesterday, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” I answered honestly.

“I guessed you were thinking of your home yesterday, but since it was bedtime, I refrained from having a talk with you.”

Oh, that was what she did! Nevertheless, I doggedly brazened it out in a stupid behaviour before her! With this thought, I felt quite embarrassed and did not know what to do, when she continued:

“Indeed, it might be harmful to the revolution if we simply yearn after our parents and brothers and sisters we left behind and our dear native places. But is there anyone who thinks that way at present?”

“Our families are suffering from all sorts of humiliations and ill-treatment of the Japanese imperialist burglars and inhuman oppression and exploitation of the landlords and capitalists, aren’t they?”

“We cannot forget but think of them all the time from the desire to deliver them as early as possible! Under no circumstances can we deliver them without taking back our country occupied by the Japanese imperialist aggressors. Our yearning for the beloved family and native village signifies a longing for the downtrodden homeland and a determination to achieve national independence. This is why the General pointed out that the thought about the family is no less than the thought about the homeland.”

“What, then, should we do to take back the country?”

“We must serve the General more faithfully and crush the Japanese imperialist marauders by ourselves with the firm unity of the entire people of the country around him.”

“In the long run, our thought of home means the thought to carry out the revolution more successfully.”

“I see,” I replied vigorously. This was a reply full of joy at learning the new truth which I had not known before.

“Now, let us walk faster because we have been thinking of our homes until now.”

So saying, she quickened her pace. The company increased the speed of march. With fresh confidence and courage, I vigorously marched forward along the road to annihilate the enemy, the road to liberate my beloved family and dear homeland.

From One to Ten

The evening in the forests induced peculiar emotions. Sitting around the bonfire, we talked about various things ranging from the internal and external situations to the strange story of what had happened to a comrade, and we also had a pleasant entertainment.

At such a time potatoes would be put into the bonfire and baked in the ashes with a sizzle. Some of the guerrillas would put twigs of acorns, pine nuts and hazelnuts in the fire and rake them out when half roasted.

Our Children’s Company members were very keen on listening to stories. It became our daily routine to listen to old tales or battle stories from veteran guerrillas.

That day Comrade Kim Jong Suk came to our company as we were sitting around the bonfire. We all importuned her to tell us whatever stories she liked without minding our want of manners. She smiled genially and joked that she ought to bring a large story bag whenever she visited the Children’s Company. This evening, she said,

before telling a story she liked us to pay the price for it and warned us to be well prepared for it.

Asking her what she liked to get from us, we bragged that whatever price she wanted we were ready to pay.

“Well, then, I will charge the price.” With this she said she would give us an examination on some problems by the method of questions and answers. The word “examination” made us somewhat tense, but we sat close around her from curiosity. She put forward the first question.

“What is the distance to a man when you can discern his movement?”

We buzzed.

Although we had learned it after joining the guerrilla army, our knowledge was vague because it had not been confirmed through practice. Suddenly a comrade answered, “I think it is some 1,000 metres.” This stirred us into noisy arguments for and against it, but they argued from guesswork without having a definite idea.

In the end, we asked her for the answer. Saying that she wanted to examine us, but that she, the examiner, was forced to answer it, she would give the answer as we requested. She taught us that a man is recognizable at the distance of up to about 700 metres, that parts of a rifle are discernible at the distance of some 100 metres, that cigarette light can be seen at 500 metres, and that the light of a match is perceived at some 1,500 metres. She also told us in detail of the distances at which one can make out the flash of the rifle fire, a house and its roof and a tree.

Further, she said that when we were out on sentry duty, we should know in advance how far the natural objects visible in front of us were from us. For instance, she went on, the rock ahead is how many metres away, and if we see a light at the rock, we can tell whether it is a cigarette or a match light. And if we see something moving there, we can determine whether it is a man or not by finding out whether a man’s move is visible or not at the distance.

Scratching the back of our heads, we once again memorized the distances taught by her.

She also spoke of the distances of various sounds audible to us. She detailed the distances from which one can hear talking voices, commands, sounds of an ax cutting a tree, hoofbeats, rifle shots and sounds of a motor car.

Teaching us in this way, she said that instead of contenting ourselves with theoretical knowledge, we should make it confirmed by the catechetical method in our spare moments. Only then would it become a working knowledge, she added.

After running her eye over us affectionately, she said she would like to ask us another question. The question was: "What will you do when you feel drowsy while on sentry duty?"

Everyone told his opinion. She said that all our opinions were tenable, and went on:

"When I feel sleepy, I picture to myself the faces of the fallen comrades. This brings back to my mind the past days when we fought together sharing life and death, sweets and bitters with each other, and their last words asking me to do their share in battle and be sure to return to the homeland with the General. Then drowsiness is gone completely."

"Sometimes I would sing songs in my mind. As I keep on singing songs mentally, following their stanzas, the first, second and so on, the time passes before I know."

This was really a precious teaching to us for whom sentry duty in military uniform was the first experience.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk went over to the next question.

"Do you know how to boil the rice without raising smoke?"

Each of us gave his reply. Somebody said that bush clover was the best for the purpose, and the other insisted on the superiority of dried twigs of the aspen tree.

Looking round at us affectionately she said that as we had said, bush clover, dried branches of aspen and alder trees, and willow are all good for the purpose, and asked what then we should do if these were wet or when we had no dried twigs on hand. It aroused my interest, since I had been criticized sometime ago for the reason that I raised smoke while cooking. At the end of waiting for our answer, she

explained that in such circumstances we should set the pot and dig a ditch for smoke to pass behind the fireplace.

When only smoky firewood is on hand, the pot should be set on a mountain slope at first, and a ditch should be dug upwards behind the fireplace for the passage of smoke. Then, at some distance the ditch should be divided into many branches to diffuse the smoke, and the terminuses of the branch ditches should be covered with twigs of pine or other trees. Then the smoke will be dispersed, and it will appear as if mist were rising on the mountain.

We all exclaimed with admiration. It really was a living lesson of the guerrilla life, which could not be learned anywhere else. She put yet another question to us.

“This time I should like to ask you about a simplest thing. What do you think is the most convenient place to keep your needle?”

Where to keep a needle? Really it was a simple yet difficult question to answer. But everyone answered confidently, “It’s the upper pocket of the military coat,” “It’s the pocket flap,” and “It’s the cap.”

After consenting to all our opinions with a smile, she said that according to her experience, it was best to keep the needle in the cap and, in particular, on the lower surface of its visor. If it is stuck to the undersurface of the visor with thread, it will not get wet in the rain and is easy to use when it is urgently needed.

“Keeping a needle appears to be a trifle matter, but it is not so. Battle and march being our everyday affairs, we must keep every personal effect of ours handy to suit the battle conditions.”

If we were unable to use a needle in time of need, it would be impossible to patch up the torn clothes without delay, or to repair the knapsack the instant it was torn, so that sometimes we might lose things kept in it, she added.

The comrade who was once criticized for losing his emergency rice bag because he had not mended his torn knapsack in time, listened to her with all seriousness with a flushed face.

The warm care of Comrade Kim Jong Suk! She taught everything from one to ten and led us recruits of the Children's Company to find our legs in the life of the guerrilla army!

Her loving care was the warm sunrays which raised us to be proud soldiers of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army.

From the next day we would study beforehand in preparation for an examination she might give us at any time without previous notice.

On the Road of March

Comrade Kim Jong Suk's warm care was also shown in the course of march, to say nothing of fierce battles and trainings.

We happened to pass a mountain side. Below the path there was a sheer precipice and a blue stream of water was flowing down family at its foot. A large affluent of the Amnok River, it appeared fairly deep. So our path was dangerous and a slip of a foot would entail a fatal result in the twinkling of an eye. On top of that, we were dog-tired from the continuous march and legs would not move under the weight of the heavy knapsack and rifle.

Could we ever safely pass this part of the defile? we feared. Everybody felt a chill inside and his legs were trembling.

At such a moment Comrade Kim Jong Suk came to our company. She had already passed the risky part of the trail, but came back to help us.

"Children's Company members! Be courageous. Cheer up, please!" she called to us.

The 20-30 metre section was on a very steep cliff, and here the company scarcely moved. She called to the comrade at the head of the file telling him to stop where he was. Then she came back and took him by the hand and, covering him from the side of the precipice, helped him cross the section step by step. Then she returned again and helped the second comrade forward. Her knapsack was much larger than ours, but without the slightest sign of fatigue, she ventured to negotiate this dangerous path backward and forward over and over again to help us. Seeing her, we were all moved to tears. She helped

all members of the two platoons of the Children's Company to pass the defile.

After passing the risky ledge of the overhanging cliff, the unit marched on without a break. We were dying for a rest; we felt that if we sat down for a moment, we would be refreshed and feel as if flying into the sky in fine feather, but no order for rest was given by the command.

Our mouths parching for thirst, we kept licking our dry lips. Utterly exhausted, we reeled along. The blisters on our feet hurt so bitterly that we gulped down tears noiselessly. Nevertheless, we walked on and on.

At last, the trail ahead of us gradually dimmed and dusk fell around us. It became dark quickly in the deep forest. We had expected that when the night fell, we would stop marching and make camp, but there was no hint of it.

After having supper in a hurry, we set out on the march again. Now I had supper after the arduous march all day long, fatigue came over me unbearably. The heavy fatigue which had accumulated for days seemed to hang on my eyelids. I bit my lip and tried to rub the sleep out of my eyes, but of no use. The eyelids drooped and the legs were shaky.

Some comrade who was walking half-sleeping strayed out of the marching column and another one bumped his forehead against a big tree with a groan of "Ouch!" Owing to drowsiness, some comrade even stumbled and fell on the back of the comrade walking in front pushing him down to the ground.

I was walking half dozing struggling with sleepiness. Comrade Kim Jong Suk approached and said, "Shall we start an examination as we had promised?"

I wondered what examination she was mentioning at this hour of night. "Previously I told you I would have a singing examination, didn't I?"

Instantly I came to myself with a start and recalled a thing.

A few days before I asked Comrade Kim Jong Suk to write down the words of the *Song of Anti-Japanese War* which the great leader sang for us.

Writing down the words, she told me to practise it well. She said that she would test me for singing.

“Now sing it quietly here, please,” she urged me seriously. As it was called an examination, I collected my wits and sang the *Song of Anti-Japanese War* in undertone. I sang it so low that it was barely audible to the comrade walking beside me. Before I knew, I was clear of drowsiness.

“You sang well. We cannot sing a song aloud because we are on the night march, but you sang very well. Now you practise it a little more. Do so while walking, I mean. Then when the entertainment meeting is held, you must sing before the comrades.” With this she went to other comrade. Awakened from drowsiness, I quickened my pace crooning the tune over and over again.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk who went to the other comrade tested him on the results of his study. It was not merely a test. True, she aimed to sum up the results of the task she had given him, but it was a clever scheme to awaken us from drowsiness. As she went round giving examinations to our comrades, all the company was rid of drowsiness. Although we managed to get over the oncoming drowsiness in this way, our outfit was now untidy beyond description. Some comrades plodded on and on, unconscious of their loosened knapsack strings and their rifles hanging down loosely from their shoulders.

I, too, was not in soberness.

The instant Comrade Kim Jong Suk came and tried to take off my knapsack, I came to myself and found its string becoming loosened almost to touch the ground.

“I do not take it off from you. Let’s tighten its strings.”

With this she told me to put off the knapsack.

“Oh, no. Never mind.”

I intended not to comply with her words at all because she had often taken my knapsack and carried it on her back with the word that she would tighten its strings for me.

“What is all this? I want to tighten the strings for you. Look! Are you carrying the knapsack on your back or drawing it? It must be far more trying for you with its string loosened like this.”

Saying this, she brought me to take off the knapsack after all. At this moment, as good luck would have it, there was the long-awaited order of rest. We didn’t care whether it was tree stumps or swamp, collapsing on it. Some were even unable to be seated and lay down with their limbs stretched out.

“O how sweet!” muttered one. His eye rims showed signs of fatigue which was too great for words. Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked round at our comrades who were lying still and wanted to taste the “sweetness” of this rest even a little while. A cloud passed over her forehead.

“Comrades, we must go a little more yet. So you mustn’t be discouraged.”

Then she examined the outfits of each of us. She tightened the loosened strings of knapsacks and rearranged things in them and tightened somebody’s rifle strap.

And she went to the comrades who limped with blisters on their feet, put off their shoes and seared blisters with match light.

After taking care of other comrades’ preparations for the march, she came up to me. She told me that when the march resumed she would carry my knapsack, so it would be all right with me to shoulder my rifle alone.

“Never mind. I’m now a full-fledged combatant.”

“What? Your rifle still reaches your heels. It’s also necessary for you to receive other’s help when you have a hard time.”

She took away my knapsack from me and fastened it to hers.

I said that I would instead shoulder her knapsack and gave it a lift to move it to me. But I plumped down. It was so heavy that I could not manage it alone.

“Oh, she has so far carried this on her back....” Words died on my lips. I thought with an aching heart of her troubles who with this heavy burden on her back as a woman, wore a cheerful look at all times and looked after our Children’s Company on march.

“There you are! It’s beyond your strength, isn’t it?”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk urged me to give it up and try and solve a riddle.

Then looking round many comrades, she said:

“Well, comrades, I want to ask a riddle to guess. Undo it, please. What is the mightiest in the world?”

Her unexpected question puzzled us for a while before each came out with his answer. Some comrades named beasts such as bear and elephant, and some comrade answered that it was man. Those who lay on the ground, exhausted, too, rose one after another.

After a little meditation, Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that in her opinion the most powerful in the world was the might of our guerrillas who fought rallied around the General. This was shown clearly, she remarked, by the fact that of late years our guerrillas had crossed swords with the Japanese aggressor army who had swaggered about its being the strongest in the world and now they trembled at the mere sight of us.

She went on:

“Seeing you marching today, I deeply felt once again that no one could rival the might of our guerrillas in the world.”

“Where shall we find those who, like you, willingly carry guns on their shoulders and make so arduous march in their tender age in order to regain the lost country? There is no one among you who refuses to have the march, though he is hungry, exhausted, has foot sore, and is heavy with sleep and painful as if his legs were broken. But nobody shows the white feather complaining of the march. Although all of you are dog-tired, feel sharp-set and staggering as if to lose your balance, you are advancing on and on, with set teeth.”

“How admirable and wonderful this is!”

“I have drawn really great strength from you who have striven so hard not to fall out while on the march, biting back the gushing tears.

"I have been firmly convinced that there is no force in the world to block the road ahead of our guerrillas and you who are resolved to follow steadily the path of revolution under the leadership of the General."

Her words deeply touched all of us. We who had crumpled to the ground, worn out, straightened ourselves. Some rose to their feet abruptly.

The march started again.

We went some distance drawing fresh strength and courage from her words.

Hastily coming and going along the ranks Comrade Kim Jong Suk said, "Comrades, cheer up. Adjust the distance and get yourselves up."

She looked tense and grave as never before. She promptly returned to me my knapsack she was carrying. Straightened, I looked before and after.

At this moment, the great leader, accompanied by several commanding officers, came to us.

He was very much pleased to see us marching in perfect order, and praised us, saying that the march was arduous but we were making it admirably.

Our company was in high spirit and full of vigor. Comrade Kim Jong Suk took care of our clothes and outfits and even administered match light cautery to those who had difficulty in walking with blisters on their feet. So we were in good order both in our attire and pace.

The great leader looked highly pleased and expressed the satisfaction once again, saying, "The Children's Company is praiseworthy. All are fine young fighters."

We were immensely happy. I glanced at Comrade Kim Jong Suk. She lowered her head modestly and a slight smile beamed on her countenance.

Dead Leaves

This happened at a campground.

One night, after marching day and night for several days we came to camp out in the forests.

The members of our Children's Company who were dozing off while walking, seized with drowsiness were very pleased like little ones and made up beds.

It was late autumn, so it was very cold in the night.

Having pitched the tent, we fetched several armfuls of dead leaves which lay thick under trees.

We bustled around, animated, but could not work effectively because we were of an age when people used to be careless in everything. At this time the great leader visited our company to see how we were making preparations for bivouac. He made a point of visiting our company every night.

He concretely took in what things occurred in the day, and if there was not one who was wounded in battle or in the march and who felt tired and melancholy. Then he kindly advised the commanding officers to take relevant measures. At times, unable to decline our earnest request he told old tales and taught new songs to us.

That day the leader entered the tent and looked into the preparations for camping. His face clouded at the sight of the dead leaves we had spread over the ground.

The great leader told the platoon leader that this much of dead leaves would not be enough to keep off the chill coming from the ground and we would be unable to sleep in the small hours of morning and ordered him to lay them thicker.

The platoon leader answered he would do as he was told to, and got us together. At this time word came in that the supper was ready.

We began to make ado. Some urged to take supper first and bring dead leaves; and others maintained spreading dead leaves at once before taking supper. Some comrade said positively that because for us who had once slept sitting upright in the open air to sleep on the dead leaves which were spread so thickly in the tent would be no

worse than to go to rest in the heated room at home, there was no need to bring in them more, and that the General had said so out of concern for us but we were all right.

When we were excited in this way, the platoon leader asked us in earnest if it would really not matter to us and if we would not make complaint of cold in the small hours.

We told him with one consent not to worry.

The platoon leader agreed and urged us to take supper early and sleep. When we came back after finishing supper, we heard the dead leaves rustling in the tent.

Surprised at this we peered into the tent to find somebody pushing heaps of dead leaves to the interior of the tent.

Dusk was already gathering, so we were unable to recognize the person in the darkness of tent. We shouted, "Comrade, what are you doing there?"

To our surprise, there was the voice of Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

"You have taken supper already?"

She stopped working. She looked out of the tent with dead leaves dotted over her clothes and called the platoon leader.

The platoon leader rushed up to her. She called him in the tent and told him to lay dead leaves all over in the tent as thick as she had done at the opposite side.

He told her that all of us said all right, so he wanted to bed down leaving them just as they were.

At this Comrade Kim Jong Suk said in a voice which had a touch of anger:

"Comrade, what's the story?"

"You have caused anxiety to the General, unable to make up even your beds. Still, you are imprudent."

The platoon leader was speechless. Silence reigned in the tent.

The tense atmosphere within it transmitted itself outside, making us stand mute. After a while the platoon leader said helplessly:

"Well, the General did so to make us sleep in a warm place but we thought that would do...."

Comrade Kim Jong Suk heard his remarks and came out of the tent without a word. The platoon leader followed her.

Looking round at us standing in line outside and the platoon leader in turn, she said, "Anyway, let's fetch more dead leaves without delay," and walked away.

Feeling sorry we have caused the platoon leader to be reproved and, moreover, Comrade Kim Jong Suk trouble, we told her, "Never mind. We'll sleep without rearrangements."

She made a halt for a while and said shortly, "No, you mustn't." Then she turned round.

In this way, we came to lay, together with her, dead leaves as much as we were told to by her.

Before long beds were made up.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk affectionately glanced at the platoon leader for a moment, and said to him:

"I think I employed rather strong language just before. Pardon me in this respect."

"But I have something to tell you."

"Is it right if you do not lay more dead leaves on the pretext that the company members want to sleep without doing it?"

"What comrades are they?"

"They are those whom we should grow up well to be the mainstay of our revolution, aren't they?"

"That is why the General looks after them with utmost care, unable to set his mind at ease even a moment."

"Today, too, with anxiety for their sleeping place, he made a round of the camp and instructed us to lay more dead leaves."

"This is the General's affection for the Children's Company members, isn't it?"

"Think. But how did you behave today?"

"If you fail to think according to his will in every matter, where will all this lead you? This thought, before anything else, makes my heart ache."

Her admonition was kindhearted yet severe.

The platoon leader dropped his head.

“O what error have I committed?” He suffered from a guilty conscience.

She went on to say:

“Comrade Platoon Leader, have you ever seen how those in cook section take care of their hands? Do you know why they cherish their hands so that they may not be chapped?”

She told about the women in cook section in a rather softened tone.

One day the General saw how they prepared a meal and found that their hands were chapped.

He said that they were undergoing much troubles, sleeping less than others, carrying basins and cookware on their backs while on the march and breaking ice to cook food braving snowstorm as it was that day.

Then he was lost in thought for a while. He apologized for neglecting their hands becoming tough and admonished them for their being unmindful of their hands. Our comrades, he said, must be heartsore seeing them cooking and serving meals with such hands.

He suggested undertaking an action to secure ointments for their chappy hands.

At his words, the cooks shed tears for long with joined hands. They were firmly determined to cause anxiety to him no more and did their best to keep their hands well.

Later the General sent them ointments for chapped hands and creams.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk continued:

“Why is it that the cooks take care of their hands so much regarding it as an imperative duty? It is because they value the General’s affection for them more than anything else and are burning with the desire to repay his favours.”

“We should live and act like them everywhere and at all times, shouldn’t we?”

Hearing her, the platoon leader hung his head.

“Really I was wrong. I won’t repeat such fault, I assure you.” He felt a deep remorse.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that it was all right for him to have been convinced of his error and that she believed firmly he would always live as taught by the General. She warmly grasped his hand and departed.

We could not move for long before she went out of our sight.

You Must Know One's Mind as You Know One's Features

A comrade among us had strange sleeping habit. He slept in the shape of a lobster with his face between his bent knees, no matter how wide his sleeping place was. So a comrade even gave him a nickname "Lobster Sleep".

Our platoon leader told him to correct his sleep habit more than once, and would awake him in advance to bring him to be slightly in his sleeping posture whenever the great leader made a round of the camp site.

One night Comrade Kim Jong Suk called at the tent of our Children's Company. In my sleep, I felt someone touching me warmly. I awoke and found that Comrade Kim Jong Suk was stitching my torn trouser leg. I was lying motionlessly with my eyes shut. She went to another one.

At this time the platoon leader reproved the curled-up sleeper, saying, "You have not broken up this sleep habit yet." She came up to him and looked down at him.

It was stuffy and pitiful to see him who slept with his body doubled up.

Embarrassed, the platoon leader was about to shake him out of sleep, saying "Well, what a nasty habit he has..."

Comrade Kim Jong Suk instantly stopped him.

“Advice has no effect on him. So I think that if the whole company comes out and jeers him, he will cure the habit,” he said annoyingly.

She looked at him. She took him to the corner of the tent and sat on a log chair. She asked him if he knew where he had got that habit. The platoon leader said that he, too, asked him about it but he simply smiled sulkily and did not make a reply at all. And he added that he was such stiff-necked fellow.

“I have some knowledge of him. He is Comrade Kim Hung Su who was recruited in Changbai, isn’t he?” she asked.

The platoon leader answered that he was Hung Su, and asked her how she had come to know him.

“He had undergone a lot of hardships. Do you know he has a wife?”

I was taken aback by her words.

Fancy that there is a married man in our Children’s Company!

The platoon leader, too, seemed surprised at this. Comrade Kim Jong Suk spoke of his story in a bitterly mortifying voice:

Comrade Hung Su lost his parents in his childhood and was taken to a landlord’s house as hired hand. He grew up, sleeping at the corner of the landlord’s kitchen.

The landlord gave him the dregs of their food contained in an earthenware bowl like feeding a dog and made him sleep, squatted leaning on the piles of firewood. In this way, in the tender age of four or five, he began to be accustomed to sleep, doubled up.

Gabbling that a servant was loath to work if he was fed to his fill, the landlord fed him badly and let him take sleep for a short time from his childhood. Before he was grown up enough to work, he forced him to do various arduous work including collecting firewood and weeding dry fields.

Beginning from toting water buckets early in the morning, he did all sorts of painful drudgeries all day long, and in the night he, exhausted, fell into sleep curled up at the kitchen corner.

With the passage of the years of this toil and moil he turned 13 years of age.

At that time, with the sinister designs of making all members of his tenant's family his farmhands, using Hung Su as bait, the landlord married the latter to the former's 10-year-old daughter.

Usually, the tenant farmer could hardly refuse him because he was saddled with a heavy debt to him and tenanted his land. In addition, the landlord, for being short of work hands, told him, as if doing a kindness for him, to adopt Hung Su as the son-in-law in consideration of his short-handed family and cultivate more patches of his land. So he consented.

Hung Su got married not knowing what the marriage meant. After the marriage he had to toil more. He had to take upon himself the farm work of his wife's house and the landlord's household chores altogether.

Even after the marriage, he slept, crouched, at the landlord's kitchen corner, and the landlord worked even the ten-year-old daughter of the tenant farmer as his hired hand.

Around this time, through our revolutionary organization pitiable Hung Su came to enjoy the warm love radiated as the sun. He came to realize that he was poverty-stricken, ill-treated and worked like a beast of burden not because he was destined from birth for this but because there were the heinous landlord and the despicable world where the Japanese imperialist robbers and the exploiting class rode roughshod.

Boiling over with rage he got away from the landlord's house and went to the underground organization. He was determined to take up arms and fight. Thus, at the age of 16, he joined the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army and came to our Children's Company.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk concluded her story, saying with a serious look: "The landlord, and our enemy, are responsible for that sleep habit. He reminds me of the numerous children of our country who must be sleeping, curled up, like that in this night, too...."

Feeling a great remorse, the platoon leader hung his head with the words, "Yet, I'm ignorant of why he sleeps like that...."

"Comrade Platoon Leader, Comrade Hung Su has grown up not knowing what the mother's love is like. And before he came here, he had no experience of making merry with others at all...."

“What a pity! And he got married at the age when he might play the baby....”

She was vague in her statement:

“The other day I noticed a comrade hailing from Changbai calling him, ‘Hey, boyish husband’, so I rushed up to him and reproached him. How heartsore he felt when he heard it. If his mother was alive, how sorrowful she would be when she saw her son being laughed at like that....

“Just before you said you thought that he would possibly break off that habit if all of you make fun of him. Of course, I can read your mind. But it may increase his mental affliction.”

“We commanding officers must know the minds of their men like they can distinguish their features. Only then can we become genuine commanders and comrades.”

Her words sounded earnest.

The platoon leader bowed his head far down and said that he was wrong indeed and that in the future he would look after his men sincerely.

Looking at the platoon leader trustfully Comrade Kim Jong Suk said, “Let us all do so. That is the very thing that the General expects from us, isn’t it? These comrades find their homes among us. So, who else but we must act as their eldest brothers or sisters?”

I reflected deeply on her words in bed.

You must know one’s mind as you know one’s features. These words Comrade Kim Jong Suk made that night served always as a precious guideline for my treatment of people, through my work and life.

Treating My Eyes

The march continued.

It was late in autumn. It was cloudy and the heavy dark cloud was hanging over the marching guerrillas. We marched in the drizzling rain all day long and our military uniforms were doused with sweat and rain water. The chill penetrated to the very bone. We walked with

difficulty with our muddy shoes on and covered swampy land where our feet got into helplessly. We were dead tired and ready to sink down to the ground.

To make matters worse, my eye trouble recurred and I suffered terribly.

As for my eye disease, I was seized with it a few days before my recruitment. The villains of the “punitive force” raided our village and set fire to all houses and slaughtered people at random. In this holocaust I hovered in flames and smoke to find out my family members whose fate was unknown, when my eyes began to be bloodshot and swollen.

After this, my eye disease tormented me one time. It seemed to heal a little, but recurred by the continued arduous march and the eyes even smarted.

Bearing the optic ache, I marched with set teeth and arrived at a campground.

As soon as a tent was put up I entered it and lay down.

When I lay, relaxed, after the arduous march, I felt ever more great pain in my eyes. My eyelids swelled so badly that I could not open and close my eyes. In addition, they prickled. So a painful moan escaped my gnawed lips in spite of myself.

Suddenly I heard the voice of Comrade Kim Jong Suk calling me. She put down a water basin beside me and sat down.

“Let me have a look.”

She carefully felt my eyes and then dipped a towel in the water of the basin and placed it on my eyes. It was a hot compress.

I felt better at once.

With a steaming hot towel on my eyes after shivering in the cold rain all day long, I was overflowed with the gratitude for her warmheartedness which defied description.

She kept applying the hot towel to my eyes after warming it in the water. A drop of water trickled from the towel down to my lips and it tasted salty.

She boiled salt water and brought it to me.

"It's salt water, isn't it?" I asked instinctively in this way. She told me, "Yes, it is. Salt water is a remedy for eye disease."

"Even using precious salt!"

Because I knew the dire shortage of salt, I was conscience-stricken while I was grateful for it.

In those days strategic materials such as salt, provision and match were tightly controlled by the Japanese imperialists, so a handful of salt was dearer, in fact, than that of gold.

On some occasion we had to go with a grain of salt to three spoonfuls of boiled rice to give rather salty taste. •

It was beyond imagination that when salt was valuable so much she came with a basin containing boiled salt water and applied poultice.

"Don't worry. What is dear is man, not salt."

I was overwhelmed with gratitude for her kindness and tears welled up in my eyes before I was aware of it.

Looking at me, she appeased me, saying in a subdued tone: "Take it easy. Others may catch sight of you. Is it all right that a heroic man who beats down the Japanese is so weak-minded?" Her words touched me more.

Presently, changing the subject, Comrade Kim Jong Suk broached what had happened in our village:

"Sitting face to face with you like this brings me to recall Pinggange. You know one who pretended to be a mute when a girl friend was examined by the border guards on the way back from Hyesan after reconnaissance. Well, you were criticized for giving her a nickname, weren't you?"

I was in open-mouthed surprise. She remembered that I nicknamed the girl and made fun of her, only to be criticized for this.

The thing of that time came up in my memory. She was older than I, and because she had exceptionally deep-set eyes, I joked her, nicknaming her "sunken eye". This happened only several months before but now that I had spent days full of battles and marches, hardships and trials after joining the guerrillas, it resurfaced into my mind as if it were the thing of the remote past.

I smiled inadvertently.

She, too, put on a pleasant smile recollecting things of those days, and kept putting a wet compress on my eyes.

The pain left me gradually and I dropped into a doze.

How many hours should have gone....

It was not until Comrade Kim Jong Suk called me for meal that I awoke and tried to open my eyes.

But I could not open my eyes. It was due to gum in them.

I managed to open my eyes only after she said, "Wait a moment," and washed my eyes with a hot wet towel.

Her sincere treatment continued. Being sorry for the fact that valuable salt was consumed more than once, I told her that my eyes were almost healed and so I needed no more salt water compress. At this she said that in any circumstances the shortage of salt could not be an excuse for not treating my precious eyes and went on:

"Eyes are very sensitive things, so if they are treated badly they may be spoiled. There are always such things as order and relative importance in work. The General does not hesitate to organize a battle if this is necessary for the medical treatment of our comrades."

Only then could I feel more deeply that her devotion was imbued with the boundless affection of the great leader.

She said:

"Think that treating eye disease is a combat. If you are sick, how do you fight the enemy?"

Under this warm care of Comrade Kim Jong Suk my eye disease was completely cured at last.

2. With a Warm Care

In the Forests of Nanpaizi

In the late autumn of 1938 the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung summoned to Nanpaizi, Mengjiang County the units of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army which had been active in various areas in order to positively break the deadlock in the revolution, deliver the

destiny of the country and the nation from predicament and bring about a continuous upsurge of the Korean revolution.

Our unit crossed danger line in southern Manchuria and hurried to the forests of Nanpaizi where the great leader was.

We met the leader after a long separation.

We were filled with delight and emotion like those who returned home to be embraced by their mother after living in a strange land.

On the morning two days after we arrived at Nanpaizi we received the joyous news that the great leader would provide new uniforms for us. We shouted for joy in tears.

Until then we were in summer uniforms, and, what is worse, they were torn to tatters and scorched because we had had so many engagements.

We all the guerrillas lined up solemnly and greeted the comrades who came with the uniforms sent by the leader.

Unexpectedly Comrade Kim Jong Suk came together with them.

She conveyed the words of Comrade Commander to Comrade Mun Bung San, the political commissar of the unit, and asked to provide the uniforms to the guerrillas.

When the supply of the uniforms was completed, she cast her eyes over the men in ranks from the first to the last to see if they fit each of them.

We young guerrillas who had been in the Children's Company under her care around this time one year before, ran up to her as soon as the ranks were broken up as if to have promised to do so.

"Comrade Kim Jong Suk!"

We encircled her in a moment.

"Dear me, you've grown quite a lot! I failed to recognize you."

With this she passed her hands over our shoulders and arms warmly.

We called greetings to her anxiously like younger brothers who had been nestled in the bosom of their elder sister.

One of us frankly told her that at the first glance he recognized Comrade Kim Jong Suk and wanted to run up to her then and there,

but his uniform was so shabby that he hesitated. His feelings were shared by the rest of us.

At this she said with a bright smile:

“It doesn’t matter. The General praised your unit as the one that fought many battles and returned. It is not your fault that your uniforms became shabby while fighting.”

“You have grown up in the odor of powder indeed.”

Saying to have talks together, she led us to the place where there was a fallen tree.

We sat around her as if to be surrounded by in a happy family atmosphere.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk made us stand one by one in turn and said that all had grown up beyond recognition. And she kindly asked whether we could shoulder rifles and knapsacks properly, whether there was not one who would shoot his rifle with closed eyes at fighting and whether there was one who had been criticized for falling into a doze while on guard duty.

Laughing cheerfully and looking back on the days when we as members of the Children’s Company had caused trouble, we rather made an imperious gesture as if to say that it was now a thing of the past.

“Yes, yes. You have crossed the sea of fire....”

“To you one year must have been as ten years, nay, as the whole life of an ordinary people.”

She said this to herself recollecting the past life with deep emotion and filled with great delight to see us of sturdy build who had gone through the rain of shells. She wanted to let her know about how we had fought and heard the accounts of battles from each of us.

Then she asked if we participated in organizational activities.

“You mean organizational activities? Of course, we participate in them without fail.”

We replied without any particular thought.

In fact, in those days we were engrossed in beating the Japanese imperialists after we had finished the life of the Children’s Company

and been allocated to the unit. And we were not deeply conscious that we should participate faithfully in organizational life.

We simply attended meetings and carried out tasks without objection when they were assigned to us.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was lost in thought for a while as if she had read something in our faces and asked who was in charge of the youth organization.

We told her that in the course of a great deal of fighting we lost no small number of comrades, so we had to elect the chief of the organization for the fourth time.

She said that the chief of the organization was elected so often and asked Comrade Kim about the work the youth league carried on at that time.

With a dubious look Comrade Kim said, "I am not the chief," and wore an expression which suggested that he had not been interested in the work of the youth league.

She gazed at him with a meaningful smile and asked, "So you only think of fighting and leave organizational life out of account, don't you?"

"It'll do for me to do simply what I'm told."

Making a reply in this way, he apparently felt there was something wrong with his words and passed his hand over the back of his head.

Hearing his reply she perceived that we had unsound views as to organizational life and said in a very soft voice:

"You should faithfully participate in organizational life."

