



**IMMORTAL HERO YANG KEN-SZE**



# **Immortal Hero Yang Ken-sze**

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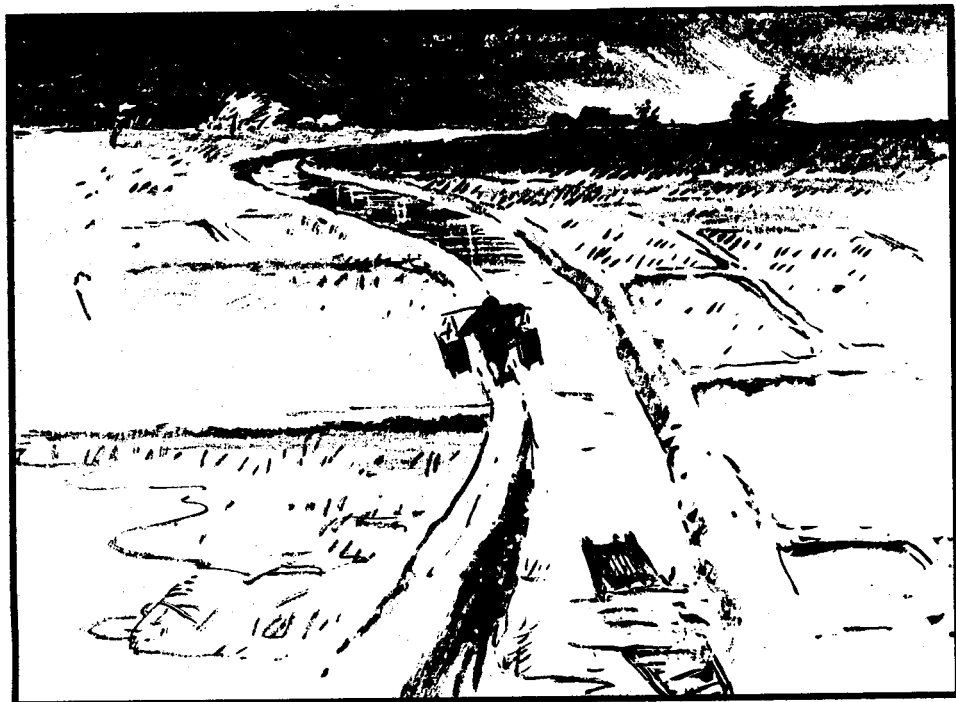
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### *PUBLISHER'S NOTE*

In October 1950 U.S. imperialism brought its aggressive forces in Korea to China's very northeastern border, seriously menacing her security. The Chinese people sent their finest sons and daughters—the Chinese People's Volunteers—across the Yalu River to resist U.S. aggression and fight shoulder to shoulder with the Korean People's Army against the invaders. In five great offensives the people's armed forces of Korea and China, in co-ordinated action, drove the enemy back to the 38th Parallel, reversing the military situation and forcing the U.S. aggressors to sign an armistice at Panmunjon in July 1953.

Out of the flames of war not a few illustrious heroes arose from the ranks of the Chinese People's Volunteers. Such a tried-and-true fighter was Yang Ken-sze (1922-50), from whose life this story is taken. Here, between the covers of this little picture-book, are scores of examples of Special-Class Combat Hero Yang's noble love of country, his proletarian internationalism and his revolutionary heroism, as one of the Chinese People's Volunteers.





**The Northern Kiangsu Plain is a vast stretch of fertile land beyond the Yangtse River. People living there said that the soil was so rich it would yield fat when trodden.**

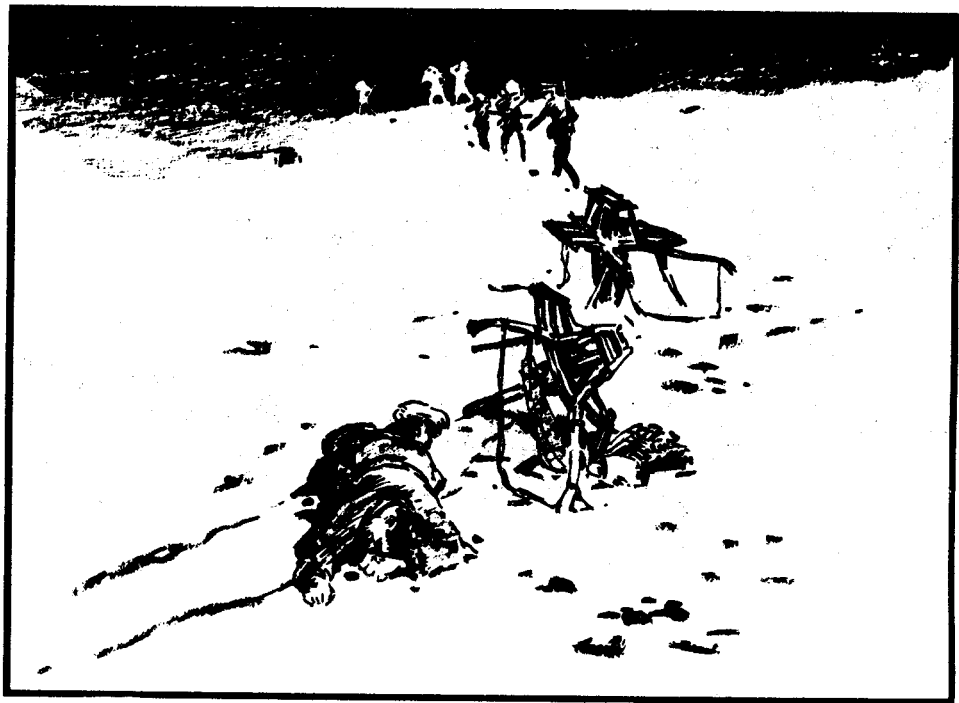


Though the earth was exceedingly fertile, the peasants of the little village of Yangho, groaning under the yoke of feudalism, lived in utter destitution. And here it was that Yang Ken-sze was born in 1922.





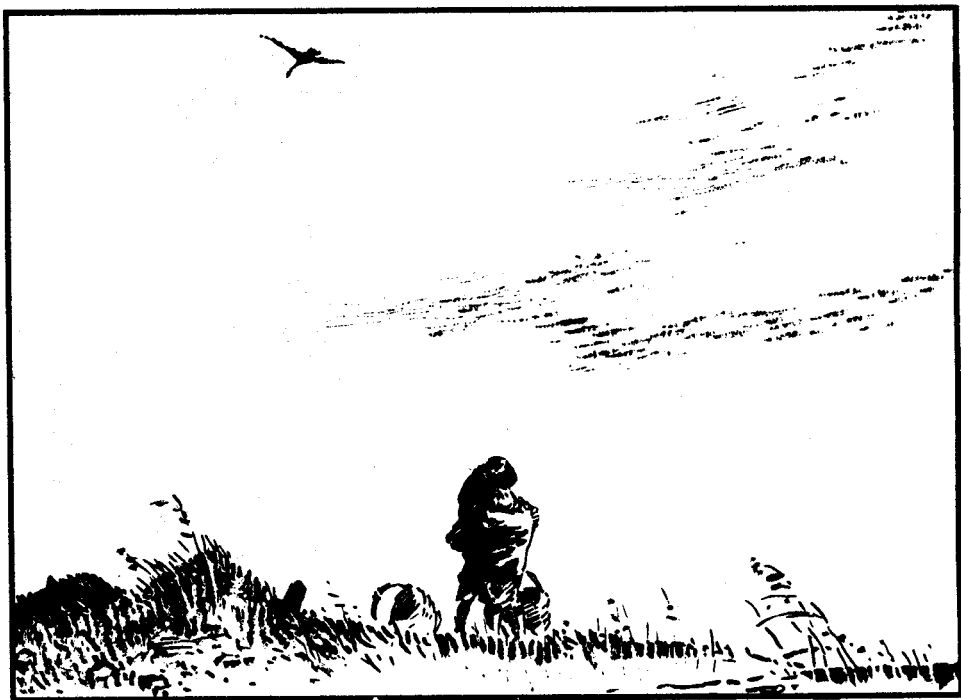
The year Yang Ken-sze was born, his grandfather, unable to pay the rent the landlord "Chou the Killer" demanded, was so bullied by him that he threw himself into the river. With one less bread-winner and one more mouth to be fed, the lot of the family became harder and harder.



When Ken-sze was four years old, his father was shot dead by warlord mercenary soldiers on his way delivering goods to Hai-an by handcart.



When his mother heard of the incident, she screamed and collapsed, losing her mind a few days later.



Not long afterwards his mother died, leaving Ken-sze to depend on an elder brother who herded a landlord's cattle for a living. Sometimes the lad picked wild herbs or dug for tubers to eat, the two brothers eking out a miserable, hungry existence together.



