



CHINESE  
LITERATURE

10

## Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung

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

We cannot just take the beaten track traversed by other countries in the development of technology and trail behind them at a snail's pace.

## CONTENTS

### CREATORS OF MIRACLES

Builder of Bridges	3
The First Shot Is Fired— <i>Cbao Ping-ching</i> and <i>Chin Chang-lin</i>	41
Worker with a Loyal Heart— <i>Hsiang Chun</i>	48
The Giant Marches On— <i>Hung Yun-ping</i>	59

### POEMS

Seeing Off the Secretary— <i>Chen Yang</i>	72
Party Constitution in Hand the World I View— <i>Han Tsung-shu</i>	76
Glorious Flower to My Comrade-in-arms— <i>Kung Jung</i>	78

### PROSE

A Story of Sino-Vietnamese Friendship	80
Unforgettable Days in Shihchiacha— <i>Yen Teh-ming</i>	84
A Thousand <i>Li</i> of Snow Line— <i>Chou Yung-lu</i>	90

### NOTES ON BOOKS

Heroic Songs of the Working Class	95
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### CHRONICLE

99

### PLATES

The Yangtse River Bridge at Nanking (water-colour painting)	40-41
A Chinese Medical Worker in an African Village (lacquer painting)	58-59

Front Cover: Our great leader Chairman Mao Tsetung

## Builder of Bridges

A facile wind blew from the east across a clear cloudless sky. The steel girders of the nearly completed Nanking Yangtse River Bridge glittered in the sunlight, heightening the colour and magnificence of the red flags above the lofty towers at either end. On the northern bank, men were loading a long freight train with bridge building equipment which was being shipped to a new site: there they were going to start a new battle for the bridge building.

Workers and vehicles moved constantly across the area.

A man in his fifties was particularly energetic. Dressed like the others in well-washed blue denim and a wicker helmet, he was helping some young fellows load a crane on to a flatcar. This was Wang Chao-chu, an engineer who had come up from the ranks. He had just returned from Peking, where he had been a delegate to the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party presided over by Chairman Mao and had been elected a member of the Central Committee.

“Old Wang,” said one of the young fellows, who was very moved seeing him sweating in his old denim, “who would have thought the moment you come back, you get busy with your crowbar and ropes.”

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For details about the four sketches published here see the article on page 95.

Wang wiped the sweat from his forehead and grinned. "That's because I'm a worker," he said. Recalling the kindly smile of our great leader and his teachings at the Ninth Party Congress, he added in a more serious voice: "Chairman Mao says, a man should never cut himself off from the masses and production; he has to work. I'm going to do what Chairman Mao instructs me, always."

"We really ought to take Old Wang for our model," said another worker. "Even though he's now a member of the Central Committee, he still works along with the rest of us. When he got back the day before yesterday, the first thing he did was to go round to all the dozens of work teams and all the kitchens, inquiring after everyone's health and conditions."

"Last night he went to several big factories and told them about the reports he heard at the Ninth Congress, so that we can accomplish much more quickly the militant tasks outlined by the congress," said another.

Praise always made Wang uncomfortable. "Never mind about that," he said brusquely. "I'm only doing my duty."

"Hai-yu-ho! Hai-yu-ho!" A rhythmic work chant soon rose from the loading area.

And there Wang was, sweating among the rest, doing the heaviest job as always.

## Creating a Miracle

Wang and his mates first came to the site of the Nanking Bridge project, unique in the world, after successfully completing the Paishato Yangtse River Bridge at Chungking. Guided by Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, they were full of the joy of battle and revolutionary spirit as they advanced east to continue their fight.

It was a bright clear day. When their steamer docked at Pukow, Wang, a pack on his back, carrying a wooden case, went ashore with workers Chen and Chang and Party secretary Meng. They were members of the advance group.

Wang gazed at the thriving city of Nanking on the opposite shore and at the train ferries busily plying the river. "Nanking is quite a sight," he said to Chen excitedly. "Before liberation it was the lair of Chiang Kai-shek's reactionaries. The whole city was a hell. But after the People's Republic was established, under the leadership of the Party and Chairman Mao, Nanking, like the rest of China, changed completely. Many big plants and factories were set up. Now that the Party and Chairman Mao has entrusted us to build a bridge here, it's going to be even more remarkable in the future."

"That's right," Chen agreed. "This bridge, when we get it built, will be a big help to socialist revolution and construction."

"Not only that," Wang added, highly stirred. "It will help people all over the world in their revolutionary struggles."

Chang pointed at the train ferries. "Look at that. Without a bridge, what a lot of trouble it is to get trains across the river."

Meng was quite struck by the scene. "Our industry and agriculture are developing very fast," he said. "Train ferries can't keep up. The sooner we get this bridge built, the better."

They continued walking along the northern bank until they reached the work site.

Wang had the utmost love and respect for Chairman Mao. The first thing he did when he entered the barracks was to hang a picture of the great leader in the centre of the wall. Then he and Meng took the other comrades to level the ground and lay the tracks for a narrow-gauge temporary railway.

A stream lay athwart the path of the advancing lines. The water was deep and dirty, but Wang was the first to jump in. With the others he drove piles and laid a conduit. "Faster, comrades," he cried. "Let's finish these preliminaries quickly so the regular construction can get off to an early start. We rely on neither heaven nor earth, god nor devil, bourgeois expert nor foreign authority, to build a first-class bridge," he said. "It's Mao Tsetung Thought we rely on, and self-reliance."

That night after a meeting of the Party branch, Wang returned to his barracks, put on his reading glasses, and turned to Chairman Mao's brilliant article *Serve the People*. It was his habit to study at night.



When Wang joined the Party, Meng had said to him: "A Communist must study Chairman Mao's works constantly, obey his teachings and wage revolution in keeping with them, heart and soul."

From then on, Wang studied Chairman Mao's writings with still greater zeal. He let nothing stand in the way of this, neither his limited reading ability nor the pressure of work. Rain or shine, he kept at it. He not only delved deeply, but applied well what he learned.

Now, as he studied *Serve the People*, he wondered whether he was doing this "wholly" and "entirely," as Chairman Mao taught. Today, they had put in piles for the railway stream crossing, but when could they start driving the foundation piles for the piers? The earlier they did that, the better.

The next morning he told Meng, the Party secretary, his ideas on sinking the test piles for the bridge tower. "Fine," said Meng. "Let's get them approved." They started for the office of the assistant chief engineer.

There, two men were talking — the assistant chief director and the assistant chief engineer. "Building this bridge is like a game of chess," the latter was saying. "If you haven't any knights and bishops, you can't win."

"I've been thinking about this too," said the assistant chief director. He sounded distressed. "The Party committee has informed us they're not inviting a single foreign adviser. It's going to be very difficult, with only pawns to rely on."

"It will, indeed. When I was in the Kuomintang ministry of communications, before liberation, an American bridge expert made a survey around here," the assistant chief engineer stated pompously. "He said jumping up into heaven would be easier than building a bridge at Nanking."

At this moment, Wang and Meng walked in and overheard them. "What did you say?" Wang demanded angrily.

The other two were startled. "Have a chair, have a chair," the assistant chief engineer cried with hasty cordiality.

"The foreign colonialists and the Kuomintang reactionaries talked about how hard it would be," said Wang. "But we Chinese are led by Chairman Mao. As long as we stick to his orientation of **"Be self-reliant, work hard"** and rely on the worker masses and revolutionary technicians, we definitely can build the Nanking Bridge."

"The comrades are very determined," added Meng. "We've come to ask your approval of driving the test piles at once."

The assistant chief director was surprised. "Which ones?"

"For the tower foundation," said Wang.

"You're kidding," the assistant chief director laughed. "We haven't even worked out our guiding principles. Besides, the machinery isn't here yet. What will you drive the piles with?"

"We've worked out the guiding principles long ago," replied Wang. "They are contained in invincible Mao Tsetung Thought, in the orientation: **'Be self-reliant, work hard.'** Chairman Mao teaches us:

**'Go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism.'** We mustn't wait another day to sink those test piles. We'll rig up some other method if the machinery hasn't come."

"Chairman Mao also teaches: **'Weapons are an important factor in war, but not the decisive factor; it is people, not things, that are decisive.'**" said Meng. "Our workers are very determined. A lot of people means a lot of ideas. We're sure to think of something."

"That won't be so easy." The assistant chief director was dubious of the creative ability of the workers.

"Look, Old Wang," the assistant chief engineer interjected. "Nanking Bridge is going to be a first-class modern structure. It's a huge job, and very complicated. Don't be in such a hurry. One thrust of the spade can't dig a well."

"What you're saying," Wang interrupted, "is that it's things that matter, not people. Every second counts in socialist construction, and that means, first and foremost, stimulating the intelligence of the workers. They will create the necessary conditions. We can't wait. Since you don't agree to doing it in our own way, we'll have to take this up with the Party committee." He turned and, with Meng, left the office.

That night Wang couldn't sleep, he was so stimulated. A responsible member of the Party committee had encouraged him to rouse the masses and start driving piles as quickly as possible. "It's important to sink those test piles," Wang thought, "to get the experience we need. Why wait for the machinery? The masses will work out something." He recalled an incident during the war in Korea.

In 1951 a train set out from Shenyang with the first contingent of workers who had volunteered to help the Korean people resist American aggression. They were singing militantly as the train rolled across the Yalu River Bridge linking the two countries. Wang was very stimulated. The U.S. imperialists were wrecking the happy life of the Chinese and Korean people, and oppressing all peoples and nationalities who had not yet been liberated. Anger flamed in Wang's breast. His determination to fight U.S. imperialism hardened.

The train slowed, then came to a complete stop. Two hours before the Yankee air pirates had wrecked the Chongchongang Bridge, ahead. Wang and his mates jumped off the train and held a hurried meeting.

"Comrades," Wang exclaimed, "the Chongchongang Bridge is a vital artery to the front. We must repair it. Any delay is letting Chairman Mao and the Chinese and Korean people down."

"Right. We'd rather die than delay the train a single minute." The Chinese workers expressed their determination before a picture of Chairman Mao.

They all set to work. They had little material or machinery, but they quickly improvised a pile-driver, drawing power from the engine of a truck. To everyone's delight, thudding blows were soon driving piles into the centre of the river. Chinese People's Volunteers who were on the train and members of the train crew all pitched in to help. In an astonishingly short time the bridge was restored to traffic. . . .

Couldn't they sink piles the same way today? Of course they could.

The next morning he went to Meng and told him what he thought. "You really use your head," Meng said approvingly. "I must learn from you."

"I don't use it nearly enough," Wang retorted with a laugh. Then he added seriously: "A Communist doesn't hesitate to lay down his life for the cause of the Party. Thinking is the least we expect of him. What I'm afraid of is that the assistant chief director will pour cold water on the idea."

"Never mind," said Meng. "As long as the Party committee supports you, you can go ahead. Tonight, I'll call a meeting of all the Communists and Youth Leaguers and urge them to swing into action, take the lead among the workers and back the use of our own methods."

"Exactly what I had in mind. I was just about to suggest it to you," Wang said happily. "Communists must take the lead, and at the same time rely on the masses."

Wang's "home-made pile driver," powered by a truck engine, began sinking the test piles.

Soon, workers for the Nanking Bridge began arriving from various parts of the country. Material and machinery also came flowing in.

The workers were completely loyal to our great leader Chairman Mao. Their feet were planted on the frosty ground of the banks of the Yangtse, the entire world was their concern. Day and night they battled in the icy wind.

The thud of pile-drivers never ceased.

One winter night, Wang's padded clothes were soaked through by the thickly falling sleet. The comrades knew he hadn't been feeling too well lately, and they urged him to go back to the barracks and rest. Wang refused to go. Young Li was quite concerned.

"Get some rest, Old Wang," he pleaded. "We can manage."

Wang laughed. "It's nothing. When I think of Chairman Mao, I feel warm all over. Today, the country belongs to us, and we're building one of the best bridges in the world, a bridge we have designed ourselves. The more I work, the higher my enthusiasm. Even hardship is sweet. I don't mind getting a bit tired in the least."

Everyone was moved. "We're building an anti-imperialist, anti-revisionist bridge," they cried, "a self-reliance bridge, a golden bridge to communism."

Young Li composed a militant jingle on the spot, which he recited, beating time against a pile-driver with a wrench:

... We'll perform miracles for the revolution  
And span the mighty river with a sunlight road.

The boy's exuberance warmed Wang's heart. How different from his own youth, when he suffered class and national oppression.

In 1925, when Wang was a child of eight in a Shantung village, the country was in turmoil. Soldiers were marauding, people couldn't make a living. A landlord harried the boy's parents to death. Consumed with class hatred, Wang was compelled to wander around the Tsinan-Chingtao area, begging for food and sleeping out in the open. At the age of fourteen he went to work in a shop that sold glass, where the boss frequently beat him black and blue.

Wang rebelled and ran away, travelling all the way to the northeast provinces. By then, the region was occupied by the Japanese invaders. They, too, tortured and beat him. Later, he was mercilessly tortured by the Kuomintang, and cruelly oppressed by foremen and workgang

bosses. To this day, Wang's body bears scars which testify to the crimes inflicted upon the Chinese people by the landlords, capitalists, Japanese imperialists and Kuomintang reactionaries. They also account for the class love Wang feels for the Chinese Communist Party and our great leader Chairman Mao.

"How lucky you young people are to have been born in the era of Mao Tsetung," he said to Young Li with profound feeling. "We must show our appreciation to the Party by practical deeds."

Several young men who were listening nodded their heads in agreement.

Day and night Wang and the other workers battled, until the test piles were driven. Once again facts proved the advantages of combining indigenous devices with modern methods. The workers and revolutionary technicians were very pleased.

Two piles of reinforced concrete, each dozens of metres long and as wide as a bucket, were sunk deep into the river bed, only their tops showing above the water. The assistant chief director was astonished.