"Among you there are those who had been members of the Children's Corps and have joined the youth league as well as those who had no experience in organizational life and have been admitted to youth organizations only after enrolling in the guerrilla army. However, once you have joined the youth league you should participate in organizational activities with set purpose.

"As you have joined the guerrilla army with the aim of defeating the Japanese imperialists and taking back the country, so you must have joined the youth organization with an objective."

“What is our objective?”

“It is to become excellent Party members and revolutionaries by faithfully participating in the organizational life of the Anti-Japanese Youth League.”

Then she kindly taught us how to lead an organizational life:

“You should take part in your organizational activities consciously.”

“As we carry on the revolution not on instructions of others but on our own determination, so we should participate in the organizational life in this way.”

“The revolutionaries are provided with the ideological pabulum of the revolution by revolutionary organizations, and train their ideological consciousness and become genuine revolutionaries in the course of fulfilling under the direction and control of the organizations the tasks assigned by them.”

“Only when one participates faithfully in one’s organizational activities can one carry out the revolution successfully.”

Then she told us how to take part in the organizational life:

“The Anti-Japanese Youth League is a youth organization formed and led by the General. You should always bear in mind that you are members of this honorable organization.”

“You should always think in this way, I am a youth leaguer, so I’ll wheel and deal everywhere and at any time. I’ll risk my life in adversity but give prominence to others in prosperity. So, I’ll become a fine Party member in the future.”

“Moreover, you should be accustomed to participating willingly in organizational activities.”

“Even if you are not told, you should always call on the organization and lay your heart bare to it and settle everything relying on it. You should successfully carry out the assignments given by the organization in time and receive another ones.”

“What is important in organizational life is to seek something to do thinking at all times, what work I can do more for the good of organization and collective.”

And she stressed that from then on we should participate in organizational activities more consciously than anyone else did and become excellent revolutionaries as early as possible.

We took her instructions to heart and firmly resolved to take an active part in organizational life.

She went on to say:

“I told this today because the organizational activities are a school which trains people into revolutionaries, and our revolutionary situation is extremely tense and grave.”

“The General is mapping out a great plan to bring about a fresh upsurge in our revolution in dealing with the obtaining serious situation.”

“In order to break the thorny road of revolution which is fraught with severe ordeals, upholding the lofty idea of the General, you should steel yourselves, first of all, in the furnace of organizational life to be indomitable revolutionaries.”

She was very pleased to see those who were once little shavers and have grown up to be fine men of the revolutionary army and felt an irresistible impulse to bring them to follow the road of genuine life in the flames of revolution. So she exhorted them so earnestly.

The remarks Comrade Kim Jong Suk made looking round at us, seated in a fallen tree, that morning in Nanpaizi, were not long but served as the guideline for our organizational life.

Reviewing Should Be Made Conscientiously

“If one wants to carry out one’s work successfully, it is important to make a good start but it is also important to make a good stocktaking of the work. Stocktaking is like a stepping-stone to advance.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk emphasized in this way the need to properly check up on the work.

She always advised the officials and youth league members to reflect on their activities. Here I would like to take one instance.

Once the youth league members in our platoon had a meeting in a tense atmosphere. Because we got together after continuous intensive battles and marches, we had to discuss many questions and some of them needed serious discussions. So the meeting assumed serious proportions.

In particular, violations of public discipline including the “spool incident” were seriously discussed.

The spool question arose in this way.

A guerrilla borrowed a spool of thread from a private house and many comrades used it in turn.

But so far it had not been returned to its owner and kept by them.

Now that Comrade Chang, its borrower, fell in battle sometime before, even its owner could not be identified.

Things came to this pass because those who had used the spool failed to return it to Comrade Chang immediately.

To our people who are in abject poverty even a spool of thread cannot be negligible.

Let alone this, how do they assess the revolutionary army who had asked and borrowed a spool, never to return it. If the owner knows that Comrade Chang was killed in action, it is beside question. But it is hardly possible that he knows it...

At the meeting the question was viewed in this light and criticism was offered to each other.

After supper that day we met Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

She asked if the meeting was over.

We were surprised at the fact that she acquainted herself with what had happened in our platoon and asked her how she came to know it.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk smiled and said that she called on us to hand the spool of thread to its owner at the daytime at the words we had borrowed it from the people but the meeting was going on, so she came back.

We told her in detail about the spool question and others that were criticized and discussed by many comrades at the meeting.

She carefully heard us out and said that at a meeting it was, of course, necessary to bring various matters up for criticism but what counted here was to find what gave birth to them and not to commit such faults again.

She asked what lesson we had learnt at the meeting.

We told her our views and the essence of the matters discussed at the meeting.

“In fact, we fought day and night, so we could not find time even for holding a meeting to review our activities.”

“It seems that various shortcomings grew meanwhile. So it has been decided to have a meeting to sum up the results in timely way in the future.”

After hearing our words Comrade Kim Jong Suk made valuable remarks for us.

First of all, she stated that we had achieved great deeds by giving full play to our indomitable fighting spirit and prowess of the Korean People’s Revolutionary Army, standing the trials of a series of indescribably hard battles and marches. She praised us, saying that it was very good for those who had fought so admirably to be frank in their self-criticism, admitting all their faults at the meeting.

Then she continued:

“It is precisely the General’s thinking that revolutionaries should review their work and life.”

“Of course, considering the life of our guerrillas who sometimes have to make fight and march on end, by day and by night, and very often come upon unexpected situation, it is not an easy thing to hold a meeting at fixed day and time.”

“But can all this be an excuse for the youth league members to keep their faults to themselves, waiting for a life reviewing meeting to be held?”

“It is unthinkable.”

“The reviewing meeting is not an end in itself, but it is aimed at rectifying the shortcomings without delay.”

“So you should not simply wait for a meeting to be held but reflect on yourself and review your life with a good conscience if you

commit faults or there are things from which you should learn lessons.”

Her remarks touched the right chord of us. At her words we were convinced of our error.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked round at us for a while and went on to say:

“There is a saying that well begun is half done. This means that beginning is very important and difficult. If a work which has made beginning of such significance comes to an unhappy ending, what will become of this?”

“Let me take an example.”

“In a running match every player waits for a signal in strain on the mark. Spectators, too, are nervous about who will win.”

“Let us suppose that a signal is given and a race begun but there is not the finish line. The goal is not marked and the points are not made. Then what will become of the race in the end?”

“The players will give up running, exhausted.”

“In this case, can we regard the race as a successful one because it has been well begun? No, that will not do.”

“The same is true of work.”

“Once you have begun work to achieve something you should carry it through to the end. If it is given up halfway, it is as good as the running match without the finishing line.”

“All work should be followed by its stocktaking. You should appraise those who acquitted themselves well of their tasks. This is essential to bring them to do work well in the future, too. Those who have developed defects in their work should be known of them. This is necessary to bring them to remedy them as soon as possible and to exert themselves to work well like others in the future....”

With a question, “Then, how should such an important stocktaking be made?” Comrade Kim Jong Suk proceeded:

“People are apt to think that stocktaking is needed for an important work but this is wrong.”

“Every work should be followed by reviewing of its results.”

“In addition, there is a tendency to think that the reviewing is required only for cadres and commanders and that it matters nothing to rank-and-file guerrillas and youth league members.”

“But, in fact, this is the most harmful thinking.”

“In any revolutionary work or organizational life there is no distinction between its organizers and participants. All should acquit themselves in a master-like way.”

“So, whether they are told or not, all youth league members should voluntarily review their work and life every day.”

“It is advisable to make reviewing daily affairs and results of work in the evening.”

“This does not require a lot of time, so it will be good to make use of a respite after supper or before bedtime.”

“How many bullets have I spent and how many enemies killed in the fight today? Have I not committed faults in the fight?”

“What have I been appraised or reprimanded by our commander for?”

“Has there not been any violation of discipline? Was there anything wrong with my speech? What was my new assignments? And how did I fulfil them? Are there any assignments unfulfilled? Is there any promise I failed to keep? Is there tear in my uniform?”

“In this way we should review how we carried out the assignments given by the organization and our personal life. In case we failed to perform what was to be done without fail, we should decide to do it the next day or the date of its fulfillment.”

“If we do not that way and idle away one day after another, in the end we may leave many things unfulfilled or commit irrecoverable errors.”

“As you have just said, if someone did not return the borrowed spool and yet some others did not treat the old people with respect in public, what would the villagers think of us the revolutionary army?”

“On the contrary, if we remedy our shortcomings and seek out the owner of the spool and return it to him and apologize to the old people for our misbehaviour, they will be much pleased and trust us more and follow us.”

“As mentioned above, if people review their work and life at all times, they will not make a slip and even in case they committed an error, they will rectify it in time....”

We all were greatly impressed by her words.

We came to clearly understand how those who attend to the organizational life should intensify activity and what a worthy life the revolutionary should lead every day.

Concluding her words, Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked round at us and asked:

“Well, if you had reviewed your life every day, the spool of the people is not still left in your knapsack, is it?”

“Yes, we really did wrong. We will review our life conscientiously in future.”

We replied in deep remorse. A self-satisfied smile spread over our faces.

This was a smile that repented of the shameful errors and at the same time, a smile of joy at grasping another genuine truth of organizational life.

The Third Cap

One day a recreation party was held. Guerrillas were called out one by one in turns to sing, dance, or give their favourite performance.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk, too, attended entertainments.

Excitement grew among the audience and Comrade Kim Man Su's turn came.

“Man Su, tell a funny story!”

“Make people split with laughter!”

Here and there people urged on Comrade Man Su who liked to crack a joke.

The sight of Comrade Man Su who slowly rose from his seat was enough to excite laughter. He slowly came forward, his eyes slightly closed, as if he were lost in deep reverie and began to speak in a veiled voice:

“Well, now let me tell about the details of the raid on a concentration village in the winter of last year as it is.”

We attentively listened to him with a bated breath.

All wondered what he would speak:

“The unit told three guerrillas to open the gate of the walls to crush the enemy ensconced in the concentration village.

“The three guerrillas stepped towards the gate.

“Two of them looked manly in every respect and were tidily dressed.

“They wore military cap smartly like this.”

He said, pointing to his uniform and cap.

“But things were different with the other one. He was tolerably well dressed, but his head was bare. That is, he did not wear cap.

“Why?”

“Because this fellow takes food when awake, and has his cap burned when he is asleep.”

The audience was thrown into fits of laughter.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk, too, laughed.

“Don’t laugh, lads.

“They are now sneaking to the sentry box to open the gate of the walls. It is breathtaking sight.

“They finished off the sentry at the gate in a jiffy and rushed into the turret nearby. This unexpected situation has thrown the enemy in the turret into a panic.

“The two tidily dressed men promptly disposed one enemy respectively.

“Just at this moment! At this moment!”

Spectators stiffened to attention.

“Frightened at this, an enemy swiftly held up the rifle to shoot.

“It was a critical moment. If he shoots, everything will go awry.

“At this juncture the bareheaded flew into the turret.

“What do you think he did?

“He should have struck him and wrested the rifle from his hand but...”

Comrade Man Su suddenly fell silent.

“What then?” they anxiously asked at once.

After some moment Comrade Man Su resumed:

"Instead the bareheaded stripped the enemy of his cap and put it on. I say he did that at the crucial moment.

"What an absurdity? The enemy, dumbfounded, only gazed at him, wondering who he was.

"Then the bareheaded said laughing aloud:

" 'You rascal, what are you looking at? Now take this.'

"His hard blow sent the enemy sprawling."

"Oh!" cries of admiration went up from among the guerrillas.

Comrade Man Su went on:

"Comrades! You may say the story is funny and thrilling, but instead let us think it over again.

"If the Japanese had gone at him when he stripped him of his cap, what would have become of the bareheaded?

"He should have first killed the enemy and then put on the cap!

"The order was inverted, however, the bareheaded discharged his duty.

"Now what about seeing him?"

From the moment Comrade Man Su began to tell the story I was on pins and needles. When he went so far as to say that, I was unable to raise my head.

My face blushed and my heart thumped.

When the guerrillas cried, "Good!" Comrade Man Su came up to me and pulled me by arm.

I tried to hold out with all my strength. All the comrades looked at me in astonishment and became enlivened.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said with a loud laugh: "It was you!"

She suggested to me to come forward as I was not to hold out after all.

When I rose, Comrade Man Su jokingly stripped me of my cap and said: "This is the very cap, which he mended," and went on:

"Comrades and friends!

"Esteemed revolutionaries and comrades-in-arms!

"What should we think of this man who is prone to have his cap burned? How should we value his misplaced courage?"

The audience again burst into laughter.

I also laughed as others did, but I was inwardly vexed and felt ashamed at being put out of countenance by his remarks in the presence of Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

When the recreation party was over that day Comrade Kim Jong Suk told Comrade Li Gwang Son, chairman of the branch of the Anti-Japanese Youth League, and me to remain and asked whether what Comrade Man Su told jokingly was true or not.

I said it was true.

She asked Comrade Gwang Son what measure the organization had taken to prevent me from having my cap burned.

He replied her that he criticized me on several occasions but I failed to remedy my faults.

With a serious look she asked me why I did not correct faults after being criticized.

I unburdened my heart to her. I slept wearing my cap not to have my cap burned, but when I awoke I found my cap fell into the campfire and was burning.

After hearing what I told, she said to Comrade Gwang Son:

“Frequent critics do not always bring about correction.

“Of course, when one committed errors in spite of oneself one may correct them, receiving advice. But when one cannot correct after all one’s errors, the measures to correct them should be taken instead of repeated advice.

“Herein lies the difference between the duty of platoon leader and that of the chairman of the youth league.

“It will suffice for the platoon leader to tell ‘Don’t have your cap burned’, but that will not do for the chairman of the youth league.

“In this case the youth organization should discuss and examine what caused the cap to be burned and the way to prevent it and take actual measure.

“It is not difficult to do, but the chairman confined himself to taking an easy way of giving criticism without using his brains. As a result, he had his cap burned time and again.”

Then she told us how she had taken care of her cap:

“When you sit around the campfire, take off your cap.

“At first you may think that your head will be cold, but it is not so because of the heat.

“When you sleep near the campfire with your cap on to keep out the cold, lower the earlaps of the cap and pass the string under your chin and tie it tightly before you lie down. Then it will be alright.”

She said that when there was no need to pull down the earlaps, it would do to chin the string attached to the inside of the cap.

On listening to her it was very simple.

We wondered why we were ignorant of this.

The same is true of everything.

Knowledge makes matter easy and ignorance makes it difficult.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk went on:

“If one points out other’s faults and the latter confines himself to admitting them, it will be of no use.

“We should always seek the correct way to solve the raised questions from the trifling matter of preventing the cap from being burned to the big one.

“This is how our revolutionary organization should work and lead.”

I could not raise my head.

When I was warned against having my cap burned, I only responded, but never thought deep how to prevent it.

I repeated trivial faults without correcting them and went so far as nearly to make a gross blunder in battle, which I repented of.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk advised and led us along the right course in good time never failing to notice the slight shortcomings in the life of our guerrillas, listening to the remarks made at a recreation party that might be laughed away and trivial errors committed by the youth organization which must guide them.

That evening she sewed a string to the inside of my cap and told me to sleep chinning it when I do not pull down the earlaps.

Since then I had not my cap burned.

It was my third cap.

Discipline Should Be Observed at the Cost of Life

One day a guerrilla smoked while standing sentry at dead of night. This issue came to the fore.

Our youth organization immediately held a meeting to criticize him for this.

If a sentry shows the light of a cigarette and it entices the enemy, while the whole unit were asleep what will become of this?

Can it be tolerated that the violation of discipline by a man nearly exposes the whole unit to a danger?

Comrades criticized him severely yet earnestly.

The principled criticism of comrades made him keenly repent his fault and form a firm resolve not to repeat such an error.

The next day Comrade Kim Jong Suk who had learned about the fact told us in charge of youth work that we did well to have criticized him in good time at the meeting.

Then she said that the violation of discipline by a youth leaguer is not only attributable to the fault of the youth leaguer but also to the lack of discipline in the youth organization itself and that those in charge of youth work should draw a lesson from this fact.

It is a good thing to severely criticize in time the fault revealed within the youth organization, without overlooking it, but it is more important to educate all the youth leaguers to voluntarily observe discipline, she said.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk continued:

“Those who observe discipline in the full view of others but neglect it behind their back cannot make revolution.

“As the revolution cannot be forced to make, so the revolutionary discipline cannot be imposed to observe.

“We must always voluntarily abide by the revolutionary discipline.”

And then she said that in most cases voluntary observance of discipline mainly depends on whether one is strong-willed or not.

She went on:

“Most of violators of discipline are those who are weakminded and cannot control themselves.

“If even the general discipline established within the unit is not observed properly, what shall we do when we fall into adversity?”

“We should not simply consider observance of discipline as keeping the institutions and order established in the unit, but bear in mind that voluntary observance of discipline presents the course in which we prepare ourselves to be true revolutionaries by training ourselves ideologically and volitionally.”

While listening to the meaningful instructions Comrade Kim Jong Suk gave in reference to smoking at the sentry box one night, we keenly realized how important the discipline and organization were in strengthening the youth organizations and training youth leaguers politically and ideologically.

Later on our youth organizations set rigid discipline as an important requirement for organizational life and persevered in tightening it.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk severely criticized the practice of dual discipline among youth leaguers and was strict with the youth workers who neglected discipline under various excuses.

Once I did not clean my rifle as it should be and had it inspected.

It was rainy season. The rifle got dirty during the forced march which we made for several days in the rain.

I cleaned my rifle carelessly and at times kept it roughly wiping the surface of the gun without oiling it, busy doing youth work.

I wanted this fact not to be made known to other comrades if possible.

I thought that if I was admonished for neglect of cleaning the weapon, it would bring disgrace on myself as I had urged other comrades to take good care of the weapon like the apples of their eye and to keep it clean at any time and under whatever circumstances.

The commanding officer who inspected weapons said nothing to me as if he read my mind and went up through to another comrade.

After the inspection of weapons I busied myself cleaning weapon under a tree when Comrade Kim Jong Suk came up to me.

She wanted to see my rifle.

I was startled.

I was not sure about other people but felt assured that she would not dare admonish me as she was my close acquaintance.

Taking my rifle, she closely looked into all parts including its bore, lock, cartridge chamber and stock and told me to clean the rifle more scrupulously.

I said to her that I would do so and felt relieved. I was grateful to her for “understanding” me who was always busy with youth work.

In the afternoon that day the commanding officer who inspected the cleaned rifles told all guerrillas to fall in and said that those who would be called out should go to other companies and criticize themselves.

Then he called my name along with other comrades.

I was taken aback.

At that time we were very strict about keeping and handling weapons.

In case one had one's faults pointed out, one was to criticize oneself not only in one's unit but also in front of the men of other units.

It was really shameful and disgraceful for the so-called youth worker to criticize himself, making the round of other units.

I felt so ashamed that I thought ill of the commanding officer who treated me in this manner.

My feeling did not thaw even after I returned to my platoon making self-criticism.

At mealtime that evening I did not have a supper and was sitting in some odd corner, seized with reproach against the commanding officer.

I was in a sullen humour with my head lowered during the entertainment arranged after supper.

Many comrades sang and danced merrily, but my heart was still heavy.

When the entertainment was over Comrade Kim Jong Suk came up to me and asked why I was in a sulky humour.

I replied with indifference that I was not in a sulky mood.

At this she, smiling meaningfully, asked why I did not have a supper nor sang a song during the entertainment.

I realized that I could not hide my inmost feelings.

I told her what I felt sorry.

She heard out what I told and said:

“Of course it is true that you had a hard time doing youth work. Engaged in youth work you will have to take less sleep and rest than others. It is true that you should use your brain much to organize and carry out various work. That was probably because the commanding officer who examined weapons overlooked the bore of your rifle being dirty.

“However it is not justifiable. In our anti-Japanese guerrilla units dual discipline is not allowed. At present in our unit there are those engaged in Party work, those carrying on youth work like you and commanding officers and logistic personnel.

“If they all neglect discipline, regarding themselves as special beings like you, what will become of the unit? You are carrying on youth work to make revolution well at the head of youth leaguers, but not with the intention of showing off.

“So you should abide by discipline more strictly than anyone else. If the youth workers neglect discipline and urge others to maintain it scrupulously, what will they think of youth organizations?

“Exactingness with regard to observance of discipline stems from belief in people and is aimed at training them to be fine fighters.

“How shameful and foolish is it to think ill of it?

“By the way I told the commanding officer to let you make self-criticism, going the round of companies.

“So, make a complaint, if any, against me, but not against the commanding officer...”

I could not raise my head. I was seized with bitter remorse I had never felt before.

After a while she changed her tone and said:

“Now, please stand up.

“Let’s go to have a meal together with me. I also did not take supper due to another job.”

With this she pulled me by the hand.

I felt a lump in my throat.

Although she told that way, it was evident that she did not take supper because of me.

I sincerely apologized to her for my fault and said that I would not act any more like that.

On the Eve of the Meeting of Activists

One September day in 1943 we went to the quarters of Comrade Kim Jong Suk at her call.

When we entered her room, she welcomed us gladly and invited us to sit down. Then she asked about the progress of the preparations for the meeting of active youth workers.

We gave her a detailed account of its preparations.

Originally the preparations for this meeting had been made at the instance of Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

On September 15 that year the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung delivered a historic speech *The Korean Revolutionaries Must Know Korea Well* to the political cadres and political instructors of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army.

In his speech the great leader gave a comprehensive account of new important tasks of preparing for the Korean People's Revolutionary Army men to study the homeland well with the great event of national liberation approaching, further consolidating the anti-Japanese national united front movement on a nationwide scale and building up powerful revolutionary bases within the homeland and the need for all the commanding officers and men of the KPRA to step up political and military preparations. His speech served as a momentous guideline to be followed by all the guerrillas and our youth organizations.

One day Comrade Kim Jong Suk met us and asked us what the youth organizations were mapping out when young people confirmed their determination filled with confidence in response to the General's recent speech.

Until then we failed to work out a concrete plan to carry out the tasks set forth in the speech of the great leader. So we plainly told her that we did not yet get down to work.

She said with a look of regret that the youth, more than anyone else, ought to lead the way in upholding the idea and intentions of the General, but we seemed to be still lacking in this respect and suggested us to organize work immediately.

Listening to the words of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who always kindly guided our youth work we felt remorse at having failed to accept readily the great leader's teachings.

However, on this occasion we wanted to have her instructions concerning this point.

When we told her what we thought, Comrade Kim Jong Suk suggested us to hold something like the meeting of activists to speedily stimulate youth organizations to action and discuss the way to bring youth work to a higher plane in accordance with the great leader's teachings.

That was how we came to prepare for the meeting of active youth workers....

Hearing our account of the progress of the preparation for the meeting, Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that it seemed to have been made fairly well and asked what we were mainly going to discuss at the meeting.

"We have not thought deeply about it. We want to have your instruction about it."

We made such a presumptuous request to her, presuming that she had already thought much of the forthcoming meeting.

She laughed in blank dismay and said jokingly that she did not know we were so stubborn. She remarked that she would offer her suggestion and advised us to let the committee members get together for discussion and to hold a meeting properly.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said:

"Recently the General addressed really an important speech. As I study his speech, I keenly realize that the General is maturing a far-reaching plan, looking far ahead of our revolution.

“However I will not refer to the substance of his speech and its significance because you have already studied much about them.

“It is, I think, important that our youth organizations, an organ in charge of the ideological training of young guerrillas, should implement the General’s speech.

“As the General stated in his recent speech, it is by no means easy for us to make a profound study of the strategy and tactics for the Korean revolution and for all the commanding officers and men to raise their military and technical qualifications to a higher plane.

“The politico-theoretical study is such as to require several years in regular university and military study is equivalent to several years’ military and technical training at the regular military academy.

“How then should we arouse young people to carry out this difficult and complicated task in a short span of time?

“The most important thing here is to convince all the young guerrillas of the purpose of our study and its significance. We must solve this question through persistent persuasion and education, in other words, by awakening the people and stimulating their voluntary enthusiasm, but not in such a way as commanding officers give assignments for training and examine its fulfilment and sum up its results and again give assignments.

“The youth organizations must go among the guerrillas and give a talk coming home to them.

“We are not simple students but revolutionary fighters engaged in the bloody revolutionary struggle.

“Our study is not simply the personal matter for improving our qualifications, but important matter related to national liberation and the future of the homeland and it is a militant task assigned to us by the motherland and the revolution.

“The present commanding officers should be prepared for commanding tens of thousands of officers and men in the future in several grades higher posts and today’s soldiers be ready to be political and military cadres capable of commanding hundreds and thousands of soldiers in the future.

“We should learn for the future motherland our comrades-in-arms who fell in the sacred war for national liberation longed for, the motherland where the people’s country, socialist and communist society, would be built.

“The country and people in miserable plight are impatiently waiting for us and the tense situation urges us.

“Let’s all carry forward the preparations to meet the great event of national liberation by making strenuous efforts as well as intensive study and training!

“If we bring the General’s idea intended for us home to them all, everyone will come forward to do study and training.”

She paused for a while.

We once again keenly realized the truth that youth organizations should always do political work, the work to awaken the people politically.

“Another important thing,” with these words she went on. We again drove our pen.

“It is, I think, that youth organizations should organize work carefully.

“There may be various kinds of organizational arrangements to promote study, but today I should like to stress two kinds of them.

“At present our comrades differ in politico-theoretical level and in military techniques.

“Some comrades were illiterate and have learned how to read and write our characters joining the guerrillas, while some others are fairly learned as they finished middle school and university, to say nothing of primary school.

“Among young guerrillas some have already acquired rich combat experience and military techniques through long service as guerrilla, while some others have just acquainted themselves with shooting a rifle.

“In order to train all those comrades to be able political and military cadres, there must be organizational arrangement to help study and lead each other forward.

“In other words, the youth organizations should give out assignments so that the well-informed may help less-informed in political study or in military training.

“If the youth organizations give assignments to all comrades and regularly sum up their fulfilment, it will rapidly improve the political and military qualifications of our comrades and further consolidate the ideological unity within them.

“Such matter cannot be successfully arranged by any administrative method. Only when the youth organizations embracing broad sections of young guerrillas undertake it, will good result be achieved.

“Another organizational arrangement to promote study can be done in such a way as to create a model in one unit and popularize its experience.

“It is one of the work methods consistently employed by the General to make a unit exemplary and to improve all work by generalizing its experiences.

“For the good management of the unit life the General formerly made a model unit of Comrade O Jung Hup’s company and popularized its example and thus established a new mode of life among the anti-Japanese guerrillas.

“The youth organizations should emulate the General’s method.

“The youth organizations should induce one platoon or one company to set an example in political and military study through intensive guide and generalize its experience so that all the young guerrillas may bring about a great innovation in their drill and study.”

I wrote down in large letters “assignments, model unit” in my handbook.

And then I made their strokes bold to be conspicuous.

The work method of giving assignments and creating a model unit, in fact, was not new to me.

However, when the drill schedule was tight and there were a lot of work to be done, we lost sight of what the great leader always stressed, particularly the instructions Comrade Kim Jong Suk gave on several occasions while guiding our youth work.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk resumed:

“At present the atmosphere surrounding our unit is somewhat strained and cut-and-dried.

“Of course, the revolutionaries should not always be relaxed in life.

“As political study and military drill are regularly conducted every day, they may be mentally strained.

“But our unit is a collective of young people. How can they lead a monotonous life?

“I think the youth organizations are mainly responsible for this.

“Why don’t you sing on march or during a break on the training ground? You should dance under some circumstances.

“How can we consider the young guerrillas’ life apart from song and dance?

“We should lead a cheerful and cultured life all the more because the training program is tight and the daily routine is well-knit.

“At the first blush singing and dance seem to interfere with the disciplined collective life, but the reverse is the case.

“Only when people are cheerful and enjoy life with composure, are they equal to any tough political and military assignment.

“In the future the youth organizations should popularize songs and dance according to a plan and give amateur circle performance several times a year.

“In this way they make the life of the young guerrillas full of vigor.”

Her remarks awakened me to a new thing.

Frankly speaking, I thought that one can practice singing and dancing and conduct amateur art circle activities only when one had time to spare.

This was my backward and narrow-minded way of thinking but it was an indisputable fact that I was obsessed with such an idea until then.

Remarking that she wanted to stress one more thing in conclusion Comrade Kim Jong Suk said:

“I think that viewed in the light of the demand of a new revolutionary situation and the urgent and difficult military and political tasks confronting the unit, the company branch of youth organization was an important link in the chain of improving and strengthening youth work.

“The company branch is not only the lowest unit of our youth organization but also the base on which all the young guerrillas lead their organizational and ideological life.

“As seen either in training young guerrillas organizationally and ideologically and organizing and mobilizing them to carry out their military tasks, the company branch is the unit that directly organizes and executes the youth work.

“Therefore, the youth organizations should exert the greatest efforts to build up the company branch solidly and enhance role and sense of responsibility of their functionaries.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk concluded her speech and rose from her seat.

She gazed for a good while at hills dressed up with yellow and red leaves under the warm and bright autumnal sunray. Then she told that as various fruits were ripening in the hills and fields now, so the day would be not distant when we would reap the fruits of the struggle that we had waged for a long time, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and that the day of national liberation we longed for so ardently was drawing near.

She said that as in the past, so in the future, too, youth organizations should carry out much work in order to hasten the great event of national liberation. Finishing her speech she stressed that since the General’s expectation for and confidence in the youth organizations and their workers is really great and warm, we should do our best to live up to it.

We told her that we would accept her instructions not merely as a task that was set before youth organizations for successful fulfilment of political study and military training, but as an important task for further improving and strengthening youth work in the future and would work better.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk, wearing a somewhat awkward smile, told that we did not need to think so and that she mentioned individually the questions she had thought of until then, so after returning we discussed about them and held a meeting of active youth workers.

We once again hung our heads at her humble character and left the room.

Position of a Worker in Charge of Youth Work

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said to our workers in charge of youth work:

“Every movement of the workers in charge of youth work exerts a great influence on young men who are sensitive and like to follow an example.

“Therefore, the workers should bear in mind that they should stand in the forefront of ranks while operating among young people and be always standard bearers in all aspects including combat, marching, study and drill, and work and life.”

Even now I cannot forget that in the first days of my youth work I was acquiring work method of setting my practical examples under her warm guidance.

This happened one day when a shooting match took place.

Three men were to take part in it at a time.

The players of our team, except me, were all crackshots known to our unit.

I stood at the rifle range, restless, thinking “What if I would get low marks in the presence of the youth league members?”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk did exercises together with other women guerrillas and came up to me.

She sobered me with the words, “Take it easy and shoot well,” and said:

“High marksmanship is the first qualification of workers. Only when our workers and commanding officers become crack shots, first of all, can they come out before the guerrillas. You should try to pull

the trigger calmly, not thinking to get high marks, but thinking that you should set examples in shooting.”

Our turn came round unnoticed.

We received an order from the firing officer and went to the firing line.

I loaded calmly, turning over in mind her words about setting example in shooting instead of thinking of getting high marks.

There was the order to fire.

The members of our team were good with the rifle.

Whenever they pulled the triggers, the targets standing in front fell in succession.

From all directions cheers went up: “Hit the mark!”, “Hit!”

We smashed all our targets in a moment.

We three men all got excellent marks.

When we returned to the secret camp after shooting, all our comrades congratulated us and the delight of our youth league members was exceptional.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk together with a woman guerrilla Comrade Chon came to us and said:

“I’m told you have got an excellent mark. I congratulate you.”

She felicitated me in this way and brought Comrade Chon to stand before Comrade Kim urging her to congratulate him.

“Dear me!”

Comrade Chon blushed and was bashful. Her manner was charming and gladdened us.

So we, too, urged her to congratulate him.

They loved each other.

It was a happy and pleasant evening.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked round at us who were enjoying a rest after making a good record and walked with me, saying:

“I was nervous lest you should get an ‘excellent mark’.

“The worker in charge of youth work should take the lead in this way. Only then can he demand others to shoot well, can’t he?”

She was pleased with my good record in shooting as her own affairs.

I was deeply moved.

That day I was able to make a good record in shooting thanks to the deep care of Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

Informed of my poor marksmanship, she helped me from several days before the shooting contest.

Despite the claims of her busy work she found time occasionally to explain to me the shooting principles and her experiences.

One day she came out to the place where I practiced shooting and encouraged me.

My success of that day was ascribable, in the long run, to her sincere effort to improve my marksmanship.

It was not referring to shooting practice alone that Comrade Kim Jong Suk taught and led the workers in charge of youth work so that they might be at the head of the guerrillas.

I would like to add one thing that happened in a skiing contest.

In the days when we were preparing ourselves for the great event of national liberation, we conducted intensive training of ski in mountains and fields near the secret camp.

In those days, whenever we finished the prescribed course of study we would give a resume of it and organize races.

On the eve of the skiing match when I was arranging documents in the quarters,, a familiar voice sounded outside. Then Comrade Kim Jong Suk came in.

At the time all our comrades were outdoors to train themselves for the skiing match, so I was alone in the quarters.

She asked what I was doing and produced something wrapped in paper.

I undid it.

It was a handful of yellowish lump.

I only looked into her face, unable to know.

“Put it on the running surface of the skis”.

Only then did I know it was wax. If it is put on sole of ski, it slides better.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked at me for a while and asked if I did not prepare myself for the match.

I told her that I intended not to take part in the match because I was busy and it was a mere contest.

She heard my reply and said nothing for a while. She took my skis which were put up against the wall and began to put wax on their running surface.

I tried to wrest the lump of wax from her hand.

She kept coating the running surface of the ski with wax, saying that I seemed to be busy, so that I might go on with my job.

At this I said that I would wax the running surface of the ski myself.

She said, holding the lump of wax in her hand:

“How can you drop out of the contest, however busy you may be?”

“The skiing contest has been arranged by the General himself to develop the combat capacity and courage of our guerrillas. So youth workers should take part in it.

“Think it over again please....”

Her remark was short, but impressed me deeply. I said I was sorry.

It was quite right of me to have repented my mistakes, Comrade Kim Jong Suk said, and she expected me to do so, and she waxed a pair of my skis till they glistened like a mirror.

The next morning it was very cold with the temperature falling as low as 40 degrees of frost and a biting wind blew that frost formed on the caps and outer collars of the coat and the steam of breath instantly froze.

But bearing Comrade Kim Jong Suk’s words in mind I headed for the training ground on skis.

Seeing me set out for the training ground on skis, my comrades followed me.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk came up to me on skis and said:

“Fine. You, youth worker, are at the head of youth league members. Now you have occupied your place.”

With this she firmly grasped my hands.

“If you play the match at all, win first place,” she said putting something in my pocket.

“This is candy. Put it into your mouth when you feel exhausted.”

Her motherly warm affection stirred a thrill within me.

At last a signal for starting was given.

All the contestants started at once.

Splendid scene spread before our eyes.

I rushed on like an arrow, leaning on my ski stick.

