

AN EYEWITNESS REPORT OF THE "MAY 6" TRAGEDY

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A great tragedy of bloodshed erupted in the 132nd Factory! On 6 May, the Ch'an-yeh corps [Industrial army or production army] used their rifles to massacre little Red Guards and revolutionary comrades. This handful of most vicious and unpardonable murderers fired some 295 shots; they also used their machine guns twice and bazooka once and threw two handgrenades (one failed to explode), killing and injuring little Red Guards and revolutionary comrades in the thousands.

Revolutionary comrades and Red Guard comrades in arms, this is what I have witnessed and heard and now let me tell what I know.

The Eve of Tragedy

With a view to pledging to defend Chairman Mao and his revolutionary line until death and pushing the proletarian cultural revolution to the end, we waged a sanguinary and frontal struggle against the bourgeois reactionary line. The Ch'an-yeh corps was a bona fide royalist organization. They have on many occasions provoked armed struggle and stubbornly implemented the bourgeois reactionary line. On 6 May, our Ch'eng-ta's (Chengtu University's) "8/31" Combat Corps went to the 132nd Factory along with fraternal comrades in arms to settle accounts with the said factory's veteran Ch'an corps as well as to back

up the revolutionary rebels. When we entered the factory, workers belonging to the rebels said: "In recent days the old Ch'an corps has stored a quantity of rocks, also some acid and knives and you should be careful." Our "8/31" outfit stood guard beside the department store building on Central Road. On top of the fourth floor, the loudspeaker of the old Ch'an corps was shrilly shouting: "The '8/31' of Chengtu University, '9/15' of Szechwan Medical College and the Szechwan '8/26' are now laying siege on us with the demons and monsters of society!" etc.

Minutes and seconds passed and the situation was most tense. Soon afterward, our Ch'eng-ta's "8/31" Combat Corps arrived at the gate of the factory and stopped there to wait.

Bloodshed Begins

No sooner had the "8/31" of Ch'eng-ta and the fraternal comrades in arms entered the factory premises than the Ch'an bandits atop the No. 38 building poured rocks which pelted on our head like rain; some of the rocks were as large as a bowl and others were small pebbles. Some of the little Red Guards had their head crushed and blood gushed out! Many were hit directly on their bodies, head, back and limbs and fell on the ground. The old Ch'an corps was vicious in their attack and there were many casualties among our men. Later on, because of our indignation, we began to rush on and rocks continued to fall over our head. Our Ch'eng-ta's "8/31" and fraternal comrades in arms succeeded in fighting our way to the corridor on the ground floor of No. 38 building. The stairway was enshrouded in smoke and dust, and rocks and wooden boards were dropped like a torrent of rain. When we were unable to climb upstairs, we used a green-topped table, somewhat like a pingpong table, as a shield over our head and stormed up to the second floor. Red Guards also used tables for protection to fight in the front, being followed by workers and students wearing rattan or iron helmets. The Ch'an bandits attacked us continuously with rocks and poles and it was not until 20 minutes later that we got to the second floor. The rocks were heavier and the attack was more concentrated and limestone powder was sprayed from the cylinder of a machine on the third floor. The stairway was immediately buried by smog and dust, making it impossible to see anything. At this time, we put more wooden boards over our head and shouted slogans to make an onslaught to the third floor. When we were about to reach our goal, rifles were mounted on the stairway leading to a higher floor. Soon a shot bursted, the comrade holding the board got a direct hit on his head with blood cascading out. It was at this time that the attack of rocks and wooden pestles became even more intense. In a trice, six men were seriously wounded. When we heard the gun shot, some of our fighters

retreated, some being on the third floor and others on the second. Fighters entrapped on the second floor withdrew to the room at the east end; the Ch'an bandits came, intercepting the stairway as well as the corridor, thus rendering it impossible for the comrades to advance or descend and they were subjected to a severe beating.

"Shoot at Him"

At that time, I retreated and found myself on the first floor. We retreated to the east and the door there was blocked by some of the rocks they had dropped. Since we could not get out, I went to the second to the last room on the north side. The window glass of this room has been shattered and the window was open. I jumped to the window and was then ready to get out from there. At a corner on the east side of No. 38 building, there were some people carrying rifles and one of them shouted at me: "Shoot at him!" Thus threatened, I immediately jumped back to the original room. The Ch'an bandits seemed to sense that their might be some secret in this room and they concentrated their attack on it with stone missiles. Practicall all the little Red Guards and workers, whether they had succeeded in fighting a way out or not, had their head smashed. The Ch'an bandits were facing us and so I, with the help of some comrades in arms, carried a table to block the door. It was not until much later that I was aboe to tear off a piece of the curtain to wrap my head and jump out through the window, thence rushing to the airraid shelter. Then I came up again and got myself out of the wall.

Firing Becomes More Intense and Casualties Mount

After I and my comrades had come out, we slumped out outside the wall. At this time, there came gun shots from both the east and west ends of No. 38 building. No sooner had they fired than some people dropped down. The nurses were too busy carrying the victims out. At the west end of the third floor there were mounted two machine guns which were fired twice; there was also the sound of bazooka. Soon afterward, a handgrenade exploded. Nurses and doctors were carrying stretchers to give first aid. We and some of the little Red Guards also carried our wounded fighters. This tragic sight was most gruesome! They were still firing and innocent comrades were killed and maimed. What crime is there in revolution and why should they kill? We must make the class enemy pay this debt of blood!.

End of Shooting to Kill

It approached dusk.

Just at this time, they were continuing to shoot from the back of the east side of No. 38 building and the fire was even more intense. Under the cover of their firing, the Ch'an bandits began to fight "hand to hand." Our comrades suffered even more casualties. Thus, under centralized command, we began to withdraw.

This great tragedy of bloodshed was created entirely by the Ch'an bandits and their backstage manipulators. Their brutalities were unprecedented. The blood debt which they owed the little Red Guards and revolutionary masses must be repaid. Until this account is settled, we will not close our eyes even when we die!

Beloved Chairman Mao! We are your most loyal small Red soldiers. For the sake of defending you and your revolutionary line, we are willing to sacrifice the last drop of our blood, and we are undaunted even if we are chopped by knives and shot at by rifles! We are ready to plunge into scalding water and burning fire!

We pledge to defend Chairman Mao with life and blood!