"Did you follow the approved methods?" he demanded. "How is it you've already put in two?"

"We combined indigenous and modern methods," said Wang. "It was quick, and the work was of high quality."

"You'd better stick to the approved methods and techniques, from now on," the assistant chief director said solemnly. "The leadership has its reasons for wanting you to follow them." He turned and left before Wang could explain why he and the workers acted the way they did.

On his return to the office the assistant chief director found the assistant chief engineer waiting for him. "Wang and his men have sunk two test piles," said the latter. "Do you know about it?"

"I've just been over there. They haven't followed the approved methods."

"If they go on like that, I don't know how I'm going to do my job," the engineer grumbled.

"I'm going to take up the question of discipline with the Party committee. Otherwise everyone will be violating technical decisions and administrative orders."

"Piles should be driven according to the generally accepted international method. But you'd better issue a directive on it. Otherwise they won't pay any attention."

The assistant chief director nodded. "I'll do that."

The regular sinking of piles began, following the "generally accepted international methods," as demanded by the assistant chief director. Many piles were broken, as a result. Wang quickly sought the assistant chief director out.

"This way is no good," said Wang. "It breaks piles, wastes state funds and slows down the whole project."

"It's considered an advanced method abroad," said the assistant chief engineer. "They've been using it for years all over the world. What theoretical basis have you for criticizing it? Carry on with the technique we've decided upon."

Wang was furious. "We didn't break any of the test piles. You know that. These are breaking now because the technique you fellows copied from some foreign textbook isn't suitable."

Before the engineer could reply, the assistant chief director cut in. "I'm not so sure about that," he said, in a lofty official manner. "None of us have had any experience in building a bridge this size. We have to pay a little something to learn how. We can examine further into the reason why the piles are breaking."

"Those foreign dogmas you're following are like an old ox pulling a rickety cart. They waste labour and money," Wang retorted impatiently. "The working class isn't in the habit of crawling behind others. We're going to build socialism quickly and economically, guaranteeing both quality and quantity."

Though very irritated, neither the director nor the engineer had any reply. They walked away.

Wang pointed at their retreating backs. "Did you see that?" he said to the workers. "What kind of attitude do they have to driving piles? They won't budge from their foreign dogma. They're using it to tie us workers hand and foot. We must fight their slavish attitude to things foreign, and break with all foreign rules and strictures."

"Right. Our experience with the test piles shows that we can go our own road."

Wang encouraged the workers to rely on the correct leadership of the Party and on the masses, to break with unreasonable technical conventions and to revolutionize technique, in accordance with Chairman Mao's teachings. As a result they sank ten thousand metres of piles without breaking one, a world's record and a glorious page in the building of bridge foundations.

The Party committee organized a special team to sum up and propagate the experience of the pile drivers.

The assistant chief director didn't believe the news when he heard it at first. But faced with the facts, he had no choice but to concede. Originally, he had opposed the experiment, now he realized that unless he changed his tactics the Party committee would criticize him and people would laugh. The thought chilled him. He decided to check on the pile-driving team every day, to prevent being taken by surprise again.

The next morning he donned work clothes and a wicker helmet and he went to where they were driving piles. "You've done well," he said, all smiles. "Ten thousand metres without breaking a pile is a record. You should get awards."

"We drive piles for the revolution, not for money," said Wang.

"Of course, of course, workers sink piles for the revolution," the director said hastily. "But setting a record isn't easy. You mustn't lose this honour. Drive your piles slowly from now on, say one a day, then you won't break any. Don't try for speed. If you work too fast and break a pile, the record you so painfully set will be gone."

"Chairman Mao tells us to aim for quality, quantity, speed and economy," Wang replied angrily. "You tell us to do the opposite. What's the matter with you?"

The faces of Wang and the workers were stern. Uneasily the assistant chief director persisted. "Speed, speed," he cried. "A plane is fast but it's not safe. A donkey is slow, but if you fall off you don't get killed. Slow but sure is best."

"Not only are we going to go by plane," retorted Wang. "We're going to go by rocket."

"Right," exclaimed the workers. "Old Wang is right."

Led by Wang the workers did far more than the quota set by the assistant chief director. Practical, hard-working, clever, they behaved like the responsible masters of the country they were. They drove not one pile per day but four piles per shift. They sank another ten thousand metres without breaking a pile, and made another record of sixty thousand metres of work rated excellent and safe, an astonishing feat by world construction standards.

Quite deflated, the assistant chief director collapsed in his easy chair. He wanted to publicly attack Wang, but he knew the workers would stand by him. What's more, with the Party committee pushing the pile drivers' experience, the assistant chief director was afraid he'd get into trouble if he handled the matter clumsily.

Finally he hit on the idea of moving Wang to another job. He might be able to control the pile drivers better with Wang gone. That was an old trick of the director's. Any cadre who didn't suit him, anyone who dared to disagree, he either transferred or "put on ice." But when he picked up the phone and proposed the transfer to the project head, he received this stiff reply:

"We're building the foundations for the towers. This is a crucial part of the construction. The workers wouldn't agree to his transfer and neither do I. If you insist on it, I'll have to oppose you in the Party committee."

The assistant chief director hung up, leaned back in his chair and sighed.

The project head had a lot of respect for Wang. He remembered one night when everyone was fast asleep, the weather changed suddenly and it began to pour. Wang, awakened, knew there was no night shift on duty, and that a number of motors and pile driving equipment were exposed to the elements. He jumped out of bed and rushed outside. Though drenched by the heavy rain, he ran down the muddy road, arousing his comrades.

They hurried to the work site. Deep puddles had formed everywhere, threatening to engulf the equipment. The rain continued deluging down. Chairman Mao's teaching flashed into Wang's mind: **"Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory."**

He plunged into the water, followed immediately by his comrades, and they moved the equipment to a place of safety. In rescuing the state property, Wang had acted with utmost vigour. . . .

After his attempt to get Wang transferred failed, the assistant chief director again came to the site and picked an argument about the depth to which the piles should be sunk. Many veteran bridge builders were present.

"The Nanking Bridge must last for years," Wang insisted. "We must guarantee its quality. The present requirement for the piles is too shallow."

"It's been decided on the basis of careful calculations. We must believe in science."

"No one is more scientific than the working class. You've figured the piles too shallow, according to the geological conditions of both banks of the Yangtse. What's scientific about that?"

The assistant chief director gaped. Finally he said: "How deep do you say we should go?"

"Down to the coarse sand level."

"That's right," added Young Yu, a technician. "Sixteen metres deeper than the present requirement."

"What? Sixteen metres deeper?" the assistant chief director squawked. "You want to drill a hole right through the earth? Nothing doing. Out of the question. No country in the world sinks tubular piles so deep."

"You talk too much about other countries and impossibilities," Wang said. "We can do everything they can do, and a lot of things they can't. With the experience we picked up driving ten thousand metres without breaking a pile, we certainly can reach the coarse sand level." His hand cut the air emphatically.

Wang and the workers plainly were very determined. The assistant chief director frowned. "That's not up to me. Discuss it with the Party committee," he said.

The Party committee approved Wang's proposal. The workers and technicians, encouraged by Wang, overcame many difficulties and drove the tubular foundation piles for the bridge towers down to the

level of the coarse sand. Another world's record, another victory for Mao Tsetung Thought.

## Scaling the Heights

Heroes seize time by the forelock, time impels heroes to greater speed. The builders were about to put up the pre-stressed girders on the highway approach section of the bridge, a very tricky job.

It was late at night. In the barracks, the Communists, assembled by the Party branch, were studying Chairman Mao's works. Wang had been reading *The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains*. He quoted from it at a study discussion meeting, saying: "The work is advancing very rapidly. A key question right now is erecting the gantry crane so as to get those girders in. We've got to do it quickly and safely. Chairman Mao teaches: **'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.'**"

Meng agreed. "We Communists must act according to Chairman Mao's teachings. We must have the determination to surmount every difficulty to win victory." He proposed that they arouse and lead the masses for this purpose. The study session became a political mobilization meeting.

The next day was exceptionally hot and muggy. Wang discussed the questions raised at the previous night's study session with the workers and technicians.

In the office, the assistant chief engineer was talking with the assistant chief director about assembling the travelling overhead crane. "It's going to be bigger than the usual one," he was saying. "Over fifty metres high, twenty metres wide and weighing hundreds of tons. A single slip when we're putting it together could cause a serious accident."

"This is where you show your skill, brother," replied the assistant chief director. "You must plan it all very carefully."

"Of course, of course," the assistant chief engineer said smugly. "You needn't worry about that. I've already calculated its strength, rigidity and stability, and have drawn up effective regulations on safety and assembling." He pompously explained his ideas in specious detail.

The assistant chief director nodded. "No wonder you're considered one of China's leading bridge builders," he said admiringly. "But I'll have to talk with Wang about this. Otherwise we'll be in an awkward position. I'll call him and a few of the others in for a meeting this afternoon."

"All right," the assistant chief engineer agreed reluctantly.

That afternoon only the assistant chief director, the assistant chief engineer, Wang, some representatives of the veteran workers and a few technicians attended the meeting.

"I've invited you here to discuss setting up the crane," said the assistant chief director. "Our assistant chief engineer has a preliminary plan, so we'll ask him to speak first."

With a slight bow, the engineer spread his plan on the table and began, in a self-assured voice. "The key problem is mounting the big horizontal beam that forms the top of the crane. The beam weighs more than seventy tons and the two vertical side sections are over fifty metres high. It's a very tricky operation. To make sure that the sides don't fall while we're mounting the overhead beam, I've decided to lift it to the top in three stages."

Wang had built bridges and erected overhead cranes for years, but he had never heard of this method. "What do you mean?" he asked.

The assistant chief engineer was glad of the chance to display his "learning" and his "creative power." "We'll connect the sides first at twenty metres, then higher up, and lastly mount the big beam on the top. After that, we'll remove the two lower connections."

The idea sounded queer to the workers' representatives. Wang was the first to rise to his feet. "I have a different opinion."

The assistant chief engineer reddened, but he assumed an appearance of calm. "Let's hear it."

"Mounting the overhead beam in three stages doesn't take into consideration the present situation and the need for speed. Each linking of the vertical sides takes time. Linking them three times and dismantling them twice will take months. It will make heavy demands on the workers, waste a lot of labour, and slow the building of the approach."

"Well, what do you suggest?" the assistant chief director interrupted impatiently.

"Mount the beam in one go."

"What?" the assistant chief engineer was astonished.

Wang raised his voice. "Mount the beam in one go."

"Impossible," said the engineer. "Those sides would fall while we're doing it. They're over fifty metres high."

The assistant chief director dragged deeply on his cigarette. "Where a major engineering principle is involved," he said to Wang stiffly, "what the assistant chief engineer says goes. You fellows can work on small innovations. The travelling overhead crane is a crucial structure."

"That's a fundamentally wrong approach. Chairman Mao teaches us to have faith in the masses, to rely entirely on the working class. It seems to me if we follow Chairman Mao's teachings, there's no reason why we can't mount that beam in a single operation."

All the veterans agreed, but the assistant chief engineer refused to budge. The assistant chief director was not anxious to take sides. If he supported the assistant chief engineer, the workers and technicians would be displeased, and his job in the future would become more difficult. But he didn't want to support Wang's idea, because he wasn't sure of it.

Finally, he thought of a solution. He knew that Wang had always been too poor to go to school, and therefore couldn't write or draw very well. "There's a big division of opinion. We can't settle it here today," he said smoothly. "Both groups should draw up blueprints and detailed work methods and submit them to the Party committee." The assistant chief director gave the assistant chief engineer a meaningful smile.

"Good," said Wang. "We'll see whose proposal is better."

After the meeting the assistant chief engineer worked alone in the office. Referring to many books and materials, he rounded out his original plan. He was confident that in a few days he could complete a blueprint the leadership would approve.

As for Wang, he realized this was no mere debate over differing approaches in technique. "Chairman Mao teaches us to aim for qua-

lity and quantity, speed and economy," he thought, "but men like the assistant chief engineer try to hold us back. Chairman Mao says we should rely on the worker masses, but those fellows look down on the workers and believe only in the experts. They think differently from us workers, they travel a different road."

He found strength in Chairman Mao's words, and he pondered the words: **"The masses are the real heroes, while we ourselves are often childish and ignorant, and without this understanding it is impossible to acquire even the most rudimentary knowledge."** He sought the veteran workers and engineering technicians. Together, they consulted and studied. Before long, pooling their collective skill, they were able to draw up a blueprint for assembling the travelling overhead crane in one operation.

The Party committee approved Wang's plan.

Day and night, the men worked to assemble the crane. Soon, two tall side gantries towered fifty metres high, like pillars supporting the heavens on the north bank of the Yangtse. Thanks to the selfless efforts and iron determination of the workers, the day for mounting the crossbeam at last arrived.

It was late autumn, but the weather was exceptionally warm. Wang, all in a sweat, hurried to the assembling and hoisting section, carrying a blackboard, chalk and a handful of sorghum stalks. The men were waiting for him beneath the crane.

"What are those stalks for?" the workers asked, surprised.

Wang grinned. "Before we assemble the big overhead crane, I'd like to talk to you a little about the job."

There was a flurry of applause. All the workers, especially the young ones, enjoyed Wang's talks on technique. He was always practical, and explained the hardest problems in language easy to understand. His lectures were extremely helpful to their everyday work. The men called him "our homegrown expert."

"Putting this huge crane together in one operation will reflect credit on Chairman Mao and the working class," said Wang. "We must have a high sense of political responsibility. Some people are hoping we'll make fools of ourselves. Other well-meaning folk are urging us not to be too rash. But we've gone into the problem thoroughly.

We're confident we can bring it off. What do you say, comrades? Can we do it, or not?"