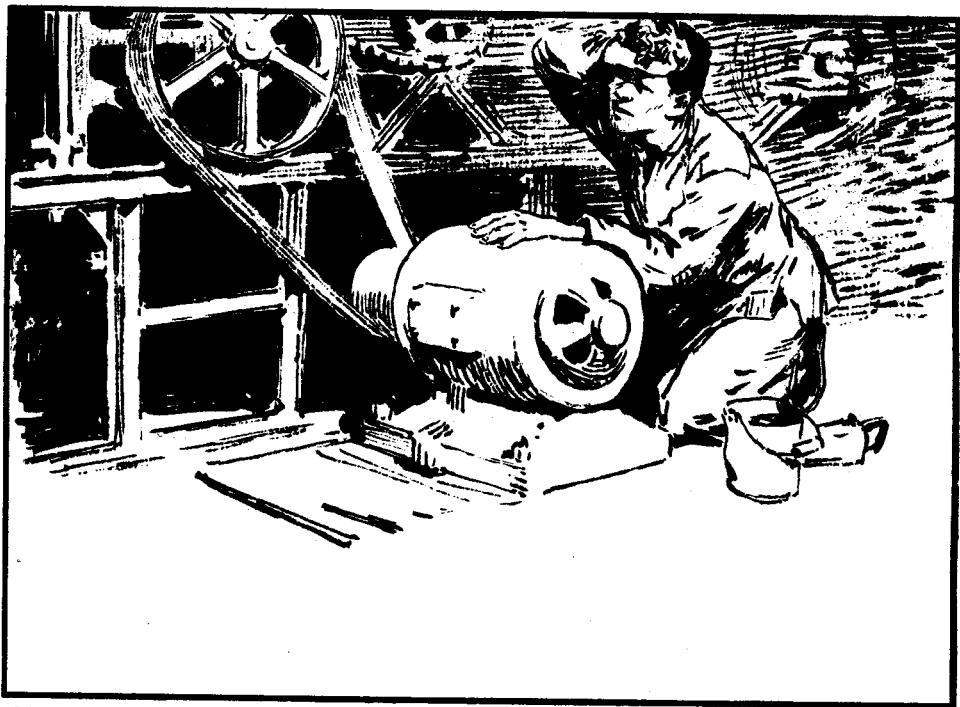
After a few years the elder brother went to Shanghai with an aunt of theirs by the name of Yin-chu to go to work in the city. Ken-sze was left all alone.



This lad kept alive by herding cattle for "Chou the Killer." In summer he had to wear a tattered old cotton-padded jacket for want of proper clothes, while in the bitter cold of winter he had still nothing to cover himself with but rags. The lad lived worse than the landlord's animals.



When the anti-Japanese war broke out in 1937, Yin-chu and his elder brother came home; but that winter, hearing that factories in Shanghai's foreign concessions were reopening, they went back, taking Ken-sze along.



Ken-sze went into a rug factory as a child labourer doing odd jobs—cleaning equipment, scrubbing floors and hauling goods. The lad was kept on the go from dawn till dusk.





Completely exhausted, Ken-sze would become dizzy, and one day while he was cleaning an overhead axle, his head began to spin and he fell to the floor.



The next Ken-sze knew, he was in his aunt's home. He had a splitting pain in his head and blood still streamed from a deep gash, which was to leave an ugly scar.



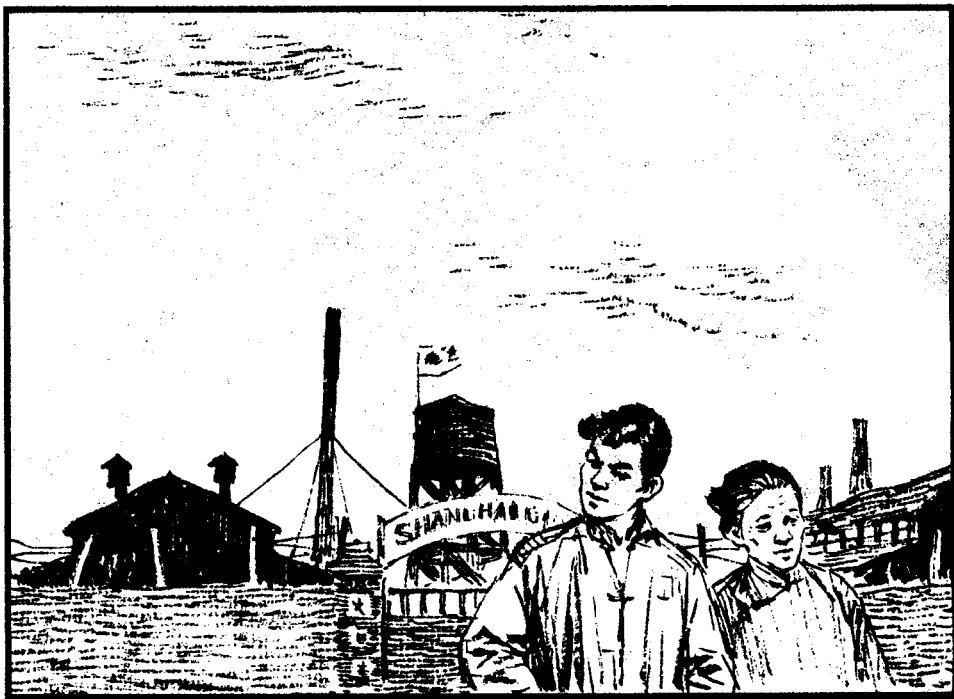
The elder brother tried his best to earn extra money so as to provide better for the younger, often working the whole day through without so much as lifting his head. Ken-ze urged him to rest, but he would not listen.



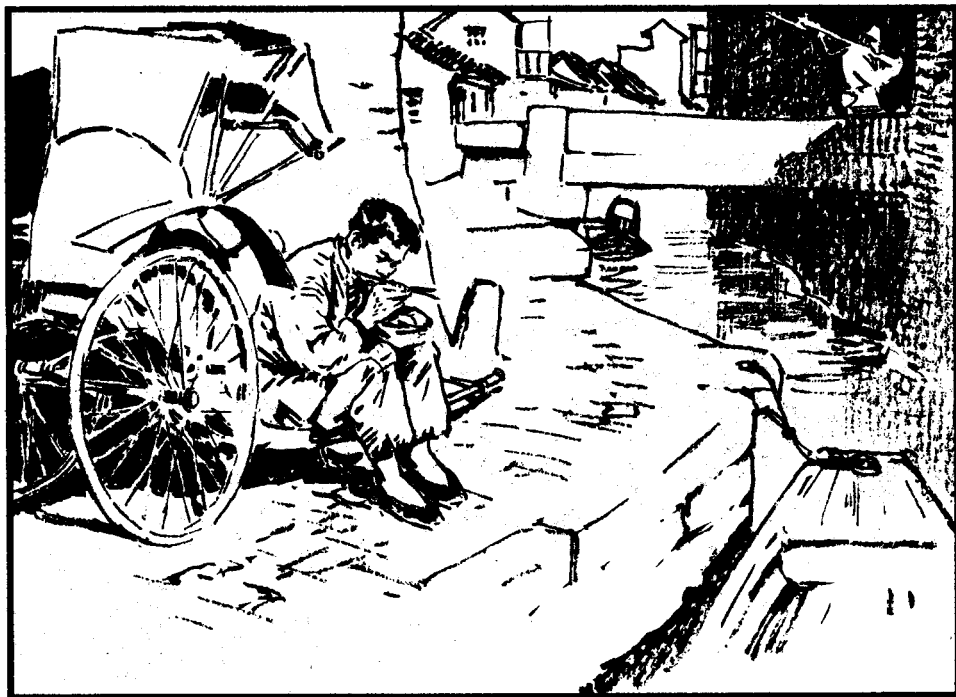
He contracted a serious liver ailment but worked harder than ever. One morning he did not get up for work and that evening when they came home from work Yin-chu and Ken-sze found him dead.



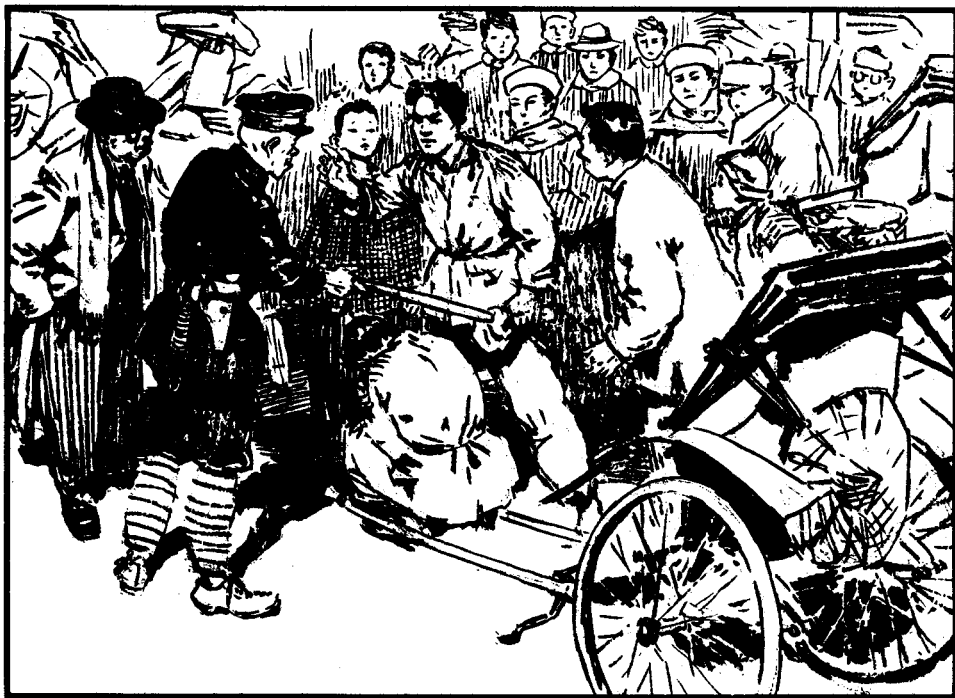
Yang Ken-sze's heart burned with hatred as he thought back — his old grandfather, his father, his mother and now his elder brother — all had toiled their whole life through and all had died so miserably. How indeed were poor people to live in such a world!