I ran forward without looking back on who was following me.

I wanted to give her pleasure and make up for my mistake by winning the first place.

Soon I reached the rifle range.
I held up my rifle, slowing down.
At this time I heard the voice "Be steady" from behind me.
It was Comrade Kim Jong Suk's voice.
It turned out that she kept following me.
I felt something warm welling up under my eyelashes.
Barely restraining the tears, I aimed at the target and pulled the trigger.

"The shot told."

It was her familiar voice again.
I climbed a steep hill with redoubled courage.
A biting wind blew against me.
As the slope got steeper and the wind blew harder, I felt exhausted.

I began to pant.

At the moment Comrade Kim Jong Suk shouted to me from behind me.

"Eat the candy."

Only then did I remember the candy and instantly put it in my mouth.

I felt easier and running became easier.

Only when I passed a certain section and it became apparent that I was to win, did she go to the finish line by a short cut.

I braced myself up.

Soon the finish line came in view.

I saw in the distance Comrade Kim Jong Suk waving her ski stick to us.

I ran as fast as I could calling up my reserve of strength.

Thunderous cheers burst out from the secret camps.

At last I breasted the tape, with two other comrades following me.

"It compares with the international games.

"This is really a remarkable record."

Our comrades surrounded us, complimenting us.

Other comrades also reached the finish line.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk came up to us, pushing her way through the crowd around us.

“Success. I congratulate you!”

At the moment I saw her, I felt something warm well up under my eyelashes.

That day the great leader in person summed up our skiing match and complimented the youth workers on their success in the contest.

I lifted my tearful eyes and looked for Comrade Kim Jong Suk and after a good while I spotted her.

She was standing behind the great leader and smiling at us.

Rewritten Report

This happened when we were preparing for the youth league conference of a combined unit.

The conference was to be convened on the instructions of the great leader.

The conference was somewhat different from the ordinary one in view of both the background of its convocation and the agenda to be discussed there. So, we got down to its preparations in all seriousness.

The report to the conference had been drawn up through repeated discussion, and speeches had been deliberately arranged beforehand. A youth worker was assigned to well prepare the venue of the meeting.

As the date of the meeting was drawing near, we were concerned about the report. We worried ourselves not knowing whether the report met the intentions of the great leader.

True, we put great efforts into drawing up the report but we felt uneasy about it.

One day while checking the report we thought that if we asked Comrade Kim Jong Suk to look over the report, we could get both the correct assessment of it and guidance from her.

At that juncture she unexpectedly came to us.

We must have much trouble to prepare for the meeting and she came to see whether she could be a help to us, as the General was much concerned about the preparations for the conference, she said.

We said to her that we intended to call on her to seek her advice one of these days and thanked her for coming over and told her our trouble.

“I’m not qualified to examine it. It must be all right, for you worked it out after much discussions.”

So she said with a modesty and then asked if there was anything for her to help us.

We said there was nothing else and asked her to examine the report and submitted it to her immediately.

She with a smile asked us to read the report if we insist, suggesting us all to listen to the report, supposing that she studies it together with us.

“We had better listen to the report, for it is designed for many people. Read aloud, supposing that we are members of the youth league.”

No sooner she said than I stood up and cleared my throat before I began to read the report.

“Please sit down and read.”

She said so lest I should read the long report standing.

However, I insisted on reading the report standing, intending to do in due form.

At this she allowed me to do so and she sat erect in her chair.

It took almost 30 minutes to read the draft report.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk attentively listened to the report all the while. When the reading was over, she said that the report was good and that we must have much troubles to draw it up.

Inwardly we were glad to hear that. Seeing that she was satisfied with it, I thought the pains we took preparing for the meeting were rewarded.

However we did not rest content with the report we had prepared. It was because our work ability was low and she used to shed light to what we failed to see or perceive and give us well-weighed advice.

We asked her to tell the shortcomings of the report without reserve.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk told us to hear her opinion for reference:

“The report has been drawn up well. It clearly pointed out successes and defects and tasks. Nevertheless, listening to the report I deeply felt that it would be better if the idea and intentions of the General were reflected more clearly in the report.

“It would be better if the report gave a clear idea of what the General wants to achieve through our military and political training and of what plan he has to cope with the national liberation in the future.

“And if possible....”

She paused a little and read our faces.

She seemed to be sorry to tell the shortcoming of the report to us who had worked hard to prepare it.

We again bowed our heads before her noble personality and asked her opinion.

“In my opinion the report should sensitively reflect more fresh materials, new changes which took place in the ideological and spiritual life and in the military and political trainings of our comrades.

“Its significance lies not only in revealing the positive examples in the bud in time, but much more in showing how the idea and intentions of the General are turned into the conviction of our comrades in their life and how all the lines and policies set forth by the General bear fruit as the days go by, I think.”

Then she referred to Comrade Li whose shortcomings were pointed out in the report.

Comrade Li was known as a man of valor in our unit.

At a glance he appeared dull and his movement seemed slow, but once in a battle, he was brave and agile like a leopard.

No one knew how he outwitted and smashed the enemy in the event of unforeseen circumstances.

But strange enough, it was otherwise in training. It was hard for him to assimilate military manual.

He was poor at close-order drill.

He found it very hard to do physical training such as ropewalking and parallel bars exercise.

One day he openly said to the commanding officer that he was incapable of doing ropewalking and was punished.

We pointed out his misbehaviour in the report, of which she said:

“True, Comrade Li was punished for refusing to do ropewalking in the past and this news spread all over the unit.

“But he has now become another man.

“I saw several times him exercising himself in ropewalking at the training ground in deep night when others were asleep.

“A few days ago at last he completed his training assignments for ropewalking.

“He keeps silent about it out of shyness, but I think we must not overlook this positive aspect.”

As her remark showed, in the final analysis, Comrade Li was to be praised as a model instead of being blamed.

We felt as if something hit the back of our head.

One change after another was taking place and good examples were being created ceaselessly in the life of the youth league members. But we were indifferent to the lively realities of life and drew up the report by basing ourselves on the outdated materials known to everyone.

What a shame!

“Well understood. We will rewrite the report, reflecting clearly the idea and intentions of the Comrade Commander and supplementing it with fresh materials,” we replied.

She said with a smile that she found a pleasure in talking with the youth workers for they were broadminded, and then asked if we were able to rewrite the report till the date of meeting.

There was some thing in what she said, for only three days were left until the date.

“We want to adjourn the meeting for a few days.”

“Do you mean putting off the meeting?”

“Yes.”

“The date of meeting was already made known to the youth leaguers, wasn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“How then can the meeting be adjourned? The General is also informed of the date, I think....” she said, her face clouded.

Different thoughts crowded on us.

We were in a pretty fix.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk went on to say:

“What do you say to this? I will collect the materials on the units belonging directly to the headquarters including those on our women guerrillas and you gather the materials on other units and then rewrite the report.

“Thus let’s try not to put off the date of the meeting by all means.

“Keeping the date of a meeting is a sort of discipline. If the youth workers first fail to keep the date of the meeting which had been declared to the youth leaguers, how can the organization have authority over them?”

Her words were tender, but awoke us to another grave mistake. We youth workers always paid lip service to the organizational discipline, but had no clear idea of it and were far from observing it in our activities.

That day Comrade Kim Jong Suk dwelled for hours on the methods and ways of collecting materials on the positive and negative practices among the youth league members before she left the place.

We began to rewrite the report.

We brought the composition and contents of the report into line with the idea and intentions of the great leader and began to survey the actual condition.

I took charge of a unit and acquainted myself with the life of the youth league members.

In this course I keenly realized that she said rightly that the report on youth work should be drawn up on the basis of new vivid materials of reality. When I delved deep into the life of our comrades, I discovered a great number of laudable deeds and learned that some of the successes pointed out in the report should be reappraised as

shortcomings and some tendency which was supposed to be undesirable, as laudable one.

I keenly felt that I was wrong when I thought it was unnecessary to study our comrades because I shared with them training and life.

Next morning, I felt an anxiety when I summed up materials obtained from different units in a day. It was that I was short of time to prepare the report.

I put my case to the commanding officer for consideration and was excused from that day's lessons and went to have meal.

On my way to the mess hall I came across Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

She was glad to see me and asked what lesson our company was to receive.

I told her that we had to have lesson in the Korean history.

At this she again asked why I went without any books.

At that time we used to carry necessary books when we went to the mess hall because we directly went to take lessons after meal.

I frankly told my thoughts to her.

"Is that so?"

She looked puzzled and again asked if I could not prepare the report without being absent from the lessons.

I replied that I was short of time upon all considerations.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk stared at me for a while and said:

"In my opinion, you have barely enough time to prepare the report.

"However, you should attend lessons and finish the report even by sitting up all night, shouldn't you?"

"Entrusting you with youth work, the General told you that youth workers should take less sleep and rest than others if they are to do a good job, didn't he? I, too, will help you."

I could not definitely say whether it was admonition or request, but I bowed before her sincerity expressed in these words.

I could hardly calm myself, seized with remorse that I have nearly betrayed the infinite faith and expectation the great leader placed in me, and moved by the affection and kindness with which she led us to live as the leader wished us to.

Suppressing my surging emotions, I told her that I was really mistaken and that I would fetch my school things right away.

Going hurriedly back to our barracks I brought my notebooks and textbooks.

Then I went to the mess hall where our comrades sat beside her.

That evening she again called on us as she promised.

“Here are materials I collected myself. Please examine them carefully.”

With this she produced materials on women guerrillas and the units belonging directly to the headquarters.

They were fresh and priceless data to be included in the important part of the report.

She also brought the snacks she prepared with utmost care and suggested us to have them for we would be hungry to work all night long.

We again discussed the contents of the report and drew it up in a joyful mood.

I wrote down several sentences of the report quickly.

Then I found that Comrade Kim Jong Suk who examined the draft report page after page and retouched the manuscript, where necessary, with her fountain pen, was writing down something neatly.

I glanced at what she wrote.

Dear me! She was making a clean copy of my draft report.

I dissuaded her, attempting to snatch her fountain pen from her hand:

“Don’t do that. I can fully read my writing.”

At this she said with a smile:

“I promised to help you, didn’t I?

“This scribble now may be readable but it may be illegible when facing the audience in the meeting hall.

“What do you say if some comrades complain that the youth worker cannot even read the report properly?

“The report is an important document of the youth league, so it should be kept in clean copy.

“Don’t worry about me. Please write the manuscript quick.”

With this she carefully examined my writing word by word, and made a clean copy of it.

I could not repress the surging emotion.

Later the meeting of our youth league achieved a great success.

The report delivered at the meeting gave deep analysis of life of the youth league members in the light of the ideas and intentions of the great leader and referred to the results and shortcomings of the training and future tasks, thus the meeting was held successfully and was of instructive value.

The great leader highly appreciated the result of the meeting.

Assignments Activate the Organization

With the New Year’s Day close at hand, our youth league had many things to do.

It had to do the summing-up of the yearly work results of its members and arrangements for art performance, athletic meet and the publication of wall newspaper and other colourful functions.

I feared that it would take much time to assign many tasks which were set at once. So I only placed persons needed for their fulfilment instead of giving assignments to the committee members and tried to tackle the work all alone.

As a consequence, when I was writing a report I was told that singers were required for chorus.

When I sent them for chorus, a fuss was made over the hitch it would cause in the publication of the wall newspaper.

One matter after another faced me and I was very sorry that I was unable to cope with all of them alone.

One day Comrade Kim Jong Suk visited us.

Looking at the unfinished report on work result, the list of chorus members and an untouched roll of paper for wall newspaper lying on the desk, she said that I seemed to be busy these days.

I said to her that I yet did not know how to handle my job and busied myself about it even without settling one matter.

She asked me what troubled me most.

I frankly told her that I did not yet finish the report for the general meeting and failed to do arrangements for discussions and the meeting hall as well as for the publication of wall newspaper, art performance and athletic meet.

“Are you going to tackle all of them alone?” she asked somewhat amazed.

“I cannot help attending to them. The date for it is not far away. I fear that in case I entrust the matters to other people they might fail to carry them out.”

“Is that why you take all of them on you?” she said with a smile.

Before long she remarked:

“You should strive to get the organization on the steady move because you are its head. It does not mean a high degree of responsibility and enthusiasm to take all upon you and busy yourself with them, I think. Doesn’t it rather mean distrust of other committee members? How about giving them assignments now to carry out different tasks?”

Her words made me realize that I was mistaken.

I knew well that giving an assignment meant a means to activate the organization and an effective method by which to carry out the revolutionary tasks successfully. But when I got down to work I used to be prepossessed and arbitrary.

I began to plan an assignment then and there.

Looking at me at work for a while, she asked whether I was going to give assignments on my own discretion and advised me to get committee members to come to an agreement on assignments and then give tasks by the decisions of the organization.

She explained to me that it was impossible to make one have a correct attitude toward assignment, should the way of “Do this and that” be adopted in the same way that someone is summoned individually and sent on an errand instead of through organizational channel.

I blushed again. I was ashamed of my quick temper and the habit of doing things in a slapdash manner.

When I consulted with committee members about assignment as she told me to, many better suggestions were offered than I thought alone.

When I proposed, for instance, to entrust the arrangement of speeches at the general meeting to Comrade Hwang, others suggested assigning it to Comrade Li and placing Comrade Hwang in charge of art performance.

I had it in view that Comrade Hwang, man of leadership ability, was eligible for arranging speeches which required contacts with many comrades. But others regarded Comrade Li as suitable for arrangement of speeches, for the written speeches were to be reviewed.

Comrade Hwang who had the power of command was considered to be fit for taking charge of the amateur art circle, the members of which were thought hard to handle. They were right.

When assignments were arranged through the consultation with committee members and a decision was taken at the committee meeting I felt as if I were relieved of heavy burden and began to work with greater animation.

How good it would have been if I had done so long ago, I thought. Looking back on what a hard time I had taking all upon myself, I felt grateful to Comrade Kim Jong Suk for the guidance she gave me at every step.

From the next day on I wrote a report for the general meeting.

Formerly when I sat at my desk to write the report my thought was diverted by worries about unfinished work. But after assignments were given, writing seemed to come of its own accord.

Some days later Comrade Kim Jong Suk called on me.

Seeing my completed report, she said that I did a great deal of work. She asked me how other commissions were proceeding.

This stung me to the quick. I did not inquire into the execution of assignments after giving them, engrossed in writing the report.

She said:

“You should not confine yourself to giving assignments. It is advisable to inquire often how they are carried out.

“Thus you should settle knotty problems, if any, help them in overcoming difficulties and put what is wrong to rights.”

Hearing her out, I deeply felt how indifferent I was to the assignments given by the organization.

Following her advice I inquired in detail how the assignments were being fulfilled.

Many comrades worked hard and scored great success.

But the publication of wall newspaper alone did not progress well.

Comrade Li who was charged with wall newspaper lacked experience in making visual aids and had no ability enough to spur other comrades to action.

We entrusted him with writing articles for wall newspaper after Comrade Hwang, a good painter, drew its border.

He wrote a good hand.

Comrade Li did not yet put his hand to the wall newspaper because he could not make Comrade Hwang draw the border, disengaging him, a leading man, from the amateur art circle.

Holiday atmosphere was to be created first by visual aids. But with the New Year's Day near at hand, the wall newspaper was not pasted up. I was irritated at this.

“When are you going to finish it at this rate?

“Well, this is a big trouble...,” he replied, having no definite plan.

“You are really a hopeless fellow.

“We assigned to you the task to fulfil but not to worry about. When will you finish it?” I pressed him moodily with a question.

“Well, there must be Comrade Hwang. How can I alone...,” he said helplessly.

“Well, come off it.”

Thus I cut him short and came back with the roll of paper for wall newspaper in my arm.

I intended to do it myself because it was obvious that it could not be fulfilled within the date should I leave him to it.

I spread the roll of paper for wall newspaper and then sent for Comrade Hwang.

I requested that he should be sent immediately for an urgent matter.

Sitting at the desk, I began forming a draft layout of the wall newspaper.

After a while I felt someone approaching behind me.

“How do you intend to go about it, coming now?”

I shouted even without looking round on the impulse of the moment.

It was not Comrade Hwang but Comrade Kim Jong Suk who was coming near.

Much embarrassed, I sprang to my feet.

“How comes it that you are doing the job assigned to Comrade Li?” she asked me at once.

She evidently knew how matters stood with the wall newspaper before she came here.

I hesitated for the right words. “Comrade Li is still unqualified and have no pluck...,” I broke off.

Staring at me for a while, she reasoned with me:

“It is the youth league that entrusted the publication of wall newspaper to Comrade Li. You are duty bound to help and lead him forward but not entitled to disengage him from the assignment given to him.

“You seem to blame Comrade Li for the lack of competence. But where can you find a fully qualified person?

“The aim of giving assignment is to do a good job and another main purpose is to train comrades.

“After giving assignments you should help and lead them forward so that they work well.

“If you disengage people from assignment on the ground that they failed to carry out their first assignment with credit, how can you train them?”

At her words I realized that I was wrong.

I began to roll up the paper for the wall newspaper. I intended to return it to Comrade Li.

Looking at me with a smile, she said, "How quick-tempered you are!... It is advisable to bring Comrade Li here who had so far been in a fret about it instead of giving it back to him.

"Let us all help Comrade Li."

She advised me first to go to Comrade Li and apologize for acting rudely toward him as I was hot-tempered and irritated at the poor showing of work.

Then she requested me to fetch Comrade Hwang from where he was attending a rehearsal on my way back and consult with him.

I went and fetched Comrades Li and Hwang.

Meanwhile she dissolved paints and got a yardstick, a writing brush and push pins in preparation for drawing the picture for the wall newspaper.

When she met Comrade Li, she said affectionately, "I'm sorry for failing to help you though I knew that you undertook the publication of wall newspaper. To whom can the head of youth organization unfold his troubles? I hope you'll understand and help each other."

At this Comrade Li smiled an awkward smile and said, placing his hand on the back of his head:

"As I failed to carry out assignment...."

"That may happen. Well, let's prepare wall newspaper together."

Thus saying, she put a pencil and a writing brush on the desk.

Now Comrade Hwang began to draw a picture and Comrade Li tackled to copying manuscript for wall newspaper.

After a while she examined one line after another of the manuscript written by Comrade Li.

The manuscripts reflected our men's pledge for New Year and bore their name below.

Pointing to the name of one comrade she asked whether he had his written pledge carried on the wall newspaper last year.

She had a wonderful memory. No one of us remembered what was written on the last year's wall newspaper. She said that it would

be better to have the names of many new men figured in the wall newspaper instead of carrying the same name repeatedly and pointed to the need to attend to everything closely instead of thinking that the manuscript for the wall newspaper is not a matter for much concern.

We arranged for a new contributor to write his New Year's pledge for the wall newspaper instead of old contributors.

He turned out to be poor in writing.

He did not know how to write his name until he was 20 years old. After joining the guerrillas he learned how to read and write. So he never gave a thought to composing articles.

When he was told to write an article for the wall newspaper he flatly declined it. He would rather take a few Japanese officers captive and carry them on his shoulder here, he said.

Comrade Li came back and remarked that it seemed to him that we ought to write for him in his name.

Hearing him out, she said it would not do.

"What is the use of his pledge written on his behalf?

"The wall newspaper presents our informal tribune, doesn't it? The simpler, the better. What is the use of florid style? Truth and genuine pledge count for much. Then shall I meet him?"

She visited him.

We felt remorse at the thought that she had to take the trouble to go and ask for no report nor speech but three or four lines of written pledge for the wall newspaper.

Frankly speaking, until then one good writer used to write this or that article and even others' pledge for wall newspaper.

This shows what a slipshod manner we adopted in preparing the wall newspaper.

After a lengthy while she came back with the pledge he himself wrote.

He wrote a bad hand but the contents of his writing was realistic.

I still remember the following lines of his:

"I disliked to be often told to study, thinking it would do if only I killed many Japanese. I thought that the way to the dear homeland lay

not through study but through killing as many Japanese as possible.”

In this way he criticized his faults and pledged to study hard in the future.

His story was so full of life that I wanted to paste up his manuscript on the wall as it was.

“If that is the case, let’s paste it up as it is. No red tape is needed here. What the masses approve is good,” she said. Comrade Kim Jong Suk asked whether it would be advisable to have the pledges written in their own hand carried in the current wall newspaper.

It would add novelty and truthfulness, we replied.

Learning of this, those who were to write for the wall newspaper became serious.

A woman guerrilla brought her written pledge set in a frame drawn with colour pencil.

Someone wrote his pledge in a frame drawn in the shape of his fist.

The pledge column in the wall newspaper of that year was particularly conspicuous. It was appreciated by our comrades: “Now the wall newspaper seems to be ours,” “The youth league knows how to work.”

Hearing their words, we felt warm inside.

Birthday

On one winter day we Korean People’s Revolutionary Army men were conducting intensive study and training with the great event of national liberation approaching.

We came across Comrade Kim Jong Suk on our way back to the secret camp after doing shooting practice at mobile targets while skiing all day long.

When she saw us she said a compliment to us and asked about the results of shooting practice.

We were steaming over all our bodies with our faces dripping with sweat as it was just after training. Surrounding her, we answered that that day's results were better than the previous day's but we were far from being crack shots like her.

At this she said, smiling affectionately, "Please spare my blushes. It is quite something to ski well. It is not easy to hit mobile targets while skiing."

Looking round at us for a while, she asked where Comrade Ryu had gone.

After some hesitation the squad leader said that he sent him to the cooking section.

Comrade Ryu was very brave in battle but he liked to excuse himself from study and training. He disliked study and training and only wanted to fight the Japanese.

But recently he began to show unusual zeal in training. That day the squad leader detailed him to some other duty on purpose.

That morning cooks asked for a hand to butcher a pig. The squad leader told Comrade Ryu to go for it after much thought.

Comrade Ryu usually complied with good grace, but that morning he suggested sending other comrade and said he would go for training.

The squad leader glanced at him, pleased at his changed attitude toward training. He said that his feeling was understandable but he ought to go to the cooking section out of sheer necessity that day.

However, he was unwilling to go there.

The squad leader could not help unfolding his thought to him.

"Frankly speaking, today by-the-squad on-ski shooting contest will be held. You are poor in skiing yet, aren't you? Please stand out, considering the honour of our squad."

Then Comrade Ryu insisted no more and went to the cooking section.

Learning of this, Comrade Kim Jong Suk asked, "Is that so? Other comrades took part in it?"

The squad leader answered, "Yes, all did."

“Did only Comrade Ryu stand out?” she asked with a smile and said no more about it. She urged us to hasten, saying that she came for us because we did not come although it was already meal time.

We with her at the head skied toward the secret camp across mountains and valleys as fast as we could, raising a cloud of snow behind us. The red evening sun was throwing its last rays at us.

We passed a merry evening at the secret camp.

While waiting for a square meal after having on-ski training across steep mountains and fields all day long everyone felt elated and warmed up to their chats.

That day, too, we talked with interest about how we skied mustering up the last reserve of energy to win the skiing contest among squads.

Comrade Ryu who did not take part in training that day was standing absent-mindedly in a corner without joining in our talk.

Approaching him, I said jokingly: “What’s the matter? You have had a rich dish in the cooking section, I suppose.”

At this he gave me a chilly glance and went away.

What was the matter with him? I thought.

Just at that moment Comrade Kim Jong Suk came up to me and said that she wanted to talk about something. Then she walked before me.

I followed her silently and thought what was the matter.

She headed for her quarters. I wanted to ask her the reason but I followed her quietly, thinking that I should not be presumptuous.

When we reached her lodging she invited me in, saying, “Today I’ll serve noodles to you. You like noodles, don’t you?” Then she set a bowl of noodles upon the table.

“Wait a moment. Now I will put in noodle broth and garnish. Shall I pour warm or cold broth?”

Embarrassed, I was speechless.

She made me sit at the table and said: “Today is your birthday, isn’t it? So, I want to share supper with you such as it is....”
Birthday!

I felt a lump in my throat. That she should not forget my birthday and call me like this!

I controlled emotion with effort and sat at table conducted by her.

She asked me once again whether I like hot or cold noodle.

I said I wanted to take cold noodle.

I liked cold noodle even in cold days.

“Well, you are worthy of youth worker,” with this Comrade Kim Jong Suk put cold broth into my noodle bowl.

At that time we were living in a secret camp far distant from the inhabited area, so we could hardly eat such fine noodle.

Because I liked noodle very much and, moreover, that was my first noodle-eating in a long time, I emptied a bowl in a blink.

She put one more bowl of noodle before me.

“How kind of you....”

I wanted to take more, but I felt somewhat awkward and I was at a loss what to do.

“It is said that one who likes noodle can appreciate it only after taking two bowls of it. So I served you a little at first”.

With this she smiled.

Feeling awkward, I ate up what was served for the second time in an instant.

“Take more, please.”

This time she put coils of noodle in my bowl.

“No more, thank you...,” I declined but after a while I even ate up them all.

I felt satiated and was highly pleased.

I felt as if I returned home after a long absence and took supper to my heart’s content at the side of my mother.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk affectionately looked at me and said:

“My mind is willing but I have failed to prepare a birthday table to your satisfaction today. Were you at home, you wouldn’t pass it regretfully like this.

“But I feel sorry that I am unable to serve all our comrades with even that much of food on their birthday.

“What sort of men are they?

“They left their beloved parents, wives and children and dear home and set out on the road of revolution, weapons in hand, following the General, in order to take back the country, didn’t they?”

“If they were at home, their parents, though in needy circumstances, would not let their children’s birthday pass like this.

“Although our love for them is unequal to that of their parents, we must always take a warm care of them so that they may not feel lonesome.

“In fact, there would be a lot of our comrades who observe their birthdays only in their heart, unknown to others.

“If we are to work well, there must be none of those who do so.

“How say you? Do you know the birthdays of all members of your youth league?”

“The birthdays of our comrades?”

I asked back like this but found no words for an answer. This was because her remarks gave too great a shock to me. I wistfully recalled a thing which occurred some time before.

One midnight, Comrade Kim Jong Suk made a round of our barracks when she found Comrade Ryu who was smoking hard outdoors sitting alone under a tree.

She went up to him quietly and asked with affection, why he did not sleep and if he was unwell.

He replied nonchalantly that there was no matter with him.

But she was not the person who would be satisfied with such absent-minded reply.

She sat beside him and asked in earnest what made him wakeful at this late hour of night. At her kind words he was unreserved and told the whole truth.

That day he ran into severe criticism at a company meeting on the ground that he neglected study and training though he was fearless in battles. It was proper that he was criticized.

But he was depressed because he had faced so severe criticism for the first time.

In addition, that day was his birthday.

After hearing him out, Comrade Kim Jong Suk explained for hours why we should study and train hard.

And she kindly advised him to readily admit the criticism and remedy his shortcomings.

On the morning of next day Comrade Kim Jong Suk prepared a special meal with all sincerity and called Comrade Ryu to her side. She said that she was sorry not to have known his birthday in advance and so to have made him pass it sadly. She had him hold spoon and chopsticks and offered delicious dishes before him, inviting him to eat much.

Treated with loving kindness by her, Comrade Ryu felt a lump in his throat, with tears in his eyes, his vision grew dimming with emotion.

“I was really wrong. I’ll not commit such a blunder again,” he said with his whole heart.

After that a noticeable change began to take place in the study and training of Comrade Ryu.

But today the squad leader, unaware of his mind, left him out and sent him to the cooking section, simply motivated by the desire to win games among the squads, and I as youth league worker paid no heed to the step taken by the squad leader.

On top of it, I made wretched jokes at him who was depressed because he got away from training. So Comrade Ryu must be unhappy today.

When I was thinking in this way, Comrade Kim Jong Suk’s soft voice sounded again:

“Of course it is not a serious matter whether we, revolutionaries, observe our birthday or not.

“And there is no one among our comrades who is concerned about his birthday.

“But our youth league workers must not do so.

“Work with the youth is an undertaking to rouse the young people to activity, isn’t it?

“People cannot be inspired by making a high-sounding speech and shouting slogans. Of course, there are instances where the reverse is the case.

“But, I think that in order to inspire people we must start from a small affair rather than a big one, in other words, we must know what lies at the bottom of their lives and thinking and deal with it properly.

“I think that viewed in this light the youth league workers must know birthdays of all members, get well acquainted with them and let them, if possible, observe their birthday happily.”

“I see,” I answered, deeply touched by her remarks.

Indeed, they were invaluable instructions to me who had to turn work with the youth into a living, creative work with people.

I was deeply moved by the warm care of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who did not forget my birthday and invited me and served me with noodle with maternal love.

It derived from something incomparably greater than a bowl of noodle, that is, the unfathomable deep love of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who wanted to get a youth league worker to perceive the true meaning of the work with people which he should keep in his mind at all times.

Indeed, it was an unforgettable birthday.

“Telling a Lie Is the First Step towards Treachery”

In the days when we were undergoing a military and political training the great leader saw that a meeting of the Anti-Japanese Youth League was called to discuss the matter for the youth to play the vanguard role in the military and political training and took vigorous measures to further strengthen and develop the work with the youth to meet the demands of the new revolutionary situation.

Encouraged by the great leader’s repeated scrupulous guidance over and concern for the youth work, we youth league workers energetically roused all members to the intensive military and political training.

The youth organization of the unit made all members resolve to take the lead in the military and political training, launched emulation

among the company branches of the youth league and dispatched youth league workers to all companies to help them.

Unusually excited, I undertook these tasks which were to be done in the unit on my own responsibility.

Because the intensive military and political training was organized in accordance with the operational plan of the great leader and Comrade Kim Jong Suk warmly encouraged me with the word that I should take this opportunity of distinguishing myself in the work of youth league.

I ensured that the company branch under my charge held a meeting in the atmosphere overflowing with great political enthusiasm and assigned the members tasks properly so that they might carry out the goal of training ahead of schedule.

At that time the company faced the task of improving the recruits' marksmanship as soon as possible and making them familiar with all weapons. I paid particular attention to this and saw to it that individual instruction was given.

This was rewarded with their daily-improving skill.

Ten days after the beginning of training the recruits could handle any rifle with ease and their shooting posture and action came to be on the right track.

This was really a wonderful result.

But I could not rest content with this.

The youth organization of the unit launched emulation among the companies to finish the course of military training quickly and, by nature, I was quick-tempered. So much result could hardly please me.

I got together the activists of the youth organization in the company and gave a resume of the training. Then I set a new task of completing the remaining course of training within five days.

The members of youth league willingly assumed it because they as well as I wanted to get the lead in emulation.

Intensive training continued. Especially the recruits received intense rifle drill day and night and even commanding officers of other companies marvelled at speedy improvement of their skill.

At last the day when the training was to be concluded according to the decision of the youth league branch came.

I heard from the youth leaguers who had been assigned a task of personal guidance of training how they had executed it and then examined some recruits and saw their shooting actions.

Most of them were excellent.

Only two or three of them were unfamiliar with firing data and working of weapons. I thought that this could be overlooked considering our achievements and reported it to the youth organization of the unit.

“What? Have you already completed the course of training?”

When the chief of the youth organization of the unit asked me like this, I answered confidently:

“Yes. If you doubt, go and check for yourself.”

He laughed heartily and patted me on the back, saying I showed an admirable ability in disposing of things.

“This is the very pleasure one feels when praised for having made a report before others,” thus thinking I returned to the barracks feeling as if I were treading on air.

At lunchtime, next day, Comrade Kim Jong Suk called at the company. She said she heard that all members of the company had completed the course of training and the recruits were conversant with various weapons, and complimented the youth league on its achievements. She added that this military and political training was organized by the General and so he must be very much pleased to hear of this news.

I was awfully grateful to her who heard before others about the achievements the company had attained in the training and took the trouble to visit the company to offer congratulations.

Presently she said that our achievements were worthy of being reported to the General and asked me to show her a scene of training.

I was strained at her words that she would report the great leader, but readily complied with her request.

After a while, she saw the training of members of the company.

Those who came to practice exercises in her presence performed every action excellently in an unprecedentedly high spirit.

They readily dealt with all subjects including tactics, shooting, physical exercise and topography.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was much pleased with them who were almost faultless in answering theoretical questions and in drill.

“Really excellent. Wonderful, indeed.”

Satisfied, she praised like this at every turn of action in the exercises.

Then she sat with a recruit.

She inquired about his native home and his family.

Then she asked: “If we fired downward from the mountain where would the bullets hit in general?”

At her unexpected question, he blinked his eyes and unhesitatingly replied, “They would hit lower part of the target.”

I was stunned.

What a nonsense he talked!

Without reproving him for his random answer, she put another question to him.

“If you shoot to kill with your rifle the enemy 700 metres away, where should you set the backsight for shooting?”

“At seven hundred.”

He answered at random again.

I felt a strong repugnance for him. What the devil was he doing when we gave lessons earnestly and how can he utter such a nonsense?

Comrade Kim Jong Suk changed colour a little and met another recruit.

She put a question to him to test his ability to use the already acquired knowledge in practice: he comes across the enemy and in the midst of engagement his rifle goes wrong unexpectedly; he and his comrades have no rifle in reserve; there is only a Czech-made machine gun where there are dead bodies of the enemy; what shall he do?; and can he take and use the machine gun?...

He looked at her with a dubious look and asked back: “How to use it?”

I blushed crimson. He was the poorest among recruits and she put him such a question to my disappointment.

In those days we had various weapons which were the same as those of the enemy and the Czech-made machine gun was one of them.

But we failed to give them lessons in weapons in detail.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk advised him that he should be at home with the enemy's weapons if he wanted to fight the enemy, and called me to a quiet place.

I felt timid because the two recruits failed to give satisfactory answers but, comforting myself with the thought that it was almost negligible when our achievements were considered as a whole went up to her.

But she was glum as never before.

"Were you aware that the recruits of the company had shortcomings in the shooting practice?"

Unable to answer readily, I stood with an embarrassed look. After a while, I, crestfallen, said equivocally that in fact others were good but, strangely enough, those she met just before were weak so I would educate them well.

She looked serious unexpectedly.

I saw her so furiously angry for the first time, so I got flurried very much.

"Although you were aware of it you made such a report and won praise...", she said half to herself, but my mind was thrown into confusion.

I drawled in a thinning voice, "Because they said it was emulation..."

"Emulation? Is it the way one should conduct emulation?"

I was tongue-tied. I felt as if I were stifled.

She gazed for a while at me who was shrugging my shoulders in silence and said seriously:

"You, not ordinary guerrilla but youth league worker, made a false report.

"Reflect seriously upon your error. Otherwise you are not entitled to be youth league worker."

With this she hastily went away. I was placed in this sad plight for the first time.

Picturing to myself her image who had disappeared in the bushes, I felt heartache.

I felt as if my heart were breaking.

It seemed to me that I was parted for ever from her who had valued, trusted and warmly embraced me and I was overwhelmed with loneliness and sorrow.

I sat down, my legs stretched out.