"Of course we can," shouted the men.

"A lot depends on this big crane. We can't set the pre-stressed girders on piers of the approach without it." Wang pointed at the standing row of piers, and the workers all looked in their direction. He took out his little red book of *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* and read: "**Hard work is like a load placed before us, challenging us to shoulder it.**" "**What is work? Work is struggle. . . . A good comrade is one who is more eager to go where the difficulties are greater.**"

Chairman Mao's teachings inspired the workers. They were determined to smash through the passes, scale the heights and wrest victory.

Wang also talked about the technical aspects of putting the beam in position, illustrating with his sorghum stalks. "We must observe safety precautions and co-ordinate well. The crane is over fifty metres tall and weighs hundreds of tons. If it collapses, the damage will be terrific," Wang warned. "I hear that during the occupation of our northeast provinces by the Japanese imperialists they paid no attention to workers' safety while erecting an overhead crane twenty metres high. When they were mounting the crossbeam, the whole structure toppled, killing and injuring many men.

"Today, under Chairman Mao's leadership, the working class holds political power. A socialist country is fundamentally different from a capitalist country. We stress safety. Chairman Mao is very concerned about us workers. We're issued safety belts, crash helmets, work clothes and gloves. Who ever heard of such things in the old society?"

Wang's words evoked memories in the minds of the older workers. Many told of their sufferings in the past, comparing these with the good conditions of the present. They vowed they would set the crossbeam in place in a single operation.

Morning. Frost covered the bridge site that morning, mantling it in silver. Huge shafts of coloured light radiated from the sun rising in the east.

Wang had got up early that morning and gone directly to the secretary of the Party committee. His breakfast consisted only of two steamed rolls and some pickled vegetables which he munched on the way. Next, he sought out veteran worker Chen and young technician Yu.

All preparations for mounting the crossbeam had been made. Wang was very pleased. With the other two he went to where the crane was to be assembled and checked the safety precautions.

"We'll divide the job," said Wang. "It will save time."

"Good, tell us what to do," said Chen and Yu.

"Check the entire electric circuit of the hoists with the electricians and fitters," he said to Yu, "and the main parts of the machinery." To Chen, he said: "You examine the hawsers and anchors. I'll take a look at the tops of the gantry sides."

"Why not let me do that?" said Yu. "I'm young and strong. It's no effort for me to climb."

Wang was moved by the young fellow's enthusiasm. A graduate of a special school in bridge building, Yu had developed rapidly politically. He integrated with the workers on the site, plunging into his tasks with no thought to how muddy or grimy he got. Recently, he had the honour of being admitted to the Chinese Communist Party. It warmed Wang's heart to see how well a new generation of bridge builders was maturing.

"No, I'll go," he said with a kindly smile. "It's no use arguing." He was off like a shot for the ladder. He climbed the rungs steadily until he reached the top.

By then it was seven o'clock. In neat formation, the morning shift marched in, vigorously singing *The East Is Red*. They were ready for battle.

The assistant chief director and assistant chief engineer also arrived. Three different states of mind existed among those present. The men taking a direct part in the mounting of the crossbeam were confident. Another group modestly wanted to learn from Wang and his mates. The third category was represented by the assistant chief director and the assistant chief engineer; they had come to laugh at the failure they

were sure would ensue. They stayed a good distance from the towering structure, lest it should fall on their heads.

Everything was ready. Eight hoists were attached to the seventy-ton crossbeam. Raising it would be a very tricky operation. The slightest carelessness or failure in timing would shift the balance of the rising beam and could be very dangerous. But Wang had no hesitation. He led the men in reading Chairman Mao's teaching: **"What we need is an enthusiastic but calm state of mind and intense but orderly work."**

Then he blew a blast on his whistle and the hoists began to move. Slowly, the huge beam left the ground. All eyes were on it, unblink-



ingly. When the beam reached a height of thirty centimetres, Wang sounded his whistle and signalled with his hand. The beam halted, then was lowered to the ground.

Had anything gone wrong? No? The experienced Wang was only testing for safety. Again he had a complete check made of the hoists, the gantry sides of the crane, the steel hawsers. . . . Everything was in order.

Two more times Wang raised the beam, first half a metre, then a whole metre from the ground, lowered it again, checked again. He was sure now.

Another blast of the whistle, another wave of the hand. Evenly, the beam began to climb. Everyone watched as it rose, and rose. . . . It quickly reached the required fifty-metre height. The red flags affixed to the beam fluttered bravely in the east wind. Running the length of the beam was a glittering streamer which read: "Long live invincible Mao Tsetung Thought!"

Drums and cymbals broke out in an exultant clamour. Wang and his comrades, combining a revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death with a strict scientific attitude, had successfully mounted the huge crossbeam into place, fifty metres above the ground.

"We mounted the beam in one operation." The workers shouted and danced for joy.

"Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!" Cheers rocked the heavens. Everyone rushed to congratulate Wang and shake his hand.

Smiling, he said: "Setting the beam in place in a single operation is another victory for Mao Tsetung Thought."

## New Accomplishments

In 1966 our great leader Chairman Mao enkindled the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. This revolutionary mass movement spread like a prairie fire.

At the bridge site, the workers criticized the assistant chief director and assistant chief engineer with thousands of revolutionary posters.

This revolutionary activity was quickly suppressed by persons carrying out the bourgeois reactionary line of big renegade Liu Shao-chi.

But then, like a clap of spring thunder, there appeared the famous poster "**Bombard the Headquarters,**" written by our great leader Chairman Mao. This was a clarion call for a general offensive by the proletarian headquarters, led by Chairman Mao with Vice-Chairman Lin Piao as his second in command, against the bourgeois reactionary line. The workers broke through the siege of terror laid down by the bourgeois reactionaries at the bridge site. Wang and the revolutionary masses, shouting the battle cry "**It is right to rebel against reactionaries!**" drove forward along the course charted by Chairman Mao, our great leader.

The sky is especially clear after rain. At the bridge site the revolutionary workers formed a united rebel organization. They held a big meeting and shouted the slogans: "Defend Chairman Mao! Defend the Party Central Committee!" "Revolution is right! To rebel is justified!" Drums thundered, cymbals crashed. A storm of revolution drove out the muck of the revisionists and the exploiting classes.

Wang rose to speak amid ardent applause. "The working class must unite and rebel against the bourgeois headquarters," he cried, his powerful hands clenching into fists. "Comrades, do we want to rebel against them?"

"We do!"

"Ought we rebel against them?"

"We ought!"

Again the slogans rang out: "Revolution is right! To rebel is justified!" "Defend the Party Central Committee! Defend Chairman Mao!" "Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

Speaking from his own experience, Wang told why he wanted to rebel. In conclusion, he said: "Ever since liberation, Chairman Mao and the Central Committee have been leading us in socialist revolution and construction. Our country has become strong and prosperous. But a handful of capitalist roaders who wormed their way into the Party have been blocking and sabotaging Chairman Mao's

revolutionary line, sabotaging socialist revolution and construction. They want to restore capitalism in China. Are we going to permit this, comrades?"

"Never!"

A quotation song welled up like a mighty tide: "**A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay. . . .**"

In the stormy Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Wang battled day and night. When the struggle at the bridge was at its height, the reactionaries craftily began using economic measures in a sneak attack. The assistant chief director proclaimed new regulations increasing wage and welfare benefits, in an attempt to divert the orientation of the revolutionary struggle.

Then, the workers of Shanghai seized power from the hands of the capitalist roaders in January 1967. Encouraged by this event, they responded enthusiastically to Chairman Mao's great call: "**Proletarian revolutionaries, unite and seize power from the handful of Party persons in authority taking the capitalist road!**" They took back the power the capitalist roaders had usurped at the bridge project. The tumultuous cultural revolution rose to a new high.

One evening Wang and his comrades were planning their work. "Our horizontal girders are extended very far over the water, and this is the typhoon season," said Wang. "If we don't link up soon and a big wind blows, those girders are liable to fall into the river. I hate to think of what that would mean."

"Old Wang is right," said one of the men. "Can't we advance the link-up? Actually, what we're fighting here is a political battle."

Everyone considered this proposal. "**The masses are the real heroes.**" That's what Chairman Mao teaches us," said Wang. "If we really encourage their initiative and rely on the proletarian revolutionaries, we surely can complete the link-up earlier. We should rouse the masses at once."

"Right." The others were fully confident.

They started the next day. Wang headed a large work contingent to the foremost extension of the growing structure. The drone of the cranes and the sharp staccato of the riveting guns blended in heroic song with the roar of the tractors hauling more girders. From that

day forward, Wang, the workers, the cadres and technicians worked and slept and studied Chairman Mao's works upon the high steel beams.

For more than a month they battled. Finally, in the midst of the storm of class struggle, the proletarian revolutionaries triumphantly linked ahead of schedule the two sections of the bridge advancing from either shore.

Beneath a cloudless sky, the workers lined up in ranks, as drums and cymbals exulted, to welcome a contingent of PLA men who had come to support the Left.

"We heartily welcome the People's Liberation Army!" shouted the workers. "Learn from the PLA! We salute the PLA!"

"We firmly support the proletarian revolutionaries!" responded the soldiers. "With the army and the people united as one, we are invincible!" The entire work site seethed with enthusiasm. Clearly, the army loved the people, the people supported the army, they were as inseparable as fish and water.

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution had reached a crucial stage, with the bourgeoisie trying to wrest the power seized by the proletariat. Now the PLA had come to support the proletarian revolutionaries. Wang was extremely moved. He strode forward and pumped the hand of Comrade Ma, leader of the PLA contingent.

"We've been longing for your arrival," said Wang, tears of happiness in his eyes.

"Chairman Mao has sent us to stand with the proletarian revolutionaries," Ma responded warmly.

Everyone burst into applause. Ma shook hands with all the members of the welcoming committee. Then he walked with Wang to the office of the revolutionary rebel group, followed by several young workers.

The office was an unpretentious place. On the wall facing the door was a large picture of our great leader Chairman Mao. Nearby, pamphlets of his works were arrayed.

Comrade Ma was pleased. "I'm glad to see you're keeping on with the simple style of the old Anti-Japanese Military and Political College we had in Yen-an in the old days."

"Chairman Mao teaches us to wage revolution frugally and by arduous struggle," said Wang.

Ma smiled. "That's characteristic of our proletariat." He looked at the rebel group's banner, made of red paper, hanging on the wall. "Not bad," he nodded.

"Old Wang has always insisted that we follow Chairman Mao's teaching '**Effect the greatest economy,**'" said one of the young men. "When we first formed our revolutionary organization, some people wanted a red satin banner. But Wang said with a banner of red paper we could rebel against the capitalist roaders just as well; every penny we save for the state is a penny to the good. And so we made this one."

Li, another young fellow, came up to Wang and said: "I'm going out for a while."

"What for?"

"To buy some more black ink and red paper. Ours are all gone."

"We've a lot of scrap paper here. You can sell that and buy some good paper with the money. Also we have paper that's only been used on one side. You can turn it over and write on the other side. As for ink, there's no need to buy any of that, either. We have several empty bottles. You can get ink if you wash them out with a little water. It will be pale but readable. We must save every penny we can of the state's money."

Young Li agreed, and left with the scrap paper. Wang's saving ways, so typical of a veteran worker, are well worth emulating, he thought. He recalled something that happened a few years before, when he first joined the bridge job. Li had been eating in the canteen and left half a steamed roll he was unable to finish. Wang called after him: "You've forgotten your roll." Li had shaken his head. "I'm full." Wang picked it up and ate it. "People do a lot of work to raise grain and turn it into flour," he said. "Half a steamed roll doesn't seem like much, but it's not a small thing. When you leave it, you're tossing aside the fruit of the people's labour, you're tossing aside the essential quality of the working class." From then on, Young Li did his best to model himself after Wang, and learned from him many excellent working class qualities.

Observing all this, Comrade Ma was much impressed. His own kindly and affectionate manner, in the tradition of the old Eighth Route Army, also made a deep impression on Wang.

"With the support of the PLA, we certainly will be able to wage the cultural revolution even better," Wang said happily.

"We've come to spread Mao Tsetung Thought," said Ma, "and to learn from the working class."

"Industry should learn from Taching, agriculture from Tachai, and the whole country from the People's Liberation Army."

They had a very friendly chat. Other comrades told Ma about the situation of the cultural revolution at the bridge site.

"Good," said Ma approvingly. "We must continue studying Chairman Mao's works, do more criticism of revisionism and bourgeois ideas, grasp revolution and promote production."

With the arrival of the PLA, everyone studied and applied the works of Chairman Mao in a living way with more enthusiasm than ever. The army comrades helped the proletarian revolutionaries set up a leadership group, of which Wang was elected the main member.

But a handful of concealed counter-revolutionaries and unreformed landlords, rich peasants, counter-revolutionaries, scoundrels and Rightists, persisted in their feverish attempts to seize political power from the proletariat. They intrigued, spread rumours and created incidents, in an attempt to split the proletarian revolutionaries, encouraged anarchy, provoked the masses to fight among themselves, and schemed to create work-stoppages. Using both Rightist and extreme "Leftist" tactics, they did everything they could to stir up opposition to the PLA and directed the spearhead of their attacks against the proletarian headquarters led by Chairman Mao with Vice-Chairman Lin Piao as his second in command. The class struggle was very sharp.

Summers in Nanking are hot and oppressive. Even with his shirt open, Wang felt the heat. He had been running around a lot in the past few days, arousing the masses, organizing meetings to criticize the capitalist roaders and to expose the bad elements who had been attacking the PLA. At the same time he had been talking with cadres,

urging them to encourage the initiative of the masses, to grasp revolution and promote production. He hadn't had a good night's sleep for some time.