After his elder brother's death, Ken-sze put his full concentration on his work and before long was operating a loom. Then the factory closed down. Aunt Yin-chu advised Ken-sze to go back to the countryside and work on the land but Ken-sze refused, saying: "I won't go back till 'Chou the Killer' is routed out!"

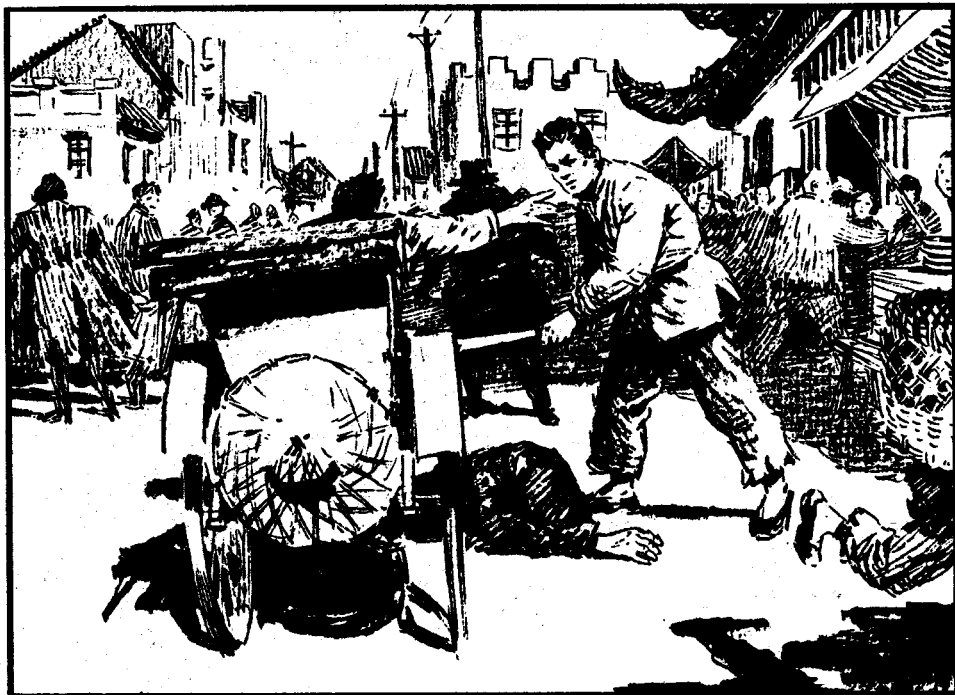


After the shut-down Ken-sze for a time loitered about in the streets. Then, together with some other unemployed workers, he made his way to Soochow where he pawned his luggage and rented a ricksha. He would earn his rice by pulling people over the cobble stones of Soochow.



One day he was pulling his ricksha along Kuanchien Street when he came upon a cluster of people in front of a temple. At the centre was a Japanese merchant who refused to pay his rickshaboy but instead, beat him savagely. A puppet policeman took the side of the Japanese.





Ken-sze shook with rage. Snatching the club out of the policeman's hand, Ken-sze struck him on the head with it and he fell to the ground unconscious. The rickshaboy whom the policeman had beaten urged Ken-sze: "Quick! Run for your life!"



Suddenly aware of his danger, he threw down the club and ran as fast as his legs could carry him till he was out of the city.



Taking refuge in a small temple, he thought to himself that losing the ricksha meant his luggage was gone as well. Soochow was no place for him. Shanghai was no better. Where could he go?



With no alternative, Ken-ze went back to Yangho Village. Everything seemed changed. Two boys with big swords stood guard as he entered the village. He had heard that the villagers were fighting the Japanese. Now, to see it with his own eyes greatly heartened him.



Ken-sze looked up his closest boyhood friend, Big Hsitse, whose mother recognized Ken-sze immediately. "How you have grown!" she exclaimed. "You must be all of twenty!"



At mention of Big Hsitse, the old mother burst into tears, and Little Hsitse, her younger son, told how the elder brother had joined the Communist-led New Fourth Army and lost his life in a counter-offensive against the Japanese.



That night Ken-sze stayed with Little Hsitse, who told him how the villagers were resisting the Japanese. He added that he was a Children's Corps leader and would join the New Fourth Army when he grew up.



Deep in the night, after Little Hsitse had gone to sleep, Ken-sze lay thinking of Big Hsitse. Suddenly he sat up and said to himself, "I must follow in the footsteps of Big Hsitse. I will enlist in the New Fourth Army." Ken-sze seemed to be taking an oath.





In April 1944, a great wave of enthusiasm to join the army swept the anti-Japanese revolutionary base of central Kiangsu, and amidst the cheering of thousands of villagers Ken-sze became a people's fighter.



After Ken-sze signed up in a veteran regiment he told his platoon leader, Sun Fu-sheng, about his bitter past. Sun sympathized with him but said, "Your personal bitterness, I should say, is only a small part of our great national bitterness."



Ken-sze sprang to his feet and began arguing, "But Platoon Leader, the wrongs I've suffered are deeper than the ocean." The platoon leader told Ken-sze that revolutionary soldiers did not think only of their own troubles. "Look around and you will find people suffering everywhere in this world. Put all their troubles together and you'll really have an ocean of scores to settle!"



Ken-sze calmed himself and thought a bit. Every word the platoon leader said touched Ken-sze's heart and he began to see his way out of the darkness and take hope.



In the early summer of 1945, when the War Against Japanese Aggression was nearing a victorious close, the Kuomintang reactionaries treacherously attacked a detachment of the New Fourth Army which was resisting the Japanese in western Chekiang Province. Ken-sze participated in the counter-attack.



In an engagement on Peach Blossom Hill, Ken-sze was the first to rush into the enemy's headquarters. He blocked the doorway, preventing their escape, while Squad Leader Sun Ping-nan and his men captured them.



Two enemy heavy machine-guns were firing at them fiercely from a nearby house. Ken-sze grabbed a couple of hand-grenades from the squad leader and rushed forward to destroy them.

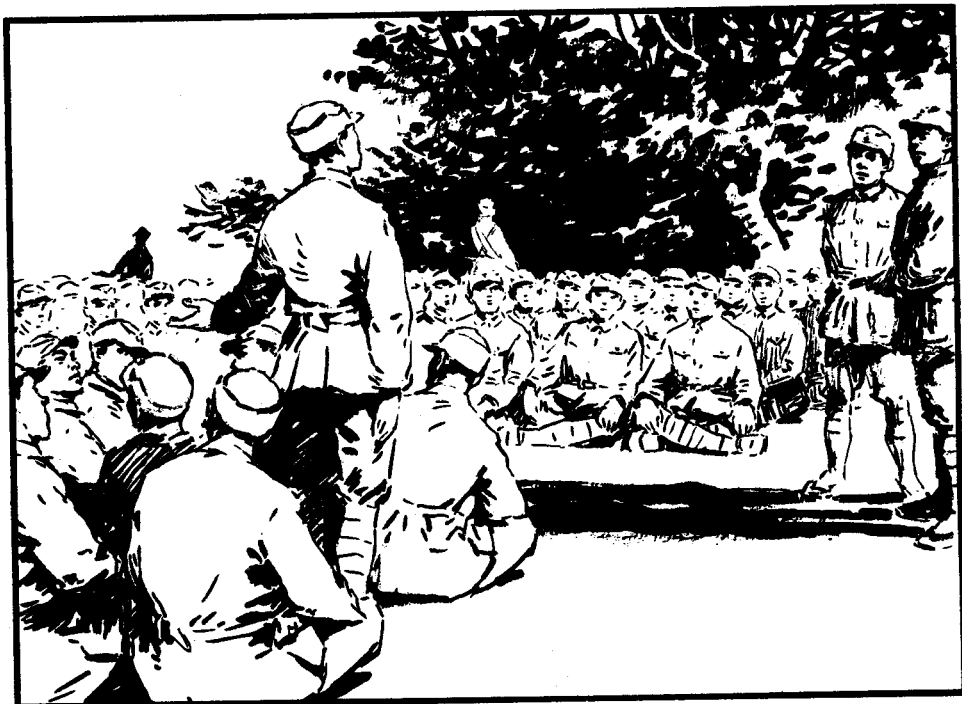


By the time the enemy spotted Ken-sze his hand-grenades were already exploding in their midst. Squad Leader Sun Ping-nan and his men spearheaded an attack, occupying a strategic hill in a matter of minutes.





The enemy was routed and the defence of western Chekiang was successful. But Platoon Leader Sun Fu-sheng had fallen in battle and his loss weighed heavily on Ken-sze's heart.



After three days' rest the company elected combat heroes. Squad Leader Sun Ping-nan suggested Ken-sze, citing him as a fighter always in the fore, a praiseworthy attribute in a new comrade.