I writhed in great agony.

O, how have I committed such an error?!

Even if I am forsaken by her, it can't be helped though I feel my heart breaking at the mere idea of it. But I was so sorry for having caused anxiety to her and was ashamed of it.

Although we had many faults to find with our work, we made a report before others, as if we performed meritorious deeds, and was praised and I tried to boast, without compunction, even to Comrade Kim Jong Suk. The more I reflected on this, the more abashed I was.

Depressed, I examined myself all day long. While taking meals or walking the road I thoroughly searched my heart on the fact that I caused an anxiety to her.

That night I went to bed but could not sleep.

Tossing myself in bed I thought of what had happened in the daytime again and again.

Towards midnight there were indications and someone was standing calmly by my pillow.

I opened my eyes at once.

"You are still awake, aren't you?"

It was a familiar voice. The figure sharply outlined in somber darkness of night. It was Comrade Kim Jong Suk whom I could not forget even in a dream.

My eyes dimmed in no time.

"If you can't sleep, let's take the air."

She said in whispers and walked out of the barrack.

She sat on a flat rock under a tree and invited me.

"I have come because you are likely to be unable to sleep this night. It seems to me that I, too, will be wide awake all this night unless I meet you.

"Well, won't you have a talk with me?"

"Do tell me please. I really...."

I could say no more. My heart fluttered.

"All right," said Comrade Kim Jong Suk. She looked at me for a while with a deep affection and began to speak calmly:

"...I think you feel heartbreaking at my words that you're not entitled to be a youth worker.

"Is it only you who feel heartaching? I feel it more. I am deeply vexed to see you having committed such a blunder.

"Of course you must have made a false report out of the simple desire to win the emulation. And it can be that you told a falsehood for the first time. But I cannot overlook it. Why is it wrong that one tells a lie? Because, first of all, it indicates that he is corrupted.

"Fundamentally speaking, telling a lie is a detestable act of covering up one's fault and deceiving others.

"One lies, more often than not, to save oneself from disadvantage and feather one's own nest. Just think it over.

"If one is used to get around difficulties he meets and satisfy one's selfish desires, what will become of one in the end?

"Doesn't one who ordinarily consults only one's own interests seek escape to save one's life once one enters into a decisive battle?

"Moreover, it is the rule that people live trusting and relying on each other, according to their conscience. But if one deceives others whereas they unbosom themselves to him, what a wicked man he is.

"If one wants to live like man one cannot outrage one's conscience nor tell a lie to deceive others. In short, telling a lie is a challenge to the noblest human being and defilement of his sacred conscience...."

I could not raise my head.

That a man who had turned out, a rifle on his shoulder, for the independence of the country should be depraved to a mean bastard

who lacked all sense of morality! That that simple false report should have brought me into this sad plight!

When I suffered from a guilty conscience, she went on to say passionately:

“Lying is bad because it brings down ruin on man and the revolution.

“At first glance, it appears that a worker’s false report does not matter but that is not the case. If a worker makes false report to superiors, the latter will report it to the higher body, believing it as it is and, eventually it will be taken into account when policies and lines for our revolution are worked out. Then, what will become of this? The policies and lines for our revolution will be removed from the realities and people will not give credit to them and, further, the revolution full of fallacy will end in failure. The mere idea of it is enough to make one fearful. Moreover, I did not overlook your false report today because it was a first step toward treachery. As you know well, the current military and political training was organized by the General in person. Therefore, the merits and demerits showed in the training should be reported as they were to the General. So you were on the verge of having a false report submitted to the General, weren’t you?

“Not only the military and political training but all our revolutionary work is aimed to put into practice the ideas and policies of the General and uphold and carry out his lofty intention. So, in doing anything we should have an attitude with which we report it to the General, and if we play even the slightest degree of falsity or hypocrisy here it means that we are not honest with and faithful to the General. Could there be any betrayal greater than this?

“Just think. Up to this date the General has brought you up and led you forward. Then, how dare you make a false report to him? Can you forget his favour?...”

Every word of her admonition struck home to me.

It brought to light the outmoded ideas which had come to reside in my mind unawares, and mercilessly rooted them up.

I raised my head. Depression in my mind was dissipated and I felt relieved.

Only then could I perceive what was my error, why I committed it and how to rectify it.

A new resolve arose from the bottom of my heart.

I rose to my feet.

“I understand. I will surely rectify my error and live as a true soldier of the Comrade Commander.”

I made a solemn vow which I will not break through life.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk glanced at me trustfully and said kindly:

“I’m glad to hear that you have come to see what is your wrong. I believe that you’ll surely correct it.”

The shadow of anxiety left her face and it beamed with a bright smile.

“Well, let’s have a talk a little more, taking a stroll, while we are outdoors. I should like to have a talk about the incomplete training of the recruits.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk walked leading me by the hand.

I followed her, experiencing a pleasant thrill of excitement over the fact that I came to receive her kind instructions again.

That night, taking a walk for long she gave me precious teachings concerning the work of the youth league and my method and style of work.

3. Let Us Get Ready for the Revolution

On the Day before a Seminar

One day when I was discussing with some comrades about by-company football tournament programme, Comrade Kim Jong Suk unexpectedly called on me.

Reminding me that the next day was the day of seminar, she asked me whether our comrades got all ready for it.

She expressed her anxiety for the comrades diverting their attention to the athletic meet and the like in those days whereas at the previous lesson the lecturer told them to make good preparation for seminar.

I thought to myself it was our duty to fully prepare for seminar and answered on a guess, "They perhaps all got ready."

"Really?" she said. And she told us to go on drawing up the tournament programme before she left the place.

In those days the seminar was carried on with a platoon or a company as the unit under the guidance of an instructor according to the regular study programme, but not by organizations. So, the control over the preparation for seminar was outside the youth organization's duty.

Therefore, we were indifferent to how the youth league members prepared for the seminar and gave no thought to taking relevant measures.

What I saw entering the barrack that evening surprised me.

The youth league members were studying hard in preparation for the following day's seminar.

It was an uncommon occurrence.

Attracted by the sports meeting held in the unit, quite a few used to spend free time talking about it. Strange enough, that evening silence reigned in the room.

"What happened to you?" I asked a guerrilla.

Coming there some time ago, Comrade Kim Jong Suk inquired into the progress of preparation for the seminar and promised to help those who made not yet full preparation, coming again after supper that day, so, they were now squarely tackling it, he answered.

It flashed on me that when she visited us in the daytime she inquired about the progress of the preparation for the seminar.

It turned out that she acquainted herself with the actual state of their study and took measures on behalf of our youth workers.

I felt warm inside.

She showed a meticulous concern even for the study of the youth league members.

I was quite ashamed that when she came to us in the daytime I made an irresponsible remark to her, engrossed in arranging the tournament programme.

After supper Comrade Kim Jong Suk visited our quarters as she had promised. She asked me whether I finished the preparation for athletic meet and then suggested examining together our comrades' preparation for the seminar if I had no urgent matter on hand.

As the matter had been on my mind since the daytime, I told comrades to bring their seminar notebooks.

They first hesitated looking at each other's face and then brought their notebooks by ones and twos.

She complimented them on making preparation for discussion quickly and asked them to allow her to see their notebooks.

I suggested her to do so.

Having a look over the notebook of a guerrilla, she took up and opened another's. Reading down to some place of a page, she smiled, I did not know why.

She then took her eyes off the notebook as if she could no longer go on reading and looked round at us and then cast a meaningful eye on its owner.

The latter had no clear idea of what the matter was and blushed looking round at his companions as if he had something on his conscience.

They glanced toward him out of curiosity, thinking he must have dropped some lines while hastily copying other's notebook.

Pointing to some lines of a page of his notebook, Comrade Kim Jong Suk remarked, "You must correct this part, I think."

"That part?"

Looking at what her pencil pointed to, the guerrilla was embarrassed and cried, "Dear me!", his face turning crimson.

His companions blinked, consumed with curiosity.

Smiling at them, Comrade Kim Jong Suk said she would read that part to gratify their curiosity.

"We women, too, are fighting valiantly arms in hand, as befitting Korean communists side by side with men.

“At present the problem for us women guerrillas to solve....”

When she read up to this place there arose a great roar of laughter in the room.

It was description of the pledge of a woman guerrilla whose notebook he lent and copied mechanically in haste.

As laughing subsided, Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked over the notebook of a squad leader.

She said that his resolution was as a whole good and advised him to make additional reference to how to improve work method and style.

That was not a general remark meant for him as commander.

He gave a good account of himself as a commander in daily life and in battle, but his relation with his men was unsatisfactory.

He earned discontent of his men as he would shout and make a fuss for nothing where coherent persuasion would do, and make a push regardless of the given conditions on the plea of adhering to the principle.

Taking such shortcomings of his into account, Comrade Kim Jong Suk gave him helpful advice.

“Since the aim of seminar is not only to consolidate what you have learnt but also to apply the theory you have learned to practice, you should refer to what you have learned and realized, your shortcomings to be corrected and your pledge.”

Having acquainted herself with guerrillas’ preparation for debate, Comrade Kim Jong Suk suggested some of them expound their views in the debate in the next day.

They were usually reluctant to take the floor.

Among them was Comrade Ryu.

He little took the floor and usually shunned company.

He worked as a farmhand in his boyhood and was worked hard in a mine like a mole before he joined the guerrilla army. Only then did he learn how to write letters, pencil in hand.

At a meeting he usually took a back seat and kept quiet. He was a man of few words.

However, he was unusually strong-willed and high-principled. He displayed unrivalled bravery in battle.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk intended to induce this kind of men to take active part in the seminar.

After helping them in study Comrade Kim Jong Suk came out to the courtyard and met me.

Checking on whether our comrades recently were diverted from study by the athletic meet as they seemed so to her, she found out that they were really in an unsettled state of mind, and that the youth workers themselves were neglecting their lessons not to speak of others, she said.

She was quite right.

I frankly told her that I was entirely wrong and that I not only neglected my lessons but also paid no attention to the study of the youth league members. And I had thought that the youth league organization had nothing to do with its members' studies as lessons were arranged and conducted by the instructor, I said.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that my frankness was commendable, but my thought was mistaken. She went on to say: "Lessons are given to arm all the guerrillas and the youth league members with the General's idea and revolutionary lines.

"How can the youth organization turn aside from such an important work?

"Moreover, the youth league is in charge of the ideological education of the young people, isn't it?...

"I think you should have correct attitude toward study before anybody else and encourage the youth league members to study well."

"Understand," I replied, repenting of my mistake from my heart.

I bowed before her warm care and guidance at the thought that that day she visited our quarters over again to fill the void caused by our youth organization's wrong approach to study.

Stroking my shoulder Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that if I knew my mistake it was all right. And it was not late even now and so I had better go to other companies to see how they were prepared for the next day's seminar and take measures, if necessary, she told me.

After that we youth league workers went down to companies.

As she supposed, such was also the case with them.

They, too, neglected their preparation for the seminar.

We told them that Comrade Kim Jong Suk gave personal guidance to the study of one company and saw to it that a step was taken immediately. And I helped the members of a unit under the direct control of the headquarters in their preparation for the seminar.

It was near bedtime when I looked through their notebooks.

On the way back to my quarters I heard some voices floating from the lighted mess hall.

Who still is in the mess hall at this time of night? I thought.

Stepping up to it, I listened with strained ears. At the moment I stood as if nailed to the ground.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was there with Comrade Ryu.

She said to Comrade Ryu who was standing at the dining table as if at the speaking rostrum:

“Now, raise your head and look at me.

“Now a large audience is before you. All of them are looking at you.

“If you take the floor, the audience will look you in the face as I now do. Well, now speak please.”

Presently Comrade Ryu was heard reading his written speech.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk told him to speak a little louder.

He spoke loudly, but paused before long.

“I simply have no confidence,” said Comrade Ryu in a small voice.

“Comrade Ryu, take heart.

“You mustn’t confine yourself to fighting the Japanese. How many young people are leading a wretched life as you did in the past? Don’t you want to go and arouse them to fight together, arms in hand?

“We must bring not only ourselves but all our people to the fight for national liberation.

“To this end, we should know how to expound our views, deliver a speech or give a lecture like the lecturer, if necessary.

“Your lecturer, too, was unable to express his views properly seven years ago. But now he delivers a lecture with credit.”

“Was he really so?” Comrade Ryu asked with amazement.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk went on to say, smiling.

“He was a poor speaker and, to make matters worse, he had the habit of repeating the word *sollani* needlessly. So, whenever he dared to rise from his seat to speak, he was laughed down by his colleagues.

“What does *sollani* mean?”

“It is an expletive interjected in speaking.

“He was in the habit of repeating *sollani* in his speech. This habit of speaking was not easily broken.

“So, the youth organization assigned him the task to correct this habit in one month.

“We saw to it that he read books diligently and told what he read.

“In this course he read extensively, broadened his knowledge and improved his delivery. Thus he became a lecturer.”

“Then, will it be all right with me, too?” Comrade Ryu asked dubiously.

“Certainly. You are rather better than his former in speaking.

“Your pronunciation is distinct and your voice is very powerful and good.

“Please think it over, Comrade Ryu.

“Well, don’t you hate the landlord who had beaten you mercilessly and let you go hungry or the Japanese who had kicked you into the tumbledown pit?

“The Japanese imperialists, landlords and capitalists think that we are inferior to them and ignorant and they can treat us like dogs or pigs with impunity.

“Well, won’t you feel resentment if such fellows fool you like a blockhead?

“The General taught us that we should be not only the soldiers fighting the enemy but also the propagandists and educators who lead the masses, didn’t he?”

“Now, brace up and let’s try again.”

Her passionate words were not in an instructive tone but overflowed with something close to earnest entreaty and appeal.

I felt a lump rising in my throat at the thought that she was making as painstaking efforts as a mother who teaches her child how to speak.

The next day seminar was held amid unprecedentedly high enthusiasm.

When Comrade Ryu who was usually not very eager to take the floor took part in discussion and truthfully and vividly spoke about his own experience, the lecturer as well as his fellows were amazed.

Summing up the seminar, the lecturer said that he thought that recently they were negligent in study because of the preparation for a sport meeting but that they prepared for the seminar better than he imagined and took part in it with enthusiasm.

He spoke highly of the company as exemplary in study.

Soil of Homeland

In the summer of 1939 we again met Comrade Kim Jong Suk serving with the 7th Regiment in the basin of the Tuman River in the west of the Olgi River.

She was in the whirlpool of emotion and excitement, for some time ago she returned from the battle in the Musan area which she fought together with the great leader advancing into the homeland.

We envied the guerrillas who returned from the battle in the motherland, for our regiment did not fight the battle of great significance while carrying out other task.

In the evenings we sat round by a bonfire and listened intently to the story of those who had been to the homeland.

One day some one shook me lightly by the shoulder.

When I looked back, I found a woman guerrilla asking me to go over there with her. Walking some distance into the forest following her without knowing the reason, I found Comrade Kim Jong Suk telling the comrades of our unit of the homeland.

Those sitting around the bonfire were mainly young guerrillas. Most of them had not been to the homeland, so they listened to her story with keen interest.

She told of the impression she got when the unit crossed the Amnok River and stepped into the motherland.

“Full blown pink azaleas on the misty riverside and foothill greeted us.

“We hugged the azaleas and sobbed as if we had met our beloved parents and brothers and sisters.

“As the unit crossed the Amnok River surreptitiously we did not meet people in the homeland but we warmed to the azaleas just as to our people.”

She could not speak any more and looked toward the southern sky.

Those sitting around the bonfire were all lost in deep thought about their longed-for mountains and rivers of the motherland and unforgettable blood relations.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk resumed. She spoke about the emotion which they felt treading the soil of the dear homeland and for which they could not fall asleep sitting around the bonfire built on Chong Hill, Konchang, Pegae Peak and others, how they cut meaningful slogans on the bark of trees standing thickly around the camps to rouse the people to the sacred war for national liberation, how they displayed the might of the Korean People’s Revolutionary Army marching in fine array along the Kapsan-Musan military road in broad daylight according to the superb one-step-makes-a-thousand-n tactics of the great leader, how they feasted on the beauty of the motherland, drinking the clear water of the Lake Samji to quench their thirst, and how they smashed the insolent Japanese troops in pursuit on the spacious clearing of Taehongdan.

Her story conjured up the visions of the unforgettable scenes of those days.

The hearts of the listeners were filled with longing for the dear motherland, the beloved native mountains and rivers.

She went on to say:

“The deep impression we got this time in the homeland is that there is no country so beautiful and good to live in as ours in the world.

“Even now I cannot forget the flavour of water of the homeland. It was so clean that if clothes were dipped in it, they seemed to be blue immediately. A draft of the water was likely to lift up the depressed heart. It was so sweet, fragrant, cool and refreshing that it alone was likely to sustain one’s life for several months.

“The water of the homeland served as living water and tonic which gave us strength, courage and lofty spirit.

“Not only the taste of the water of the homeland.

“How blue the sky is, how clear the air is and how warm the sunrays are! How fragrant the flowers in field are! How dear one tree, one piece of grass and gravel are to me!

“Ours is a country abounding in unusually beautiful mountains, rivers and plains and seas.”

Her words carried them back to their dear homeland, the mountains and rivers of their beloved native land which was kept deep in their heart only as a wonder world, as a wonderful fairy land.

A three-room straw-thatched house nestling cozily at the foot of a sunny hill, a courtyard where chicks are peeping and pecking at feed around their plump mother hen, a clear murmuring brook in front of the house and apricot and peach trees with full-blown white and pink blossoms in the rear....

These were the vision of the native home, native village kept in their heart.

Not only that. The east coast where blue waves break into myriads of water spray on the dazzling sandy beach dotted with red sweet briars, the beautiful mountains with rocks of fantastic formation rising in tiers which present wonders of nature and misty deep valleys where fairies are said to come down from heaven riding the rainbow....

This was the beautiful motherland engraved in their minds.

Presently Comrade Kim Jong Suk said in a heavy voice:

“However, our dear motherland is being mercilessly trampled down under the jackboots of the Japanese imperialists.

“Gold, silver and other treasures abounding in all parts of the beautiful land of 3,000-*ri* are being plundered by them and dense woods being denuded.

“What is left in the homeland is the deep-seated grudge of the people.

“Factory workers are worked hard under the whip of capitalists and peasants working on their plot on empty stomach in the sweltering heat are falling down.

“Intellectuals who are suffering racial discrimination are denied the access to academic study and young and middle-aged men are being dragged off as the cannon fodder for the Japanese imperialists.

“We happened to meet the workers of a lumber mill at a log-hut in Sinsa-dong village.

“Their living was really miserable. They were herded there by the Japanese from Cholla, Kyongsang and other provinces under the pretext of ‘development of north Korea.’

“They were eking out a bare existence and the log-hut was so narrow that they had to sleep with their legs placed on the rope suspended over between the two walls of the room and in case they fell ill they were doomed to death, unable to buy a package of prepared herb.

“So, holding our hands, they asked us when this deplorable, sorrow-ridden hard times would end.

“They asked the guerrillas with tears not to leave the place, wondering when they would return back if they go away.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk paused for a while as if a thousand emotions crowded on her mind and then in a joyful voice dwelled on the historic speech *Let Us Rise Up Vigorously in the Anti-Japanese Struggle to Hasten the Liberation of the Homeland* delivered by the great leader before the people of Sinsa-dong.

She went on to say:

“We were reluctant to part from the people of the motherland. We were reluctant to leave the place. We bade them farewell and crossed the Tuman River in tears.

“The General, too, took off his cap and waved it for a good while, watching the receding homeland.

“We returned, making a firm pledge to defeat the Japanese and liberate the homeland as soon as possible.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk suddenly took something out of the pocket of her military uniform.

It was wrapped in small handkerchief.

She undid it under the eye of all.

“This is the soil of the homeland.

“At Lake Samji our comrades all brought a handful of the soil of the homeland in their knapsack. So did I, as you see.”

Solemnity suddenly fell around the burning campfire.

“Comrades!

“Don’t be indifferent to this soil. A handful of this earth is pervaded with the inveterate grudge of our Korean compatriots and their sincere desire to have the homeland liberated at the earliest date.”

She gave it to a guerrilla in front of her.

Receiving it, the guerrilla rubbed his cheek with it.

It passed from hand to hand. As they grasped and beheld the soil of the motherland bearing the aspiration of the compatriots, their eyes shone with indescribably deep emotions and grim resolution.

With a handful of the soil she got them to feel the homeland, the bleeding, suffering homeland they had ever yearned for even in a dream.

After the significant talk by the campfire was over, Comrade Kim Jong Suk met me.

She simply asked how I was getting along and took me to a quiet place.

Then she only watched me closely for some time.

A strange thought occurred to me but I remained silent as ever.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said in a low yet strong voice, as if resolved to break ice:

“As you perhaps anticipate, the path of revolution is not smooth. On the road of the revolution there may be unbearable sufferings and lamentable sacrifices. However, we have to overcome all these sufferings and sorrows with fortitude.

“Are you, too, ready for it?”

“Yes,” I replied, unaware of her intention.

“Well, I’ll confide in you.

“This time Comrade Kim Se Ok did not return from the battle in the Musan area.”

“Yes?....”

I was dumbfounded. At first I did not realize what she meant.

But, seeing her gloomy face at close hand, I realized what she said was a stark fact.

Kim Se Ok... He was my uncle who was the only one alive among my relations who had joined the guerrillas.

I was stunned by the news.

I felt something hot like a fireball welling up in the chest.

His image with a generous smile came on my blurred vision like phantom.

Kim Se Ok had always fought valiantly taking the lead in battle and used to volunteer to take difficulties upon himself in the hour of trial. I remember him fervently loving Ma Guk Hwa, promising to go to the dear homeland together when it is liberated....

I sobbed, lost in these thoughts when Comrade Kim Jong Suk resumed:

“I sympathize with you. The memory of Comrade Kim Se Ok is dear to me as well. I am deeply grieved at his loss.

“He was an excellent guerrilla and a reliable comrade of mine.

“He displayed unusual self-sacrificing spirit and courage in the battle in the Musan area.

“He died a heroic death raining a shower of bullets on the enemy coming in pursuit to ensure the safety of the headquarters. Our casualty in the engagement in Musan area was one, the loss of Comrade Kim Se Ok.

“The General so pained that he buried him where he fell in action and, before leaving the place said that we would unfailingly visit the place where he lay after the country was liberated....”

I lifted my tear-smeared face.

I was very grateful to the great leader who was kind enough to see the soldier’s last.

He died in the bloom of youth, but he would have no grudge, for he was buried in the dear motherland at the hands of the leader.

The affection of the father leader for the revolutionary fighters, dead or alive, knows no bound, so, it is an honour to them whether to die or survive on the road of revolution, I thought.

This thought soothed my painful heart.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk resumed:

“I’ll give you the soil of the homeland which is permeated with the fervent, revolutionary spirit and precious blood of Comrade Kim Se Ok.

“Keep it as a keepsake of our dead comrades and of your late uncle.

“From now on you should firmly keep your uncle’s as well as your post.

“You must be faithful to the revolution twice or treble as much as others.”

“Understand.”

Making a firm pledge, I received the soil of the homeland from her.

Original Political Work

Once in a military drill the tactical exercise of the unit began with an emergency call in the early morning.

The called-out troops made a forced march toward the assembly place all day long.

Towards evening the units arrived at the assembly place.

All of them were exhausted by the forced march from the dawn and relaxed themselves.

Some guerrillas wanted to lie down as soon as supper was over.

We met Comrade Kim Jong Suk who was waiting for us on our way back from the meeting which was held in the commanding office to sum up the results of the day's march.

Though the march was an arduous one, that evening she was neatly dressed and was overflowing with freshness and zeal as ever.

Complimenting all of us on that day's march, she asked whether any shortcomings were indicated at the review of the march.

There was nothing criticized severely, but it was pointed out that some guerrillas relaxed themselves on the pretext of non-combat condition, I replied.

We did not seem to take things seriously because our shortcomings were not mentioned particularly, but in fact we had lost sight of an important thing that day, Comrade Kim Jong Suk admonished us.

She remarked that the youth workers had not shown the sign of activity among guerrillas since the emergency call, and asked us what was the matter with them that day.

We were at a loss for a reply for a while and told her the whole truth. We failed to organize political work beforehand because the exercise was staged without previous notice with a view to inspect the combat readiness of the units under an unexpected situation. We were only intent in taking active part in the exercise.

"Youth workers should think how to encourage young men to the victory in battle in case of emergency as well as at ordinary times, shouldn't they?

"If a youth worker who busies himself about youth work at ordinary times gives it up and throws himself into battle in case of an unforeseen encounter with the enemy, how can he be called a youth worker?

"You seem to be responsible partly for the shortcomings revealed by some guerrillas today." In this way she referred in detail to the shortcomings in the exercise.

Some left traces dropping personal things or paper scraps when they left their bivouac after emergency call and some others did not camouflage themselves properly on the march to the rendezvous. Some

did not carry their equipment as required by the regulation and some others were slovenly attired.

Not only that. Some marching column slackened its pace without reason, with the result that the definite distance between units was not maintained, some guerrillas dropped out of the marching column because of footsore and some others did not ensure secrecy of action of the unit by making a noise.

Then Comrade Kim Jong Suk suggested taking immediate measures lest such practices should be repeated from the next day on.

“When you are told to do political work, you try to deliver some sort of an address first.

“Inflammatory speech or shouting of slogans are necessary at times, but it may be more powerful political work to help those who find it hard to walk because of footsore and those who drop out of action,” she said.

She went on to say:

“Political work after all aims at moving people’s heart and it cannot be replaced by speech, can it?

“It is more effective to help and lead them in practice than nice words.

“If youth workers take knapsacks off those who make hard going and carry them on their back standing in the van of the column and if they help their men up a steep slope holding their hands, how it will encourage them!”

Hearing her words, we were greatly moved.

Her mature style of work and skill came home to us.

That evening we were more struck at her mature skill with which she moved people's heart and aroused their revolutionary enthusiasm.

After each platoon reviewed its work we were going to have all the men got together for a recreation party. At this Comrade Kim Jong Suk advised to make some guerrillas got together beforehand to build a campfire and sing a song instead of dictating to them uniformly.

"They don't like to be told to get together again, as they are exhausted by march and had gathered for stocktaking just before.

"In that case political work cannot be conducted successfully," she said.

In case a few guerrillas sang at first others would be attracted and naturally many people would gather around the campfire, she explained.

As she told us, we built a campfire, and got some good singers to gather and sing a song.

When the campfire burned lighting up the camping site wrapped in quiet and a song rang out, guerrillas began to gather by ones and twos of their own accord.

Some came with needlework and others, out of curiosity.

As they sang in turns and made merry, they called out some one after another to sing and some urged their companions to dance digging them in the ribs.

Those who were named rose to their feet without hesitation and sang lustily or danced a hunchback's dance.

Interesting songs followed by dances ceaselessly evoked cheers and laughter from among the spectators.

Traces of fatigue disappeared from their faces.

Those who were making a bed early in the tent and the cooks who busied themselves preparing for breakfast for the next day came out, attracted by singing and laughters.

All the guerrillas except those on sentry gathered in the place where an amusement party started without formality.

Now one after another volunteered to sing and dance.

At last, this led to a singing contest among squads and platoons. Thus squad and platoon leaders with their men sang a duet or a chorus before the audience. Some squad leader called out his men and made them dance a group dance, to show off their skill.

When the guerrillas were at the height of merriment Comrade Kim Jong Suk came up to me and said that it was time an inflammatory speech was made and suggested me to deliver a good address as befitting "youth captain".

I took a forward step in front of the guerrillas.

Those who had been given to boisterous merriment which shook the camping site watched me with bated breath.

"Comrades!

"Today I have learned much at this amusement party.

"I believe our cheerful and brave men are equal to any difficult training assignment.

"At this rate, we will be able to move a mountain and fill up the sea!"

As I began my speech, cries went up one after another, "All right! We have nothing to fear and are equal to anything," "Never mind. We will acquit ourselves well in tomorrow's training."

Encouraged by their high spirit, I asked, turning to no one in particular, "Tomorrow no one will straggle from the column because of footsore, is that right?"

At this a laughter burst out from among the crowd.

"There will be no noise makers nor man of slovenly appearance on march, is that right?" I queried again when another roar of laughter rose from the audience.

I felt no need to speak further.

Rather than gladdened, I got a deep impression.

The method of political education Comrade Kim Jong Suk showed us was really novel and powerful. She has a clear insight into the mind of the guerrillas and knows how to move their hearts.

With this thought I looked at her with admiration.

At that juncture the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung came to us with Comrades An Gil and Kang Gon.

He was satisfied to see us gaily laughing, singing and delivering an inflammatory speech without getting tired after a daylong forced march since the emergency call at dawn and said that we were as strong as Hercules.

“General! Please give us the word to advance into the homeland.

“Then we’ll sweep up to Cheju Island to annihilate the Japanese!” a guerrilla said when all present clapped their hands.

“All right. Let’s acquit ourselves well in the training tomorrow with this spirit,” the great leader said, pleased. Meanwhile Comrade Kim Jong Suk told Comrade An Gil that this amusement party and the inflammatory speech were all arranged by the youth organization.

Comrade An Gil informed the great leader of this.

The great leader was much satisfied.

I could not raise my head and felt ashamed of myself. I felt the emotion welling up beneath my eyelashes with gratitude for the kindness and consideration of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who had led us in our youth work at every step.

It was not only on that occasion that she taught us to conduct ideological education and political work among the young people without formality, originally in accordance with the given revolutionary task.

One year, on the day before a live firing practice our youth organization held a meeting to encourage its members to get good marks in shooting and made them submit their written pledge.

They had to do firing practice after a night, so we thought further political education needless.

However, that evening Comrade Kim Jong Suk called upon us and, acquainting herself with the political work we had conducted, said that that was all right.

Then she asked what we were going to do the next day.

We candidly told her, as we had thought, that what was required the next day was to do firing practice from the morning and, accordingly, political education was superfluous.

She smiled and said, "You are going to draw back at the last moment". Then she asked me to come to her side and talk with her. She said:

"Tomorrow is an important day when the firing practice you have done so far will be reviewed.

"How can we do without any political education on the momentous day?"

They should be reminded of their pledging to get excellent marks and for the purpose it would be advisable to set up a notice-board carrying their written pledges in the shooting range, she remarked.

She suggested that it would be good to put up at some conspicuous places mottoes, "Let's take revenge for dead comrades!" "Let's vent the spite of our parents and brothers and sisters!" and "Let every shot tell!"

Hearing her words we felt ashamed that we were shortsighted.

"What are you going to do when shooting is over?" she asked.

"After shooting? Of course we have to come back and review its results," I answered. She said, smiling as ever:

"Political education should be given ceaselessly. Why do you think that it is needed at this time and not at that time?"

"You must have a plan for the political work to be done after the live firing practice.

"What about holding a meeting to congratulate those who have got excellent marks, pinning a flower on their breast and giving bouquets to commanders in appreciation of their efforts?"

"Flowers are being arranged by our women guerrillas. I want you to prepare for a congratulatory meeting."

I was not farsighted enough to think of that.

Now in case the live firing practice is done, it is a common practice that the shooting range is put in good shape and bouquets to be presented and a congratulatory meeting are arranged, but at that time since we had never seen and heard of political work after a live shooting practice, we had no idea of that.

On the day of a live firing practice the shooting range was put in good shape under the instruction and care of Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

She personally wrote mottoes and helped us in pasting them on the notice-board until late at night.

As women guerrillas appeared at the shooting range with flowers and bouquets in their hands, the guerrillas' spirit rose high.

"Oh, I'll get excellent marks without fail! How can I return without a flower pinned on my breast?" someone said.

The good result of shooting exceeded their expectation.

Almost all got excellent marks. Therefore, flowers and bouquets were presented only to those who gained the highest marks.

Those who had a flower pinned on their breast headed the columns returning to the barrack.

It presented a splendid spectacle.

"Comrades! Let's march on to the homeland," said someone.

"You're right. Let's advance to the homeland."

"To the homeland!"

All were excited.

The column dotted with red flowers marched vigorously.

This showed us how to conduct ideological education, political work.

The Personality of Our Comrades

On the day of enlistment the recruits who put on new military uniform were to undergo kit inspection. One of them suddenly began to search for his cap, saying that it was missing.

His companions said that the cap that had been worn before could not be missing and suggested him to look for it closely before they went out for the inspection.

He fell into rank, saying that he did not find his cap for all his efforts.

The squad leader who had him under his charge got angry.

It was really lamentable for a guerrilla to fall into rank without wearing a cap.

The squad leader called him to account and told him to look for it at once.

The recruit repented of his conduct and at the same time was offended.

Who took his cap? he thought.

He rushed back into his quarters and began to ransack others' personal effects for his cap. In this course he found a cap under the knapsack of his neighbour.

He brusquely called his neighbour to account for taking his cap.

His neighbour shouted back to him not to talk nonsense.

Two recruits exchanged hot words with each other for a while.

The owner of knapsack, not knowing that his cap was under his knapsack, wore his neighbour's cap before he rushed out.

As they had just been issued with a new military uniform and a cap he mistook other's cap for his own.

Considering this fact not to be overlooked, we decided on holding a meeting of the youth organization to criticize them.

We thought it impermissible for a guerrilla to undergo kit inspection without having a cap on and that, still worse, they had angry words with each other.

Thus, arrangements were made so that some youth workers could have a talk with them and that some should criticize them at the meeting.

At this juncture Comrade Kim Jong Suk visited our unit and learned of this.

As we told her that we were going to have a meeting on the issue of revolutionary comradeship and offer criticism, she sank into thought for a while before she said:

"If something happens you first of all are going to criticize. Needless to say, criticism is needed at times. However, one cannot be forced to display revolutionary comradeship, can one?"

Fearing that criticism may create uncomfortable atmosphere for the recruits who felt ill at ease as they were, she went on to say:

"We should first make the recruits know what people our comrades are so that they form comradeship with each other.

“Comradeship means believing and prizing one’s friends, so one must know one’s comrades well.”

She said that she would think the matter over and dissuaded us from holding a meeting to offer criticism.

A few days later Comrade Kim Jong Suk called upon us. She said that she wanted to have a talk with recruits and asked with a smile whether we, youth workers, did not mind it.

We said that we did not mind it and wanted her to give good advice.

She said that then she would have a talk with them, and sat face to face with them without reserve.

The unit was just having a break after drill, so recruits were cooling themselves sitting among us.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk asked one of the recruits if he knew whose rifle he was holding.

He could not reply, tilting his head.

She said that it was not bad to know that and that it was Comrade Li Gwang Son’s. She wanted to speak about him by the way, she added.

“Comrade Li Gwang Son was one of the able workers who had been engaged in youth work in our unit.

“He was unusually bright, enthusiastic, magnanimous and cheerful. He was loved by many guerrillas.