But Wang's spirits were high. He made strict demands on himself. A Communist must be a determined revolutionary, battling to defend Chairman Mao's revolutionary line, he thought. He met one evening in the crude office with Comrade Ma, of the PLA unit supporting the Left, and several other comrades in the leadership group. They discussed recent developments at the bridge.

"Since the PLA comrades supporting the Left arrived, they have helped us organize several criticism and accusation meetings," said Wang. "These went so well that the handful of class enemies are quaking in their shoes. Chairman Mao teaches us: '**Never forget class struggle.**' We mustn't get careless. The class enemies are floundering wildly. They're spreading all kinds of counter-revolutionary talk, saying, 'Without the help of such-and-such a person, this bridge cannot be built.' That's a trick to snatch power from the hands of the proletariat, but we're not going to let them get away with it."

"Old Wang is right," said Comrade Ma. "The pivotal question in class struggle is 'power.' A handful of class enemies want to stir up trouble so as to attack the PLA and seize power in the confusion. They want to make a come-back. We must fight them to the finish."

"We won't withdraw until we've won complete victory," cried Young Li.

"We must put our whole effort into grasping revolution and promoting production," said Wang. "With revolution providing production's motive force, we must hurry and finish the girder work on the highway approaches ahead of time."

"I entirely agree," said Comrade Ma. "My suggestion is that we hold an accusation and criticism meeting tonight, exposing the sabotage of the handful of class enemies. This will further stimulate the enthusiasm of the proletarian revolutionaries for revolution and production."

That night a mass meeting was held, excoriating the handful of class enemies.

Wang spoke angrily. "We're here tonight to expose a few bad eggs. Working in collaboration with scoundrels on the outside, they beat up a storm and attacked our PLA unit here."

"Down with anyone who opposes the PLA!" roared the crowd. They shook their fists, and the exposed rascals cringed.

Towards the end of the meeting Wang, representing the leadership group, again spoke. "Chairman Mao teaches us to **'grasp revolution and promote production.'** We shall do as he says," Wang proclaimed. "Revolution must be the motive force of production. Our Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution shall impel us to **'go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism.'**"

He then explained in detail the plan for hastening the girder work on the highway approaches. The meeting brought a new upsurge in **"grasping revolution and promoting production."**

## Breaking New Paths

Flowing endlessly east, the Yangtse River shimmered in the moonlight. It was late, and Wang, after a hard day's work, walked slowly towards his barracks. He turned back occasionally to gaze at the bridge site. In the blazing illumination of electric bulbs, mercury lamps and spotlights, it was as bright as day. The night shift was hard at work.

He hadn't wanted to leave the site, although his comrades had urged him to go back and rest. "I was oppressed and exploited in the old society," he told them. "Though I toiled day and night, I was always cold and hungry. We workers had no power, then. Today, Chairman Mao wants the working class to exercise political power. We work for the Party and the people, building this bridge for our socialist motherland. A bit more work, a bit more weariness — what do they matter?"

Only after the repeated urging of the army representative did Wang reluctantly leave the site.

When he returned to his quarters, he put on his reading glasses, opened his *Selected Works of Mao Tsetung* and turned to *Serve the People*.

Wang never missed a day, studying Chairman Mao's writings. The more problems arose in class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment, the more he delved into Chairman Mao's works.

Slowly, the moon sailed towards the west. The railway tier of the Nanking Bridge was already completed, and now a train hurtled towards Peking through the night. Wang rose and glanced out of the window. He draped over his shoulders the padded tunic he had worn in Korea. It had been patched and re-patched many times. Then he went on with his study of *Serve the People*. Mulling over the words **"wholly"** and **"entirely,"** he recalled an incident which had happened that day.

A crane was setting a pre-stressed girder into place on the highway approach. Another girder was arriving rapidly on the narrow-gauge railway. Wang was glad for the efficiency. But then it stopped. Was there anything wrong with the engine? He hurried over. Nothing was wrong. It was only halted by another train ahead of it. This hindered the girder work. Wang's anger grew at the capitalist roaders and bourgeois experts on the bridge project.

He had foreseen this difficulty and made a concrete proposal a year before: Run a curving section of track between piers 13 and 14 of the highway approach and connect the two lines of narrow-gauge running parallel on either side. This would provide them with more mobility. But the assistant chief director and assistant chief engineer had rejected Wang's idea.

"If you put that section in and the train turns over on the curve, you'll have to bear full responsibility," they warned him. The assistant chief engineer called Wang to his office for a private talk. "It can't be done," he said. "Railway technique does not allow a track curve with a radius of less than a hundred and fifty metres, besides —"

Wang walked out on him. Several times later he renewed his request, but the assistant chief engineer kept stalling. Once he said he was considering an alternative plan. Once he said he would put in a special siding. This, Wang firmly opposed. He said not only would it use a lot of farm land, it would also consume a lot of labour

and materials. As a result, the matter kept being delayed, and was never solved.

Now, proletarian headquarters had requested that the bridge be opened to traffic, vehicular as well as railway, ahead of time. The workers were in high spirits, and construction proceeded at a flying pace. But the stoppages and delays on the narrow-gauge supply line were getting worse. If no connecting curve were set in, they were sure to fall behind schedule.

A faint glow of red appeared in the east. Wang went to the window and breathed deeply of the fresh air. He straightened up the room a bit, put on his wicker helmet and headed for the work site, eating a couple of steamed rolls as he walked.

Comrade Ma, the army representative, was already there. He was discussing with several veteran workers how to accelerate the construction of the highway approaches. He hailed Wang.

"What are you doing here so early?"

"You got here even earlier."

"Old Ma came yesterday," Chen, who was standing beside him, put in. "He worked right through the night."

Wang smacked the armyman on the shoulder. "Last night you made me rest. Why didn't you rest yourself? You should set an example for us, army representative."

Everybody laughed.

Ma waved his hand. "Never mind about that. Let's hold an on-the-spot meeting and see what we can do about these highway approaches. What do you say, Wang?"

"Right," the others all agreed.

Wang pulled out his little red book. "Come on, then. We'll study some quotations from Chairman Mao, first."

**"It is man's social being that determines his thinking. Once the correct ideas characteristic of the advanced class are grasped by the masses, these ideas turn into a material force which changes society and changes the world."** Chairman Mao's teaching was read aloud in unison.

"We must finish the highway approaches ahead of time, so that the whole bridge will be open to traffic on New Year's day," said Ma.

"Proletarian headquarters led by Chairman Mao with Vice-Chairman Lin Piao as his second in command has issued this fighting call. It is an honourable but difficult political task. We must complete it. We must study the 'Three Constantly Read Articles' hard and be entirely devoted to the people in our thinking. We also must rely on the masses, encourage their initiative."

Ma punctuated his words with emphatic moves of his right hand. His lean face glowed with confidence.

"I thought about this a long time, last night," Wang said. "We've only fifty days till the end of the year. If we're to get the highway finished by then, we must solve this transport problem. We can't permit a conflict between the flatcars carrying the girders and the gondola cars with the materials."

"How can you prevent it," Chen inserted. "Tell us clearly."

"I will. Keep your shirt on. Run a curved track between the thirteenth and fourteenth piers, connecting the two lines. I made this proposal before, but it was turned down by the assistant chief engineer and his friends. Now we've got to solve this. We can have the flatcars with the girders switch over on to the curve. That will save time and shorten the distance. The lines beyond pier 13 will then be left open for delivering the materials they need up ahead."

"A very good idea." Ma was pleased. "It's disgraceful the way the capitalist roader and bourgeois expert have been suppressing the workers' rationalization proposals. Power is in the hands of the working class. We should innovate boldly. I support Wang's idea." Then, to Wang: "How do you intend going about it?"

"I'd like to get some of the old workers and railway comrades together during lunch hour and talk it over. They're bound to have a lot of good ideas."

Ma nodded.

At noon, they met in a small room and discussed setting in a section of S curved track. The more they talked, the more animated they became. They offered many concrete suggestions.

Wang was delighted. "That's it, then," he said with an emphatic gesture. "You can notify the others. I'll talk it over with Old Ma tonight. Tomorrow, we'll start work."

The next day the battle began.

Red banners fluttered, fighting songs rang out. Revolutionary cadres, young Red Guards, wives and children, all joined in the work. Some filled in and levelled the ground, some laid the road bed, some carried the wooden railway sleepers, others shouldered the steel rails. All were determined and in high spirits. The vivacious Young Li invented another jingle:

Heroes lay an S curved track,  
We'll open the road tier before the year's end,  
To celebrate our Ninth Party Congress  
And wish Chairman Mao a long, long life.

Young Li's jingle roused everyone to still greater efforts. They bustled about, full of verve.

As Wang was raising a sleeper to his shoulder, Chen walked over and said: "There are still those who say our S curved track won't work."

"Chairman Mao teaches us: **'New things always have to experience difficulties and setbacks as they grow.'** Our S track is something new," replied Wang. "We must answer the sceptics by making it work."

"Right." Chen helped Wang put the sleeper on his shoulder. Then he toted another one himself, and the two proceeded to where the railway bed was being prepared.

The job progressed rapidly. At noon, Wang remained at the site, thinking about the next step. "Chairman Mao teaches us," he mused: "**In this world, things are complicated and are decided by many factors. We should look at problems from different aspects, not from just one.**" With the S track, the flatcars will be able to shorten the distance and save time. That's one aspect of it. But how to ensure the safety of the girders while the cars are round the curve — that's another question."

He carefully examined the two flatcars on which the ends of the big girder would rest. He ran his hands over the wheels, then over the large turntable on each car. If he shortened the distance between the two cars, they could round the curves in the tracks better. . . . Wang suggested this to a few of the veterans present.

Chen nodded. "Good. That will save trouble and expense."

Wang thought a moment. "Of course it will also create another problem. Bringing the cars closer together will make the ends of the girder stick out that much more. Going around the curve, the girder may fall off, or it may slide and hit its ends against one of the piers." Again the experienced worker-engineer pondered.

"Got it," he suddenly cried. "We'll make the turntables fully automatic and clamp the girder to them firmly. That will hold it steady on the curves and prevent it from poking the piers or falling off." He demonstrated with a few sticks.

The veterans heartily agreed.

A few days later, everyone gathered to watch the first attempt to bring a big girder along the S curve. Comrade Ma and the workers were chatting warmly when the whistle of the approaching train sounded. A hush fell on the crowd as the girder, over thirty metres long and as high as man, hove into sight. Wang rode the locomotive, a confident expression on his face. He waved to the men lining the tracks.

Slowly the train neared the S track. A hundred metres away, fifty, twenty. . . . The spectators watched breathlessly. The screech of its wheels as it moved into the first turn set the strings of everyone's heart trembling.

Steadily the train advanced. Because the turntables rotated freely, the huge girder adjusted smoothly to the twists in the tracks.

Leaving the S section, the train again picked up speed.

"We've won!"

"Long live Chairman Mao! A long, long life to Chairman Mao!"

The work site became a ferment of joy. Applause, pounding drums, crashing cymbals, cheers, shook the air in volley after volley.

Removed from the flatcars, the huge beam rose steadily in the grip of the giant crane, higher and higher, following Wang's whistle signals. It seemed to grow smaller as it rose, until it looked like a big steel rail, suspended in the blue.

Two blasts on Wang's whistle, another wave of his hand, and the massive pre-stressed girder settled into position. Because it had come along the S curve, the time from the girder yard to the highway approach structure had been shortened considerably.

"The capitalist roader and the bourgeois expert said that a girder carried along the S curve would either hit against the piers or fall off or topple the flatcars," Wang said to the crane operators. "The facts have proven that the 'lowly' are most intelligent and the 'elite' are the stupidest. Workers armed with Mao Tsetung Thought can create miracles."

"Absolutely right," said Chen. "We'll bring those two here tomorrow and let the facts educate them. We'll see what they have to say about the S curve now."

"Fine," cried a tall sturdy young fellow. "I'll notify them."

The next day again dawned fine and clear. Trucks shuttled to and fro. The site was a hive of activity. A big young man slowly walked the sleepers of the narrow-gauge railway. Behind him trailed two men, one fat, one thin. All were heading for a pier to which girders were being added. When the crane operators saw them approaching, they stopped what they were doing and waited.

Flatcars carrying a girder were halted on the beginning of the S curve ahead. A man jumped down from the car and hurried towards the pier.

"Old Wang," shouted Chen, for it was he who had been accompanying the girder. Chen went forward to meet him. "Those two are here."

Wang and Chen strode to the pier shoulder to shoulder. The former assistant chief director and the former assistant chief engineer stood with bowed heads. "Take a look at this S curve," said Wang. "What do you think of it?"

There was a silence. Finally the bourgeois engineering expert said: "The track is well laid. But the flatcars won't be able to go round it with that girder."

Several workers burst out laughing.

"You still say it can't be done?" Wang waved his hand. "We already did it, yesterday. Look up. What's that, on top of the pier? There's the girder we delivered."

The expert stared. Sure enough, there was a new girder, high aloft. His face turned brick red. He couldn't say a word.

Then and there, many of the construction workers criticized the capitalist roader and the bourgeois expert for placing technique and expertise above all. Confronted by the facts, they were forced to admit the criticism was justified.

"Toot!" The flatcars came rolling round the S curve. Wang clambered on board and waved for everyone to clear the track. The small train soon delivered the girder to its destination. "Stand aside," Wang called to the capitalist roader and the bourgeois expert. "We're going to mount this new girder." He blew on his whistle. The crane operators and other workers immediately swung into action.

Faster and faster moved the pace of construction. As 1969 was being welcomed in, the Nanking Bridge opened to traffic, both rail and vehicular, a full six months ahead of time.

At the opening ceremony shouts of "Long live our great leader Chairman Mao!" burst through the clouds and rocked the heavens.