His whole company raised their hands in assent, but Ken-sze disagreed, saying: "We should elect Platoon Leader Sun Fu-sheng, who has given his life, as combat hero. Hasn't our political instructor always told us that the truly great comrade is the one who cares nothing for himself but all for the cause of the revolution? I think Platoon Leader Sun was like that."



“What Yang Ken-sze says is very true,” said the political instructor. “From the time Platoon Leader Sun joined the revolution ten years ago, he never put a thought on himself and he never once deviated from the revolutionary cause. He is indeed a model and we should always learn from him. . . . But Yang Ken-sze showed himself a splendid fighter in this battle. He should also be elected combat hero.”



In August 1945 the Japanese surrendered and, in the interest of peace throughout the country, the detachment to which Ken-sze belonged withdrew from the liberated area south of the Yangtse River. In November of that year Ken-sze joined the Communist Party.



The Kuomintang reactionaries, however, were mustering their forces to attack the liberated areas and, on the eve of the battle of Tai-an in Shantung Province, Ken-sze vowed that he would fight as a Communist should. He asked to be a grenadier.



The battle proceeded smoothly. Ken-sze and his comrades entered Tai-an by the west gate at night and dashed up near a cathedral. An enemy machine-gun poised on a nearby roof-top was firing at them. They took cover under the eaves and answered the enemy with hand-grenades.



In their squatting position they could not land the grenades onto the roof-top and had already suffered some casualties. Ken-sze realized the situation and said to the squad leader, "Let me get out there and fight. If they get me I'm only one. We can't allow our comrades to be shot at like this."





The enemy machine-gun was silenced by Ken-sze's hand-grenades, but he rushed into the building only to find the enemy escaping from it towards the cathedral.



As he ran in pursuit of them, another batch of enemy soldiers counter-attacked. He had a hand-grenade ready to throw at them when their machine-gun rattled and a bullet grazed his nose.



Team Leader Chen Wen-hu hurried to give first-aid.' Ken-sze's wound was serious and both his eyes had to be bandaged. Ken-sze protested impatiently, "You can bandage only one! I still have to fight!" Chen Wen-hu comforted him, "My good comrade, don't you realize how serious your wound is?"



The squad leader ordered Ken-sze to retire to the rear, but he refused. "I can still throw hand-grenades," he pleaded. "I won't be in the way." With that he tore the bandage from his left eye and began throwing hand-grenades at the onrushing enemy.



After the Tai-an battle ended, Ken-sze studied the gaps fraternal units had blasted in the city wall and learned about dynamiting. He became eager to learn the skill.



In fact the regiment was sending a comrade to learn dynamiting, and it was Yang Ken-sze who was chosen to go. Of course he was very glad and, early next morning, took leave of the squad leader and left with his soldier's pack.



Ken-sze returned from the training course and rejoined the regiment about the time Chiang Kai-shek unleashed an all-out civil war. All the comrades were enraged and Ken-sze declared, "If the reactionaries dare to launch a war against us, I will blast every last one of them off the face of the earth!"



To some comrades who had no confidence in dynamiting Ken-sze explained, "We've got no heavy weapons. In taking a walled city or a blockhouse, explosives are our best means. . . ." Still the deputy squad leader hesitated, saying, "Explosives . . . I think we're safer relying on the weapons we now use. . . ."





But the higher leadership and other comrades supported Ken-sze's view. When the Kuomintang launched an attack on them, Ken-sze was assigned the task of knocking out the enemy blockhouse in their way. With victory in sight, Ken-sze dashed out in the darkness with TNT.



But he was spotted by the enemy as he was crawling up to the blockhouse and the enemy machine-guns started firing at him so fiercely he couldn't raise his head.



Squad Leader Wu Chun-lin came to Ken-sze's help in time, ordering their machine-gunner to cover him in the operation.



It started to rain. Wu Chun-lin heard the enemy yell, "Fix bayonets! We'll run anybody through who dares to approach!" Finally Ken-sze came back, slipping and stumbling. "The devil take it, probably the detonating fuse is out of order," Ken-sze said dejectedly



They waited several minutes more for the explosion but none came. When the company commander sent an orderly to urge them to lose no time in knocking out the blockhouse, Squad Leader Wu was greatly agitated and wanted to plant the explosives himself. But Ken-sze said, "No, you mustn't! I'll go!" So saying he dashed forward with another detonator.



Ken-sze came back, mud head to foot. When Chen Wen-hu asked him if the detonating device was all right this time, Ken-sze looked both vexed and worried. He said nothing — just stared at the blockhouse.



Ken-sze ran to the company headquarters for more explosives to try once more to blow up the blockhouse, thinking that after two failures in this new method, the comrades would lose faith in his dynamiting if he didn't succeed soon.



While Ken-sze was carrying the third detonator forward, the enemy machine-gun fire and hand-grenades rained still more fiercely. Wu Chun-lin saw something rolling at the spot where Ken-sze had crouched. Thinking Ken-sze was wounded he sent a man to help him.





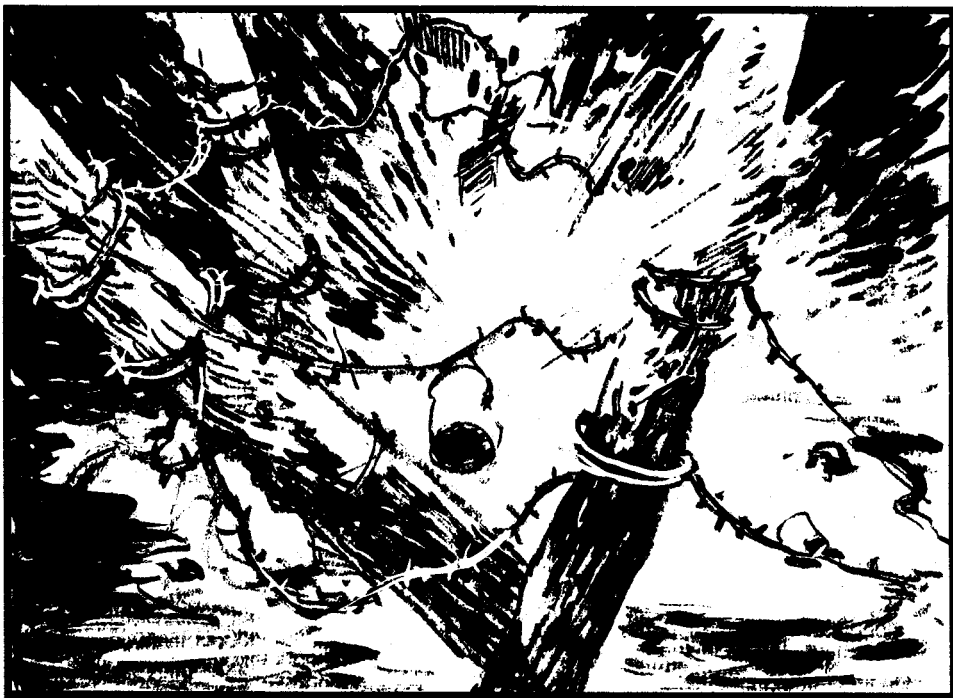
Ken-sze may at times have been a bit clumsy, but he proved himself an agile and resourceful fighter on the battlefield. He left his wide-brimmed bamboo hat for the enemy to shoot at, while he himself crawled forward.



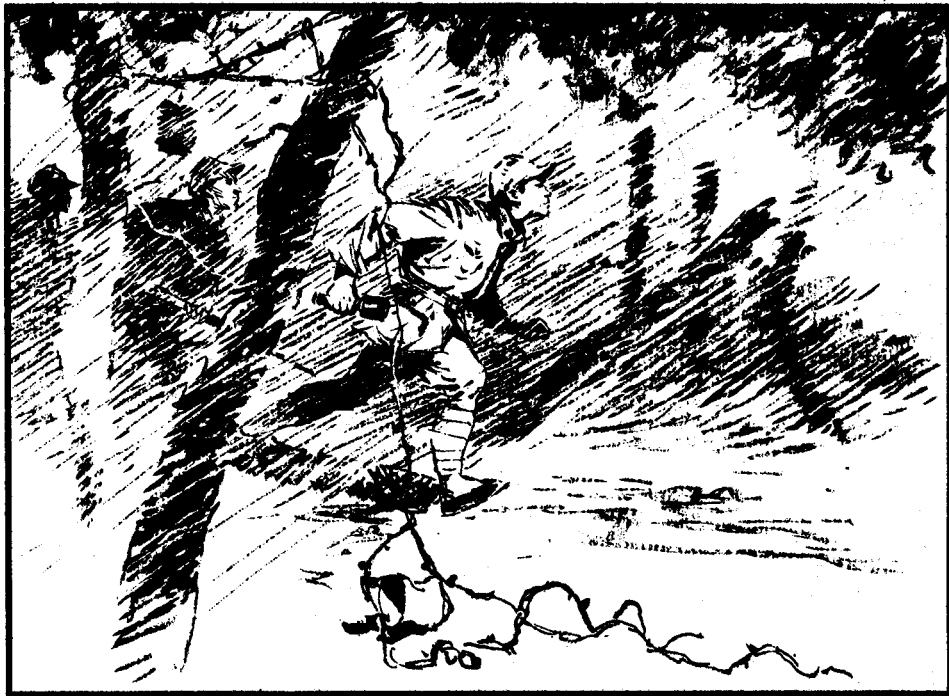
Nearing the enemy blockhouse, he tied the three fuses together and placed them underneath the package of explosive. When he pulled this triple fuse hard it hissed and threw off sparks. Ken-sze shouted exultantly to himself: "It works! It works!"