“He acquitted himself well in youth work. He always was among the young guerrillas. Knowing well of their characters, tastes and predilections, he proficiently organized various work to suit them.

“He studied diligently, was courageous in battle and tender-hearted, but uncompromising against irregularities.

“One day he severely scolded a young guerrilla for his slovenly attire.

“He was often taken to task for his untidy attire, but did not readily correct his dress habit despite repeatedly given advice. So, Comrade Li bitterly criticized him to the effect that there was no room for him to remain in the ranks.

“However, he failed to readily accept Comrade Li’s principled criticism and bore a grudge against him.

“That very day they came to fight a battle. The battle was fierce from the start. The wicked Japanese troops and police put up a stubborn resistance to the vigorous attack of our unit.

“After a while two guerrillas with a bayonet fixed to the rifle closed in upon the enemy’s skirmish line. They were Comrade Li Gwang Son and the very guerrilla who had been blamed for his untidy attire.

“When they came near the enemy’s trench firing a gun at the enemy, a Japanese officer levelled his gun at the guerrilla hiding himself behind a dead body. It was a critical moment. But the guerrilla was advancing forward, without noticing it.

“At that juncture, shouting, ‘Comrade Man Su!’, Comrade Li Gwang Son covered him with his body and pumped bullets into the Japanese officer.

“Meanwhile Comrade Li Gwang Son had his breast pierced by the bullet the villain fired and fell. The guerrilla cried, pounding the ground with the fist and calling Comrade Li Gwang Son.

“Comrade Gwang Son recognized him although he felt faint. He said that he had loved him from his heart and asked his forgiveness if he had done him wrong before he breathed his last.

“Even now I cannot bring myself to sleep when I think of Comrade Li Gwang Son.

“He so valued and loved revolutionary comrades that he was uncompromising against their slightest error and he rescued his comrade at the cost of his life in a life-and-death battle.

“We’ve fought enjoying such warm affection of our comrades and in the future, too, we’ll get over difficulties amid such true comradeship,” she said.

Her words came home to all of us.

Recruits were greatly moved, for they had never heard such story before. They only looked up at her with bated breath.

There was no end to stories of those who had laid down their lives for their comrades. Our comrades were faithful to the lofty revolutionary principle to the last even if they, arrested by the enemy, had their limbs quartered and their eyes gouged out, and died on the scaffold, she added.

Here is another story she told us.

In the unit there had been a soldier Comrade Kim Jong Suk herself had trained.

He had lost his mother at his tender age and subjected to unbearable humiliation and maltreatment when he had served a landlord as a farmhand.

The emotion and excitement he felt joining the guerrilla unit which was pervaded with warm comradeship was beyond description.

Only then did he come to know the beautiful community where people genuinely prize and help each other and keenly felt that it was based on revolutionary comradeship.

He came to be convinced that a noble life presupposes devoting his all to the good of revolutionary comrades and accustomed himself to such a life.

However, some time later he was unfortunately arrested by the enemy, as he was wounded and lost his senses while carrying out his assignment single-handed.

As he recovered his consciousness, the enemy harshly tortured him to make him tell the whereabouts of the unit.

But he kept mum as a mouse.

The wicked Japanese scorched his body with an iron rod and rained blows upon him.

However, he said nothing but that he did not know.

Needless to say, he knew that he would die behind the prison walls suffering unbearable torture.

However, he did not tell where his unit was. There he experienced genuine love for the first time in his life. There were his dear comrades who had so warmly treated and helped him. How can I betray them, he thought.

The devilish Japanese imperialists killed him by driving nails into his limbs.

He remained faithful to his comrades to the last out of firm faith in and affection for them.

When the comrades learned that he who had a warm comradeship with them died on the scaffold, they vowed revenge, shedding bitter tears and kept deep in their heart, the memory of the dear

revolutionary comrade who shared his fate with them to the end of his life.

She paused for a while as if excited. She turned her eyes toward the faraway wooded mountains.

The recruits lowered their heads, blinking their tearful eyes. Indescribable emotion and excitement gripped their heart.

Hearing her story, the recruits realized what sacred and glorious ranks they joined and felt ashamed of their quarrel about a cap. Needless to say, she did not hint at their foolish behaviours, but her words were so influential that they repented of their faults and began the life as a guerrilla with a fresh determination and attitude.

In addition, Comrade Kim Jong Suk told another story.

During an arduous march guerrillas were so short of food that they had to live on a cup of maize for a week. They made a forced march successively on a nearly empty stomach. They endured indescribable hunger. Some one even suggested boiling belts to eat.

One day they ate snow for breakfast and walked on. They had stayed their hunger by eating snow so far, but there was a limit to it.

However much snow they ate, they felt hungry and at last sickened at the sight of it.

They began to see visions before their eyes.

A basin laid on the knapsack of a comrade who walked ahead appeared to be one containing steaming boiled rice and the snow on the road looked like grains of rice.

However, when they looked at them closely after rubbing their eyes with their hands they turned out to be visions.

Some time after the column of the unit took a rutted cart-road.

It seemed that a cart passed just before. Guerrillas followed the ruts.

The women guerrillas at the head of the column often picked up something from the road.

Guerrillas asked them what they were picking up out of curiosity.

“The cart which had passed seems to have dropped grains of bean,” someone said. The cart was loaded with boiled beans designed for soy, which dropped by ones and twos on the road.

The women guerrillas were picking them up.

Soon the column left the road and entered woods.

The women guerrillas gathered the beans they picked up.

They made a handful.

A woman guerrilla who held them passed them to a woman guerrilla behind her to eat.

But she thought of man soldier behind her and passed the beans to him.

Holding them in his hand, he thought of the girl friends who were so glad to see beans and who were considerate of him even in such difficulties which would knock down the sturdy young people, although they were as young as his younger sisters he left behind in his native home.

This thought brought tears to his eyes.

So, he, too, passed the beans to the guerrilla behind him, without eating even one of them. The latter also did not eat the beans.

He also handed the beans to the soldier behind him who was unhealthy. In this way the beans were passed from hand to hand and at last handed to the youth worker and company political instructor who closed the rear. However, they, too, could not eat them.

It pained them to think of the dear soldiers, women guerrillas and infirm comrades plodding their weary way in front in particular.

The beans were now passed forward.

They were not simply beans.

They bore their resolution to get over the difficult trial and the genuine comradeship pervading the unit.

Thus, the boiled beans were not touched till the end of march.

By count they made 26 grains....

Comrade Kim Jong Suk ended her story. However, no one spoke a word nor left the place, and their breathing was only heard.

After a while she resumed:

“Today I want to tell you one thing.

“Comradeship does not simply mean friendly feeling or affection for comrades.

“Revolutionary comradeship is the source of strength capable of rallying the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army behind the General to be an

indestructible rank and, at the same time, the soil in which all of us are brought up to be genuine revolutionaries.

A Story She Told in a Break

One day we climbed a mountain with Comrade Kim Jong Suk to gather firewood.

Formerly the mountain was densely covered with big trees, but the Japanese felled trees recklessly for electric poles and sleepers for more than ten years, with the result that it has nearly been denuded.

Nevertheless, there were often heard shouts of an overseer urging the lumberjacks to fell sparsely standing trees in the valley and the creaking of carts loaded with timbers along the mountain road.

Sitting on the mid-slope of the mountain for a rest, we looked down and was pained at the pitiful sight of workers doing hard labour of carrying logs.

A man in riding breeches who seemed to be an overseer came into our sight. He was shouting running hither and thither like a grasshopper, leather whip in hand.

He mercilessly struck a coachman on his naked back, and then hastily came up to a stocky Japanese officer, bowed at him and gabbled something to him. Sickened at this sight, one of us said, "That guy is a regular dog!"

At that moment a peasant came out of a village leading ox-cart, followed by a dog. Passing carts loaded with logs, the dog came near the Japanese officer and the overseer and began to bark at them. As the overseer tried to drive away the dog wielding whip, it defied him, barking louder.

"There, that dog is far superior to them. Although animal, it identifies the enemy!" said someone. At this we laughed lightly.

Just at that time Comrade Kim Jong Suk came to us carrying wild greens she picked. She asked why we were laughing. A guerrilla told her what he had just seen on the roadside and added that the followers of the Japanese were inferior to a dog.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said nodding:

“You are right. Such fellows are really inferior to a dog. Comrades, what do you say that I tell you an interesting story?”

We urged her to tell a story.

“This is a story about a dog which did not betray its master but was dutiful to him,” she said.

She put down an armful of wild vegetables and wiped beads of sweat off her forehead.

We urged her again to tell the story, saying that we were more intrigued if it was about a dutiful dog.

After tracing back in memory for a while, Comrade Kim Jong Suk told a following story.

Once upon a time a diligent farmer lived in a village.

He got a pup and kept it with good care. In winter he fed it with the swill he warmed up and in summer he washed it, taking it to the riverside.

He always kept the trough clean and gave it feed after washing it clean.

The farmer preferred leading a well-regulated life.

He got up, went to bed, and had meals at a set time.

He used to go out to field at a fixed time. The pup grew into a big dog under the care of the farmer. The dog was always with its masters. It used to get up with its master, and followed him to the field and back.

The dog was clever. Knowing that after breakfast its master would go out to the field, it brought his sandals up to the earthen verandah so that they were convenient for him to wear. Aware that the master used to feed hens before leaving the house, while he wore his sandals, the dog brought feeder and scattered feed on the yard with its mouth.

When the master went angling on a holiday the dog followed him, holding a small fish basket in its mouth.

The master took good care of the dog in reward for its services.

The villagers gave unstinted praise to the farmer and the dog saying, “Like master, like dog”.

One day his neighbour invited the farmer to a wedding feast. As he was a methodical man, he could not bring himself to give up field work for the wedding feast.

So, he went out to the field in the morning, intending to make a visit in the evening after work.

The wedding house sent wine and some eatables to the farmer in the field to give a treat to him at lunchtime even if he would visit the house in the evening.

The farmer was thankful to them. He sat down under the shade of a tree, drank wine and then lay on the grass to have a nap.

The dog, too, sat down by him, stretched itself and closed its eyes to sleep.

In the meantime an unexpected happening took place.

The villager who brought food to the farmer threw away the burning tinder to the grass after lighting a cigarette, which caused a fire.

The fire rapidly spread, consuming dry bushes and grass leaves dried in the spring wind.

Before long the fire came near the place where the farmer lay down. The dog jumped to its feet first.

The vicinity was all on fire but the farmer was asleep, unaware of this. The dog tried to wake its master, barking desperately. However, the drunken master did not rise up and sank to the ground again. The dog whined anxiously and ran to the ditch at the foot of the hill. It jumped into the ditch to get its body wet and returned back to the master and rolled over and over on the grass around him. The dog ran to the ditch and back over and over again and at last it, exhausted, fell over its master.

The master rose coming to himself when he found that the grass around him was all on fire.

Feeling strange, he looked round.

He found the wet trace leading to the ditch and the scorched dog lying dead at his feet.

The farmer realized that the dog saved his life.

He was boundlessly grateful to the dog, a speechless animal. He dug up the ground and buried the dog that saved him at the cost of its life.

After that he always took lunch and had a rest by the mound.

The next spring grass grew lustily around the place. Strangely enough, a pine tree began to grow by the dog's tomb. After some years the tree attracted passers-by's eyes.

Having a rest under the shade of the tree the farmer felt invigorated and delight.

Passers-by, too, came to have a rest under the shade.

The villagers would tell them of the story of the dog which saved its master's life.

One day a learned man happened to pass by the place.

Deeply moved by the story about the dog whose tomb was under the tree, he wrote the following poem:

*People usually think lightly of the animal,
But some people desert a moral duty to save their lives.
These people hardly compare with this dog.
A man without a sense of moral duty is inferior to a dog.*

The farmer had this poem engraved on a tombstone and erected it in front of the dog's tomb.

From then on, when the villagers met a person devoid of a sense of moral duty and conscience, they would say that he is worse than a dog.

This saying became known to the people in the vicinity and spread widely. So, later talking about a sense of moral duty, it is said, people came to liken those lacking it to a dog....

Comrade Kim Jong Suk concluded her story with these words:

"He who had no sense of duty and conscience cannot be called a human being. Even a speechless dog is appreciative and lays down its life. How can a man be inferior to it?

"Someone turns his coat for fear of death, but betrayal means double death. He is dead physically and mentally, and is ridiculed by all.

"What a miserable life is his! We often liken a renegade to a dog, but in fact he is worse than it.

"We can never think of turning our coat or breaking faith even if we may die a thousand times."

We agreed with her and made a firm resolve to adhere to the red banner to the last as was sung in a song.

A Sense of Duty and Betrayal

The anti-Japanese armed struggle aimed to destroy the one million-strong Japanese imperialist army that was armed to the teeth with no support from a regular army and rear of state, was full of severe trials in which we had to cross the dangerous line and fight bloody battles times out of number.

We experienced hardships all through the 15-year-long anti-Japanese armed struggle but, in particular, in 1941 faced indescribable severe ordeals and many-fold difficulties.

In this hard time, I had a miraculous escape while conducting political activities behind the enemy and returned to the unit. Some time afterwards Comrade Kim Jong Suk met me.

She seated me beside her and said that although she was roughly informed of the sufferings we had undergone, she wanted to hear it again in detail.

I began to speak going back to the time when I left the unit on a mission entrusted by the great leader.

Told that the great leader wanted me, I hurriedly went to the headquarters. Comrade Ryu Gyong Su was there.

After looking at us for a while the great leader said that he summoned us because another important thing we should do turned up and asked if we did not mind it.

Previously we finished the task of the small group activity and came back to the unit starving for over ten days.

The great leader asked like this because he felt very sorry that he had to give another task to those who did not get over their fatigue yet. We readily stood up and said to him that if he gave any task to us we would fulfil it without fail.

The leader observed that it was imperative to build up the revolutionary organizations solidly in different areas when the

revolution got into difficulties as today and this did not allow a moment's delay so he wanted our services.

We asked him not to worry at all and let us start soon.

At last the great leader gave instructions that Comrade Ryu Gyong Su should go to the group led by platoon leader Ryang and I to the group under the command of platoon leader Chi.

Both groups were over 25 km off Hancongou, the seat of the headquarters, but we told him that we would go there at a stretch.

The great leader asked again if we were really able to go as if he were anxious about the fact that although we came back to the unit going hungry for ten days, we had to start our way not knowing when to return after eating only a cupful of thin rice gruel.

Rising to our feet we said: "We'll go. Grass is growing now, isn't it? We'll go feeding on it.

"Comrades, thank you." He took us round the shoulders and could say no more.

But for our part we had a misgiving about the fact that the great leader was deeply concerned about the critical revolutionary situation.

We'll go hurriedly and carry out the task without fail!

With this resolve we set off.

When we reached the last sentry-line our platoon leader came running to us and asked us to stop.

He brought with him half a cup of parched flour and said that the great leader wanted us to take it.

Thinking that it should be served to the great leader, I went on my way without pause, asking him to give the leader my best regards.

The platoon leader stood still there for a while in a resigned way.

I went all the way almost on the double and reached a mountain recess near Dadianzi. There I located the whereabouts of the group but, unexpectedly, Comrade Kim alone was in a straw-thatched hut and platoon leader Chi was not seen.

I asked him where he went. He replied that he was only looking down at Dadianzi town from the top of the front mountain.

Some time later I met platoon leader Chi and acquainted myself with what he had done so far.

This group was dispatched one week before on a mission of forming a new revolutionary organization in this area and securing foodstuffs for the unit. But the group did not carry out its mission properly and also had not made a report to the unit at all, breaking up the established order according to which it should do so every three or four days.

I remembered that when I left the unit the great leader called me and said to me in a very serious tone:

“The new task is not easy to do. You must overcome any difficulties and fulfil your task without fail.”

As the great leader presupposed, it was very difficult to fulfil the task because the enemy made strict precautions and the revolutionary organizations suffered a great loss.

Comrade Kim, platoon leader Chi’s companion, was still young and to make matter worse, had no experience in such political activity.

But how could platoon leader Chi, a commander who had a record of ten years of revolutionary work, shirk his duty, assuming a nonchalant air?

Chi Gap Ryong stressed to me over and over again that the enemy kept strict watch, so he did not know what to do and his serious stomach trouble made him hard even to move around.

He added that he had already starved for several days because of running out of provisions.

This was, in the last analysis, a justification for the fact that he had not carried out his task.

I felt that he was not what he had used to be.

Next morning, when we had had a wash, Chi Gap Ryong abruptly took the rifles of Comrade Kim and me asking to surrender to the enemy.

I was dumbfounded. Does this man say so in earnest? He may say so just for fun, but how can he say such a filthy thing that the guerrillas cannot give mouth to?

With this thought I was puzzled for a while, when Chi Gap Ryong resumed:

“The guerrillas propagate that contradictions between the Soviet Union and imperialism and between colonies and imperialism will bring about a great event in the future, so preparations should be made for meeting the oncoming great revolutionary event by preserving the and-Japanese armed forces, training cadres and widely conducting political activities in local areas, but this is an unbelievable thing of the future.

“Now that the Soviet Union concluded a neutrality pact with Japan, who knows if .the triumph of revolution may require scores of years. Though I have served the guerrillas for ten years I see no hope. One who loses one’s senses alone may remain, but I cannot be any longer.”

His talk was a nonsense of a betrayer who has forsaken revolutionary conscience and principle.

At this moment I remembered Comrade Kim Jong Suk who told that if a man had no sense of duty he was worse than beast, and I could not look at Chi Gap Ryong full-face.

I felt deep chagrin thinking that the great leader was anxiously waiting, unaware of the degradation of Chi Gap Ryong.

Enraged, I felt disposed to kill him at once, but I was helpless because he had our rifles in his hand.

I said to him impolitely because he had betrayed the revolution though he was a platoon leader of the guerrillas some time before:

“If you want to go, go alone. Why are you asking us to go with you and have you taken our guns? How can we go just to maintain our existence alone, forsaking our comrades who have been fighting together with us for no less than ten years, setting aside the prospect of revolution? We can’t do so, viewed in the light of obligation. Go alone if you want and give us back our guns. We’ll fight to the last....”

Perceiving through my words that he could not break our resolution, he breathed heavily for a while and prattled:

“If you go back and report it, I will be killed. So I can’t return. If I give you back your guns, you will shoot me. So I can’t do so just now. I’ll hang them on the bridge, so take them.”

He descended the mountain, carrying our guns with him.

It was absolutely provoking to see the poor figure of Chi Gap Ryong who was going over to the enemy to save his life, disregarding his comrades with whom he had been fighting together and sharing meals.

As soon as he had gone down the mountain, we shifted our position and after dark we went to the bridge. Our rifles lay as they hung as was expected. When we got them back, I felt my heart almost burst and tears came into my eyes.

How can he who had so far been a platoon leader of the guerrillas and this time came out at the head of the group flee just to save his life, forsaking his men in this nameless mountain?!

How can we accomplish our task in the future and inform the great leader of this sore affliction?!

The more I thought, the more I felt heart breaking. But we could not be overcome with sorrow.

We should quickly inform the headquarters of Chi Gap Ryong's betrayal. We should go to the unit and take measures before he went to it with the enemy.

We took a shortcut. We ran and ran up hills and down dales.

When we were about to cross a bridge spanning a small river, a truck packed with the enemy appeared before us all at once. They were well armed "punitive force".

So, Chi Gap Ryong has already brought the enemy along with him!

This flashed upon my mind. We volleyed at the enemy truck recklessly.

"Bite the dust all of you, the betrayer and the Japs at a blow."

With this thought I fired ceaselessly. Our fire was so fierce that the enemy was broken up, scared out of their wits, and some of them took to their legs.

We promptly got into the thickets and climbed a mountain and then hurried along.

Some time later the enemy came in pursuit. We ran desperately. When I covered 12-16 km in this way, I could not stand the strain and

had a drumming noise in the ears. My throat reeked of blood and rotten iron.

Falling under a tree, I looked back, but there was no enemy who pursued me.

We lay with our arms spread out and thought over what to do in future.

Although we were at a short distance from where to make contact, but it seemed we were dejected to think that we should go further.

I raised myself on one elbow and looked around. Fortunately, I found we were at the mountaintop and a downward slope led to the liaison place.

“Bless me, all that we should do now is to tumble ourselves, instead of walking further!”

I felt quite relieved.

We began to roll ourselves. Because the mountain descended steeply we rolled down without difficulty. But this was a passing phenomenon.

We sometimes were caught on the stubs of trees and fell into bushes. Then we had to raise ourselves and take our course.

When we reached near the liaison place we found our clothes torn to pieces and all our bodies blood-stained.

Nevertheless, we were happy. If we waited a few days here we could meet a messenger from the headquarters.

That night we slept in groves and got up early in the morning. We boiled some wild greens in the water and ate them. We decided between ourselves to stand ready to meet the messenger in turns. In the morning Comrade Kim was to be on duty and I in the afternoon.

In the morning the messenger of the headquarters came, but Comrade Kim starved for several days and exhausted, fell asleep while on duty, so he did not catch his signal.

Next day I was on duty in the morning. I anxiously waited the messenger, but he did not come. In the afternoon of that day Comrade Kim fell asleep again while on duty.

Unfortunately the messenger came at this time and turned back again since there was no response.

He came again thinking that though we were absent in the morning of the previous day, we would be in the afternoon.

I thought that without eating something I could not meet the messenger.

We wandered about in search of something edible.

We found some ox bones under a tree. Only then did it occur to me that when our unit quartered here we butchered an ox.

We put them into a messtin and boiled them. After a short time it got up steam giving out a fine scent.

Both of us were utterly intoxicated with the smell of victuals we took at after several days' interval.

I wondered how much time had passed; when I awoke, I found the ox bones were burnt black to a cinder to my regret. So we brought other ones and boiled them. This time we sat alert to wait until they were well done. After the messtin boiled enough, we took off its lid and greedily ate the broth. Five days passed after we left our unit and we starved also for five days.

We who had suffered from hunger got heated with the ox bone soup and lapsed into a coma.

We came to our senses next morning.

I should like some soup, so I took off the lid of the messtin. Its bottom was overspread with white things. I closely examined them only to find, to my surprise, that they were dead maggots.

Unaware that the inside of bone was infested with maggots, we boiled and ate them.

This was really a disgusting thing.

We started from there. Because the three days which were appointed for us to wait the messenger passed.

Now we had to locate the whereabouts of the unit. In those days our anti-Japanese guerrillas made it a rule that after departure of a small unit the unit shifted its position leaving behind liaison men. But we failed to meet the messenger at the liaison place, so we had to search for the unit.

With empty stomach we crossed mountains, rivers and valleys and forced our way through bushes.

Owing to the occurrence of betrayal we could not stay at a mountain hut and meet any people. So, we, hiding ourselves all the time, wandered about in search of the unit.

Two days after we had left the liaison place Comrade Kim and I could not move any more.

We walked off our legs and there was a mist before our eyes. We could take nothing full two days after we had ox bone broth, so we were totally exhausted.

Comrade Kim, a recruit, lay down, saying he could walk no more. His lean and bony face turned yellow.

I thought that after all, man starved to death in this way.... I sensed that our last moment came near. I thought that even if I lost my life, I should not die in vain.

Although I was unable to go back to the unit and make a report, I wanted to inform of our death by all means.

With all my strength I crawled to a barked tree. I took a piece of charcoal and wrote one letter after another on the tree with my trembling hand: "Kim Ik Hyon and one other fought for the revolution to the last and starved to death here.

"Chi Gap Ryong surrendered to the enemy"

When I wrote out, I felt relieved somewhat.

Feeling faint, I called up dim remembrances of many figures.

It seemed to be a true saying that one looks back over one's life only on one's death-bed.

The image of my mother who had passed away in my childhood and that of my father and my younger brother appeared before my mind's eye.

Then the life of the guerrillas floated before my eyes. The great leader who was among our comrades came up to me and there was Comrade Kim Jong Suk behind him. She said to me, but I could not understand what she meant. I wanted to say something to her, but I was tongue-tied. I felt as if I were veiled in a thick mist.

Nothing came in sight.

I closed my eyes and slowly fell asleep.

Some time later our comrades who were sent by the great leader found us out and we could come back to the unit.

I wound up talking. The eyes of my comrades were wet with tears.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was silent putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

Aside from the sufferings of our group, it weighed upon my conscience that we caused great anxiety to the great leader and Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

Presently Comrade Kim Jong Suk said:

“This time you have shown an excellent example that a revolutionary should adhere to his revolutionary principles with what faith and sense of duty.

“How is it that Chi Gap Ryong came to change sides?

“It is because he was daunted by hardships. A man who easily flinches from difficulties or a coward deserts his cause without exception.

“Whether one shirks from hardships or not depends, after all, on his faith. If one has firm faith that our cause of emancipation and freedom of the people is just and will be crowned with victory without fail, one can surmount all sorts of trials and difficulties and adhere to the revolutionary principles to the last.

“This is an immutable truth of revolution.

“And today I should very much like to say to you that man should have a genuine consciousness and sense of duty.

“How has Chi Gap Ryong been brought up so far?

“During the past ten years he was awakened to the revolution and became even a platoon leader of the guerrillas under the warm care of the General.

“Nevertheless, he forsook the favour of the General who had brought him up and deserted to the enemy.

“How can such a reptile be called man?

“Man deserves the name only when he has a sense of duty and does his duty.

“Prior to being a revolutionary we should be a genuine man who does his duty to the last with a clean conscience.

“In fact, we should regard betrayal of the revolution not as betrayal of a principle but as selling man.

“To betray revolutionary comrades with whom one has shared one’s fate and sweets and bitters and the people who assist and protect us with their whole heart—this is precisely betrayal of the revolution.

“Moreover, this is the betrayal of the revolutionary leader who brings up and leads one, so it can never be tolerated.

“I hope that bearing this in mind, you will do your duty with unshaken faith in the future too, like the soldiers of the General.”

This was really a significant remark. Her word that betrayal of the revolution was precisely betrayal of comrades and people and, further, betrayal of the revolutionary leader was a maxim asserting a great truth.

A Touching Story about Price of Potatoes

It happened when we were conducting small-unit operations according to the superb strategic and tactical policy advanced by the great leader.

One day we who had gone out in search of a small unit that was sent out to procure provisions, came to return empty-handed, unable to obtain even a handful of grain. The enemy kept a sharp lookout and, to make matters worse, got wind of our activities and task and shadowed us persistently, so we could ill afford to carry out our task.

Added to this, we had run out of provisions because we made a long detour to keep off the enemy.

To a man who goes without eating it is difficult to stay hunger for three days but thereafter his senses become dull and he does not feel hungry.

He is sober, but he loses the use of his limbs and wants to lie down on any place and sleep his fill.

This is caused by the very exhaustion from hunger that is often talked among people. In this case, if one lies down, dejected, one may take one's last sleep.

Since we knew through experience what it is to be exhausted from hunger, we walked with desperate efforts.

But, as a saying that weakening of man begins with that of his legs while rotting of tree that of its root, we hardly took even a step forward, feeling awefully heavy in the legs.

So, in the end we advanced half walking, half crawling.

We happened upon a potato field five days after we had started.

It was early spring, so potatoes did not put forth buds yet.

We dug up here and there along the ridges of the field and found potato seeds which seemed to have been planted just before.

We cried for joy. They were as big as chestnut and seemed as if they were an elixir of life.

We dug them out here and there with might and main. We gathered about one *toe* of potato seeds. (One *toe* is about 0.47 gallon.)

We sat with it in our midst. Sweat poured down our faces and we trembled in every limb. But we felt relieved and were pleased.

We surveyed the dug-up ridges for a while. Our hearts were heavy at the sight of the field which was farmed assiduously by the peasants turned up at many places.

How vexatious it was to see the fields which we had tilled with all our heart torn up by wild beasts when we did farming in the past.

How great an upset he would feel if he came and saw what we had done.

At this moment things flashed through our mind.

One of them was the great leader's teaching that we must not encroach at all on the life and property of the people and another was the practical example which Comrade Kim Jong Suk showed us.

At the time of attack on a town, some years before, our company was deployed near the headquarters and the attack was made by the 7th and 8th Regiments.

That day Comrade Kim Jong Suk was in charge of transporting booties and relief materials sent by the people.

At around ten at night an attacking order was given. Guns rattled and hand grenades exploded in the enemy's barracks and fort. Some time after people crowded out into the riverside where our company was posted. Taking them for the enemy, we watched them, assuming a posture of shooting.

But, from their voices it turned out that they were our comrades and the people of the town.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was walking at the head of them.

She captured the enemy's magazine in a twinkling and was carrying the trophies.

Many people joined in transporting materials:

Regardless of age or sex, each of them carried a burden on his or her back or head and some on horse's back. The unit withdrew and began to march.

When it arrived at a ravine, it dawned.

We prepared breakfast there. Comrade Kim Jong Suk was busier than any other else preparing breakfast for those who had participated in the transportation of goods.

An early morning in November was very cold. But she put her hands in cold water to wash and cook rice, and prepared side dishes.

A woman brought to her a sack which she had carried on her head and said, it contained potatoes and she wanted men of the revolutionary army to be served with them.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk untied the sack.

It was filled up with big potatoes. She watched, in deep thought, the potatoes which had been kept carefully, for a while, and asked the woman:

"Aren't these seed potatoes?"

The woman answered in the affirmative, and was surprised, saying how a woman guerrilla who fought in mountains could know even seed potatoes. Then she observed that she brought them to serve the guerrillas, so she wanted them to be served as a subsidiary food.

She added that she could get potato seeds again but it was difficult for her to have an opportunity of treating the guerrillas like this.

"I am deeply grateful to you for your kindness. There is an old saying which goes that a peasant dies with his head resting on seeds

even if he starves to death. But you have brought us so precious seed potatoes and I do not know how to express my thanks. But if the General is informed of this, we will be given a good scolding.”

With this, Comrade Kim Jong Suk declined to receive the potatoes.

Helplessly, the woman took the potatoes back.

Breakfast was over. Those who had come carrying goods went out to go home.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk thanked them for their kind labour and said:

“Seeing you, I think more of our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters.

“We feel we are filled with new energy, seeing you carrying heavy loads a long way off like this today.

“No matter how diabolical the Japanese may be and no matter how much they run amuck, if we fight in united effort in this way, we will surely win. Let us fight together with firm determination till the day when we will emerge victorious.”

Moved at her words, the people made a resolution to strive harder in the future and asked her to come to their village again, feeling loath to part from her.

At this time an old man stepped forward, holding rein of a horse. Handing it to Comrade Kim Jong Suk, he said that the burdens were too many to be carried on the backs of guerrillas and asked to load his horse with them and go.

Giving the rein back to him, Comrade Kim Jong Suk said, “Grandpa, thank you. But if you give us this horse, how can you do farming and how can you earn your bread? You ought not to do so.” Then she advised him to take the horse with him, taking it easy.

The old man did not want to change his mind.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said to him that she had a favour to ask of him and fetched the potato sack that the woman brought to her a little before.

“Grandpa, please go back with this sack on the horse back. Kindly oblige me.”

The old man who had already known all about the sack said that he could not take back a sack of potatoes which had been brought with pains and he would go leaving his horse and the potatoes behind.

“Oh, don’t, Grandpa. Our General does not want it. If you do so, it will cause anxiety to the General.”

Those present said that as was expected the people’s army had something unusual in it and that they would grudge such army nothing.

At last seen off by us, the people rounded a mountain bend, and disappeared into the distance.

We lay down on the edge of a field, looking up into the sky. The potato sack was carried back on the horse back. But we dug out the planted potato seeds.

We felt deep remorse for our infringement on the property of the people. Potato seeds were still in our hands. Needless to say, their amount was negligible. But, irrespective of their amount, we dug them out without permission of the master. What should we do now?

We hesitated for a good while and happy idea occurred to us. It was to pay for potatoes before departure.

I probed my pocket and took out pencil-butt and paper.

I wrote on the paper that we had dug out potato seeds without permission of the master and left there money behind to pay for them.

I wound money round a stick, which I set up on the edge of the field.

This quite eased my mind.

We went into the woods and ate the potatoes.

I little supposed that raw potato seeds were so sweet.

However, some time later we felt senseless.

About one hour after, we came around feeling an acute pain.

We had a poignant pain in the stomach, that I writhed at that place. We felt as if our intestines were rent.

Later we were told that sprouting potato was poisonous.

So, when we took them after we had gone without eating for long they gave a powerful stimulation to our stomachs and bowels. We thrashed about with pain for two or three hours.

At this time an ill-clad peasant came to us. Suffering pain, we found him only when he was near by us.

Silently looking down at us for a minute, he promptly came and raised us up, and took the paper from inside the waist of his trousers, and showed it to us. Probably, from our appearance he knew who we were.

The paper was ours. He asked:

“Is this not yours?” We nodded.

Saying no more, he hastily fetched water and some medicinal herbs.

The pain had left us gradually. We thanked the peasant.

With tearful eyes he took out of his breast pocket the money we tied on the stick and asked us to take it back.

Apologizing for digging potato seeds, we gave him the money again.

He grasped our hands and said blinking:

“Yours is the unit under the command of General Kim Il Sung, isn’t it? Seeing the money tied on the stick, I thought it was done by you.”

From then on this fact was widely known to the local people like a legend.

Preparing for Art Performance

Whenever we commemorated the red-letter days such as the New Year’s Day, May Day and the anniversary of the October Revolution or gave a resume of the military and political training, we would hold a unit-wide colourful art performance. In particular, in those days when we led a standardized life in the large combined unit in order to prepare ourselves for meeting the great event of the liberation of the motherland, it was conducted more actively.

However, some workers of our youth league lacked a correct view as regards their appearance on the stage.

To take my case as an example, I knew art performance was an important instrument of ideological education and an effective way for making the collective animated, but frankly speaking, I had never thought that I had to appear on the stage personally.

I thought that those who had artistic talent and taste alone could play the stage role and that if commanders or political workers appeared on the stage, it would affect their dignity, irrespective of the ranks they held.

Such a wrong view which I and other youth league workers had entertained in those days came to be discarded, occasioned by the teachings of Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

One year, on the eve of art performance to be held in commemoration of May Day Comrade Kim Jong Suk who was good at song and dance was paying deep attention to preparing for various pieces.

One day, when she was presiding over our youth league meeting women guerrillas who rehearsed the May Pole Dance came to the meeting place to call her out.

They tried to dance it but it did not go well, so they came to her to ask for instruction.

As regards this dance, Comrade Kim Jong Suk could act in an advisory capacity because she had danced it from the days when she took the charge of the Children's Corps in east Manchuria.

Before long mistakes in movements were corrected and the women guerrillas went back with joy.

After they had returned we reproached them, saying that they called out Comrade Kim Jong Suk on the business of trifling importance and that sort of dance could be rehearsed after our meeting was over.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked round at us in silence and asked who among the workers of the youth league present there was expected to take part in art performance.

We all sat silently.