## For Ever Forward

Proletarian headquarters headed by Chairman Mao with Vice-Chairman Lin Biao as his second in command decided that the Nanking Bridge builders should send a worker delegate to the Ninth Party Congress. The good news spread quickly. Everyone said they would choose their most excellent representative to participate in the congress and see our great leader Chairman Mao.

The project's Party members and revolutionary masses were unanimous in their selection of Comrade Wang Chao-chu to attend the historic meeting. Wang wept tears of joy when the leadership formally notified him. "Long live Chairman Mao," he exclaimed. "A long, long life to Chairman Mao."

That night, sitting alone, the precious red book *Quotations From Chairman Mao Tsetung* in hand, he experienced an upsurge of emotion in his heart, which lasted quite a while. His eyes swimming with tears, he gazed with deep emotion at the picture of the great leader in the *Quotations*. "Chairman Mao," he murmured, "we construction workers think of you constantly. Soon I'll be able to go to Peking and see you. That's the most earnest desire of all us bridge builders. It

will be the greatest happiness I have ever known. I haven't done nearly enough for the Party and the people. I'm a far cry from what the Party expects of Communists. Yet the Party and the people have given me this great honour. From now on, dear Chairman Mao, I definitely will follow your teachings and **'serve the people wholeheartedly.'** I shall fight for the cause of communism all my life."

He left his quarters and went to talk with the old friends beside whom he had waged so many struggles.

As he walked along, Wang gazed at the big bridge. It was ablaze with lights which clearly illuminated a large banner: "Long live our great leader Chairman Mao." The bright red plexiglass flags gleamed atop each of the tall towers. The city of Nanking, across the river, was already festive in anticipation of the coming congress.

Wang proceeded slowly. He saw a congratulatory announcement written on a piece of red paper: "We warmly congratulate Comrade Wang Chao-chu on the honour of being a delegate to the Ninth Party Congress." Wang was deeply moved. Everyone he met — men with whom he worked every day, members of workers' families, little Red Soldiers — enthusiastically pumped his hand and congratulated him. They all exhorted him when he got to Peking and saw our great leader to cheer "Long live Chairman Mao!" a few more times for them.

He called on all the people he knew. From Chang's house, he went to see Meng. The door was ajar. Meng lived in one of the new flats for the bridge builders. In the sitting room on the centre of the wall was a picture of Chairman Mao, with quotations pasted on either side. Chairman Mao's illustrious works rested neatly on a small table.

Meng was studying beside the table as usual that night. He was immersed in *Serve the People*. Wang entered softly, so as not to disturb him. After a while, Meng noticed that Wang was standing beside him. He rose hastily.

"Have a chair," he said cordially. "I didn't hear you come in."

"You were too absorbed in your study." Wang sat down.

"When are you leaving for Peking?" Meng asked.

"Very soon," Wang replied happily.

"You'll see Chairman Mao. That's your honour, and an honour to all us bridge workers. Who had any regard for workers like us in the old society?" Meng demanded excitedly. "We were treated like animals. But Chairman Mao had regard for us. He had the greatest confidence in us. He led us workers and peasants to liberation, to becoming the masters of our society. We'll never forget what he has done for us."

For a moment Meng fell silent. Then he continued: "But how did that renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi treat us? Like slaves. He said workers and peasants had a hard time when they weren't exploited. He wanted the capitalists to exploit us even more. What a dirty swine."

"Our great leader Chairman Mao saw through Liu's counter-revolutionary plot long ago." Wang also was aroused. "Now the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has won a big victory. We've overthrown renegade, traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, and the Ninth Party Congress is about to start. We must grasp revolution and promote production by our practical actions."

The more these two old workers talked, the more animated they became. It was already eleven by then, and Wang rose to his feet.

"As the representative of us bridge builders you must look all you can at our dear Chairman Mao," Meng said feelingly.

Two calloused hands met in a fervent clasp.

Crimson clouds filled the eastern sky the next morning. The streets of Nanking looked especially spacious and clean. A few automobiles tore along in the direction of the airfield. When they arrived, Wang got out. How different the circumstances were from the first time he saw an airfield.

That was during the anti-Japanese war. He was looking for work and had just got off the boat in Talien in the northeast. There were man-eaters on all sides in those days. As he wandered along, he saw a gang of Japanese tying up a badly beaten young man, who fought them desperately.

Wang, angrily clenching his fists, was about to attempt a rescue. But just then a truck rolled up and screeched to a stop. Japanese sol-

diers jumped down and threw the young man inside. Wang grew worried. How could he save him now?

To his surprise, the Japanese grabbed him too. They put him into the truck and blindfolded him. After a while it again halted. He was taken to a narrow room and the blindfold removed.

“What are you doing in Talien?” a Japanese demanded.

“Looking for work,” he replied.

The Japanese didn't believe him. They insisted Wang was spying on their military airfield. Only then did Wang realize that the broad stretch of land over which he had been walking had been usurped by the Japanese imperialists for an airfield. He was furious.

His captors tied him to a bench and forced pepper water up his nose... Recalling those events today, Wang burned with class and national hatred.

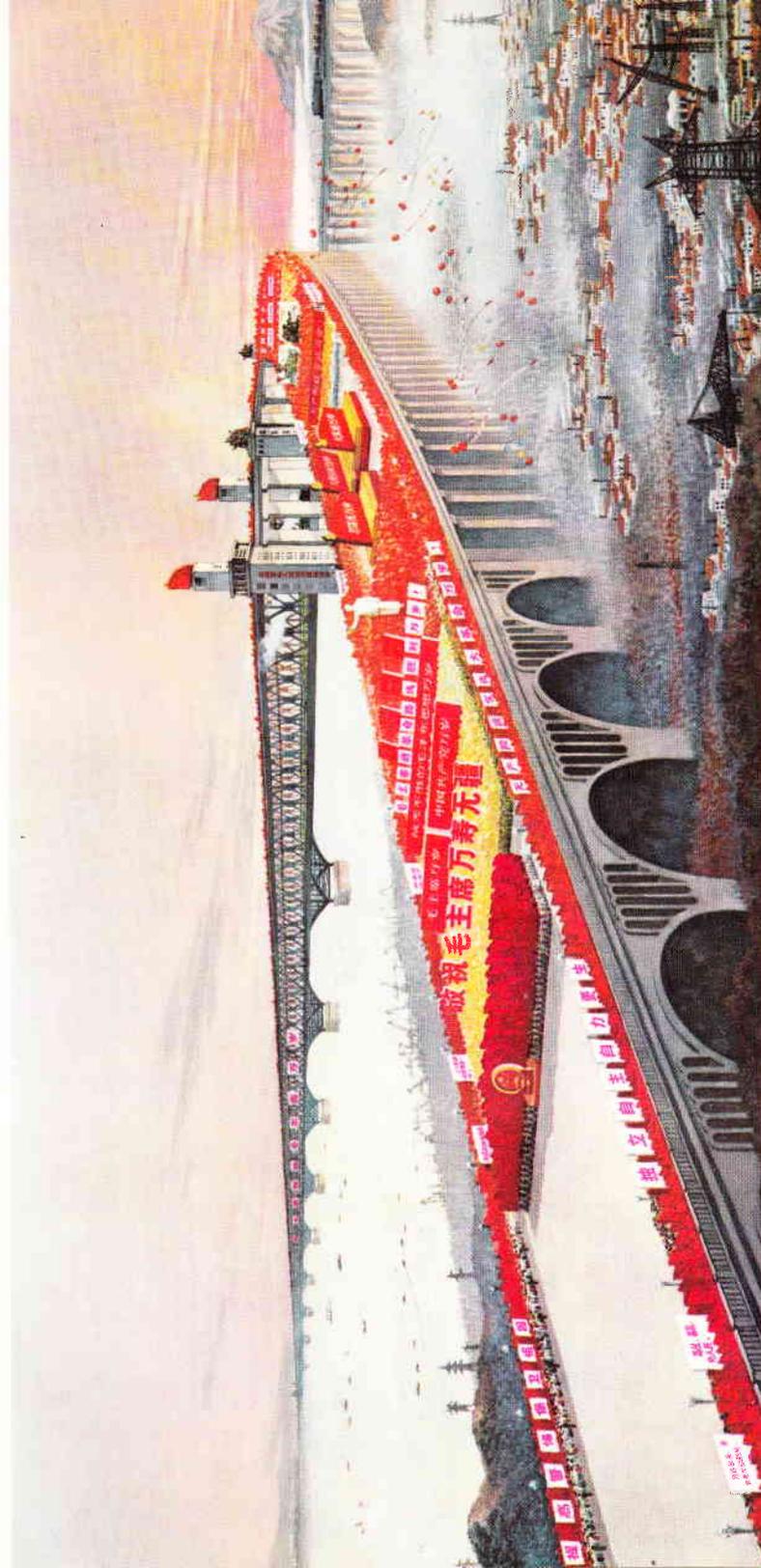
“What are you thinking about?” asked a leader of the provincial revolutionary committee who was seeing him off.

“I was thinking...” Wang smiled and his face cleared. “I was thinking how fortunate we workers are today.”

The sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky. A silvery plane took off and winged towards Peking, where Chairman Mao lives.

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*The Yangtse River Bridge at Nanking* ►  
(water-colour painting)



## The First Shot Is Fired

The towers of the two pile-drivers were several dozen metres high. They stood erect amid the clouds like twin giants. On their tops red flags fluttered; along their shafts two huge steam hammers, each weighing more than ten tons, thumped joyously, with strokes that shook heaven and earth. Mountains were blithe and gay, rivers wreathed in smiles. Puffs of steam billowing from the large valves enfolded the steel towers like weltering white clouds. A slogan in red trailing down from the top of one of the towers read: "Dare to scale a mountain of swords and wade through a sea of fire; add resolution to revolution and rush out the '125'!" It added extra stateliness to the steel towers.

Shortly before, the pile-driver men, vanguard of the project, had fired the first shot in laying the foundation for China's first 125,000-kw. steam turbo-generating set with inner water-cooled stator and rotor, up to the advanced world level.

Whee-ee-ee! The whistle in the mouth of a robust worker shrilled once. At the wave of the signal-flags in his hands the steam hammers

began cannonading cheerfully. Before you could finish two cigarettes, a couple of reinforced concrete piles, tall as two telephone poles and bigger than two arms could encircle, had been completely driven into the earth.

The signal man was no other than Communist Wang Chi-chun, a middle-aged worker of average height.

Since his arrival at the building site, Wang had been pile driving day and night. The project called for the sinking of more than 300 piles. According to the old routine the job should take at least a month. But building the "125" was a political battle against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction in the race for time and speed. A leisurely pace would never do.

So, when their company was given the task, all the workers expressed their heroic determination with this slogan: "Add resolution to revolution and rush out the '125'!"

Wang's spirits soared. He consulted with his mates and they decided to hand in a pledge to the commanding group. Wang rolled up his sleeves, took a brush pen and wrote these striking words: "We guarantee to complete the task in ten days!"

The battle was just about to start when the weather stirred up trouble for them. Rain pattered for days on end. It showed no signs of stopping.

Determined to meet their ten day deadline, Wang and his companions, all rain-coats and rubber boots, went to look over the foundation site.

The place was an uneven open field. In winter, brittle weeds about waist high shivered in the wind. Now they had been flattened by the tread of workers bringing equipment. The rain had turned the field into a mire. Pools of water had gathered in the depressions. Even walking was difficult there, to say nothing of driving piles.

According to the rules formulated by bourgeois technical "authorities," no work should be done in rain or wind, or under poor operational conditions, or before the ground is leveled. If the men abided by these revisionist formulas, all they could do is wait.

Fight through the storm or follow the old rules and wait for the Heavens to "co-operate"? That was the question.

"We can't wait, even a minute!" Wang adjusted the rain-coat over his shoulders, wiped the water from his face.

"The year's harvest depends on spring," he said. "Ours is the opening battle of the project. We must fire a first shot of the highest speed and finest quality."

All splashed their way to the steel towers. Shaking their fists they vowed: "We'll do it, even if the skies rain iron!"

As the man in charge, Wang felt he should cherish and sustain the enthusiasm of the masses. "Comrades," he suggested, "we must take heed of safety to ensure victory. The ground is slippery. What about spreading a layer of cinders?"

All agreed and rushed to fetch spades, carts and other tools.

Night was approaching. Meanwhile the weather had taken a turn for the better. Wang removed his rain-coat, rolled up his sleeves and dug in with a spade.

Presently someone patted him on the shoulder and said solicitously, "That's enough for this evening, Wang. Go home and look after your children."

Wang turned round and saw Old Lin, a member of the revolutionary committee. Wang's wife had died of illness only recently, leaving five children. That was why Lin urged him home.

"It's all right. They can take care of themselves." Wang went on with his work.

"Your family burdens are heavy," said Master Lu who was working by Wang's side. "Go home earlier. We will finish the job."

"No, thanks. Private problems, however large, don't matter. Nothing must delay the '125' even a second."

Many people like Wang Chi-chun emerge from the heroic collective at the work site. To contend with imperialism, revisionism and all reaction for time and speed, they plunged themselves heart and soul into their work without the least thought of themselves.

When it got light next morning, the steam hammers began roaring, snorting out clouds of vapour. The Heavens seemed intent on harrassing them. They were alternately attacked by wind, rain, snow and fog. Piercingly cold gales slashed their faces, sleet wormed into their collars. In one night the earth was covered with a carpet of white. The mer-

cury swiftly dropped to ten degrees C. below zero. Braving the severe weather the workers hurried about their tasks, trampling the thick snow into a cauldron of quagmire.

As the walloping of the steam hammer went on, the piles thudded into the earth one after another. The daily rate steadily increased. The work was progressing smoothly.

On the fourth morning the storm subsided but dense fog closed in. Trucks on the highway advanced at a low speed, blowing their horns. The fog was densest on the banks of Huangpu River where the work site was located. The men could hear each other's voices but could not see anyone. Even if they clasped hands and stood face to face, they could not distinguish their opposite's features.