Meanwhile Wu Chun-lin, hearing no explosion, began to fear that Ken-sze had been killed. Just as he was going to ask the company commander's permission to shell the blockhouse, Ken-sze came running back. "It's hissing!" he sang out to Wu Chun-lin.



In the twinkling of an eye there was a flash, and a loud explosion shook the earth.



At Squad Leader Wu Chun-lin's order to advance Ken-sze grabbed a hand-grenade and was the first to rush into the smoke. The people's fighters quickly occupied the blockhouse.



After the battle the comrades asked Ken-sze how he had managed to destroy the blockhouse. "Ah," he replied with a toss of his head, "there isn't a blockhouse exists that can't be knocked out." Ken-sze's telling about this made his comrades roar with laughter.



One victory followed close upon another, with Ken-sze performing meritorious deeds again and again. In recognition he was promoted from deputy to full squad leader, then in the winter of 1948 he was made a platoon leader of the Third Company.



The next day Ken-sze took part in the famous Huai-Hai Campaign in northern Kiangsu Province. He was given the task of taking a small hill northwest of Hsia Village and, though he was inexperienced in commanding a platoon, he was confident of victory. He gave an order to the 8th squad to demolish the enemy target.





The 8th squad fighters had dashed across an open space and taken cover in a ramshackle temple. Ken-sze recognized the man carrying the TNT as the tall gaunt deputy squad leader, Chen Teh-sheng, a former Kuomintang soldier who had not long before turned and become a people's fighter.



Ken-ze rushed towards the old temple upon receiving the report from an 8th squad fighter that Chen Teh-sheng had been wounded after failing twice in his attempt to deliver the TNT.



The fighters had already carried the groaning Chen Teh-sheng back. Ken-sze wanted to comfort Chen with a few words but he had already breathed his last. Ken-sze's heart was wrung with sorrow.



A squad of enemy soldiers rushed at them, their hand-grenades exploding all around the temple. Ken-sze ordered the machine-gunner to open fire on the enemy, striking them down in a ditch.



As the enemy retreated from the ditch, Ken-sze thought of a plan for dealing with them: Leave a token number of his force to make a feint assault, while sending the main force to attack the enemy's left flank.



The company commander approved Ken-sze's plan and assigned him an extra squad of men. When his reinforced unit reached the temple, another batch of enemy soldiers rushed at them. Ken-sze ordered the reinforced unit to pin the enemy down there while he led the 9th squad in a flanking movement.

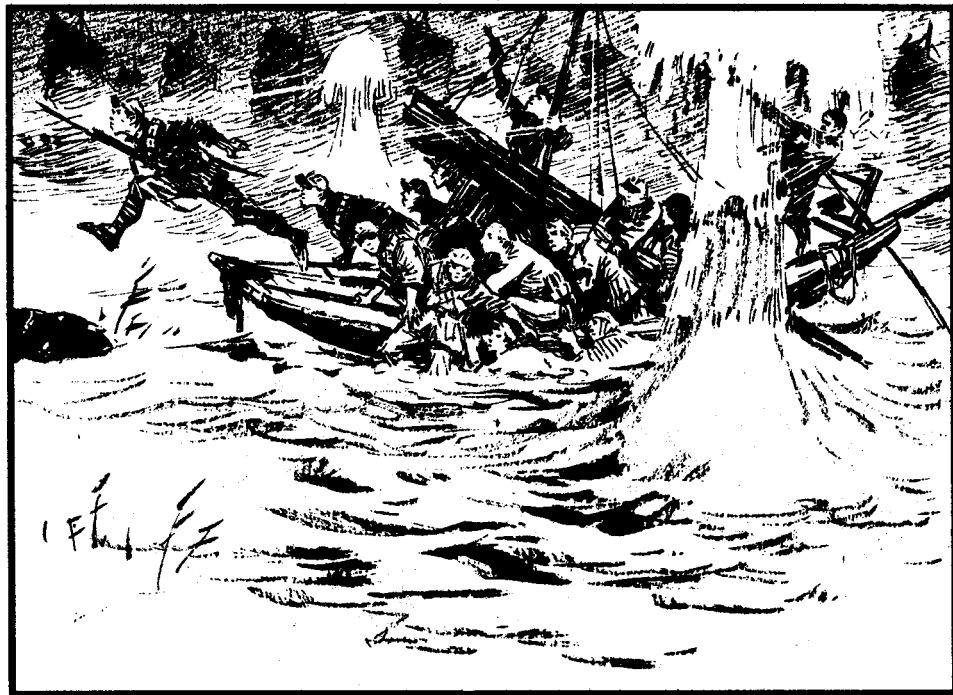


While the enemy concentrated his fire on the temple, Ken-sze and his men crept up to the blockhouse which they silenced with a rain of hand-grenades and tommy-gun fire. Only the howling and yelling of the enemy could be heard after that.

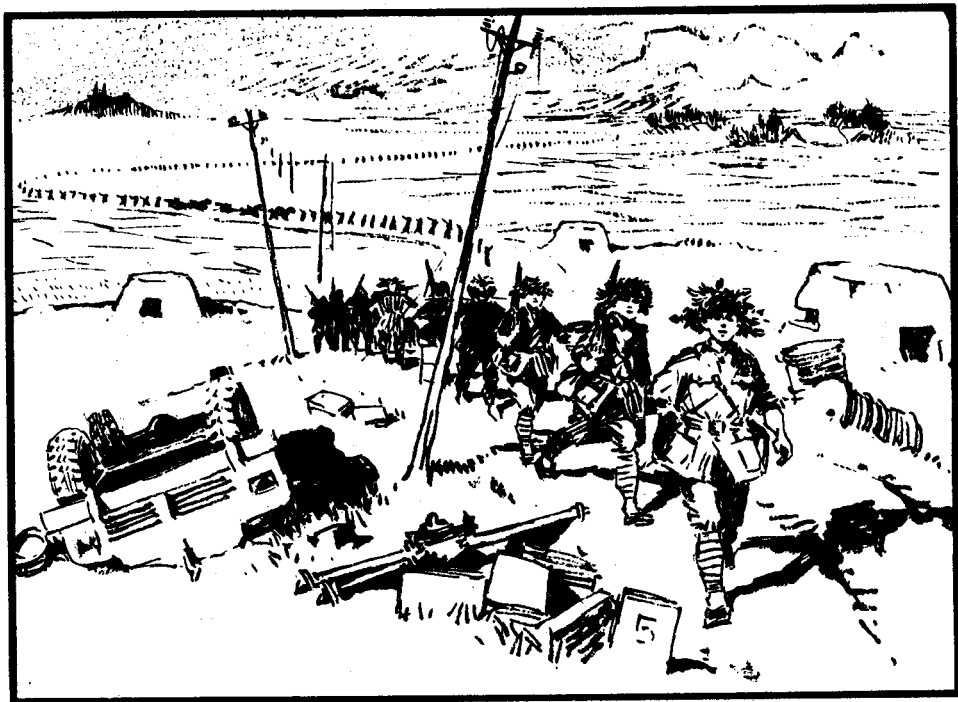


A position covered by seven hidden pillboxes was occupied by Ken-sze and his comrades. The Kuomintang captives couldn't believe that such a small force of PLA men could seize a position defended by an entire reinforced company.