To my surprise, no one was supposed to participate in it.

“Why do you decline to appear on the stage?” she questioned with a gentle look on her face.

Each of us made a reply in his own way, pleading no talent and no taste or saying how he could dance before people discounting his prestige.

After hearing us out, she said:

“Is it all right that the youth league workers turned away from songs and dances? It seemed to me that there are many talents among you here.

“I hope that each of you will play a piece this time. How about it?”

At this we made a noise with the words that it would be better for us not to play because if we did it it would only humiliate us. But we became silent at the sight of her serious look. She said:

“It seems to me that you are quite able to do it. The youth league workers ought to take the lead.”

Apparently she would not leave us alone.

Just as expected, after the meeting she said she had something to arrange with us about and proposed the above-mentioned problem of preparing for art performance.

Now that things had come to this pass, the atmosphere was highly-charged.

Since we knew her intention to make the youth league workers appear on the stage, we should not find excuses.

Comrade O rose and suggested he would sing a song and then Comrade Han offered to play on harmonica.

I entered myself for duetting with Comrade Kim who sat next me and someone proposed he would do oral narration.

Taking account of what we had suggested and our talent and taste Comrade Kim Jong Suk selected pieces for us.

Finally, there was a discussion with regard to who should take charge of our performance and she recommended me as a fit man. She said to me to make ample preparations and check up on how things stood with them before making appearance on the stage.

Now that she herself gave us instructions in detail like this, we were determined to bend our energies upon rehearsal.

After other youth league workers went out, she asked me what I wanted to play.

“Haven’t I said I will play a duet?” I replied like this thinking that she asked again because she did not remember my word.

“How can you rehearse the duet? It needs a collective rehearsal. If you are often absent from it because of pressing work, you will be unable to appear on the stage though your name is on the list of performers, won’t you?”

“So, you must choose a piece which permits you to rehearse and perform alone.”

After meditating for a while, she said that it would be difficult for me to sing a solo and dancing was unbecoming in me and advised me to recite a poem.

“Oh, how can I recite a poem? It will only make me laughed at.”

I refused obstinately. But she did not seem to reconsider her decision. After I got rebuked for a good while I agreed with her.

In the evening of next day Comrade Kim Jong Suk brought me a poem under the title, *The Flames Spread*, which was unfamiliar to me.

The poem, though its writer is unknown to this day, was an impressive one which runs that the flames of anti-Japanese war are spreading over our homeland which is writhing under the bayonets of the Japanese imperialists and the day when the motherland will be liberated is dawning.

One day, informed that I had learned the poem by heart, she sent to me one who was good at oral narration so as to help me in reciting poem.

At first I perused it monotonously as if reading a book. My friend said to me that a poem must not be recited without rhythm like the water flowing the flat land and that the most important thing in reciting a poem was to modulate my voice with emotion.

I said to him imploringly that since I was originally dull-headed and had no talent I was doomed to being mortified, so I wanted to

recite the poem at a recreation party instead of making appearance on the stage.

“Why have you not feelings? Don’t you remember that your village was burnt away and you had lost your family members one morning all of a sudden?

“Doesn’t it occur to you how our comrades fell down?

“There is nowhere for us to develop our feelings.

“Nothing but those can be the factors to provoke sentiments. That very grudge, wrath and pledge are our feelings. It will do if you express them.”

He encouraged me with this and told me to recite from the first verse.

*Beautiful Korea of a three-thousand-ri where
the morning sun rises
Abounds with treasures and has a brilliant culture.
It has a history of five thousand years and Barbarian
islanders who watched for chance to
invade
With disgustful looks crossed the Korean strait O,
the Korean people, our compatriots,
Were conquered by the burglars in a day.*

*Dwellings and land are enveloped in flames.
Our compatriots raise cries in the flames.
My parents, your brothers and his wife and children
Fall down with grudge, bleeding.*

When I had recited this far he stopped me and asked me just to think over if it was proper to recite the first and the third stanzas in the same tone of voice as I did.

He said that the first stanza sang the pride of our homeland and the rest depicted the terrible sight of our country being enveloped in flames and of the people collapsing in a blaze under the Japanese

imperialists' domination, so how I could recite them with the same feelings.

"You should sink yourself entirely in the poem so that the burning land of our country might float before your eyes and the grudge-charged voices of our compatriots who were collapsing, shedding blood ring in your ears."

After listening to him, I wanted to recite the poem again. But my feeling changed and the tone of my voice became high and my breath grew hard.

*They say a river water is blue,
But all streams' of this country are streams of blood.
Blood flows to form a sea of blood.*

*The stream by which I had blown grass flute sitting
astraddle on an ox
The hill where I played the haegum and deers pastured
And the straw fence through which the youngest son was
called in when the evening came.
Oh, all these were burnt into ashes.*

*We'll not forgive the enemy.
In order to settle accounts we'll stir our blood
And brace ourselves up to action.*

"Stop!" said my friend. He asked me to leave some space between the stanza I had just started to recite and the preceding one.

This is because the stanzas that followed formed the part representing our resolution, so this required me to change the tone of voice.

*Our flag is red
Because it is dyed with the blood of our compatriots.
Our hearts beat
Because Korea burns with wrath.*

*Our fists are the flames
Our bayonets are the flames
Our ranks are the flames
They are the flames to make a clean sweep of the brigandish
Japanese imperialists.*

*General Kim Il Sung, the Commander of the Korean
People's*

*Revolutionary Army
Is standing on the ridge of Mt. Paekdu.
All our people come running with a burning zeal. Our
red flag is fluttering high.*

“With more life, put more stress on the last part!”

My friend asked me to recite with force. I put out my strength more.

*Flames are spreading
Flames are spreading over the ridges of Mt. Paekdu.
The drum-beat of victory in the anti-Japanese war
is reverberating.
Riflemen, fix bayonets to your rifles,
Machine-gunners, load your guns with shots,
And cavalymen, mount your horses,
Let us join in life-and-death battle,
In the sacred war to liberate the fatherland
And in the last decisive battle to free our compatriots.*

I shrieked myself hoarse.

At the sight of my blushed face, he was very pleased and said that that would do and that if I had passion and felt excitement that much, I would be surely successful in reciting the poem.

Afterwards he guided me in my rehearsal on many occasions. Other youth league workers, too, rehearsed energetically.

In the evening of the day before the performance, Comrade Kim Jong Suk gave me instruction to gather workers of the youth league and make a final checkup.

“I am told that you fear lest you should be discredited if you appear on the stage. If you do well, your prestige will be enhanced and if not, you may disgrace yourselves. So you must do well.”

With this, she asked us to play in her presence all pieces in earnest.

We fully understood that she was so deeply concerned about the youth league workers so that they might be free from faults when they appeared before the masses.

The final rehearsal was carried out with success.

Reviewing our rehearsal we made up our mind to make our costume and makeup, to say nothing of our speech and words, leave nothing to be desired because our appearance on the stage was aimed to educate the people artistically and emotionally.

The next day our art performance was well attended.

Although the audience had already known that the youth league workers would appear on the stage, they were eager to see how they act, so with great curiosity they began to gather early at the place where the performance was to be held.

Our chorus *nostalgia* was the first item on the program arranged for the youth league workers.

The performers sang it with unimaginable felicity.

The audience admired, saying “Oh, where did those talents come from?”

A comic chat, harmonica duet and a solo, too, won applauses.

Presently, I had my turn.

“Do well”.

Unexpectedly, Comrade Kim Jong Suk came behind the stage and encouraged me with an affectionate gaze.

She was anxious lest I should be confused and commit a blunder.

Looking back at her I felt tears welling up in my eyes somehow.

She had been so deeply concerned about my rehearsal and even came to the backstage.

The curtain rose and I appeared on the stage.

I recited the poem smoothly, with great fervour, in spite of myself. A storm of hand clapping arose.

“Well done. You are in a sweat from strain, I say.”

With this Comrade Kim Jong Suk asked, “Look. Do you see those people clapping their hands with joy? Does it lower your dignity?”

I and other youth league workers smiled an awkward smile, recollecting bygones.

She thanked us all and said:

“Art is a weapon which gives the masses great strength and courage.

“Once the General said that a piece of poetry can touch the heart of ten thousand people and at the place out of the range of bullet our song can pierce through the enemy’s heart.

“The youth league workers, bearing this instruction in their mind at all times, must pay deep attention to art performance and activities of art and literature.”

We listened to her words in fresh excitement.

She asked unreservedly how we felt appearing on the stage and what we thought after performing firsthand, instead of letting others do. And she had pleasant talks with us who were excited after the performance. In this way she passed a good spring evening.

We were determined to do better next time. At this she said: “You’re right. You must do better. When our country becomes independent let’s play on the stage of splendid theatre.” Thus, she pointed to our brilliant future.

We could not sleep at night visualizing the liberated homeland.

Outward Appearance as a Reflection of Mental State

Comrade Kim Jong Suk paid close attention to our appearance, including our attire.

She conveyed guerrillas the great leader's instructions as to being neat and clean in one's personal appearance and told us to be always neat in appearance and thrifty in life as befits the revolutionary soldier.

During the protracted anti-Japanese armed struggle she did washing of clothes for almost all our comrades and it was not uncommon sight to see her mending their clothes, sitting up by the campfire.

Giving guidance to the work among the youth of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that the youth league organizations should not only lead the soldiers to acquit themselves well in battle and study but also direct close attention to ideological education and organizational backup so that they were neat in appearance.

It was easy to say that they should be neatly dressed but it was by no means easy for them to do so in those days.

It was common occurrence that they got their clothes soiled, torn to pieces or burnt or lost their cap in battle.

Having no change of clothes, we had to clean weapons and mend our clothes on returning from battle.

However, some of us were indifferent to their attire though they acquitted themselves well in battle.

Much more, such was the case with the recruits.

They were not accustomed to the guerrilla life and when fierce battle went on they had no time to care about their attire.

Our unit raided the enemy after joining the headquarters in the basin of the Olgi River. As one day after that we covered a long distance to battle and back to the camp on a forced march, no sooner had we supper than we went to bed.

Being thirsty, I awoke from sound sleep.

I ate a hearty supper after going almost hungry all day, so I felt a great thirst.

I went out of our tent with a canteen in my hand to drink water at the cooking section or the spring.

I found someone squatting by the stream which flowed in front of our tent. I wondered who it might be, and, going up quietly, I unexpectedly found that Comrade Kim Jong Suk was washing uniforms.

I felt a tingle in my heart seeing her washing military uniforms of guerrillas sitting up at night, exhausted as she was by battle as we.

I drank water hurrying to the spring and, coming back said to her: "Go to bed right away, please."

Recognizing me, she asked why I got up.

She almost finished her job, so she would soon have a sleep, she added.

So, overcome by fatigue and irresistible drowsiness, I came back to my bed without any thought.

Towards dawn I awoke.

Sleep from the early evening seemed to have relieved my fatigue.

I came out to go to the outside privy.

There was a sign of someone's presence in the cooking section. Looking into it closely, I found Comrade Kim Jong Suk at work there.

She was drying her washings hung on the stick placed over the cooking fireplace from which the kettle was removed.

She was sitting up all night.

Much ashamed that I have slept peacefully unaware of it, I hurried to her and said, "How are you going without sleep?"

With these words I took the ends of the hanging washing she held.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk asked, "Why did you come out?" "Are you ill?" "Haven't you stomach trouble?"

Answering in the negative, I helped her to dry the washings over the fire.

She closely looked into my face and attire. Finding a tear on the shoulder of my coat, she asked why I did not mend it.

Her words reminded me that the shoulder of my military uniform was torn in the previous day's battle and I had no needle nor thread with me to mend it.

I replied that I would patch it up.

She took out a small spool of thread from her upper pocket and a needle from under the peak of her cap, and gave them to me, saying, "Keep and use them when necessary".

She went on to say:

"If you of all people do not mend your torn clothes in time, how can you lead the youth league members?"

"Outward appearance is a reflection of mental state.

"Our guerrillas should be neat in appearance because they are not only the army fighting the enemy but also are propagandists and instructors to educate and rally the people.

"It is quite natural that the slovenly dressed troops lack discipline and their morale is low.

"An outdated habit of leading an easy-going life and being dressed untidily is not allowable in the guerrilla army."

At this I much repented of my conduct.

The previous evening, for example, I knew I had to patch up my clothes, but put it off, for I was tired and had no needle nor thread and thought that none would blame me for it and that it would not cause a great trouble. In the final analysis, it was a manifestation of the old way of thinking that one may live in a happy-go-lucky fashion.

Promptly I was going to patch up my clothes.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk snatched the needle from me and stitched up the rent in my coat for me.

Cutting thread after mending, she remarked:

"By the way, I want to consult with you about one thing. Will you hear me?"

"Speak out, please," I readily said.

She suggested:

"Let's conduct a campaign for good attire.

"Let's begin with your company and then introduce its experience into the whole of the unit. What about it?"

I realized that she did not hit on the idea just before but conceived it long ago.

Returning to my company, I told about it to the commanders and members of the branch of the youth league.

They remarked that they were sorry to take action after her advice and unanimously expressed their resolve to tackle the matter in earnest from now on, though belated.

The company branch of the youth league held a meeting to discuss the matter related to being neat in personal appearance and problems to be settled.

At the meeting we, adducing the example of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who washed the clothes of recruits and the wounded all night, said that if we try to be neatly dressed in the spirit as she displayed there would be no problem impossible for us to solve nor complaint about bad conditions among us.

At the same time we realized that if the cadres of the youth league themselves took care of outward appearance of its members and guerrillas as Comrade Kim Jong Suk did, the problem of outward look of men in the company would already have been solved.

After the meeting the league organization took specific measures.

After consulting with commanders the company youth league organization saw to it that the squads made kit inspection with each other.

Each squad started preparation for it. They were astir with washing and mending clothes, or fixing a strap on the knapsack or making shoestrings. Some had their hair cut or busied themselves shaving.

A woman guerrilla who visited our company, not knowing what was going on, said in admiration that she did not know that this company was exemplary in sanitation work and cultured life.

"Nothing extraordinary," jokesters of our company said proudly.

On the morning of the day of mutual inspection of squads Comrade Kim Jong Suk visited our company. She appreciated the efforts we made, saying that she heard that recently the company was launching a campaign for being neatly dressed. She asked if every squad was fully ready for the inspection.

A youth worker of the company replied to her that they were in the main prepared but the matter with shoes was unsatisfactory.

He frankly told her that a soldier had his shoes burnt too badly in battle to be mended and they could not get him a new shoes for all efforts and that his squad leader begged him to excuse him from the kit inspection.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk became serious and said:

“I think, you should not consider appraisal in preparing for the inspection. You must solve the knotty problem with the inspection as an occasion. What is use of undergoing inspection, concealing it? Let us obtain shoes for him at any cost.”

She asked if there were other knotty problems, and advised us to be fully ready for the inspection by the evening.

About two hours after she again came to our company, a pair of shoes in her hand.

We were delighted to see her and hastily brought along the guerrilla in question and tried the shoes on him.

But their size was small for him.

We were very sorry that the shoes which she took much trouble to obtain did not fit him and told her not to worry about it, since we would obtain them in the next battle.

“I’ve brought them, thinking it will be all right if we use our brains a bit more,” she said.

She suggested ascertaining first of all whom these shoes fitted.

To my surprise they fitted me closely.

She made me take off my shoes and tried them on the other person who wore shoes of a little larger size.

My shoes fitted him, too. In those days we used to wear shoes of a little larger size than our feet, for they were convenient to walking in mountains and enabled us to wear another pair of socks or foot wrappers.

Making us change shoes with each other in this way, Comrade Kim Jong Suk solved the shoes problem.

The mutual inspection of squads was a sort of review rather than inspection that showed the result of the campaign for being neat in appearance.

Our outward appearance made new men of us, with neat and clean cap, clothes, belt, shoes, kit and cartridge belt.

As each squad underwent inspection in front of the company both inspectors and those who were inspected were all delighted to see their changed look.

The youth league reviewed the result of inspection of squads, referred to further improvement and held consultation about making this kind of work on a regular basis.

Our company decided on arranging mutual inspection of squads once a month and two days after battle.

In addition, experience gained in keeping the habit of being neatly dressed was exchanged.

At the gathering, speakers told how they washed clothes cleanly without using a soap, how they made buttons out of wood to replace those which came off, how they pressed clothes they washed without employing an iron, how they burnished metal buttons and belt buckle, how they nicely mended torn shoes.

This brought about a great change in the outward appearance of men in the company. I consider it needless to refer to the radical change of the look of the unit which took place afterwards.

4. Fidelity and Sense of Obligation

On the Eve of April 15

On April 9, 1941 the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung had to leave the secret camp at the head of a small unit.

That day I got up before dawn and thought of the heavy duty of accompanying the great leader to the enemy-held zone.

When I went out I was surprised to hear unexpectedly the familiar voice coming from the dark, "You are up early."

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was coming up to me. She probably had waited for me.

I greeted her. She nodded her acknowledgement and led me to a quiet place, saying that she wanted to see me for a moment.

“Bean sprouts have grown as large as a finger....”

Her words were surprise to me. I was embarrassed for a moment, sensing that she dropped these words involuntarily while pondering over something.

I urged her to speak out what she wanted to.

“I have nothing special to speak. As the General is about to set out on a difficult journey....”

She paused again as if she were reluctant to unburden her mind.

I again urged her to speak out if she had anything to ask of me.

“Then, please sit down. I will be back soon.”

With this she hurried away. From the manner she, usually calm and reserved, behaved like this, I judged she was concerned about something.

After a short time she came carrying her knapsack.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said, “I simply wanted to give my compliments wishing you a good journey, thinking I interfere in the affairs you will manage yourself, but I thought better of it and brought this. This is nothing special. I am sorry to trouble you, but keep it and give it to him in case of need.”

She untied the knapsack and took out what were in it.

Gazing at the tightly banded bundles, I asked her what they were.

“There are six days till his birthday, so....”

Looking at me she said, her words trailing off.

The great leader’s birthday!

At this moment I suddenly felt the tears were ready to well up in my eyes.

The 29th birthday of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung was just round the corner.

That was why she talked about bean sprouts, I thought.

“The General is mindful of the birthdays of our comrades, but never observed his birthday. This year I wanted to have you invited and prepare birthday feast for him, but matters turned out like this.”

After that she asked us to take the foodstuffs she got for the General’s birthday and serve him birthday feast on the morning of that day.

Bags of starch, spices, wild edible greens for a garnish.... She had carried these bags long since in view of the great leader’s liking for noodles.

Receiving the various food bags she produced one by one, I thought how good it would be if the Comrade Commander accepted Comrade Kim Jong Suk’s devoted service before his departure.

“The General is again leaving for a difficult trip in the tense situation. So you accompanying him should serve him as a solid support. I only desire to.”

With these words she took a paper bundle out of her bosom.

Untying it, I found shoe liners. It was a surprise to me.

“It is April now, but cold weather still does not turn warm, does it?

“Yesterday evening I walked part of the way the General was to take. The snow there, strangely enough, seemed to be deeper than elsewhere. So I want these shoe liners to be put in his shoes,” she said in a tearful voice.

I felt something warm in my heart and yesterday evening’s happenings occurred to my mind.

On my way back to the barrack from the headquarters where I stayed till late at night getting ready for a journey, I noticed that her room was still lighted.

I wondered why she was still awake.

With this thought I went on, when I met her companion who just came out of her room.

When I asked the woman guerrilla why she still did not go to bed, she involuntarily gazed fixedly at the lighted window and said that Comrade Kim Jong Suk was making shoe liners with her hair she cut off and she had been helping her.

She who was always busy attended to her own affairs like that at night when all others were asleep, I thought.

At that time I was indifferent, giving no further thought to it, but now I realized that she had been preparing shoe liners for the great leader who was to leave for a long journey.

I was gazing the shoe liners each stitch of which bore utmost care when she said to me:

“I, too, am to leave the secret camp. I envy you. Accompanying the General, you....”

Looking at me with an envy in her eyes, she urged me to fight well and take care of myself and wanted to meet me again.

I thought that we alone were leaving, but at the word that she too was to leave for a long journey I was distressed.

As if she entered into my feelings, she asked me not to worry and think that she too was fighting well when good news reached us.

“Please, look after the General well in all respects.

“I am sorry to entrust you even with what I should do,” she said.

“Why will it devolve upon you alone to do so? Don’t worry. We will attend on him with utmost devotion as you did.”

I said cheerfully. But tears stood in my eyes.

I could read her deep thought: even when she left for a long journey for the hazardous political work in the homeland breaking through the tight cordon of the enemy, her heart would always be with the General and she would make sure with all her heart that the great leader was looked after well rather than think of herself.

As I knew later, the great leader, leaving the secret camp, gave Comrade Kim Jong Suk a new important task of going out to the area of Mt. Paekdu in the homeland at the head of a small unit and preparing for the final decisive battle to liberate the homeland.

The great leader entrusted this task to the most reliable soldier because it was very difficult and important one.

The day dawned before one knew and the time of starting approached.

The great leader left the headquarters leading a few officers and men.

The whole unit came out to see the great leader off.

Grasping each man and officer by the hand, the great leader said good-bye to them.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk made a deep bow to the great leader.

“General, please take care of yourself,” she said.

“Thank you. Fight well.”

These short words of the great leader carried his many requests, love and trust.

The unit was receding from the secret camp.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was standing there transfixed for long.

Recollection of a Woman Cook

One day several years ago the great leader, sitting down to table, saw a dish made with eggs and recalled a happening in the days of the anti-Japanese armed struggle.

In those days when the food situation was very difficult, a woman cook once got an egg, and dissolved it in water and served him watered egg which he had taken for water. He said wistfully that he still remembered its taste.

A commanding officer told the story he heard from the great leader to the woman cook of those days.

The old gray-haired woman guerrilla slapped her knee and straightened herself.

“Comrade Kim Jong Suk did it, but even now the leader...,” she said.

Hot tears stood in her eyes.

One spring day the unit on march had a rest near Fusong when a woman guerrilla discovered a pheasant egg on the grass field.

Giving it to Comrade Kim Jong Suk, she told her to eat it immediately. She said it was still warm, being probably a new-laid egg. At that time Comrade Kim Jong Suk was not feeling well and had not tasted grain for a long time.

When the unit suffered food shortage, Comrade Kim Jong Suk took least food.

At times she kept in her knapsack a few grains of maize she received as her share and took them out at a vital moment.

“You cannot carry it along with you, so please take it quickly. If it is other things, the case is different, but whom am I to give this one to?” the woman guerrilla said.

At this Comrade Kim Jong Suk thanked her and said that she would eat it.

At that time command to advance was given.

The unit resumed march.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk wrapped the pheasant egg in her handkerchief and carried it in her bosom.

The unit arrived at the bivouac in due time.

When the women guerrillas found that Comrade Kim Jong Suk kept the egg unhurt while forcing her way across steep slopes and bushes, they anxiously asked her why she had not taken it.

She gazed at the speckled egg holding it in her both hands and said that she would take it in due time.

At that time an old woman cook came forward to boil it.

At this she said quietly:

“I want to serve the General with this pheasant’s egg.

“It gives me a pang to see the General who goes hungry but does not show the sign of it. Even today the General gave his orderlies a small bowl of watered parched-rice powder intended for him. So today all day long....”

Women guerrillas too felt warm inside.

After a while she said she was thinking over how to serve the General with the pheasant’s egg and went on:

“If I give boiled egg, he will probably offer it to an orderly or patient.

“I want to serve him with the egg soft boiled in hot water, but I am not sure whether that will do.

“See what has come of the parched-rice powder the other day.”

Her words reminded the women guerrillas of the following happening.

One day women cooks managed to gather parched-rice powder from knapsacks and offered it to the great leader after stirring it in hot water. However, he poured it into the pot full of boiled water for many men, saying that this precious thing would taste good when it was shared with many.

“Good gracious! Poured there, it will show no sign of it.”

Women guerrillas displayed anxiety, stamping their feet.

The great leader said with a smile: “Do you mean it is too little? Don’t worry. Let them eat their fill after the country is liberated and today let them think to eat it.”

Reminded of this event, the women cooks shared her concern that if they are not careful, this time too such would be the result.

“So my plan is to let the boiled water cool and break the egg into it before serving him it.

“When he asks why the water is misty, let us answer him that it is because the water was boiled in the pot which was used for making maize gruel for the patients,” she said.

At this women cooks expressed their approval.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk cooled the boiled water and broke the pheasant’s egg into it before she mixed it evenly.

Then she handed the water bowl to a woman cook and told her to serve the General with it immediately.

The woman cook suggested to Comrade Kim Jong Suk that she should offer it herself.

“Isn’t this your devoted service?”

The woman guerrilla thought that she even did not hit the idea of such devoted service and how she could offer it.

“This must be offered by none other than the General’s cook. Don’t think otherwise and please serve him with it.”

Thus she entrusted the bowl to the woman cook to the last.

The great leader received the water bowl from the woman cook.

She remained keeping her eye to it and felt greatly relieved only when the great leader drank it.

After drinking the water, the great leader said with a meaningful smile, "This is not the water from maize gruel pot."

"You are right. Really it isn't."

The woman cook said this, greatly pleased to see that the great leader drank it all and ran out.

Hearing later that the great leader drank it, Comrade Kim Jong Suk was quite satisfied.

Many years have passed since this happened in the late 1930's but Comrade Kim Jong Suk never told the story of the pheasant's egg.

Even after liberation when the great leader recalled the happening of those days, she never said that she prepared it.

For this reason the great leader did not know that it was not a hen's egg but a pheasant's egg and that not a certain woman cook but Comrade Kim Jong Suk prepared it.

Warm Care

In December 1939 a young guerrilla who had gotten burned was receiving treatment in a solitary house in the deep woods.

The great leader sent the guerrilla badger tallow and other precious medicines and often dispatched a messenger there so that he had his injury treated well.

Days passed and the condition of disease which was considered dangerous got better before one knew and the injury was well on the way to healing.

One day the guerrilla returned to the unit, following the messenger of the headquarters who visited him.

When his illness took a turn for the better he missed the unit badly although he did not in the serious stage of the wounds.

His comrades who did not expect him to return so early were beyond themselves for joy, folding him in their arms.

No sooner did he receive the report that the guerrilla returned than the great leader called him.

He ran to the father leader whom he longed for even in a dream.
It was in the evening. Campfire was burning briskly.

The great leader met him while chatting with a few officers by the campfire.

Suppressing the delight of meeting his beloved soldier, the leader asked him why he came.

He replied that he recovered from his disease and returned.

The great leader told him to take off his coat.

He pledged inwardly not to show the wounds to his comrades however they insisted, but he was unable to do so to the great leader.

He slowly took off his coat.

The great leader took him near the fire and, after examining and feeling his wounds, he said that he could not go about mountains in that state and told him to leave the next morning to receive further treatment and return after complete recovery.

He used to importune the father leader or presume on his love, but he was unable to do so at that time.

The leader was so strict that he had not the heart to say that he would not leave.

Meanwhile, another thought flashed across his mind.

When he hurried here he only thought that he should not lag behind the unit and his comrades no matter how it may be hard and difficult for him, but thinking over it now, he became aware that he might become a burden to the unit in its action.

His state did not allow him to carry knapsack or rifle.

That night he was unable to fall asleep.

He lay by the bonfire and closed his eyes but was passing a sleepless night for various thoughts.

While looking round the places where his men slept, the great leader paused in front of him.

Soon Comrade Kim Jong Suk came in his wake.

Gazing at him lying there for a while, the great leader said in a raucous voice that although this recalcitrant insisted that he healed his wounds completely, they required further treatment.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said calmly:

“General, who will want to be separated from the unit even for a day as far as he is alive? All want to be together even if they cannot afford to eat or sleep or are very tired.”

Hearing her, the guerrilla shed tears inwardly. She conveyed his own feelings.

After listening to Comrade Kim Jong Suk, the great leader sank into deep thought for a while. He said that if so, how he could carry his knapsack and rifle and how he could hold out march and battle and that it would bring serious consequences if the wounds of the patient who was just getting better grew worse because he was taken along in the cold of winter, instead of being radically cured.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that she would take good care of him and asked him not to send him away as he wished.

She said, “Comrade O is so anxious and if we send him away to lead a lonely life, I think we too will not feel at ease.

“We all will take care of him and treat him. Please let us be together.”

Listening to her request, the leader, unable to leave, gazed at the guerrilla, and said:

“Good. Let him stay as you request not to send him away. Instead, you should take good care of him. This comrade may hide his sufferings. So we should carefully look after him.”

Then the leader told her to make him sleep in the guards company room from the next day and suggested making him not feel a chill in his sleep.

After a short pause he asked what should be done to ward off the cold and told her to spread his roe deer skin for him and bring his blanket and cover him with it.

Comrade O who pretended to sleep moved his shoulders unawares.

He was moved by the infinitely lofty love and benevolence of the father leader and Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

He grew up in his tender years enjoying the unusually warm love of the respected leader and under his care.

The great leader often visited Comrade O’s mother’s old home in his school days when he fought in Jilin.

At that time Comrade O vied with children of his age to be borne on his back.

The great leader in turn took them on his back and taught them the Korean alphabet with paper and pencil.

It was then that Comrade O learned the Korean alphabet.

Over ten years had passed since then and he now was his full-fledged soldier, joining the Korean People's Revolutionary Army.

That night the great leader told Comrade Kim Jong Suk to take full charge of his treatment.

Thus, the young guerrilla came to receive treatment of burns at the hands of Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

Comrade O used one of the two bottles of badger tallow the great leader had sent for treatment and brought the other one with him to the unit.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk treasured the badger tallow and treated his wounds with it every day and when they marched she always carried his knapsack with hers on her back.

Then his comrades in turn carried his knapsack and rifle.

When they marched for several days consecutively she walked together with him locking arms with him and during a break when others took a rest she treated his wounds and warmed his body with boiled water.

One unusually cold night when the unit bivouacked in the open air she pulled off her underwear and covered his back with it.

How cold she must be covering Comrade O's wounds with her underwear when thickly clad people may tremble with cold!

Comrade O told Comrade Kim Jong Suk to take her underwear back as it was all right with him, while she persuaded him, telling him not to worry about her.

Seeing this scene while looking around the bivouac, the great leader told a guerrilla to bring his overcoat.

The leader returned the underwear to Comrade Kim Jong Suk and covered Comrade O with his overcoat.

"General!"

Moved, Comrade O could say no more.

Looking for long at the great leader who stepped towards the headquarters, Comrade Kim Jong Suk said:

“I caused the General anxiety, failing to take good care of you.

“After this the General fails to fall asleep.

“I say, he cannot bring himself to sleep, thinking of ourselves trembling with cold.”

With this she hurried towards the headquarters, saying that she should build a fire for the General.

Thus, the wounds of Comrade O began to heal up rapidly under the meticulous care of the great leader and Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

On the eve of the Liukesong Battle he entreated the great leader like a child to let him take part in the battle.

As his wounds did not heal, the leader told him to remain and attend to other affairs together with logistics personnel.

However, Comrade O did not readily withdraw from the leader’s presence.

At that moment Comrade Kim Jong Suk came with an unusually grave face.

She took him aside, saying that she wanted to talk with him for a moment.

“It is good that you want to take part in the battle.

“But I want to advise you of another thing. From when did you come to have your own way in everything like that in the General’s presence?

“Do you behave so because you have gained unusual love from your childhood?”

If the General told him to remain, she said, he must remain and he should not at all have his own way recklessly like that in the matter of battle.

She added that if he took part in the battle, the General would worry much about him while commanding the battle. Then she advised that everyone should act as the General wanted him to and should not insist on his own opinion and desire.

Only then did Comrade O repent of his fault keenly.

He said in earnest that he would not do such a thing again.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk went on, looking with trust at him:

“Nothing is more blamable for one than to disgrace one’s parents.

“We all are the soldiers of the General. Therefore, we should never do things which will impair the dignity of the General in large and small matters.

“I say this, for I fear that you may act recklessly presuming on the love you enjoy more than others.

“So, if you are criticized by your comrades, what becomes of the dignity of the General who has brought you up?

“Whenever you get love you should not regard it as privilege but strive to work better than much and be discreet in deed.

“We must endeavour to win the confidence of the General instead of striving to gain his love.”

Comrade O more and more bowed to her words.

At a Sentry Post

It was an unusually cold day in midwinter.

Blizzard was so raging that the forest seemed to be overturned as a whole and the sounds of crack of frostbitten trees shook the valleys like the burst of bombs.

The birds which were frozen to death on the boughs were blown off into the air like leaves only to be thrown away to the ground.

On this cold night Comrade Kim stood sentinel.

The secret camp was in a deep slumber.

The light only flowed out of the window of the headquarters and the strong wind flickered it.

One or two hours before dawn were the hardest for a sentinel to stand guard.

He was steadily keeping his post in the severe blizzard, narrowly bearing the biting cold.

Although he wore thick wadded clothes and wadded shoes, the cold falling to 30 degrees and more below zero penetrated to the marrow.

Some time after he went on sentry he began to feel cold in his feet and the chill gradually came over the whole body. No movement of his limbs and body helped keep out cold.

How good it would be if fire could be built!

But the post should not be exposed as there was no knowing when and how the enemy might come in attack and even in case fire was built, it would not hold out in the severe blizzard.

He marked time counting one, two to himself and in the end hopped on the spot, saying “revolution! revolution!” “independence! independence!”

This gave vigour to him and the cold seemed to mitigate.

After some time he heard a stir of human presence from somewhere.

The eyes and ears of the sentinel were strained even in the stormy blizzard.

It was apparently the sound of approaching footsteps although its owner was not seen hidden by trees.

Judging from the approaching sound from the direction of the barracks, it was undoubtedly our comrades. Wondering who it was, Comrade Kim opened wide and strained his eyes to look ahead.

As it was still not time to be relieved, he was standing stately, thinking that the sentry leader was probably coming, making the round of sentry posts.

“Where are you, Comrade Kim?”

It was a woman guerrilla’s voice that he did not expect.

“Who goes there?” he shouted back, finding it difficult to guess who, the owner of the voice, was in the whistling winds.

He saw a figure rapidly approaching without reply.

He who failed to recognize who it was in the dark and in the blizzard was surprised to find at close hand that it was none other than Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

He never thought that she would come to the sentry post remote from the barracks in the blizzard in dead of night.

He wondered why she came at the time when even sturdy men were reluctant to go out.

He was infinitely pleased to see her unexpectedly while struggling alone against the cold numbing his body.

At such time any visitor was welcome, much more Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

“Why have you come?”

What he blurted out for joy was such a pointless question.

A poor talker, he did not know how to express his gratitude and joy.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk smiled.

She already saw the token of Comrade Kim’s feelings in his beaming face with joy rather than his awkward question.

“You are taking much trouble. It is colder before dawn, isn’t it?”

With this she came up to him. At closer scrutiny he found that she had something in her bosom.

She put down what she had brought in front of Comrade Kim’s feet.