This was a serious threat to the work. There was no way for the men on the ground to give directions to those thirty metres above. Signal-flags were not visible.

"In the past when there was a little mist, we stopped work," someone cried. "Now you can't even see each other's nose, standing face to face. How can we operate?"

Should they wait? Wang's brows knitted. Gazing at the fog he said to himself, "If we wait for the fog to disperse, we'll have to stop at least half a day. In this era when one day equals twenty years, we can't afford to lose half a day." He threw down the signal-flags and exclaimed, "Dense fog can blind our eyes but it can't stop our voices. We can shout!"

"Right," responded the workers steadfastly. "The voice of the working class can surely overwhelm the fog."

All plunged into the battle, giving full play to the spirit of **"courage in battle, no fear of sacrifice."** Yin, a young fellow who worked on heights, had acquired his skill by tenacious effort. Now, groping for the rungs, he climbed the icy steel ladder to the top. Men on the ground also went about their jobs like playing blindman's-buff.

Wang gave several blasts on his whistle, but they did not convey much. So he curved his hands around his mouth and cried word by word, "Pay—attention to—safety—measures. Are—you—ready?" His sonorous voice made the sky ring.

"I — am — ready," came Yin's answer from above, which reverberated the whole construction site.

Wang made a round in the murky fog, carefully checking the preparations. Then he shouted, "Unlock — the hammer!"

"Right!"

"Open the steam valve. Aim at imperialism, revisionism and all reaction and hit hard!"

Boom! Boom! Boom! The steam hammer pounded in the dense fog. It scared imperialism, revisionism and all reaction out of their wits, smashed to smithereens those rules and routines formulated by bourgeois technical "authorities" forbidding workers to drive piles on foggy days.

The workers shouted themselves hoarse and got wet to the skin, but they never slackened. Piles, one after another, drove deep into the ground.

Because they had the **"spirit to fight the enemy to the last drop of our blood,"** the workers overcame one of the densest fogs in years. But the Heavens had not finished testing the builders of the "125." A northwester followed when the fog had gone. The wind became very strong in the afternoon. Muddy waves boiled in the river and saplings on the banks were pressed almost to the ground. Young Yin swayed right and left atop the tower of a pile driver, as if rocking in a cradle. The whole earth and sky seemed to swing. The howling gale was a menace to safety and to the work.

"For the honour of Chairman Mao, we must fight the gale and keep driving piles," thought Yin. At that moment, the loudspeaker announced, "Comrades, here's a write-up about Comrade Wang Chichun, commending him for his living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought. The script is by the pile-driving team."

Yin looked down and saw Wang with his tunic open, bustling about like an eagle in the tempest. He was to lift a long pile into driving position. Yin murmured to himself, "He works for public interest whole-heartedly, an earnest Communist!"

In Wang's mind, nothing was more important than revolutionary work. What a joy to struggle with heaven, with earth, with man! This was his understanding of personal happiness.

When Wang finished his preparations, he raised his head and shouted, "Young Yin, can you manage in the gale? Are you sure?"

"Sure!" replied Yin promptly. He had heard only Wang's last word. Determined to learn from Wang's revolutionary spirit he added, "The gale may be strong, but it is not as strong as our determination. Just give the order. Let's get on with it."

Wang could not hear him clearly. He was very fond of the young man. Looking up, he enjoined him at the top of his voice, "Remember Chairman Mao's teaching: **'strategically we should despise all our enemies, but tactically we should take them all seriously.'** To battle with the gale we need both spunk and caution. Take care!"

Wang whistled, then waved his signal-flags. The pile was held erect, the hammer was unlocked. Wang roared out this rhyme:

From the bare ground a tall building starts,  
Pile-driving workers the foundation lay.  
Fire our project's opening gun,  
Hasten power's generation day.

At another wave of his flags the steam hammer began bounding cheerfully.

The undriven piles dwindled from two hundred to one hundred, to fifty, to thirty. Soon there were only five left. Victory was at hand.

All of a sudden white clouds of steam burst from the big valve popularly known as the "old mother hen." The pressure inside the pipe line was too high.

"Repair it at once!" ordered the helmeted Wang, as resolutely as a PLA commander.

Young welder Chin rushed over with an electric welding torch.

"Wait till we let all the steam out. It will be safer," Wang said to the young welder as he helped him lug over the wire.

"You mustn't do that. It'll delay the pile driving." Chin was already up on the tower, welding torch in hand.

Boldly, he extended the torch, pulled down his face shield and commenced. Sparks like National Day fireworks sputtered in the pitch-dark sky. After several minutes' hard work the steam valve was re-

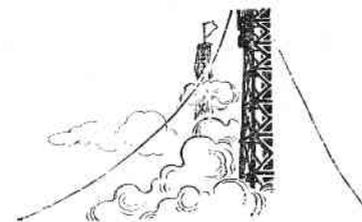
paired. Every tightened heart relaxed, smiles of satisfaction appeared on everyone's face.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The thumping of the hammer was heard again.

"You are too impetuous," someone said to Chin. "Why all this hurry? Except for the five piles left, we have finished a month's job in seven days."

"If we can help '125' start generating power even a minute sooner, so much the better," replied Chin earnestly as he gathered his tools.

This was the spirit inspiring all of the pile-drivers. They kept it in mind from the very beginning. To create better conditions for the masons, as soon as they had done the sinking of the piles on one spot they cleared the place immediately. This undoubtedly gave them more work, but as Wang put it well: "Waging revolution, you can't just think of your own little unit. The more spaces we clear the sooner the masons can begin. And the earlier '125' will generate electricity."



## Worker with a Loyal Heart

Everywhere in the Shanghai Boiler Plant, which is near the Huangpu River, huge slogans strike the eye: "Short of equipment, we make it ourselves! Wanting experience, we create our own! Lacking premises, we work in the open! We pledge to make the '400 tons' in defiance of imperialism, revisionism and all reaction!" "We will have the 125,000-kw. steam turbo-generating set. **Be prepared against war, be prepared against natural disasters, and do everything for the people!**" These slogans in red streamers dance in the air like rainbows.

Machines droned merrily, arc lights illuminated the sky. In the command office set up recently for the manufacture of the "pride boiler" with a steam output of 400 tons per hour, voices buzzed, and the atmosphere was intense. All the comrades, who had gathered for an emergency meeting, were waiting impatiently for the arrival of Liu Chintang, head of the revolutionary committee of the plant.

A heart-stirring roll of drums and gongs shook the air. Liu entered with steady strides, full of energy, an "application for battle" in his

hand. He looked round, taking in the boiling, militant atmosphere that prevailed in the plant. The resonant, powerful voice of the army representative, Hsu Yao-chou, with whom he had had a chat last evening, now echoed in his ears:

"Our 125,000-kw. generating set has adopted not only an inner water-cooling method in its stator and rotor, a method initiated by the Chinese proletariat, but also intermediate reheating for the boiler and steam turbine, the most advanced technique in the world. It is an ideal generating set. The trouble is that the boiler, whose steam output is 400 tons per hour, needs thousands of the smallest bending tubes in order to increase its heating surface and its capacity for high-temperature and high-pressure. But we haven't got a machine to make them at the moment. We don't have the necessary data, blueprints and special equipment either. And we have only one month left...."

"All right, since the Party demands it, we'll do it!" Liu said decisively.

That very night Liu passed with his old partner Ma under the electric light.

His heart was now exultant with a soaring spirit, because he was going to receive a glorious assignment.

As he walked into the meeting room, he raised his voice and said in unequivocal terms: "We're going to make the small R (radius of curvature) tube-bending machine and accomplish the '400 tons' as well! We shall beat down imperialism, revisionism and all reaction!"

His words brought quietness to the humming meeting room. A comrade broke the silence, saying in a humorous tone, "Old Liu, you yourself are head of the revolutionary committee. To whom are you going to apply?"

Liu assumed a serious mien. He said with a pause at each word, "To Chairman Mao, to the revolutionary masses in the plant."

"Well said!" The meeting room reverberated with a powerful, conclusive voice. It was a voice of approval from the army representative, who continued, "We must have the ambition to surpass advanced world levels. We will make the small R tube-bending ma-

chine and the '400 tons,' to beat down imperialism, revisionism and all reaction!"

Data, blueprints, equipment and time — these were the difficulties that confronted them. But Liu looked at the problem this way: "What is there to fear? To solve difficulties we'll have to look into Chairman Mao's works. When we grasp Mao Tsetung Thought there is no problems we can't overcome."

He was a veteran worker, tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and elected to the present leading position by the masses. He rolled up his bedding at once and moved to the new plant at Minghang. He looked neither for a lodging, nor for an office. His first words were: "We must make the '125,000-kw.' by self-reliance and the small R tube-bending machine through our own efforts."

And he went among the workers straightway and set to work with them day and night.

Good tidings travel fast. Liu had finished his draft blueprints. The news winged its way all over the plant. Supporters of the scheme streamed in from various shops, beating drums and gongs.

The representative from the maintenance shop shook Liu's hands, saying, "We'll support you!"

The representative from the tool shop said, "We'll make all the parts for the models."

The representative from the foundry said, "We're at your service whenever casting is needed."

The representative from the metal processing shop said, "We'll do all metal processing work for you."

A warm current of class brotherhood surged in Liu's heart. Tears welled up in his eyes. At this moment he felt he had a thousand and one things to say to Chairman Mao as well as to his class brothers. Several times he opened his lips but words failed him, so stirred he was. He could only wave his calloused hands.

"I'll not fail Chairman Mao and the Party," he said in a tremulous, but powerful voice. "I'll not fail the expectations of the revolutionary masses of the plant!"

An ordinary worker elected by the revolutionary masses to be the head of the revolutionary committee, he got help from his comrades whenever he came across with difficulties. They encouraged him and spurred him on whenever he made some achievements or mistakes in his work. He realized that the Party and the revolutionary masses were very concerned about him, even in the minutest details. For the sake of revolution, he was determined to make the projected small R tube-bending machine a success. He would not even spare his life to achieve the goal.

He worked day and night. But the road forward was not smooth. Obstacles and difficulties turned up one after another, and had to be constantly overcome. Nevertheless he finally succeeded in making the machine.

Bending the tubes began.

"Make a thorough examination of all the parts of the machine," he said emphatically to Old Ma. "I'm going to report to the revolutionary committee."

The moment he stepped into the meeting room he could hardly check his buoyant desire to break the good news to the comrades present. But on second thoughts he restrained himself, because in life unexpected things sometimes do turn up. And so he was not surprised when Old Ma appeared at the door, his face cloudy.

"The trial bending of the tubes has failed," he said dismally.

"Failed!" Liu jumped to his feet. Turning round, he left the room in heavy steps, leaving the lanky Old Ma far behind.

Liu was deep in thought as he walked. Another piece of news stunned him. He was informed that the working group for the large tube-bending machine, which was another key link in the making of the boiler with the 400-ton steam output, was facing with difficult problems. Liu turned and made for this working group.

Old Ma did not find Liu in his own shop, nor any place else. Something must be wrong, he thought. When he heard that the large tube-bending machine did not work properly, he guessed Liu must be there.

He met Liu returning from the large tube-bending machine working group. He stamped his feet, quite upset with Liu's behaviour.

"Old Liu," he said, "you must differentiate between the major and minor tasks."

Liu gave a pat on Old Ma's shoulder.

"The boiler with the 400-ton steam output is an organic whole by itself," he said. "It won't work properly with a single bolt lacking. If we can't make the large bending tubes, what's the use of making the small R bending tubes?"

Liu was fully conscious he was not only an ordinary worker but also head of the revolutionary committee. While doing his proper job as a worker, he must not forget to lead the work of the whole plant.

"Yes, you're right," Old Ma said with an artless smile. "You've the entire plant in your mind. I must learn from you."

Liu pushed his way through the crowd around the small R tube-bending machine. Seeing these comrades-in-arms, Liu controlled the emotion that surged in his heart. He asked in a calm voice:

"How is the experiment going?"

"A lot of fantastic things have come up," said Old Chen, the bench worker. "The tubes either became cracked, deformed or collapsed."

Liu picked up a tube, weighed it in hand, then placed it in the mould. It gave out a whirling sound, and began to bend pliantly. Chug! A dry sound exploded in its barrel. Liu, very much experienced in the affair, knew at once that the experiment failed.

Dazzling lights in the workshop dispersed the night darkness that enveloped the plant. Liu called an urgent meeting of the entire working group by the side of the machine.

"This machine has seven automatic operations with a network of several scores of tubes," said a comrade with great anxiety. "We simply can't find out where it has gone wrong. It's difficult to tackle such highly advanced equipment without theoretical knowledge."

"Theory is based on practice," another comrade said. "It is not dropped from the sky. It comes from men's practice."

"You can't see how bursting and deformation come about," the first speaker commented. "Time is short and the contradictions are many. What's to be done?"

"What's to be done?" Liu said. "Study Chairman Mao's works."

Everyone's mind grew more alert, and all eyes shone.

"A lot of contradictions?" Liu continued. "Let's study *On Contradiction* at once."

Liu leafed through the book to section four. His eyes glittered. Chairman Mao stated clearly a long time ago: No matter how many contradictions exist, there must be one principal contradiction. **"Once this principal contradiction is grasped, all problems can be readily solved."**

There were many contradictions in tube-bending experiment. But which was the principal one? They began to investigate. Finally they discovered where the chief contradiction lay: they could not find what was wrong because the tubing was not transparent. If they knew exactly where and how the trouble came from, the problem was solved. This was what we called "leading the cow by the nose" and curing an illness with the right medicine. They had hit the nail on the head. This gladdened them.