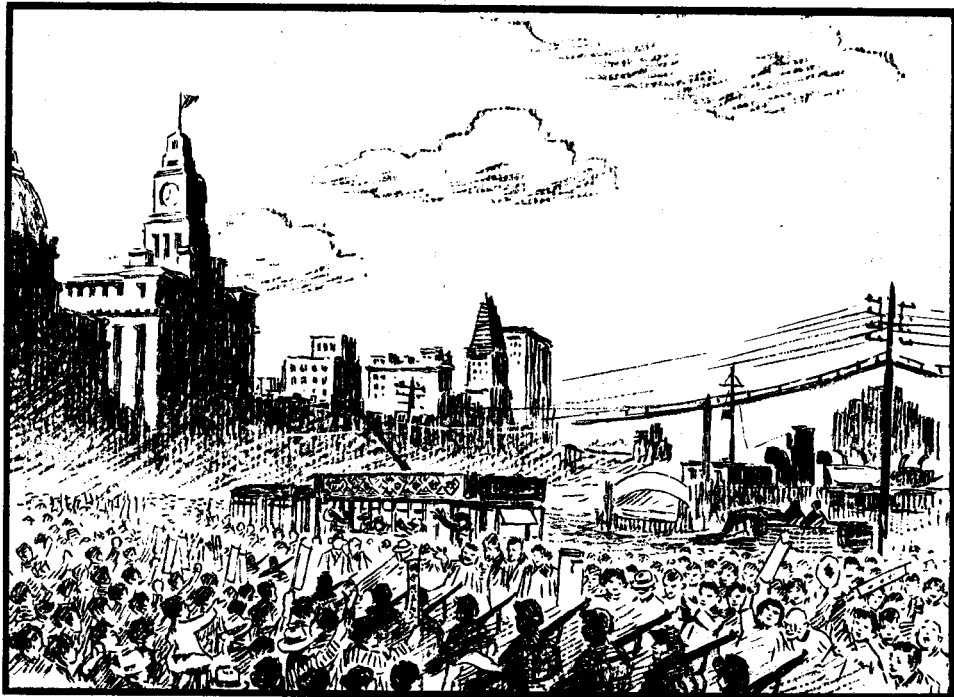




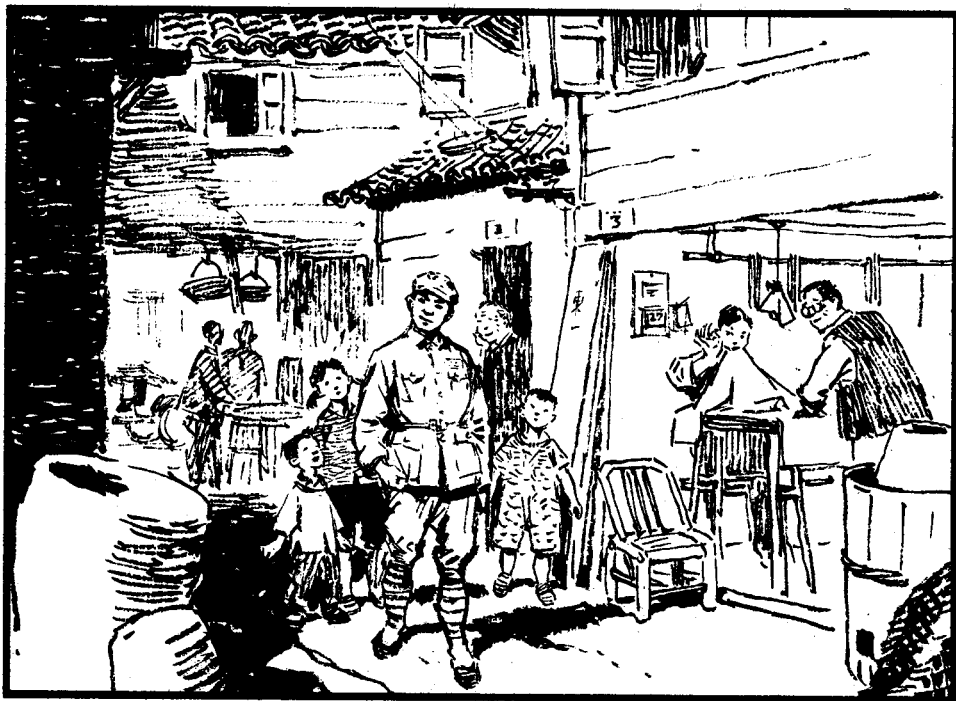
The great Huai-Hai Campaign ended in victory. On April 21, 1949, a million PLA men crossed the Yangtse River to liberate their suffering countrymen in the south.



On the march south, Ken-sze, who had set his heart on liberating his people and beating the enemy to his knees, was promoted to the rank of deputy company commander.



When Shanghai, the scene of Ken-sze's childhood toil and suffering, was liberated, Ken-sze was overjoyed. "Who made a helpless waif like me a combat hero and an officer in the revolutionary army?" he asked himself. "It was the Communist Party."



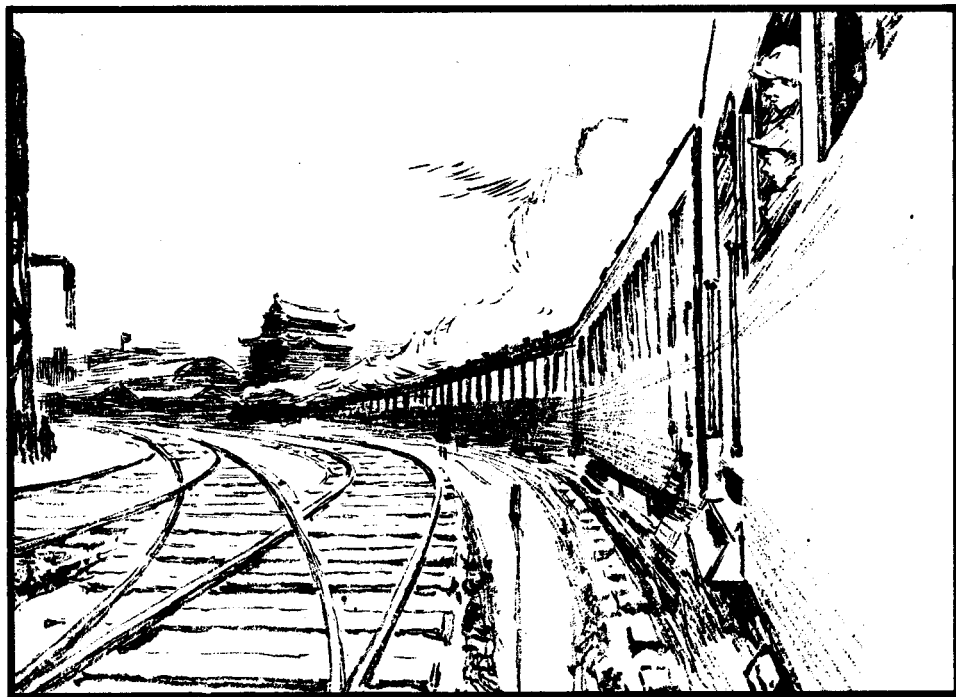
Ken-sze remembered that his only living kin, his Aunt Yin-chu, was still in Shanghai. When the troops had been quartered, he asked for leave to see her.



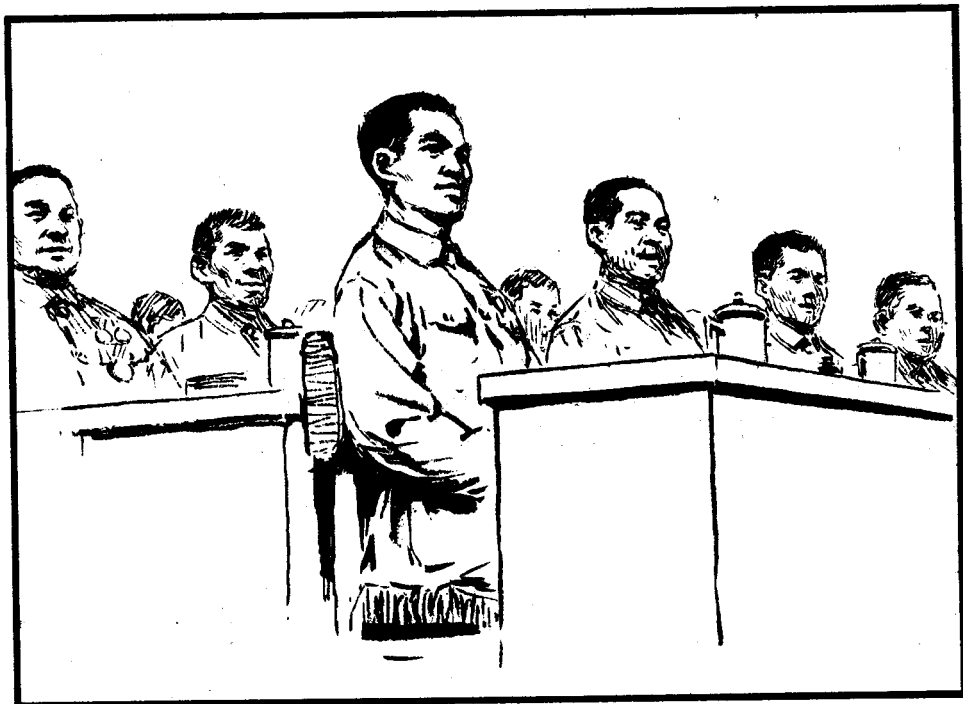
Ken-sze found his aunt still living in the same small garret. Taking the old woman's hand, Ken-sze choked up with emotion, and Yin-chu's tears fell on her nephew's hand.



The happy Aunt Yin-chu told him all the changes in the factory since liberation and Ken-sze told her excitedly, "The Communist Party has made me a combat hero, and you, Aunty, must strive to be a model worker in your factory."



In September 1950, Ken-sze was chosen to attend the First National Conference of Combat Heroes—to go to Peking and see Chairman Mao! His dream was about to come true.



At the Conference Ken-ze listened attentively to the reports of leading comrades and other combat heroes about their remarkable deeds and rich experiences. Ken-ze felt he was a student again, attending class.





During the recess, he stood before a life-size oil painting of Tung Tsun-ji, a combat hero who gave his life in the Liberation War in order to blast a way for the people's army's advance. Tung Tsun-ji was able to perform such a glorious deed because he understood the meaning of life. Ken-ze learned another instructive and valuable lesson from this.



What inspired him most was the meeting with Chairman Mao. When the great leader appeared on the conference platform Ken-sze felt the urge to call out to him, "Chairman Mao, if there is any job to be done, just assign it to us!"



The news that U.S. imperialism had unleashed a war in Korea came like a thunderbolt. Ken-sze and his comrades who fought for the rebirth of their country now volunteered to join the struggle to resist U.S. aggression and aid Korea.