“You feel most cold on your feet, don’t you? So I brought this for you.”

She pointed to the parcel wrapped up in a cloth. “What is this?”

Still smiling, she untied the thick wrapped parcel and produced the wash-basin which she uncovered.

He was assailed by the heated air.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk brought heated pebbles about the size of fist in a wash-basin.

“The heat of these pebbles will last till the time to be relieved and till the dawn. If you hold a few of them in your pocket, your hands will warm up.”

Comrade Kim remained silent.

After handing him the wash-basin with pebbles, Comrade Kim Jong Suk fastened buttons on the front part of her overcoat that she kept undone to carry it in her bosom.

“Comrade Kim Jong Suk!”

Comrade Kim was irritated with failing to express his surging feelings of gratitude and emotion.

The snowstorm was raging.

The skirt of her overcoat was fluttering like a flag.

She said to Comrade Kim:

“The whole unit believe you.

“If you think you are guarding the headquarters and our revolution, you will surely hold out although it is cold and hard.”

Comrade Kim stood to attention as a token that he understood her and said in a hoarse voice, “Please return.”

She moved away, saying he would have much trouble.

The wind again blew.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk quickened her steps, protecting herself from blizzard by her raised hands.

"Scalloped Soup"

Our unit was staying at a certain place. One day our comrades who had gone out for the small unit operation came back with trouts.

Of course, they were small in quantity.

We thought what to do with them and went to Comrade Kim Jong Suk's quarters to treat the great leader to them.

Very pleased to see the floundering trouts in the vessel, she asked where we got such valuable fish.

We replied that we caught them in a river on the way back from the political work and that we brought them to make a novel dish for the great leader.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that it was so and, looking into the trout vessel, was lost in thought for a while.

We rolled up our sleeves suggesting dressing and boiling them right away.

She dissuaded us and told us to return and take a rest as she would do all herself.

That evening she came to our comrades and asked us to give her a helping hand.

We followed her readily although it struck us as strange, for she never asked a favour of us for her own sake.

Arriving at her resting quarters, we found a mat spread in the yard. We wondered what the mat was spread in the yard for.

As it was summer, the evening breeze felt cool.

Sitting on the mat, we waited for what she would ask of us.

Opening the door of the field kitchen, to our surprise, she came out with a tray on which were bowls and spoons.

"I told you to come to share the taste of trout."

She placed vessels and a spoon before each of us.

Embarrassed, we got up. We did not expect that she called us for this.

"I prepared the trout you have brought for 'scalloped soup'. I didn't boil it in a pot but try its taste."

With this she invited us to sit at the table again.

Then she brought "scalloped soup" and boiled rice.

We brought a few trouts to treat the great leader, but as things took such a turn, we were greatly embarrassed.

"Today we have not many a trout, so let's have it by bits. When we have a good catch of it, let us have a rich dish."

After some hesitation we sat down again.

Among us Comrade Kim especially felt sorry.

The day before when he happened to meet Comrade Kim Jong Suk in front of the ward, she asked with a look of anxiety why he recently looked thin like that and where he felt the pain.

To her who always was open with friends Comrade Kim casually said that he recently had no appetite and felt languid probably because he was sensitive to summer heat and that he badly wanted to eat fish.

However, to want to eat fish at the secret camp was a daydream which could not be realized.

Gazing at him with anxiety, she showed concern over his health and said that she would try to get fish by all means.

Thus, that day he was unexpectedly served with the "scalloped trout soup".

She urged us to take it.

“You know the General well, don’t you? Do you think that he will take it alone without sharing it with you?”

At this one of us said with anxiety that it would be another matter if there was plenty offish, but it would not do for us to eat all the few fish we had.

“I left here a little as you would,” she said pointing to a covered bowl beside the pot.

It was the similar bowl to those she served to us.

The “scalloped soup” tasted good.

A few pieces of boiled reddish trout in soup whetted our appetite and the scalded wild greens imparted peculiar flavour to the soup.

Comrade Kim who lost his appetite stared his eyes out.

He drank the soup in large draughts and ate up a bowlful of boiled rice. We did the same as he did.

“It tastes very good. To think that we first take this special meal...”

Each of us said a word.

“Because it is a special diet you are served first.

“The General always said that the best thing should always first be served to the men.

“So the trout soup should first be served to you,” she said.

We felt warm inside.

We drank trout soup, perspiring, and were deeply moved by the infinite love of the great leader who valued revolutionary fighters who were revolutionary comrades and the nobility of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who imparted his love to us.

The great leader entered the yard together with comrades Kim Il and An Gil.

The great leader was very pleased to see us having a meal, sitting around the table in the yard.

Embarrassed, we stood up.

“Sit down. Sit comfortably and eat your fill. Oh, today we have got a special meal”

With this the great leader sat together with us.

Comrades Kim Il and An Gil too took a seat.

Soon the “scalloped soup” was served.

But their share was meager in comparison with ours.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk left a share for the great leader. As Comrades Kim Il and An Gil came, she made three helpings with a bowlful of soup and she did not take it.

On our way back to the ward that evening, we thought over the way to treat the great leader and Comrade Kim Jong Suk well by catching trout again.

Among the Seriously Wounded

The following happening took place during the arduous march beset with unheard-of trials.

In a battle near Fusong County both the machine gunner and his assistant of the headquarters got wounded at the same time and had to undergo an operation.

But the conditions for operation were utterly inadequate.

Bloody battles were fought against the enemy who came in attack for several months. As a result, the medicines for treatment of the wounded ran out.

Moreover, deadwood to build a fire could be found nowhere due to the heaviest snowfall in one hundred years and the blizzard so raged that one could not open one's eyes.

The wounds could not be laid bare carelessly as the temperature went down to forty degrees of frost. The ejected saliva froze momentarily into cakes of ice and rolled down and when one opened one's mouth to speak vapour from one's mouth froze one's both lips to each other.

In addition, they went hungry for several days and felt giddy as if heaven and earth were going round and round.

Such being the situation, it was doubtful whether the army surgeon was able to handle scalpel properly.

The same might be said of the patients. It was doubtful whether they could bear the pains of operation without being anesthetized after

fighting for days on an empty stomach and shedding a great deal of blood.

However, the great leader ordered that operation should be performed. Because their lives could be saved only by taking out the bullet lodged in the wound through operation.

Before long preparations for operation were started.

According to medical concept, preparations for operation imply getting operation instruments and medicine ready, disinfecting the wounded part and anesthetizing the patient.

But that day preparations for operation were not of that sort.

We had only the knife and the rest was to get ready mentally.

That day Comrade Kim Jong Suk rendered devoted service for the operation to be successful.

The army surgeon was pleased as if everything was settled to hear that she built a fire and boiled water in spite of the blizzard.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk produced a small piece of alum she carried and dissolved it in the boiled salt water.

We asked her about its use. She replied that it served for an antiseptic solution.

However, an antiseptic solution was not all that was needed for operation. Where to obtain a great deal of cotton and gauze needed for operation?

When we were lost in these thoughts, she said she would think about it and left for somewhere.

After some time she came back with something in her bosom.

It was the underwear she had just taken off.

She offered her underwear as the substitute for cotton and gauze.

“Well, how can you go without underwear?”

We tried to dissuade her, saying that we would find another way by all means.

“Comrades, don’t worry. Do you think I will tremble without underwear?”

“Some people are said to go naked on purpose to train their body in winter.”

With this Comrade Kim Jong Suk boiled her underwear to disinfect and rent it to pieces.

Thus making rudimentary preparations for operation, Comrade Kim Jong Suk immediately came up to the patients.

She read the mind of the patients lying in suspense biting their lips in the face of the “big battle” of operation and clasped their hands, saying “Have a firm grip on yourself. Didn’t our comrades cut their tongue on purpose for the revolution?”

“Don’t worry. We will bear it out,” they expressed their firm determination.

The great leader and a few commanding officers entered the operating room.

Looking at the patients with deep sympathy in his eye, the leader said in a husky voice, “Bear it out with the will of a heroic man.”

When he saw the army surgeon hesitate to apply the knife, he said, “Well, now begin. I will answer for the patient. Be quick about it,” and hugged the patient who would undergo an operation.

The patient buried his face in the leader’s bosom and said, “Comrade Commander!” and no more.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk who was helping the army surgeon to get ready for operation beside him said:

“Comrade Choe! When the winter is over, we all will return to the homeland. You should cure your wound and return together home, shouldn’t you?”

Before long the operation began. The operation of cutting the flesh around the wound without applying anesthetic caused acute pain baffling description in succession.

Nevertheless, the patient never heaved a groan, clenching his teeth.

The patient was sweated all over.

The great leader, too, was in a sweat.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk wiped drops of sweat from the great leader and the patient with a handkerchief.

The army surgeon, too, was covered with sweat.

Not only sweat trickled down the surgeon’s face.

His cheeks were wet with hot tears and drops of sweat.

The commanding officers who were watching the operation shed hot tears.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk turned her head, as if unable to keep back her tears.

Running her eyes over the comrades, she said:

“Comrades! Let’s stop weeping. Why should we show tears now that we are going to return to the homeland?”

Nevertheless, she shed tears. It was a sight which could not be watched without a strong emotion.

That evening after the operation of two patients Comrade Kim Jong Suk boiled gruel for the patients and helped them take off their uniforms stained with blood.

They dissuaded her, saying that they lying in bed did not need to have their clothes washed, but she said that those lying in bed should have on clean clothes, dipping the washings in water.

That night she washed their uniforms and dried them at the campfire.

Waking from a doze, the patients saw her drying their clothes at the campfire, sitting up till dawn and advised her to have a sleep, saying that drying their clothes could wait till the next day since they were not to be up and about.

At this Comrade Kim Jong Suk said calmly with a smile:

“I don’t mind having no sleep. Today you have endured the difficult operation. Can I not get over sleepiness?”

Comrades Li and Choe turned their head and shed tears over their pillows.

She went on to say:

“As the proverb has it, ‘No cross, no crown.’ I always look forward to the days when we all will live a good life with the General at our head, recalling today.”

Holding a long stick as a poker, she shook up the brands of wood to stir up a fire.

The patients said, looking up to the cold dawn sky:

“The day will surely come. But when will we return to the homeland?”

Although they fought as if bearing a charmed life traversing the thorny path of trials, they, getting wounded, seemed to lose courage and fail physically.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said as if reading their minds:

“The result of treatment above all depends on your will. I will exert myself to the utmost so that you may return to the General shouldering machine gun again after one month.”

“One month?”

Their words echoed their doubt and hope.

“Yes, one month. The General told me to cure you in one month so that you fight together with us.”

“The General said?”

The moment the two patients brightened up with joy.

“Yes. The day for us to return to the homeland is not distant. The General said that no matter what difficulties, he would have you completely cured and take you with him at any cost.”

Their faces shone with composure.

The day began to break and Comrade Kim Jong Suk helped the patients with their dried clothes and began to boil gruel for them again.

How many nights like this passed....

Later on the patients joined the ranks again having their wounds completely cured through the daily devoted service and under the warm care of Comrade Kim Jong Suk and greeted the glorious day of triumphal return after liberating the country.

Recalling the Comrades Who Fell in Action

One evening we had our fill of meat of roe deer.

As women cooks were kind enough to invite us to ask for several helpings, some comrades asked for a second helping of meat, laying boiled rice aside.

Washing dishes after mealtime, cooks shared joy of having treated the comrades to rich food after a long time and talked gleefully about the man who emptied several bowls and the person who left the

table without eating up the rice hash he made. One of them said that this evening Comrade Kim Jong Suk ate a little no one knew why.

The cooks wondered whether she felt the pain somewhere or whether she rose from the table in the middle of meal to attend to an urgent matter.

Her story weighed upon the cooks' mind.

One of them proposed to bring her back and treat her to meat.

They approved of it and were busy warming up the soup and choosing and hashing the tender and tasty part of meat.

Another cook said that even if they asked her to take a meal again she would decline and not come in any case and proposed to send not a cook but other person and ask her to come for a moment for an urgent affair.

I went to the cooking section for hot water when I was entrusted with this "important task".

When I went to Comrade Kim Jong Suk, she was sitting on a rock under a tree, immersed in deep thought, her pocket-book in hand.

After some hesitation I came up to her quietly and said to her that the cooking section wanted her urgently.

She slowly turned her head toward me and asked what was the matter.

"Well, I don't know. I think you should go immediately anyway."

I said as if there were an urgent matter for her to attend to and wanted her to rise immediately.

"Did you come on an errand, not knowing what was the matter?" she asked in a serious tone.

I was embarrassed, for I thought it unfair to lie to her.

I hesitated what I should do and whether I should tell the truth. I thought I might lie for her sake and said:

"I don't know the details, but it seems to me that there is a matter for you to attend to."

However, she seemed to have seen through my mind.

"I will not go if there is nothing particular. If you want to be considerate to me, don't behave like that from now on."

With this she turned round.

I grew impatient. At the end of my patience I asked her why she did not take a meal this evening.

She looked up into the far sky without a word.

I told her how anxiously cooks were waiting for her and that if she would not go they would reproach me for the failure of the errand.

She remained seated as before and told me to sit down, making room for me.

I sat beside her as she led me to.

After some time she asked whether the comrades were all pleased at having the meat of roe deer for the first time in many days.

I replied that they all ate meat with gusto and unusually enjoyed the meal.

She said, "Is that so? How good it would be if our comrades are always served with rich meat dish like this evening."

Then she said in a low voice, her face clouded:

"Seeing meat this evening I was suddenly reminded of Comrade Pak Su Hwan and others who passed from among us and I could not take meal.

"I don't know the reason, but the words 'I want once to eat my fill of meat' Comrade Pak said sitting at the sewing machine haunt me.

"That day those who were making uniforms at the secret camp said jokingly that the next time when a cow would be killed we would make Comrade Pak have her fill of meat. After some days they were all killed...."

She could not finish her words.

This sent a chill to my heart.

How many times she talked about Comrade Pak Su Hwan!

In the winter of 1937 when the great leader advanced towards Mengjiang at the head of the main forces he assigned an important task to Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

This was some time after Comrade Kim Jong Suk returned to the unit having carried out successfully the mission of underground work in the region of Changbai.

The great leader assigned to Comrade Kim Jong Suk the task of conducting the winter military and political studies in Changbai in charge of a small unit and preparing uniforms for the unit needed for the spring operation in the next year.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk did all she could to carry out the task in response to the great leader's instructions.

To make a secret of the camp she saw to it that three secret camps were built in an area stretching for 8-12 kilometres around Fuhoushui and that the small unit acted in separate groups. Two secret camps were built in the woods of Ganbahezi for women guerrillas. One of them was occupied by Comrade Kim Jong Suk and other women guerrillas, and the other by Comrade Pak Su Hwan and other sewing team members.

That winter there was a heavy snowfall in Changbai.

As the log cabins were buried in snow, in the morning they barely managed to go outside the cabin by cutting a tunnel through snow.

However, in order to carry out the assignment given by the great leader, every day Comrade Kim Jong Suk visited the secret camps forcing her way through snow beyond her depth and the cutting wind and gave guidance to the production of uniforms and the military and political training.

At that time the women guerrillas in the secret camps all were enthusiastic, optimistic and full of dreams about the future and burning with the desire to liberate the country.

At every opportunity they had an enlivening talk about crushing brigandish Japanese imperialism and achieving national liberation and about the future when they would lead a free and happy life in the liberated homeland.

Among them were some married women who lost their husbands at the hands of the enemy and young girls who blushed, embarrassed even at the men's commonplace questions.

However, they all shared common ground in the past in that they left the dear homeland, having lost the country and led a

miserable life subjected to all kinds of maltreatment and humiliation in an alien country and had the same desire to return to the dear homeland after beating back the Japanese imperialists.

Not through books but in adversity which costed them blood and tears they experienced what hunger meant, what pain the loss of one's kinsmen caused, what distress the loss of one's beloved implied and what was meant by crossing lines of life and death.

Therefore, the happiness and the future they longed for were invaluable and holy more than anything else.

However, one day in early January 1938 an unexpected occurrence happened to them.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk together with women guerrillas were taking a rest in the snow-covered field after a day's military and political training when they heard sharp shots from afar.

They came from the direction of the secret camp occupied by the small group led by Comrade Pak Su Hwan.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk alerted women guerrillas and with one of them rushed in the direction from which the gunshots were heard wading through waist-deep snow and crossing fallen trees.

On reaching the top of a hill commanding the whole view of the secret camp, she was seized by unbearable heartrending distress.

There were not seen guerrillas but the lonely log cabin ready to collapse, enveloped in raging flames.

She wondered what had become of the comrades.

She rushed madly to the secret camp and sought them to find her six comrades-in-arms fallen under a big tree and the words "Long live the independence of Korea!" they wrote on the tree with blood at their last moment.

Comrade Pak Su Hwan! Comrade Ho Sun Hui! Comrade Kim Yong Gum! Comrade Kim Sang Guk!

Comrade Kim Jong Suk anxiously called their names and burst out crying, hugging them.

The sky and earth all dyed with bloody colour, that night she did not sleep a wink till the dawn.

Two years had passed since then.

But Comrade Kim Jong Suk always missed them.

Sitting in front of the new clothes last winter, she said:

"These winter clothes remind me of Comrade Pak Su Hwan and others.

"They said that they would make their uniforms after clothing the men, but died even without trying new uniforms.

"They are lying in worn uniform under the frozen soil.

"We failed to wrap them in silk shroud, but I would at least have them clothed in the new uniform like this...."

She could not keep back her tears, which coursed down her face.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk badly missed not only Comrade Pak Su Hwan but also other fallen comrades.

She deplored the loss of all the comrades who fought in the same ranks and devotedly strived to realize their desire.

We met Comrade Kim Jong Suk after a long time while being active in other region after the historic Nanpaizi Meeting.

While talking about the recent happenings, we said that several comrades fell in a battle.

After listening attentively to the details of the battle, she asked us what we did with the bodies of the fallen comrades.

We were at a loss for a reply.

We fought a battle in an unanticipated situation while passing through marsh. So there were no adequate places thereabouts to bury their bodies, as frozen swamp stretched for several kilometres around.

"Where are our comrades lying?" she again asked.

We were obliged to tell the truth.

After consultation that day we decided to burn their bodies, having no land to bury them.

We built a big bonfire with frozen dead trees.

We sang sorrowfully, strengthening our firm resolve in front of the fire burning up in flames.

*Crows of the mountains,
Don't scream over his corpse.
Though his flesh decays*

His revolutionary spirit will not die.

The voices singing the dirge resounded far breaking the mantle of dark night amid the raging flames.

Hearing our story, Comrade Kim Jong Suk asked:

“What did you with their remains? Can you find their remains even now?”

We said that we had made identification mark of them.

Producing a memo-book from her pocket, she put down the name of the place where the remains of the fallen comrades were left and their names one by one.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk used to write down in her pocket-book the names of the fallen soldiers, their birthplaces, their family and relations and the places of their death.

I wanted to assuage her grief even the least bit and finding no way, I blurted out by way of consoling her:

“If we are to recall our deceased comrades, there is no end to it. What can we do with what happened?”

“Now please forget it.”

Thinking over what I said, I found it absurd.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said, as if reading my mind:

“How can we forget them?”

“They fought going through all kinds of hardships to take back the lost country and set up a new institution for all to live a good life.

“Do you think that they slept cold sleep in the pit in the snow, not knowing the comfort of the warm room in the depth of winter? Do you think that they fought the enemy every day while chewing and eating the whole grains of maize and doing with ice when they ran out of them, not knowing that if they kept house they would have a comfortable living and be in no danger of being killed?”

“Having suffered manifold hardships, they failed to see the bright future and are lying in these desolate mountains and fields to our great regret. Our hearts are wrung at the thought of them.

“We failed to give them anything.

“We had them die without having them wear a new pair of shoes or a new suit of clothes.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk paused for a while as if to allay her excitement and gazed at the mountains in the distance.

They used to beam with a smile and make merry and fought valiantly the enemy like a lion. Hit on the chest by bullet, they said breathing their last that they wanted to have their body buried in the homeland and entreated to take them to the homeland when they return to it and make a report to the General that they fought the way his soldier should before death....

How can we really forget their faces, their exploits and their desire?

Comrade Kim Jong Suk went on:

“The General always told us not to forget the fallen comrades for ever and realize their desire at any cost. He said that we should take their body to the liberated homeland and bury it there and seek their family and take good care of them.

“So I write down their names in the pocket-book lest I should forget them even for a moment.

“We should not forget those who laid down without scruple their lives for the victory of revolution and regard this as the obligation and conscience of a revolutionary.

“We should not forget them for ever even when the country will be liberated and we will live recalling today.

“If we forget them we will lose sight of revolution.”

I felt warm inside. What truth of the great and priceless life and revolution her words contained!

What noble soul for the fallen comrades was burning within her heart!

When the country was liberated after many years Comrade Kim Jong Suk saw that the graves of many revolutionary comrades were moved to the homeland fulfilling the obligation as she wanted in those days and that their bereaved sons and daughters were brought up to be reliable heirs to our revolution.

5. Unforgettable Anecdotes

A Crack Shot

Memory of Comrade Kim Jong Suk always reminds me of her remarkable marksmanship.

When preparations were being made for the final decisive battle to liberate the fatherland, we attended military and political study for a long time at the secret camp.

We did shooting practice many a time and reviewed the results of firing practice on several occasions.

We did a variety of firing practice — 100,200 and 300 metre shooting, shooting in a standing posture and in a sitting posture, prone shooting, shooting at fixed and moving targets.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk always set an example for us in these shooting practices and showed good results.

Once we had running shooting at a black round target ten centimetres across which was set at 100 metres distance.

It would be a different matter if we shot in a prone posture, but it was not easy to hit the target at 100 metres distance, doing running shooting.

Some comrades said it would be good if three shots out of nine told in the shooting practice.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk was the first to step toward the firing line.

We watched her with much expectation and envy.

We were delighted to see again the marksmanship of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who was well known as a dead shot in the unit.

She was composed and calm as usual.

Presently the commanding officer gave a command to fire.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk quickly assumed firing posture and fired a shot, running forward.

Signal was raised from the butt. It was a red flag, which meant a hit. Cries of admirations went up from among us.

She fired another shot, running. A red flag was hoisted again. Shouts of joy burst out at the firing range.

She ran forward some distance and fired aiming at the target.

“Bang” went a sharp rifle shot and the signaller hurried toward the target board.

Some time went by, but he tilted his head on one side dubiously, without giving signal.

Then he motioned the commanding officer at the opposite side to come.

“What’s the matter?”

We looked in that direction, not knowing the reason.

The commanding officer hurried there, and talked something with the signalman, looking into the target. At last a red flag was lifted. Shouts and exclamations burst out again.

The commanding officer came and informed us that the signaller at first failed to notice that two shots hit the same spot of the target and made one hole.

Her marksmanship was really excellent.

That day Comrade Kim Jong Suk’s nine shots all told, which evoked excitement and admiration from our comrades. She really wrought a miracle.

“The shots must have eyes or feet. How comes it that they all told?”

“The devil himself would bow before Comrade Kim Jong Suk’s marksmanship.”

These were what our comrades said seeing her extraordinary marksmanship.

Later I chanced again to see her excellent shooting skill.

One day we, together with Comrade Kim Jong Suk, were taking a rest on the snow after having shooting practice on skis when a pheasant started out just in front of us.

We all rose up, aiming our rifle at it.

A volley rang out. But the pheasant leisurely flew toward the foot of the mountain opposite to us.

We were very sorry.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk who was following the pheasant on the wing with her eyes chased it on ski, raising a cloud of snow behind her, and fired a pistol at it. The pheasant instantly fell down to the ground

from the sky. "Hit!" We sent up shouts of joy enough to shake the mountains. Some went to pick up the game.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk came back to the resting place.

"Well, how is it that you fire a pistol so well?

"It is supposed to be hard to shoot with a pistol and hit the mark."

Each of us had his say and asked her to tell the secret.

A bright smile crept across her cheeks red with cold and she said sitting beside us: "There is no secret to speak of. The shot simply told."

"There must be a knack of shooting. Otherwise, how can you shoot so well?

"Are you going to keep the secret to yourself like the green-tile seller?"

When one comrade made an earnest request like this, she said with a sober look:

"No secret at all.

"As you ask me time and again, I'll tell you. When shooting you should feel your gun like part of your body."

Her words afforded us a good lesson.

Her marvellous marksmanship was the product of her unusually hard work.

That day she said nothing about the efforts she made to improve her marksmanship, but I saw time and again what persistent efforts she made.

When she washed rice, she would practice in sighting a tree by using two grains of corn she put on rock as front and rear sight. She sometimes did aiming drill with something like a catapult she made of a crotched branch of tree.

Once I found her looking into curved lines drawn on a piece of paper.

When I asked what she was looking at, she answered that they were figures the General drew to explain her about ballistics. She had studied the motion of bullets and found that it was not an easy principle, she added.

It turned out that she made a deep study of ballistics.

This shows that Comrade Kim Jong Suk had worked hard to become an excellent master shot.

Flying through the Sky

In the stage of the revolution requiring full preparation for the great event of national liberation, the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung put forward an important task for all the commanding officers and men of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army to acquire modern military techniques.

Holding aloft the noble intention of the great leader, Comrade Kim Jong Suk took the lead in military study and training to arm herself with the modern tactics of a regular army including offensive, landing and airborne operations. Here I would like to confine myself to telling an episode related to her training in parachute descent.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said:

"Modern warfare is said to be an engine war. Unless we have knowledge of the plane and do training, we cannot cope with modern warfare.

"Parachuting training is a very difficult one, but we should all carry out the training programme as soon as possible."

She put all her efforts into the training.

Prior to boarding a plane, we practised exercises with gyro wheel on the ground.

We tried it a few times and found that it was by no means an easy exercise.

When we rolled the gyro wheel using its handles and footholds the sky seemed to be yellow and felt dizzy.

Men found it hard to do the exercise, and much more so it was for women guerrillas.

"The training on the ground is hard like this, so I wonder whether we are equal to the airborne training."

Women soldiers said after their first day's training.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk smiled at them and said:

“When we receive an order from the General as to liberating the homeland, we should smite the Japanese imperialists, basing ourselves on the Rangnim or Taebaek Mountains. For the purpose we should do parachuting training well.”

At this they realized that they were mistaken.

The training became intenser as the days went by.

The exercise with gyro wheel was followed by the parachute descent at first, from the height of 20 metres and then, from 50 and 100 metres....

The most important thing in this exercise was to spread the parachute in three or five seconds after precipitating from the jumping board and to land accurately on the appointed spot with two feet got together.

When the metal ring linked with the rip cord which was fastened on the chest of parachutist was pulled down, the dome of parachute was opened.

While dropping with keen attention one should pull the metal ring at proper time. Otherwise one would suffer disaster.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk always opened her parachute correctly and landed accurately on the appointed spot.

When she was asked how she did so well, she related the experiences she had acquired in ordinary days:

“Count one, two and three in your mind. While walking in ordinary time, I practised pulling after counting one, two, three, placing my hand on the chest. As a result, when I put my hand on the chest, a command comes of its own accord.”

When we did as she told, the parachute spread well.

It was not easy either to fold parachute after landing.

It was made a rule for the owner to fold his or her parachute.

Because it was an important matter related to its owner's life.

Even if there is a hole no bigger than the eye of a needle, the parachute will be torn in the twinkling of an eye when it is unfolded in the sky and that is the end of it.

Therefore, the folding of parachute requires close examination and the regulations as to its folding should be strictly observed.

Some of the male parachutists folded their parachutes after cursory examination as if everything was clear to them after practising several times.

Depending on their experience they seemed to think that there would be no oversight.

When Comrade Kim Jong Suk noticed such behaviour she never overlooked it.

“What a shame if one is killed because of non-observance of regulations! We should see lest an accident should happen because of a trifle after over ten years of hard life in mountains.

“We not only answer for our own lives but also should not allow any slightest violation of regulations, from the revolutionary viewpoint.”

From then on, such practices disappeared.

They carefully examined if the seam had started and whether there was a hole in the parachute. As a result, during the whole period of our parachute descent training no accident happened to us.

At length, we had to do airborne training.

All our senses were on the strain even when we dropped from the high jumping board.

We could not conceal our feelings of uneasiness at the thought that we ought to board a plane.

Our heart thumped when we made for the airfield. We wondered whether we would properly act after jumping from the plane, if the parachute opens and if we take bearings jumping from the plane.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk had a pleasant chat with us interspersing it with jokes as if to divert us.

40 men were chosen as the first batch of parachutists who were to jump from the plane that day.

Some days before they rated excellent in theoretical and practical examination.

Prior to boarding the plane we weighed ourselves.

Those who weighed less than 40 kilogrammes were not allowed to parachute down, for those of lesser body-weight might be floated in the air by wind.

At that time, Comrade Kim Jong Suk weighed light as she had just recovered from her illness.

Therefore, we dissuaded her from boarding the plane, although she received training together with us.

She asked why they tried to leave her out whereas she did well in the training before she got aboard the plane.

Some men aboard the plane made a casual remark:

“Do you open or close your eyes while dropping? Where do you turn your eyes?”

“Sometimes I open and sometimes close”, someone said.

At this Comrade Kim Jong Suk said with a smile:

“I keep my eyes open and look at the blue sky. Then I feel as if I were flying like a bird. When I opened my eyes after rubbing them to see the motherland I saw Osan Hill in Hoeryong, my native land.”

Presently the engine roared as the plane took off into the sky.

The guerrillas were greatly excited.

As the plane flew higher, green mountains, rivers and fields below receded into the distance. The higher the plane flew, the more excited the guerrillas were.

Attaining a certain altitude, the plane began to fly horizontally. Rack passed by one after another before our eyes. Some clouds fledged by below.

Nothing was seen through the porthole of plane except white clouds which flitted by. We were flying across the boundless expanse of sky.

Having studied the faces of guerrillas who sat in a row, Comrade Kim Jong Suk went up to the woman guerrillas at the head of the row.

She was to jump down first, as they were to drop in the order of their sitting.

She gave her handkerchief to the woman and said:

“Let’s exchange handkerchiefs as a token of promise of our safe landing. Let’s exchange them again on our landing.”

“Thank you.”

The women guerrillas appreciated her attempts to ease her mind of anxiety and strain.

Presently the plane was nearing the jump area.

When the entrance hatch of the plane opened the guerrillas jumped down first. In such case men behaved like men. They jumped down without hesitation and handled their parachute with composure.

Next was the turn for women guerrillas to drop.

Before long jumpmaster's command was given:

"Get ready!"

All rose to their feet.

"All ready?"

The jumpmaster came near and asked again.

"We're ready."

"Well, then...."

He cast his eyes at the woman guerrilla who was at the head of them. It meant that she should be ready to jump down first.

At that juncture Comrade Kim Jong Suk came forward before her.

"It's my turn."

She hung her parachute ring on the metal line hanging in the plane before we knew it. When one drops, the rip cord of parachute is pulled to open the parachute.

"You?!"

We were all surprised to say nothing of the woman guerrilla.

The jumpmaster who was to give a command became saucer-eyed with amazement.

It was quite natural for them. Because who would first jump down is an important factor in guaranteeing the success of training and maintaining the morale of soldiers.

If the parachutist who does the first jump shows airdrop safety by his or her own example when the others feel uneasy, this inspires them with confidence.

Therefore everyone hesitated to jump down first, but Comrade Kim Jong Suk volunteered to drop first.

The jumpmaster looked at her with a respectful yet anxious eye.

She gave him a meaningful glance, buttoning her cap.

Presently the jumpmaster gave a command.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk jumped and threw herself into the sky, a hazardous act for which no one could guarantee the safety of her life.

Her body dropped straight down like a stone. The guerrillas shut their eyes, with their hands clenched. In a moment shouts of joy burst out. Her parachute opened. This happened in a few seconds.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk descended towards the appointed spot, steering her parachute skilfully.

It presented a splendid sight.

How good it would have been if we had taken the photograph of her parachute descent.

It was an impressive scene deserving more than momentary observation.

Greatly inspired by her parachute descent, the women guerrillas dropped one after another. A large number of white parachutes were seen in the air.

As she alighted on the appointed spot, those who were waiting on the ground rushed and hugged her in delight.

“Don’t you feel giddy?”

“Aren’t you hurt?”

“Congratulations!”

“You’ve taken much trouble.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk smiled at those who surrounded her ring upon ring and said:

“Words fail me to describe my joy today.

“I should like to fly over to the homeland by parachute.”

This evoked great excitement and admiration and cheers from the soldiers.

She won the honour of the first woman parachutist of our country, indeed.

We, with Comrade Kim Jong Suk among us, left the compound of airfield, chatting with delight, and weighed ourselves again.

“Alas, I’ve lost one kilogramme.”

“My weight fell by 1.5 kilogrammes.”

In each drop our weight fell by one or 1.5 kilogrammes on an average and two at most.

It was not an easy training.

On their way back they sang a revolutionary song, which resounded over the secret camp.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk did 11 drop exercises and thus carried out creditably another training task for modern warfare set forth by the great leader.

When I recall the unforgettable days, I see her descending on parachute in the azure sky before my mind's eye.

She and Japanese Guerrillas

In the summer of 1938 when our combined unit attacked Beishi Street in Jian County many Japanese workers on the railway construction site joined the guerrilla army. Two of them were enlisted in our unit.

It was a rare occurrence that the Japanese were enlisted in the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army which fought against Japanese imperialism.

Therefore, some of our soldiers were cool in their attitude towards them, while they felt awkward.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk helped them dispel their mistaken idea about them and took a loving care of the Japanese guerrillas without exercising discrimination because of racial difference.

First of all, she saw to it that we took a correct view of and attitude towards them.

Needless to say, no one of us thought that the guerrilla army fought against the Japanese people themselves instead of against Japanese imperialism.

However, it was a theoretical conception and, to tell the truth, it was not easy to put it into practice.

At that time there was a recruit in our company who had worked in his childhood at a factory run by a Japanese capitalist. He disliked the Japanese guerrillas from the start.

Sight of them was unbearable to him, he said, reminded of the Japanese capitalist who mercilessly lashed him on the back.

He went so far as to say that nobody can assert that they were not spies who infiltrated into our unit to smell out its secret.

Of course, these words did not reach their ears, but they were not the right ones which might impair the unity and cohesion of the ranks.

One day Comrade Kim Jong Suk who had learned of the fact, met him and some other comrades.

As I was not present on the occasion, I don't know until now what she said.

But I remember the unusually bright face of the guerrilla returning to his barrack after receiving her instructions.

He said to us:

"Today I have fully realized that our Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army is a revolutionary army not only of the Korean people but also of the working class the world over."

From then on he would share bed and training with them, he added.

After that, ill feelings towards the Japanese guerrillas disappeared among our comrades, to say nothing of the guerrilla, and unbreakable bonds were formed between them and us.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk looked after the Japanese guerrillas with great kindness as well and led them.