"We've now grasped the principal contradiction," Old Ma said, smiling. "But we can't solve it, because we can't make steel tubes transparent."

Liu swung down a clenched fist, saying, "Mao Tsetung Thought can send imperialism, revisionism and all reaction to their doom, it can also help us to overcome difficulties. Communists and the working class grow up and mature in struggles. We always go where there are the greatest difficulties. This is the nature of the working class."

For five days and five nights he busied himself with readjusting and improving the machine, forgetting to eat and rest.

"You can't keep pushing yourself like that," a member of the revolutionary committee said. "Look how tired you are!"

"We slogged away in the old society for the capitalists who got rich on our labour," Liu said. "But in the new society we work for the early arrival of the day when imperialism, revisionism and all reaction will meet their end and the oppressed people live in happiness. Our fatigue is worthwhile."

The Chinese working class assumes the responsibility of world revolution and fully understands what the revolutionary tradition of hard struggle and self-reliance means. They are willing to do the hardest job and suffer the heaviest physical strain, and even give up

their lives, to subdue the difficulties in their way. It is an honour, a happiness for them to do so — a trait characteristic of the Chinese proletariat.

That night Liu lay awake turning over in bed. He pushed away the quilt and quietly got up. Standing before Chairman Mao's portrait, his eyes swimming with tears, he poured out his innermost thoughts, saying, "Chairman Mao, oh, Chairman Mao, in the old society we workers were as worthless as grass, but in the new society we become valuable assets. We won't be worthy of you, if we fail to make the '125,000-kw.' on account of the failure of the small R tube-bending machine."

The memories of the miserable life of his childhood crowded into his mind. He became an apprentice at the age of thirteen, but was not allowed to call himself a full-fledged worker even in the eighth year, because he could not give an "apprentice-termination feast" to reward his boss. He toiled like hell, cooking, washing, running errands and tending children for the master all the time. But at heart he wanted to be a regular worker. He frequently sneaked into the shop during the absence of his boss, and learned his trade by observation and experiment. There was a "lordly" punching machine in the shop. It never worked unless pushed by man. Any able-bodied man who tended it would be reduced to mere skeleton in a short time. Out of sheer class sympathy Liu helped Master Wang who operated it revolutionize its operation. As a result it became automatic. But Liu had half the index finger of his left hand cut off in an accident during the experiment. The evil boss fired him. Henceforth he lived by begging.

The old society nearly devoured him alive. That was why when he saw his kith and kin — the Communists, he felt at once the overhanging clouds dispersed and the wearisome dark night vanishing. In one leap he landed into a radiant, breezy spring. The present made him think of the past in which he was discriminated against and despised. Since liberation he had seen the great leader Chairman Mao four times. He loved the new society from the bottom of his heart. And this made him hate the old society all the more intensely.

"Old Liu," a soft voice sounded in his ears. It was Old Ma who had been standing by him for some time. "What are you here for? Go to sleep."

A naive smile appeared on Old Ma's face. "If everybody gathers fuel for the fire," he said, "it will burn with much bigger flames. Let's make an effort together."

Liu was greatly enlivened by Ma's presence. For Ma was not only a skilled worker with a lot of experience, but also an old partner of his, with whom he always collaborated on good terms. He excitedly gave an affectionate punch on Ma's chest.

"Only this once," he said. "I forbid you to do it another time."

Transparent! Transparent! Transparent! The idea danced in Liu's head.

By accident his fingers touched a notebook with a plastic cover in his pocket. His eyes flashed. He tapped Ma's shoulder, the plastic notebook in hand.

"Look! Isn't this transparent?"

Old Ma was quite at a loss to understand what Liu meant.

Liu pushed his cap upward and pointed to the transparent plastic cover, saying, "Can't you get some idea from this?"

Old Ma's eyes flickered, his attention focussed on the notebook in plastic cover, which looked excessively fresh under the transparent film. Ma needed no further elucidation. He gave a pat on his head and said, "You mean nylon plastic tubes?"

"Exactly! Nylon plastic tubes," Liu said. "We shall make the tubing transparent."

A miracle came to pass. The nylon plastic tube they dreamed of making finally became a reality after having undergone heat treatment for more than twenty times. When it was introduced into the tube-bending machine, it brought into view the "bowels" of the machine.

But the road ahead was not without troubles, perils lurked everywhere. After the major difficulties had been overcome, the minor ones stood awaiting solution. Heavy wrinkles which spread on the tube like segments of orange remained a mystery, which plunged Liu into meditation.

A comrade advised him, "Didn't we have some experts working on this project for quite a few years? Although they got no experience from it, they must at least have received some lesson. Let's ask them."

This remark reminded Liu at once of the struggle between the two lines in connection with the making of the small R tube-bending machine. It was on the first day of the first lunar month in 1965 when Liu was helping Hungwen Paper Mill repair an old boiler made in the United States. He discovered by chance a tube, whose radius in the bend was equal to the diameter of the tube. He gave a push of his cap upward, quite upset.

"What a small bend!" he said. "Does this mean that the United States has got a machine to make such bending tubes?"

If the bourgeoisie in the West had such a machine, the proletariat in the East must have it too. Since then he made up his mind to create a small R tube-bending machine to meet the growing needs of the boiler industry.

The bourgeois technical "authority" in the plant kept this tube to himself as a most precious treasure. In order to monopolize the technique, he barred the workers from knowing anything about it. He visited the Shanghai Library every day, but failed to get any information after many months' research. Years of experiment brought him absolutely nothing. Then he decided to make the tube by imitation. He cut the American tube into two halves, and lo! A chill seized him from head to feet. This tube was cast with molten iron in a mould and then cut to shape with a milling cutter.

Reminiscence of this fierce struggle between the two lines stirred up the militant enthusiasm in Liu as well as in his comrades-in-arms. Tears welled into Old Ma's eyes.

"From now on," he said, "our slogan should be: Unless we achieve our goal, we won't rest! Don't you agree, Liu?"

"I don't agree!" replied a sonorous voice.

Everybody looked round. It was the army representative Hsu who uttered it. He had just come with comrades from the supply department to bring padded overcoats and straw mattresses to the group trial-making the machine.

"We won't be able to sleep or have appetite to eat until we succeed in the experiment," Old Ma said.

"Let me read you a quotation from Chairman Mao's works," Hsu said. He turned to the article *Problems of Strategy in China's Revolutionary War* and read out these sentences: **"Sleep and rest involve loss of time, but energy is gained for tomorrow's work. If any fool does not understand this and refuses to sleep, he will have no energy the next day, and that is a losing proposition."**

Having listened to this teaching of Chairman Mao, comrades of the trial-making group smiled bashfully. Supervised by Hsu's kind, yet serious eyes, they went to sleep, one after another. Liu was also forced to go to his dormitory.

Hsu was not quite sure whether Liu would go to sleep. So he went to have a look personally. As he expected, Liu was reading in bed the brilliant book *On Practice* by Chairman Mao. Hsu remembered that it was Liu's habit to study Chairman Mao's works early in the morning and late at night, without exception. So he quietly retreated and left.

At first Liu was reading in bed in a reclining position, then he sat up, finally he jumped out of the bed and read under the electric lamp in the centre of the room. His eyes grew wider and wider as he went on reading, and he felt he was bursting with energy. A new idea flashed across his mind. He closed the book with a bang. Like an arrow shot from the bow he dashed out of the dormitory. With a lump of wet clay in both hands he made straight for the workshop. He mixed the clay with lubricating oil, then he crawled with it into the bowels of the small R tube-bending machine.

An old worker happened to be passing by. He discovered a pair of bare feet, already frozen red and purple, sticking out of the machine, without the slightest stir.

"My goodness," he said in surprise, "who has passed out inside the machine?"

His voice woke Liu's partners who were sleeping nearby. They rolled to their feet and came running to examine the machine. Simultaneously they cried out, "It's Old Liu!"

Before they could pull him out, Liu made a jerk. And there he was, standing right before their eyes. Seeing the wet clay in his left hand, they could not help laughing.

"What is this for," they said jestingly, "this lump of wet clay in your hand?"

Stamping his benumbed feet, Liu parted his lips in a broad smile. He reached out his right hand to his comrades-in-arms.

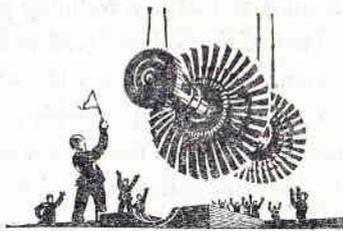
"See what this is," he said.

"The mould for wrinkles-protecting plate!" Old Ma cried out in surprise. "And made with wet clay!"

All the comrades crowded round Liu.

"Old Liu," they said admiringly, "you've got a clever head!"

Liu held up the dazzling *On Practice*, and said with pride and emotion: "It's Chairman Mao who gives it to me."



*A Chinese Medical Worker in an African Village* ►  
(lacquer painting)



## The Giant Marches On

Comrades, have you ever seen such a giant piece of industrial equipment? As wide as a four lane highway, as long as a railway wagon, as high as a two-storied house, it weighs 120 tons. I'm talking about the water-cooled stator and rotor, the principal part of our huge steam turbine. It had to be sent to the site where the 125,000-kw. steam turbo-generating set was being assembled.

For the time being we won't dwell on the obstacles standing in the way, nor on the difficulties encountered in crossing a small bridge with the capacity of thirteen tons. Here we simply deal with the way this giant was hoisted on to the trailer.

This trailer, unlike the ordinary ones, is quite something, with fifty-six reinforced pneumatic wheels under its chassis. In order to deliver this gigantic machine, the comrades of the 601 transport unit removed the gate of the plant which made it, so that it could go off without a hitch. They tied a steel cable, thick as flute, from the motor-driven winch on the trailer around the middle of the water-cooled stator and rotor. Another cable fastened the prime mover to a big tree stump.

Having laid steel rollers on the ramp, they tried to pull the giant onto the trailer. But when the winch started to turn, the machine remained stationary while the prime mover was pulled backwards, uprooting the huge tree stump.

Master Lu, head of the transport unit, called a meeting on the spot. They decided to drive massive wooden stakes deep in the ground to anchor the prime mover firmly. Then they bound the machine, sleepers and base board together with wire cable and slowly hauled them up the ramp onto the trailer over the rollers.

The water-cooled stator and rotor was finally tamed and fixed securely on the trailer. From a distance, a dark mass towering above the white snow, it looked like Mount Tai. There had been a heavy fall of snow the previous afternoon. Overnight, the earth became an expanse of uniform whiteness, like an immense carpet of pure wool. The snow around the trailer turned into slimy slush under the feet of the transport workers, and the slush turned into icy mud in the freezing gale, cracking noisily as people walked on it. The transport workers found their toes paralysed, their fingers aching and their noses smarting. But they were unperturbed.

"This bit of snow," they said, "can never stop our advance."

Master Lu made a thorough examination of the stupendous piece of equipment to be transported. Then he pushed through the crowd to the prime mover.

"Comrades," he said, waving a fist, "we have hoisted the giant onto the trailer. But this is only the first step in a long march. Still more obstacles are awaiting us. Get ready to go forward!"

"Though ten thousand rivers and mountains stand in our way," the transport workers said in unison, "we'll subdue them!"

Master Lu blew a whistle as a signal for advance.

Old Ma the driver turned on the ignition. The engine started to drone like distant thunder, and the wheels of the prime mover turned violently. But the loaded trailer did not move an inch. The wheels churned the icy slush into particles that spattered in all directions.

Apparently one prime mover could not do the job. Master Lu got another to reinforce it. The two drove side by side at full speed, booming furiously. But the trailer with the giant on it gave only a

slight shake, and remained still. The wheels continued spattering the mud on the people around.

What was to be done?

The transport workers sat by a pile of sleepers, their eyes turned on Master Lu.

"Little Lu, the prime movers can't budge it," Master Chang called Lu by his old nickname. "We have scores of kilometres to go. What shall we do?"

"Little Lu" was now more than forty. But the veteran workers could never forget the teen-age boy, with bare feet, in a tattered jacket, working in wind and rain by the side of his father. That was why, even now, in moments of agitation and difficulties, they would call him affectionately "Little Lu."

This name aroused in Lu a strong wave of class feeling. He was deeply touched. His honest and sturdy face flushed, and his dark eyebrows twitched in excitement.

"In the old society," he said, "we were despised labourers. People looked down on us. We had to work more than ten hours a day. The foreign bosses beat us up, reactionaries swore at us. We never got enough to eat or to keep us warm. My whole family lived on the brink of starvation. Now Chairman Mao led us to make revolution. Who dares to insult us, now that we have become masters of the country? That's why the more we work, the more energetic we become. No matter how tiring the job, we do it with pleasure."

The north wind howled, bringing in a fresh fall of snow. Looking at the giant standing there, Master Lu was stirred. He jumped to his feet and said:

"Comrades, new obstacles stand in our way... We must..."

He was interrupted by the excited voices of his comrades.

"Even if it rains steel," they said, "we will pull the trailer to its destination. What does a mere snow fall matter?"

"The moment Chairman Mao comes into our minds, any fear of difficulties, however great, vanished. Once we determine to do the job, the weight of the water-cooled stator and rotor means nothing."

"We don't rely on heaven, nor on earth. We rely on our powerful arms, which will move this giant anyway."

"Since our comrades can manufacture it, we can certainly move it to wherever it has to go. This is the way of us transport workers."

Master Lu quietly took in the scene before him and registered in his mind the voices he had heard. He came to the conclusion that the workers armed with Mao Tsetung Thought could move Mount Tai, let alone a machine of a hundred or so tons.

"Comrades," he said to his fellow workers, "let's make a pledge to the Party: Since the equipment is needed for the '125,' we will deliver it on time, and not a minute late. Do you agree?"

"Of course!" replied the transport workers unanimously, their voices shaking the earth.