After crossing the Yalu River, the Volunteers entered a town set aflame by enemy planes. Seeing the devastation within a few days of having such a festive time in Peking's Tien An Men Square, Ken-sze felt doubly the weight of his responsibility to wipe out the enemy.



That night the men encamped in a snowy mountain gully. Ken-sze, who was now a company commander, posted the patrols and saw that the mess was in order. Then he went back to his headquarters to sleep.



An icy wind whipped about the tents in driving gusts and snow kept falling heavily. Ken-sze, unable to sleep, slipped quietly out of his tent to visit the squads.



The tent was like an ice-box, and none of the 8th squad men could sleep. The squad leader crept up to Ken-sze to report that his youngest fighter, Wu Fu, was stricken with the severe cold. The ears and feet of other fighters were also frost-bitten.



Making a check, Ken-ze found that eighteen of the fighters in the company had serious frost-bite and a great many more had chilblains. Determined that no more fighters should suffer frost-bite, Ken-ze went back to headquarters to discuss the matter with the company political instructor.





Officers and men made thick gloves and shoes from cotton they took out of their quilts, and when they were not on the march, Ken-sze led them in a dance. Thus they managed to keep warm.



After the next few days' hard marching, supplies ran out and the fighters had been a whole day without food. Just then an orderly from battalion headquarters brought them two baskets of steaming-hot potatoes, saying that the regiment headquarters had sent the potatoes to the vanguard battalion but that the battalion had sent the whole lot to Ken-sze's company.



Ken-sze distributed the potatoes to the fighters, each getting three. But before the company officers had theirs the baskets were empty. The orderly was about to suggest a redistribution, but Ken-sze stopped him.



Seeing that their company commander and political instructor had no potatoes, the fighters offered to share their rats with them, but the officers refused.



The U.S. aggressive army, which had been defeated in the first campaign, again headed for the Yalu River in three columns and, since the enemy had already passed Hwangchoryung Hill on the eastern route, Ken-sze and his men were soon to engage in battle. Before they set out Ken-sze imbued his men with courage.



The enemy entrenched on the outer ring of Hakalu-ri was annihilated in one night's fierce fighting. The battalion commander then ordered Ken-sze to pin down the enemy on Soko-ryung Hill with the third platoon so that they could cut him off the next day.



On the morning of November 29, according to plan, Ken-sze led his platoon of fighters to Soko-ryung, the strategic hill to which they were assigned.



With the dawn the snow fell more heavily. The fighters' shoes and socks were frozen together and their hands were so stiff with cold that they could no longer cock their guns. Hunger gnawed at their vitals. . . .





The enemy trained his cannons on Soko-ryung while enemy planes dropped napalm bombs, enshrouding Soko-ryung in thick smoke and flame.



When their defence works were damaged by enemy artillery fire Ken-sze ordered his men to make repairs.



The enemy artillery fire was coming from longer range and experience told Ken-sze that the attack was at hand. He hurried to the fore-front and ordered the squad of men holding the line to be ready for the assault.



When the enemy had gotten to within thirty metres of the men Ken-sze ordered, "Fire!" and a volley of hand-grenades exploded, felling the enemy in heaps.



But after this setback the enemy intensified his bombardment of Soko-ryung. When machine-gunner Liu Yu-ting received a head wound the squad leader hastened to give first-aid.



The squad leader then turned and saw about two companies of enemy troops, under cover of eight tanks, coming at them in another assault.



He reported this immediately to the company commander, Ken-sze, who gave the order, "Fire on their infantry first. . . ."



Under cover of planes and artillery fire, enemy troops crawled up so near that even their features could be made out. After hurling their hand-grenades, Ken-sze and his men rushed into the midst of the enemy.





A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, and shouts and the clash of bayonets rent the air over Soko-ryung.



Deputy Platoon Leader Pao Sze-kung had fired his last bullet and was bashing an enemy soldier on the head with his rifle butt when he was struck down.



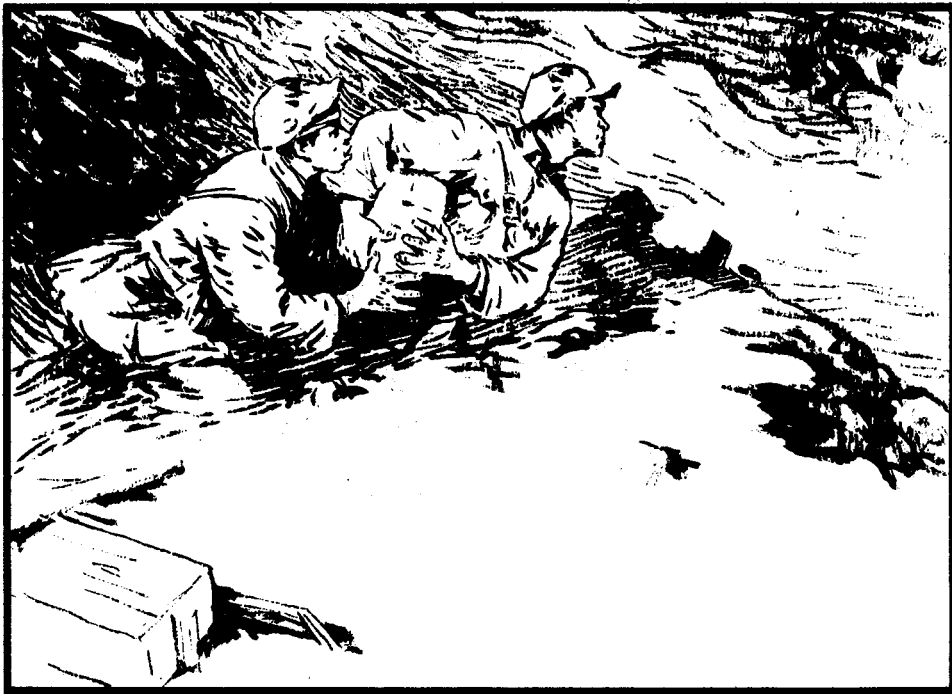
Fighter Wang Shun-tang received a head wound and was blinded by the streaming blood. The squad leader ordered him to retire to the rear but he wiped the blood from his eyes and charged on.



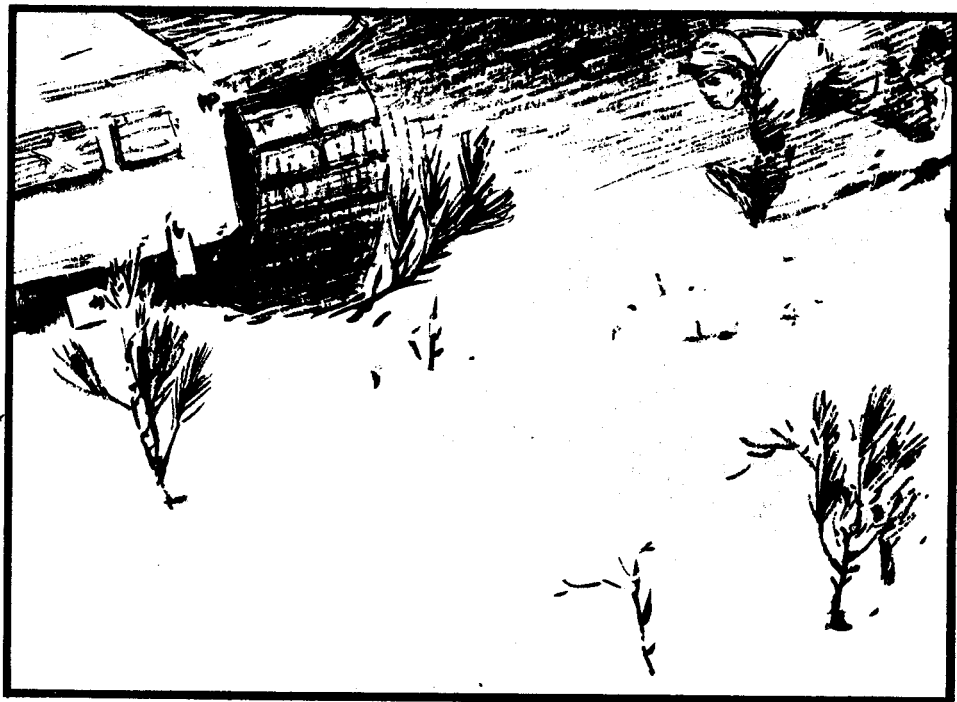
When the machine-gunner of the 7th squad was hit Ken-sze leaped over, retrieved the machine-gun and kept firing at the enemy while dashing forward.



To meet the threat of another batch of enemy troops trying to close in on them Ken-sze ordered half of the 8th squad to take the enemy from the rear flank, while the 7th and 9th squads pressed down on them from the crest of Soko-ryung Hill. With their rear flank threatened, the enemy beat a hasty retreat.



Enemy tanks rolled towards Soko-ryung and all Ken-sze could think of was to blow them up. He took explosives from the trench and was about to rush out with them when he was stopped by Fighter Chao Yu-hsin.



Chao would not allow the company commander to risk his life in attempting to knock out the tanks and snatched the explosives from him and dashed with them at the first tank.



He thrust the explosives into the caterpillar belt of the tank. It exploded, and the ones behind turned tail.





In this way the enemy's fourth and then fifth assaults were beaten back. Ken-sze inspected the position during lulls in the fighting and found that not many of his fighters were left.