One of the Japanese in our unit was called Bok Gon. He was a young man of ordinary height and sturdy physique.

There was another Japanese in our unit whose name I do not remember. He was called "rangy boy" because he was taller than others.

I am sorry that even now I cannot help but call our dear Japanese comrade "rangy boy".

They were broad-minded and cheerful.

At first they seemed to be awkward and feel small, but some time later they got on well with us.

They expressed themselves in a medley of Korean, Chinese and Japanese, but we could understand each other, so we had pleasant talks with them.

Once we had a recreation party in the unit. We called them out and urged them to sing a Japanese song without hesitation.

However, they sang the song of *Guerrilla March* instead.

This showed that they felt a certain diffidence in their being Japanese, although they were sound in their idea.

A few days after our unit's arrival at Nanpaizi Comrade Kim Jong Suk met them in person.

She talked with them in a forest where yellow fallen leaves of white birch were glistening in the sun.

Although it was autumn, it was unusually warm that day.

When they met her, a woman commanding officer who looked dignified, they felt embarrassed, not knowing what to do.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk kindly asked them where they were born, who were there, how they came there to work on the railway and if they were married.

They told her about their past life.

Prompted by a wild ambition to conquer the vast territory of China and the whole of Asia following occupation of Korea the Japanese imperialists brought a large number of the Japanese young and middle-aged people to the construction site.

Bok Gon and the "rangy boy" were brought to Manchuria for the "prosperity of Great Empire of Japan."

Their parents in their homeland narrowly supported their family by saving on every penny and their brothers suffered hard labour.

To help their parents and brothers, they came to an alien land and worked hard.

The work on the railway construction site where they were on was excruciating. They realized clearly through their own experiences how cruelly the capitalists exploited and maltreated the workers.

However, it is not all that they experienced in the alien land.

On the construction site Bok Gon and his fellows witnessed every day that the Korean and Chinese people were maltreated and worked hard by the Japanese imperialists.

Moreover, the atrocious murder of the Korean people often committed by the Japanese imperialists was unbearable to them as well.

They shot, bayoneted and beat Koreans, men and women, young and old, to death recklessly.

It happened more than once that the Korean workers were clubbed to death by the Japanese taskmaster on the railway construction site.

Once the Japanese soldiers brought a Korean youth of about twenty with his limbs bound with rope and fastened to a cart saying that they captured and brought a “Korean red”. They turned the hounds on him to bite, saying that they had no bullet to waste on him. As a result, the young man with his limbs bound was bitten by dogs to death because he was a Korean.

Witnessing the terrible sight they felt shame and contempt for their being Japanese and had a guilty conscience about the indelible crime against the Korean people.

On the railway construction site swarming with people, they heard several times people talk about the anti-Japanese guerrillas like a legend.

The Japanese imperialists who had left by train, singing the military song, with their bayonets glittering, to “mop up” the guerrillas, used to return a few days later with the bodies of those who died a dog’s death and the wounded covered with bandage.

This made them realize that the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army led by General Kim Il Sung was the invincible armed forces which were elusive in their movements as they had heard.

They came to realize that their further involvement in building the railway would help the Japanese imperialists in oppressing and slaughtering the Korean people more cruelly, and, furthermore, in their aggression of the continent. This led them to form a firm resolve to fight them.

Taking advantage of the anti-Japanese guerrillas’ raid on Beishi Street, they carried out their long-cherished desire.

“Don’t take it differently that we, Japanese, joined the guerrilla army.

“We have come with a determination to fight Japanese imperialism because we knew of its evil doings.”

They unburdened their mind to Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

Appreciating their righteous deed, she said that we fought against Japanese imperialism, not against all the Japanese and that although they were Japanese, we did not discriminate against them.

“There are also many good people in Japan.

“The Japanese communists are fighting, shedding blood even now.

“They support our struggle and we, in turn, render active support to their struggle,” she said.

They did not need to worry because racial difference, she added, did not interfere with the struggle against Japanese imperialism, and we were fighting against imperialism for the same objective and ideal.

Japanese imperialism was the sworn enemy of the Korean people, she went on, and they much experienced the enemy’s bestial atrocities.

She told them the following story of the wife of an anti-Japanese guerrilla.

The Japanese punitive forces once raided a certain village. The enemy shot villagers to death and set their houses on fire recklessly before they took by force the women who escaped death to somewhere.

Among them were the wife of an anti-Japanese guerrilla and her little son.

Carried by the truck which raced in the direction unknown to her, she thought that they might be killed on the quiet.

Even if she met death unfairly, she did not want to leave her dear son at the enemy’s mercy.

She let her son off when the truck rounded the bend of the road fringed with thickets.

Learning of this, they had the truck pulled up and dragged her out.

Then they cut out her heart with a sword.

Holding it dripping blood in his hand, one of them babbled with a silly laugh that it still throbbed and that he would take it to the wife of his company commander who was ill from tuberculosis.

It was not the wife of the guerrilla alone who met such a disaster.

Many stories about the American cannibals were known in history but the barbarities committed by the Japanese imperialists against the Korean people surpassed them by far.

Japanese imperialism presented the vampire sucking the blood of our people.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that as the Japanese imperialists went to extremes in their barbarity, our people were fighting a life-and-death battle against them and stressed that our victory was a matter of time and inevitable.

She looked after their life.

They told their impressions they had got after they joined the guerrilla army.

Although the enemy slandered the Korean People's Revolutionary Army to be "communist bandits", they came to realize through their experience that it was an utter nonsense.

According to the conception of the army they had got so far, superiors are to order their soldiers, recruits are to obey their seniors without question, higher officers get what is good, while subordinates are saddled with arduous and dirty work. They were surprised to see that in the guerrilla army the commanding officers and men shared life and death with one mind and one purpose, they said.

Moreover, when they saw General Kim Il Sung who led a frugal life like ordinary guerrillas and treated them kindly although he was admired by the world's people as the unrivalled general in the world and struck terror among the Japanese, they wondered if he was really the well-known General and came to look up to him in adoration, they said.

Listening to them, Comrade Kim Jong Suk remarked that the Japanese imperialists had deceived their people and the world's people and slandered the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army.

It was a great gain that they realized what kind of army the Korean People's Revolutionary Army was and their joining the guerrillas was rewarded, she remarked.

She said: "There's a Korean saying that 'To see is to believe.'" This means seeing once is better than hearing a hundred times.

"As you know through your observation and experiences, the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army led by General Kim Il Sung is a revolutionary army fighting not only for the liberation and independence of Korea but also for the emancipation and freedom of the working class all over the world.

"You, though Japanese, joined our unit, determined to fight Japanese imperialism to the end. We highly appreciate your deed and express our thanks to you for that.

"You are our precious comrades and comrades-in-arms. As you set out on the road of revolution with a determination, I hope you will fight on shoulder to shoulder with us to win victory in the revolution."

Hearing her kindhearted and sincere words, they bowed deeply at her and pledged to do so.

"Well, then let us change the topic."

She talked with them pleasantly, asking what dish they liked most, where they would live following the victory, what was their hope and the like.

Bok Gon replied that he would like to become a fisherman and the "rangy boy", to become a builder to build nice flats for the people.

He had no his own house and his parents and brothers must suffer hardships, living in the rented flat, he said.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that his hope was good and that she would like to visit the houses he would have built after winning Korea's independence and the victory in the Japanese revolution.

All laughed cheerfully and pictured to themselves the bright future.

It was a fine autumn day and the air was fresh and fragrance of grass wafted in the forest.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk promised to meet them often in the future before she left the place.

After that they set an example in battle and march, in study and training under her warm care.

One summer day in 1939 Comrade Kim Jong Suk chanced to call on them at mealtime.

She went up to them who were about to have their meals and said, producing a small parcel she had brought:

“Please try this.

“I have brought this for you.”

When they undid it, they found yellowish salted radish.

Thinking of the predilections of the Japanese for sweet dishes, she brought the salted radish called *Takuang* seasoned with sugar.

They were very delighted to have the Japanese dish served after a long time.

They brought trophy from the Japanese magazine they raided that day. Among it there were a few packages of *Takuang* which nobody paid attention to.

She kept them carefully and brought them with her.

The two Japanese guerrillas did not find words to express their gratitude to her and only nodded, their hands put together.

It was salted radish, but they felt genuine love and friendship which pervaded them.

Some time later Bok Gon fell seriously ill.

He caught a chill and influenza on his way back after carrying out his duty in a blizzard-ridden winter day. He was in delirious fever for several days.

Learning of this, Comrade Kim Jong Suk visited him bringing medicinal herbs which were said to be good for influenza and a chill.

She prepared a decoction from them and administered it to the patient.

She covered him with a few sheets of blankets she gathered from the guerrillas to make him sweat and watched beside him.

After drinking a bowl of the decoction he felt hot and was about to tuck up blankets.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk dissuaded him from doing so, saying that a communist ought to bear it.

She even scolded him.

Before long he perspired profusely. Tucking up the blankets, Comrade Kim Jong Suk wiped sweat off his face, hands and whole body with a towel and made him change into clean underclothes.

After that Bok Gon took a turn for the better and began to recover his health soon.

Bok Gon grew up to be an ideologically sound fighter and displayed unparalleled gallantry in battle.

He used to make a breakthrough in making a raid, deceiving the enemy sentry in the disguise of a Japanese soldier and in battle he greeted the enemy with a shower of bullets.

The “rangy fellow” also fought valiantly. He was broad-minded and always acted earlier than said. He trained and improved himself tirelessly in the crucible of the hard-fought anti-Japanese armed struggle.

As a result, he had the honour of being admitted to the party.

Both of them said to us that they would tell the Japanese people of their pride of serving in the Anti-Japanese Guerrilla Army led by General Kim Il Sung and that they would not forget the affection and solicitude Comrade Kim Jong Suk showed to them.

When passing by villages and towns, they used to ask us whether they should write to their families.

“Please write, but how sorry you will be not to receive reply letters,” we said.

“Yes. So it is. We will write after the victory.

“If we write now, the enemy may commit an outrage on our family.”

Thus saying, they passed by the post-box.

Reading their mind Comrade Kim Jong Suk suggested that they all write to their home after the defeat of Japanese imperialism.

“Do you mean what you say? Will you also write for us?

“Then we will be very happy,” one of them said.

They were beside themselves with joy.

With a burning hatred for Japanese imperialism and a beautiful dream about the days following victory they fought the anti-Japanese war.

To our regret, one of them died a heroic death in the battle near Lake Jingbo in September 1940 and the other, in the battle near Laoheishan in the end of the same year.

I still remember the two Japanese fighters who laid down their lives in the fight against Japanese imperialism and always have a good feeling toward the working class and communists in Japan.

I told their story here as if I wrote their unwritten letter on their behalf.

I will be happy if any relative of theirs in Japan comes to know what happened with them, reading this article.

“Meal Shows Sincerity”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk used to prepare meals better than the cooks with same materials.

The meals she cooked always looked tasty and pleasing.

“Today’s anise dish is very delicious. Who has prepared it?”

When such a question arose at mealtime, the cooks answered in unison that Comrade Kim Jong Suk did.

“Well, a dip of her hand makes water tasty,” her comrades complimented her on her cooking.

She was really good at cooking.

She prepared a variety of meals with maize alone in difficult conditions.

Guerrillas even ran short of maize at times so that they had to eat maize gruel for many days or for over a month.

Even in such case she prepared gruel of different tastes to stimulate our appetite.

How was she unusually good at cooking? I thought.

We witnessed the following facts.

One early morning Comrade Kim Jong Suk placed pine needles she picked up on the flat rock and was trimming them.

We asked what she was going to use them for.

She replied that she was going to put them into gruel pot.

We tilted our heads because we had never heard that pine needles were used for gruel.

She washed pine needles clean and spread them on a thin cloth. Then she had the underside of the pot lid wrapped in the cloth.

Then she put the lid on the gruel pot. Soon the kettle boiled and the aroma of pine needles began to waft in all directions.

She wetted the edge of the cloth with water and stopped the chinks between the lid and pot with it deftly. When stirring the gruel she ensured that the steam leaked out as little as possible. When she ripened the boiled gruel, she entirely prevented the escape of steam from the pot.

Soon the gruel was ready. When we sampled it, we found it was flavoured with pine needles.

We admired her cooking, reminded that we were puzzled, thinking that pine needles were put into the gruel.

Here is another story.

One day we were going to scald all the wild edible greens we had picked in boiling water.

At this Comrade Kim Jong Suk said, "Just a moment. If they are scalded all together they will not be tasty. They should be sorted out and scalded accordingly." Taking some of them as samples, she said that these should not be scalded and seasoned as they were, these be slightly scalded and those be fully scalded and soaked in water.

"We have no time to do so, have we? People eat them well even if they are not done so."

Thus saying, a cook was about to put all of them into boiling water. There was no need to season food and it was all right for people to have a bellyful, she thought.

"That will not do. Why should we eat a poor meal? We should not do so."

At last she persuaded her to sort out the edible greens.

As a result, that day we were able to taste various kinds of wild vegetable dish. They were remindful of food exhibition.

The comrade who insisted on scalding them all together dropped her head and told Comrade Kim Jong Suk that she would criticize herself in the future.

“What is the use of criticizing? Please help yourself and pick them still more tomorrow,” she said, with a bright smile.

She continued:

“Meal shows sincerity.

“If we think over how we can prepare better meal with the same materials for our comrades we can cook a hundred kinds of meals with the same materials. However, if we do at random, we cannot cook a proper meal with a hundred materials.”

She was right.

One day several years ago when we suffered from an acute shortage of provisions, we captured quantity of provisions and subsidiary food in a big battle.

That evening all the unit became animated, to say nothing of the cooks.

Told to help the cooks who busied themselves preparing meal, some of us went to where supper was prepared.

“Why are you alone coming? More of hands are needed...,” said a woman cook.

We were puzzled. In ordinary times the cooks themselves served the purpose and now that we came, the cooks doubled: what do they want more people for? we thought.

One of us asked if we would be enough.

At this, the woman cook said, casting a sidelong glance at him, “Do you know how many kinds of dish are prepared?”

“What is the use of many dishes? Rice and meat soup are enough for us. Only make haste!” he said bluntly.

Just at that moment Comrade Kim Jong Suk came with a big basin filled with meat in her hands.

“Have you come to make meat dumplings?”

She said with delight and placed lumps of kneaded dough on the board.

“Are you making meat dumplings? Let us boil and eat them as they are,” he said. They had not eaten even-maize gruel properly before and now it was satisfactory to them to have meat and boiled rice that day, he thought.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said with a bright smile:

“Why are you going to have a poor meal? We underwent all kinds of hardships in mountains, but don’t we know the taste of food or aren’t we entitled to know it?

“Of course, we could not be helped when our food situation was acute, but why should we have a poor meal when we have different kinds of materials?”

Thus saying, she began to roll the dough.

Repenting of our wrong thoughts, we quickly took over the roller from her.

Then, she took a lump of meat out of the bag and went to the well again, saying, “Let us make a fried meatball with this.”

“What is it?”, asked a guerrilla who had never tasted meatball before.

At this, a woman cook said with a smile playing about her eyes, “If you take it, you will know it.”

We were delighted in spite of ourselves and busied ourselves preparing meat dumplings.

Some time later, Comrade Kim Jong Suk came back with the meat she washed.

Then a commanding officer came and told them to prepare meal as fast as possible.

That evening after supper there would be summing up of the battle results and a recreation party, so supper had to be had a little earlier, he said.

So, we suggested her to have meatballs next time and stew the meat she had just brought in the boiling pot.

“Never mind. No need to do so. If we hurry a little, it will be all right. I will prepare fried meatballs by myself.”

Comrade Kim Jong Suk brought a few big stones, put another pot on them and began to stew edible oil. Then she stuffed dough with minced meat and rounded them.

At the sight of this we dissuaded her, saying, "What is the difference between the meat dumplings and the fried meatballs? Don't both have the same meat stuffing?"

At this she said, "This is not pork but ass meat," and smiled.

"Ass meat?"

We were surprised.

"Well, is ass meat eatable?"

"Where did you get such a rare meat?" we asked and gathered around the meat.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said, "During the battle I raided the food storehouse and brought the ass meat with me.

"Seeing the meat, the General said that ass meat is served to officers alone in the Japanese army and that it should be cooked well and given to all the comrades evenly."

Rather than being pleased to have ass meat for the first time, we were moved at the warm love of the great leader who had thought of his men first when he got special food. We keenly appreciated the kind heart of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who had made sincere efforts to make his love reach us.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk fried the meatballs as big as chestnut in the oil till they became yellowish and took them out one after another and removed them to a vessel as soon as they came up to the surface.

We watched them with curiosity. They emitted appetizing smell.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk placed several meatballs she had cooked first in the lid of a canteen and gave one of them to each of us, saying, "Have a taste of it, please."

Receiving it from her, I felt a lump in my throat, suddenly reminded of the image of my mother who used to give the special food she was cooking in the kitchen first to her children who gloated over it at the threshold.

We sampled the meatball she gave. It tasted unusually good.

"What about the taste?" she kindly asked each of us, although she was busy making and frying meatballs in the pot.

We had never tasted such a delicious food before and did not know that ass meat had such a good taste, we said.

At the time of supper that day shouts of joy burst out from among the guerrillas.

The fried ass meatballs earned particular popularity with them.

One guerrilla stuffed himself with them and said that the fried ass meatballs had not such a good taste although he tasted ass meat soup before.

At this, another said, stealing a glance at Comrade Kim Jong Suk, "The taste of food depends on who prepared it."

At this another laughter rose.

Casting an affectionate eye on them, she said, "Comrades, it is tasty not because I cooked it but because ass meat is really tasty when it is made into fried meatballs. The General taught me this."

Only then did we understand why she took the trouble to cook the fried meatballs though she was busy.

The Dandelion

When we were undergoing military and political training in a certain place, Comrade Kim Jong Suk lost her appetite after serious illness and was reluctant to eat anything.

Those who knew of this were few.

It is because she invariably sat at table side by side with women guerrillas at mealtime with spoon and chopsticks in her hands.

But she did not take a meal. She would be seated to the end of mealtime to divide food among her comrades at her sides and get up. So, she lost weight noticeably.

Seeing her morning and evening, we simply thought that it was the result of her late serious illness.

Although she ate hardly anything, she was never absent from lectures and training.

When our comrades told her that she was of too weak health to receive drills and dissuaded her from attending at them, she said with a smile, "Where are rules of the kind? Is drill not an unavoidable obligation we should receive?" With this she did not yield to the last.

The women guerrillas simply worried themselves about this, not knowing what to do. There was nothing to excite her appetite.

At that time, all that was supplied for us as food was maize and salt.

Moreover, we could not eat even them heartily.

In these conditions we could not think of any other victuals.

Even healthy men would become disgusted with such food if he had it once or twice. Then, what a trial it must have been for her who felt unwell to be satisfied with it!

She who was honest and never spoke of her private matters made no mention of what she wanted to eat.

When her comrades were anxious about her, she would set them at ease, saying that she would soon get well again.

One day, during the recess of shooting drill, the guerrillas who sweated profusely, taking shooting exercises such as prone shooting and sitting shot, were seated here and there, reposing themselves in their own way.

A woman guerrilla went down a mountain valley to fetch water and saw Comrade Kim Jong Suk sit with her back against a tree.

Her cap was on her knee and a small stick in her hand.

The woman guerrilla came up to her and stood reveted on the spot.

Her eyes were calmly closed.

Sensing the sign of someone approaching, she promptly opened her eyes and cheerfully stood up with a smile.

The woman guerrilla hesitated, not knowing what to say and then asked why she was there alone.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that there was nothing special and smiled faintly, looking down the stick in her hand.

Only then did the woman guerrilla looked at the stick and the earth dug up close to her feet.

However, she did not know what it was all about.

What does this mean?... She silently looked at Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk read her mind and threw away the stick, saying, "Well, I mistook."

She said that she looked down there while taking a rest and saw a dandelion growing under the tree, so she rushed there, but it disappeared.

She added that she tried and dug with the stick but found nothing, so she was just about to go up after taking a little rest.

Dandelion usually grows by the roadsides or ditches.

How could there be such a thing under a tree in this deep mountain? And the season was too early for it.

Evidently Comrade Kim Jong Suk had an illusion.

Perhaps she recalled her childhood when she had a rich soup thickened with beanpaste and dandelions dug by herself.

In the final analysis, she wanted to eat a wild green soup she used to have in her childhood so that she even pictured a sort of dandelion to herself like that.

Unable to keep standing on the spot at the moment when she saw the parched lips of Comrade Kim Jong Suk, she promptly brought water and offered it to her.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk drank a draft of water and took out her handkerchief. It was wet. She said that she wanted to get it drenched again and asked her to pour the water to it.

Only then did the woman guerrilla remember that she often put the handkerchief to her lips.

She realized that it was for making her parched lips wet that in these days she often put her handkerchief to her lips when she received training.

The woman guerrilla returned to the training ground in company with Comrade Kim Jong Suk.

After this she pondered over what should be done to serve her with wild green soup.

However, it was not the season for wild herbs, nor could grow wild herbs there.

One day, some days later, she passed through the neighbourhood of private houses to go on liaison mission to our comrades who were engaged in the small-unit activities.

She saw fields and lanes in the distance. Sunshine was warm though it was early spring.

She thought that in this season pickpurse or dandelion might grow out.

She rapidly carried out her mission and on the way back carefully observed the land close to her feet thinking it may possibly put forth new shoots.

The winter was rigorous and the cold lasted long but nothing could check the approach of spring.

She pushed aside an old bush by the side of a lane which ran circling the sunny mountain foot like a belt. She found out a bud which put forth slightly.

She felt like raising a shout of joy.

She broke a twig for a stick and began to dig it up with her whole heart.

It came across her mind that when she was ill, Comrade Kim Jong Suk served her a wormwood cake made by pounding a handful of maize with a stone and gathering wormwood and served her with it.

She dug up the dandelion, unaware of the passage of time.

It was only a handful but she was very happy.

She returned to the unit with flying feet and washed it well.

She wanted to prepare beanpaste soup mixed with it right away. Then, how deliciously she will eat it!

But, it was utterly impossible to get soy and beanpaste.

So, if soup should be prepared with it, it could not but be salted one.

After much thought the woman guerrilla decided to ask her and cook it as she wanted.

She took Comrade Kim Jong Suk to a quiet place.

She showed her the shoots wrapped up carefully in paper and asked her how it should be cooked for her.

“It’s dandelion!” she said, her face brightened.

Touching and smelling the shoots of dandelion, she asked where she got such rarities and said that one could eat them green.

When she said how she could have them raw, Comrade Kim Jong Suk replied that taking them raw was not bad and she would have them raw then and there.

“Really?”

“Yes, indeed.”

She smiled innocently like a child, and chewed a root of dandelion.

“It’s sweet. Very sweet.”

She said as if raising a shout of joy.

How dandelion could be sweet! Judging from her eating of the raw root, she must have lost her appetite very much and be eager to eat wild herbs.

Why can even something like dandelion not be served enough, to say nothing of cabbage, radish, cucumber and pumpkin which are met with everywhere?

How cannot it be done even though the revolution is full of trials?

Thinking like this, the woman guerrilla felt her heart choked.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk clasped her hand and said:

“How can I eat such rarity alone? Let’s have it together.”

“It’s too small to be shared between us.”

She felt a lump in her throat.

“Then, I will eat it alone.”

With this she ate it up.

With the tears in her eyes, Comrade Kim Jong Suk said calmly:

“Thank you very much. I won’t forget.”

“Comrade Kim Jong Suk!”

The woman guerrilla could not repress her surging emotion any longer.

She quivered and threw herself into her bosom.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk hugged her tightly and rubbed her face wet with warm tears.

This anecdote is relative to what we experienced in the days full of hard trials at the period of bloody anti-Japanese armed struggle.

On the Field of Decisive Battle for National Liberation

August 9, 1945!

The long-awaited, memorable hour drew near at last.

The great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung who had organized and led the glorious anti-Japanese armed struggle of our people for arduous and bloody 15 years along the road of victory, ordered the units of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army to take final offensives to annihilate the brigandish Japanese aggressors and liberate the country.

Under the order of the great leader, the units of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army charged ahead like angry waves together with the Soviet Army that took part in the war against Japan.

The horrible drumfire destroyed, dyeing the blue sky of August with red flames, the positions and defensive installations of the Japanese imperialist aggressor army in a moment, and the violent attack of our units that advanced with irresistible force brought the one million-strong Kwantung Army of Japanese imperialism into total collapse.

Our land force that broke through at a breath the fortresses along the border line which the Japanese imperialists had boasted of as the "impregnable defence line" crossed the Tuman River and on August 9 liberated Undok and made greater military gains advancing towards Sonbong-Uam and Hoeryong.

In the meanwhile, the men of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army who were active in the first contingent of the landing troops, in close cooperation with the ground forces landed on Sonbong on August 11 and then charged towards Rajin and Chongjin.

Every day and every hour the stirring news of the operations for national liberation excited us and threw all of the units into the whirlpool of emotion.

One day the great leader left a secret camp in order to command on the spot the operations of the units that took part in the fight for the liberation of the motherland.

At that time I had an honour to serve as a bodyguard of the great leader.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk summoned me.

Under the broiling midsummer sun, the forest was filled with the feverish air as if celebrating a forthcoming great victory, the liberation of the motherland.

Mountains and rivers and people seemed to be all seething with deep emotion.

With a swelling of pride I sat with Comrade Kim Jong Suk and my heart leapt uncontrollably.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said with a much excited feeling:

“How long we have awaited this day! How many comrades of ours have dedicated their lives to see this day!”

She paused for a while and looked at the distant blue sky as if wistfully recollecting the grim and arduous days of the anti-Japanese revolutionary struggle when we had been threatened with death at all times.

“Now that the General has ordered to make an all-out attack, the victory is just ahead.

“I should like to go with you, but I cannot help it because a different task is before me.”

She told me why she should be separated from us for a while.

I was very sorry that I could not accompany her on the memorable march into the homeland.

But she looked like having totally forgotten herself.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk said that she had summoned me because she had something to tell me who was to leave in attendance on the General and taught me to perform, first of all, the duty of guarding the great leader with credit.

She stressed that there should not be even a slight deficiency in defending the headquarters of the revolution and said:

“First of all, you should not leave the General’s side even for a moment, especially at the time of engagement and march and at night.

“Guard should be meticulously organized and checked up on closely.”

Citing instances, she repeatedly advised to provide against possible nocturnal happenings.

She went on to say:

“Many people may call on the General.

“You should closely identify them and treat them according to the rules. It is not allowable in any case that you feel relieved to think that there will arise no trouble, although they are your slight acquaintances.”

She added that since the enemy wanted, first of all, to attack the headquarters of the revolution, there was no knowing who makes a raid when and how and so exception should not be admitted in guarding.

“You should have the greatest concern for board and lodging of the General.

“The enemy always watches for a chance.

“If people present him food with their best wishes, you should not serve him with it as it is, but deal with it as required by the rules.”

She told me to serve him with water boiled at all times and, when serving him with a meal, to take a taste of it with silver spoon and chopsticks without fail.

She took out silver spoon and chopsticks from her knapsack. They were new ones, not the old ones she used to use.

“I have kept them to offer to the General on the day of the liberation of the motherland.

“I obtained them when I was in Changbai. At that time I kept them as spares to provide for the time when I might lose the old ones by accident. Now I can use them when the motherland is liberated.”

I respectfully received the silver spoon and chopsticks wrapped in silk cloth

She gave me a knapsack that had in it a canteen, cups, underwears, wash articles, socks, medicines for emergency use and collars. She repeatedly told though I would be pressed harder with work because I must do even what she had been attending to, I must give myself body and soul to ensuring the safety of the General, feeling a high sense of responsibility and a high degree of pride at safeguarding the leadership of the Korean revolution, the sun of our nation.

She also gave me socks, handkerchiefs, and collars, which were all brand-new. She saw my belt and asked to exchange it with hers.

When I declined, she said that I must put on a new one and exchanged my belt for hers.

“Your high esteem for the General should be manifested in your outward appearance, the way you talk, sit and walk.

“When you are in the presence of the General or others in his company, you should keep yourself neat and trim.”

Her words suddenly awakened my recollection of the days when she was always concerned about my dress who was member of the children’s company, saying that one’s attire reflected one’s mentality.

That day I felt all the more keenly that she did not merely to make my outward appearance neat and trim.

Under her warm care a boy who had been barefoot and in hemp clothes until only yesterday became the leader of the Children’s Corps and a guerrilla.

He grew up in the crucible of the anti-Japanese war and today became a bodyguard of the great leader Comrade Kim Il Sung who commanded the final offensive for national liberation.

Much excited, I carried articles to be used by the great leader and my knapsack on my shoulder.

She said that she wanted to take the knapsack along with me for a while and went on:

“This is not connected with the personal safety of the General but I want to suggest one thing because you take charge of youth work.

"I think it would be good to admit into the party the members of the youth league who rendered distinguished services in the battles for national liberation.

"The General also said to this effect."

"Is that so?"

I was not farsighted enough to think of it.

Although I was full of fighting spirit, passion and hope, thinking of the approach of the hour of final attack for national liberation, I, as a worker in charge of youth work, took no heed of the problem of people even at this time.

She said:

"Our comrades are to advance into the homeland, liberating streets and villages. How honourable and boastful it will be if they will be admitted into the party on their way of triumphal return.

"I think that many members of our youth league have been steeled in battle.

"So I offer the suggestion to the youth organization."

"I see."

At my reply she told me that by so doing we should let the members of our youth league be able to turn out in the square of national liberation as party members.

The sun was hot and sunshine warm.

The units began to advance, going through green mountains and fields.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk and other comrades who were assigned for other tasks saw us off afar.

We sent our warm greetings to them, promising our reunion in the liberated homeland.

Comrade Kim Jong Suk kept standing until the units rounded a mountain bend and were out of sight.

The units continued to advance toward the homeland in company with the great leader.

As we came nearer to the homeland, the enemy made desperate resistance.

The enemy rained shells upon us and the haze of dust and artillery smoke which rose all around blurred our eyes. But we were happy. In the long years of fighting we seasoned ourselves to them, but they aroused our special interest. It seemed to me that somewhat they were imbued with the air of the homeland where mountains were beautiful and streams were limpid and with warm breath of our people.

Our comrades demonstrated unrivalled heroism in every battle. We had firing ardor and felt pride at the fact that we had at last come to liberate the motherland on our own. Full of fight and vigour with which not to forgive the imperialist aggressors who had oppressed and plundered our people for a long time, we showered shells on the enemy and defeated his regiments and divisions.

When our unit won a brilliant victory in a certain battle, I suggested the party committee of the Korean People's Revolutionary Army to admit into the party the members of youth league who rendered distinguished services in battles.

The great leader was very pleased, saying that the youth league made a good suggestion, and readily approved it.

Thus, in a forest from where we could view the homeland in a short distance an impressive meeting was held to initiate the members of the Anti-Japanese Youth League into the party.

My heart leapt uncontrollably when I saw their admission into the party was being discussed at this stirring moment when guns roared ceaselessly for national liberation and figures of people in the homeland who would embrace us loomed before our eyes.

Those who spoke with favor for their admission into the party and the applicants for membership who made a solemn oath before many people, too, looked to be in indescribably strong feeling and in high delight.

Presently a decision to admit them into the party was adopted unanimously. All stood up and clapped their hands in applause.

A female guerrilla, Comrade Chon, and all others who had an honour of being glorious party member shed hot tears.

Our comrades ran up to them. They embraced each other and pressed their cheeks against each other with tears of emotion and delight in their eyes.

A party member. How much they had longed for receiving the appellation!

Indeed, it was a long-cherished desire of the members of our youth league to have an honour of being a party member.

Today this desire was attained and that at a historic moment when the final victory of the 15 years of the anti-Japanese armed struggle was near at hand.

Seized with violent emotion and excitement we all encircled the new party members and had a long talk with them about unforgettable bygone days.

How could we think inadvertently of this honour of today?

It was really the fruition of the wise and seasoned guidance of the great leader to the youth league. At the same time it was a great pride which was brought about by the painstaking efforts of Comrade Kim Jong Suk who had energetically led and taken a meticulous care of our youth work, following the lofty idea of the great leader with a single-hearted devotion.

It occurred to me unawares that from the days of the Children's Corps at Pinggande to this day when the liberation of the motherland was just ahead Comrade Kim Jong Suk led and helped us forward with a warm care.

... In summer evening of Changbai she wistfully told me about the morning star of Mt. Paekdu in the yard of our home where wormwood burned calmly to drive away mosquitoes; by a stream in the forest which was covered with leaves all red and yellow she explained to me the true meaning of the life of the Children's Corps, giving me the red scarf she had cherished in her bosom; she accompanied me afar who set out on the liaison mission, carrying firewood on my back and trained me in the crucible of struggle; seated on a fallen tree in the forest of Nanpaizi she exhorted me to participate conscientiously in the activities of youth league; she led all the members of the youth league so that they always worked to carry out their assignments, saying that organizational activities should be ensured by assigning

tasks; sitting up all night with me, she corrected word by word the report to be delivered at the meeting of the youth league....

Indeed, words failed to describe the efforts she had made to lead our youth work in accordance with the lofty will of the great leader.

Through these painstaking efforts Comrade Kim Jong Suk solidly built up our youth and children's organizations such as the Communist Children's Corps and the Anti-Japanese Youth League to become militant organizations of fidelity that always followed the thinking and will of the great leader and unconditionally implemented his lines and policies to the last.

She enhanced the function and role of our Anti-Japanese Youth League in every way by leading all of us to have a correct attitude to the organization and educating us to acquire the spirit of voluntary organizational life.

She also ensured that our youth league workers always went deep among the broad youth masses and led energetically youth organizations while sharing weal and woe, life and death, with them, by skilful organizational and political work and with their own practical example.

Indeed, the brilliant exploits performed by Comrade Kim Jong Suk, the indomitable communist revolutionary fighter and anti-Japanese woman hero, in the youth and children's movement of our country are a priceless wealth that cannot be bartered for anything and valuable assets for its development....

After the unforgettable meeting of the youth league in the forest, we again set out on the march into the homeland.

We mercilessly beat down the sworn enemy with bayonets in hand and hastened advance into the homeland increasing the speed of attack.

On August 15, 1945 we greeted at last the day of historic national liberation on the sacred road of advance into the homeland.

Thunderous cheers arose all over the country.

"Long live the liberation of the country!"

"Long live General Kim Il Sung!"

We had an emotional reunion with the people of the homeland who sent up cheers of hurrah in tears and with a smile.

Some time later Comrade Kim Jong Suk returned to
Pyongyang.

She upheld the revolutionary cause of the great leader as she had
done in the days of the bloody anti-Japanese war, and devoted herself
for the building of a new independent powerful democratic Korea and
the development of youth movement in our country.