At this juncture, Fighter Chiang Tse-yi, who had been sent to the battalion headquarters for more hand-grenades, returned with a message from the deputy battalion commander which Ken-szé read over and over again. The message ordered that the position must be held at all costs!



Ken-sze read the order out to his men, adding resolutely, "We'll show our bravery and give the enemy no chance to show his toughness. The position shall be held firmly in our hands. . . ."



The deputy battalion commander's message and the words of Ken-sze drove away the men's hunger, cold and fatigue. Though they were few in number, they were confident they could face anything that might come.



A fierce battle ensued, a whole battalion of U.S. aggressive troops rushing like a pack of wolves up Soko-ryung.



The 8th squad leader, a tommy-gun in one hand and a hand-grenade in the other, smashed into the enemy. But in the thick of the fighting that ensued he was hit by an enemy bullet.



Liu Yu-ting took the machine-gun into his hands and mowed down the enemy with it. Then a shrapnel hit him on the head and, after firing his last bullet, he fell.



Sweeping down Soko-ryung from crest to foot then up to the top again with his tommy-gun, Wu Fu cut down the enemy till suddenly his strength left him. His tommy-gun fell to the ground and blood flowed from his arm and chest.





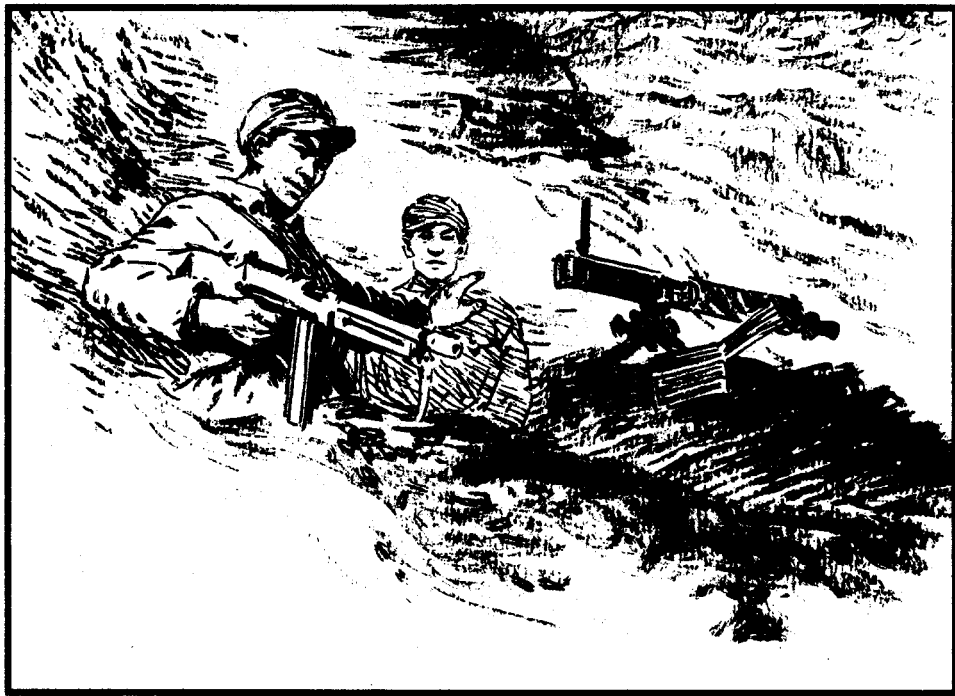
Wu Fu turned and retrieved the tommy-gun, then looked around him. The company commander, Ken-sze, was pounding the enemy relentlessly. With great effort he inched his way over to him.



Ken-sze took a magazine of bullets from his belt and handed it to Wu Fu.



With it the wounded Wu Fu fired at the enemy from a shell hole till a loud explosion shook the earth beneath him. Wu Fu was dead.



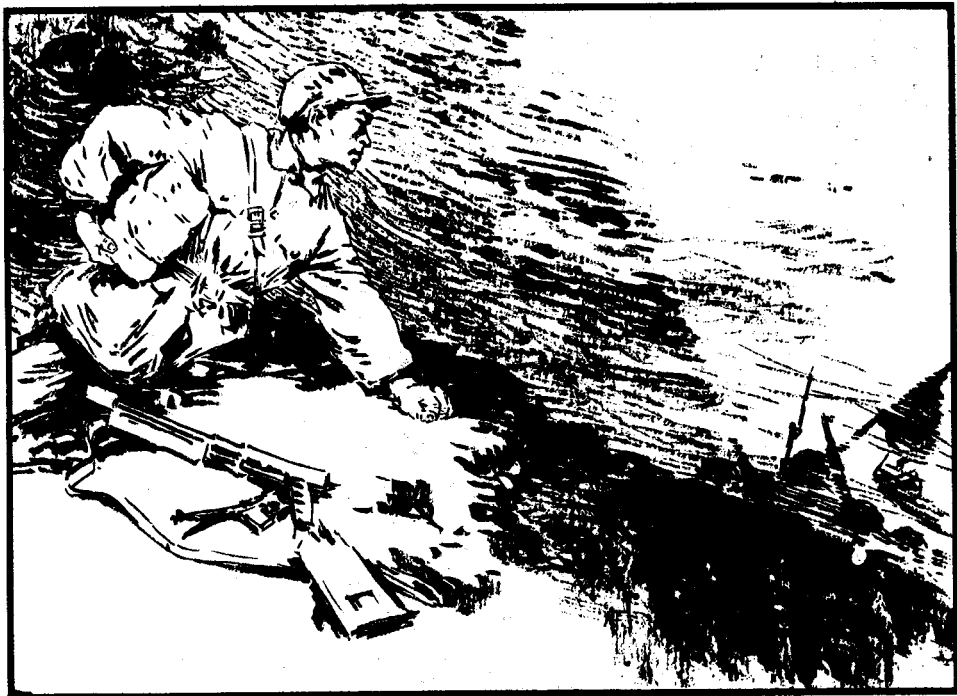
The heavy machine-gun platoon leader reported that he was running out of ammunition. The situation was critical. Since weapons were precious to the revolution and none must be allowed to fall into the hands of the enemy, Ken-sze ordered the platoon leader to withdraw the heavy machine-guns from the front line.



From an elevation behind Soko-ryung, the platoon leader surveyed the hill with a heavy heart. All activity there had suddenly died down.



Ken-sze was left alone on the position. He took his stand courageously on the hilltop, ready for the last fight.



The enemy assaulted Soko-ryung once again, intent this time on planting the banner of the U.S. Marines, First Division, atop the hill.

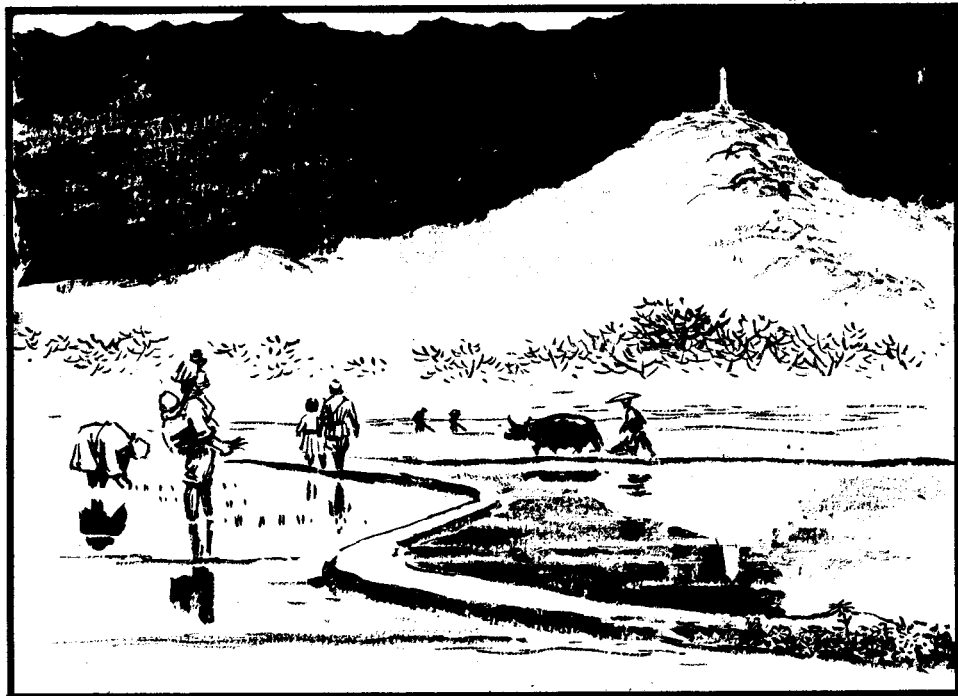


As the enemy was closing in on him Ken-ze stood up and, with the smoking explosives in his hands, dived into the midst of the beasts. They howled with fear, but there was no chance of escape for them.





A loud explosion sent a column of black smoke up Soko-ryung, finishing off the last few enemy stragglers trying to rush up the hill. The flag of the aggressors was never to reach the top of heroic Soko-ryung! But a loyal son of the Chinese people, Yang Ken-sze, had died a martyr's death.



A monument stands on Soko-ryung in living memory of the hero Yang Ken-sze, whose glorious name will live for ever in the hearts of the Chinese and Korean peoples.



楊 根 思

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