"Right," Old Wang of the revolutionary committee put in. "The '125' project is a credit to Chairman Mao and to the Chinese people. We are fighting for time in a political battle against imperialism, revisionism and all reaction. We must **'be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.'**"

More and more people streamed to the place. They assured the transport workers that they would help carry out the "125" project with all they had. "Whatever you need in the way of manpower and material you'll have them from us."

Support came from every side. Cadres and workers from the plant that made the part brought large quantity of used gloves and tattered mops, which they strewed over the slippery road surface. The prime mover engines began to roar. Everyone helped, pushing and propelling the prime mover. At last the trailer wheels started to move.

But after proceeding laboriously for a short distance, the procession came to a standstill, the wheels rotating in place. There were scores of *li* to be covered. Judging by the situation, there were certainly still more difficulties and obstacles to come. But these would not stop the strides of the Chinese working class.

The road maintenance workers also helped. Together with the transport workers they surfaced the road with sand. They did not have enough shovels for so many people, so they broke the ice-sealed sand heaps and scattered the sand on the road with their frozen hands. The vehicles followed slowly in their wake.

The huge piece of machine took up practically the entire highway. When it neared the outskirts of the town, all approaching bicycles had to veer off to the side. As to cars they simply had to stop, without being able to advance or to retreat.

But traffic policemen wound their way to the crossroad in jeeps, and re-routed other vehicles so that the giant could pass.

The telephone lines and electric wires crossing above the highway also barred the way. But this could not stop the transport workers either.

Comrades from the power station and telephone bureau arrived with repair trucks. Automatic ladders shot into the air, electricians climbed to the top and cut the wires. Then the repair trucks went on ahead.

When the trailer with its towering load had passed, another batch of repair trucks arrived. Again ladders shot into the air and electricians climbed to the top. They rejoined the wires, so that the supply of electricity to industry and agriculture could be resumed immediately.

Difficulties came in succession and obstacles appeared without end. But none of them could halt the forward march of the giant. With the enthusiastic support of ten million inhabitants of Shanghai, with the ladder trucks in front and the repair trucks following close behind, with a large number of people scattering sand on the road and policemen directing the traffic, all obstructions and stumbling blocks crumbled before the trailer, which advanced majestically under the care of the transport workers.

Tears welled into Master Lu's eyes as he viewed this stately procession. How appropriate was Chairman Mao's teaching: "**Under the leadership of the Communist Party, as long as there are people, every kind of miracle can be performed.**"

The wheels rolled on. The giant strode rapidly forward.

A small bridge stood in the way.

Wherever difficulties arose, there people appeared to give support. Comrades from the municipal building bureau came to the scene. They explained that the bridge, of reinforced concrete, was built in 1958. Although wide enough, its capacity was only thirteen tons. But

the big machine alone was 120 tons. Together with prime mover and trailer the total weight came to nearly 160 tons. The difference was too great. How in the world could they get across?

Should the giant arrest its steps before this bridge? No! People were waiting for the equipment at the work site.

"Let's make a detour," someone said. But no! There was no alternate road.

"How about building another bridge?" another suggested. This would not do either. Time did not allow.

A real deadlock. But under the socialist system no problem could remain unsolved before the Chinese working class.

A comrade from the municipal building bureau looked into some data.

"Our experience shows," he said, "that a bridge with a thirteen-ton truck capacity will support a caterpillar tread trailer of sixty tons."

But the present load was more than double the permitted weight.

"Let's reinforce the bridge then! Yes, reinforce the bridge!" Master Lu said, swinging his fist in the air. "They are waiting for us at the work site! Chairman Mao and the people of the entire country are expecting us to do the job well. We must not let our vehicles spend the night here. Even though it be the Bridge of the Lord of Hell, we'll have to cross it!"

"Right, even though it be the bridge of the Lord of Hell, we'll have to cross it!" Old Wang stood out, supporting full-heartedly their determination. "But we must combine daring with a strict scientific attitude. We must make careful investigation and analysis."

The name "Bridge of the Lord of Hell" revived in them a host of memories. It was in the second year of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution when they drove this same trailer through the mountains in the great northwestern region. They came upon the "Bridge of the Lord of Hell," which was situated opposite the "Cliff of the Lord of Hell." Steep precipices overhung both sides of the bridge while a deep chasm lurked down below. The bridge was built on a rather frail base, with a slope leading up to a sharp turning. In the past countless travellers had slipped with their carts down the deep hollow below and lost their lives. But seeing the slogan "Drivers for the re-

volution fears neither hardship nor death" carved above the characters "Cliff of the Lord of Hell," they were brimming with courage. With Ma driving and Lu giving directions, the procession crossed the bridge in safety.

Although the present bridge could bear only a truck of thirteen tons and a caterpillar tread trailer of sixty tons, our trailer, designed and manufactured in China, had many advantages. It was long in structure with a broad surface, and its fifty-six wheels were individually sprung, so that the weight could be evenly distributed. Again, the bridge itself was quite new, its cement work intact, its base secure. With its safety factor taken into account, it could bear the weight of the entire outfit if it was adequately reinforced.

After careful study and analysis everybody was confident that the difficulties would be overcome.

"Reinforce it!" they said all at once. "Let's reinforce it this very night!"

Darkness set in, the cold wind grew fiercer. With the help of the department concerned, searchlights were installed to illuminate the bridge and the river. It was as bright as day. The chilly glare cast on the water evoked a sense of frozen bleakness, and the northwest gale that stole into the arch intensified all the more the frigidity. The moment you opened the mouth the icy current would penetrate into your inside, and make you shiver all over. The sloping banks hardened with freezing ice was slippery. A false step could send you into the glacial stream.

But neither the cold nor the gale could abate the militant spirits of the transport workers. They upturned the mud round the base of the bridge, levelled it, drove piles into it, then terraced it into tiers and reinforced the raised terraces with sleepers. On these they planted on both sides obliquely wooden props the size of electric poles, to support the top of the bridge in the shape of "A."

The moment approaching victory is always full of intensity and feverishness. Master Lu could not set his mind at ease when he thought of the foundation on which the props rested.

"Let's drive these piles still deeper," he said to Old Wang. "You wield the hammer!"

With a splash he jumped into the icy water. Holding a pile firmly in both hands, he said, "Hammer hard!"

Old Wang discovered his lips were turning blue as he was half immersed in the water.

"Master Lu," Wang said, "you better do the hammering, while I . . ."

"Keep quiet!" Master Lu said. "We are competing for time with imperialism, revisionism and all reaction. Every second counts. Please hammer!"

Old Wang swung his mighty arms. Each fall of the gigantic hammer produced a thunderous sound.

With all the piles deeply bedded in the river, the foundation of the bridge was secure. Then rails were laid on the bridge. The entire reinforcing work finished, Master Lu made a careful examination of the whole construction.

"Old Ma, get ready," he said, blowing the signal whistle. "Drive at full speed to the east!"

Turning round, he gave the whistle to Master Chang, adding, "You guide the progress of the vehicles. Pay attention to any possible obstacles in the way."

Stunned, Master Chang asked, "And you? How about you?"

Master Lu pointed to the arch below.

"I am going down there to keep an eye on any eventualities," he said.

Quite right, in case the bridge sagged. This the drivers would not be able to discover. By the time they discovered it, it would be too late. That was why Master Lu must stay under the arch to keep watch, so that they could take precautions in time. Of course, it was very dangerous to be on the spot.

Now Master Lu made straight for the arch.

Hardly had he moved when Old Wang of the revolutionary committee overtook him in large strides. He stopped Master Lu.

"No!" he said. "It's dangerous for you to be there. I'll go. You better guide the vehicles."

"Dangerous? The more dangerous it is, the more I want to be there, just in case . . ."

"I am a member of the revolutionary committee. You've got to take orders from me. I'll go under the arch!"

"This is a battlefield, and I am the commander. You've got to take orders from me!" After a pause he added, "I am more experienced than you in this business. Take over my job at the approach to the bridge. When I call 'halt!', pass my word to Master Chang."

Ignoring Old Wang's advice, Master Lu went straight down to the arch.

Old Ma had by now started the engine, which, with its twelve cylinders, boomed thunderously, shaking the earth and accelerating the beats of all transport workers' hearts.

Old Wang's flashlight brought Master Lu under the arch into relief: His both legs apart and firmly planted on the sleepers, he held his strong, large hands against the roof of the bridge, so that he could feel its vibrations and any possible changes when the vehicles passed over.

The thunderous roar of the engine, in the company of the violent howls of the northwest squall, swept over Master Lu like a surge of breakers in the sea. But Master Lu remained steadfast at his post.

The prime mover began to climb on the bridge. Master Lu's raised hands began to tremble as the bridge trembled.

Oh, you prime mover, you are now pulling a trailer of over a hundred and fifty tons, you are passing over the hands of Master Lu. Oh, you modest bridge, although you can bear only thirteen tons, you must now stand up to excessive weight. Our class brother Master Lu, a hero armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, is supporting you, is keeping you steady as a pillar!

The engine thundered much more uproariously. The bridge began to shake more violently, and Master Lu's hand pressed against it with still greater force. His gleaming eyes watched the fissures between the cement slabs of the arch. The prime mover now came to the middle of the bridge, and the trailer loaded with the 120-ton giant began to make its weight felt. The fissures grew narrower and narrower until they disappeared. Then Master Lu heard a queer crunching sound in the midst of thunderous roar above. His eyes grew wider and wider. Was he worried? Yes, quite so.



It was not his personal safety that worried him. He was concerned that if the bridge collapsed, this huge equipment would certainly be damaged. The accident would seriously affect the progress of the "125" project. It would not only bring enormous material loss to the state but also hinder a large advance in our international prestige. Stimulated by this realization, he straightened his back and concentrated on holding both hands against the bridge as though he himself were a pillar.

Plop! A bit of cement the size of a broadbean dropped into the water, creating a series of ripples. It was followed by a dash of dust, which fell on his face. His eyes blinked, but were still fastened on the fissures between the cement slabs. Meanwhile he shot a glance at the base of the bridge: There was no sign of collapse....

Old Wang who was waiting to take over his assignment at the approach to the bridge came over as soon as he saw the fall of the bit of cement.

"Master Lu — Little Lu!" he said. "The bridge — is it all right?"

Ignoring him, his eyes still fixed on the bridge, Master Lu said in a loud voice: "Keep to your fighting post! Danger here! Clear out!"

Quite right. The battle was on. One shouldn't quit one's fighting post. Old Wang returned to his original place, very much stirred. His heart, in tune with the booming of the engines, heaved with emotion. Oh, Little Lu, how many times you fought and worked in forests and thickets for the Party's cause at the risk of your life! Now, braving the danger of being crushed into a pulp, you press the bridge with both hands to ensure the success of the "125" project.

The prime mover driven by Old Ma had successfully crossed the bridge. But the trailer had only gone halfway. A thought flashed into Old Ma's mind: Right under the vehicles I am driving stands Master Lu — no, Little Lu, checking a mass weight of one hundred and fifty tons, which is now passing over the centre of the bridge. In case.... A tremor passed through him. He put out his head, asking:

"Master Chang, Our Little Lu?..."

These words were relayed to Master Lu through Master Chang and Old Wang.

"Don't bother about me!" he replied in a resonant voice. "We must make the '125' a success, to be a credit to Chairman Mao, and to put imperialism, revisionism and reaction to shame. Comrades, get on with your job, quick!"

"Get on with your job!" To Old Ma it was an order, which he received with a surge of emotion. He could not help muttering to

himself: "Oh, bridge, you must brace yourself, like our Little Lu, and be a credit to Chairman Mao, too!"

With the steering wheel firmly in hand, Old Ma pressed hard on the accelerator. The twelve-cylinder engine roared, shaking the earth. The speed increased. Little Lu, too, felt the increased pressure on his hands. It seemed that the entire trailer with its load of the massive water-cooled stator and rotor was weighing on his body. The bridge sagged, two centimetres downwards.

Plop! Plop! Two more bits of cement dropped into the water.

But our Little Lu stuck to his post, without the slightest stir. His two strong arms, like the mythological pillars that propped up the vault of heaven, remained pressed firmly against the roof of the bridge. He was fully conscious that the bridge would sag, just as a lever would bend under heavy pressure. But he also knew it would pull through if no cracks appeared in its structure. His flashing eyes darted right and left, scanning with alertness every piece of stone and every block of reinforced concrete in the bridge structure. Everything was in order.

As the trailer came to the middle of the bridge, however, the structure began to tremble and rattle — symptoms which Little Lu felt coursing through his body like electric current. All his joints began to tremble too.

"Oh, Little Lu, you must be worthy of Chairman Mao by sticking to the end!"

Shouting "**Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory,**" he went on pressing his two powerful, pillar-like arms against the bridge. He became an integral part of the structure. The atomic nucleus embedded in his constitution began to split and release an infinite quantity of energy.

Yes, Mao Tsetung Thought is a spiritual atom bomb, to which nothing is equal. Once this spiritual bomb is grasped by the people, it can release endless energy, with which the people can accomplish anything. And Little Lu was an epitome of the Chinese working class that can make sun and moon shine in new skies.

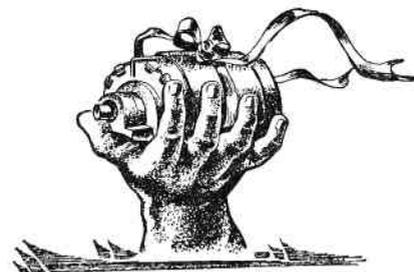
The roar of the engines gradually subsided. Master Lu felt the pressure on his hands vanishing. This meant that the trailer loaded

with the giant equipment created by the Chinese people in the spirit of "**maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts**" had safely and quickly crossed the bridge.

In the trees birds were flitting and singing among the branches, down below in the river the water was smiling with ripples in the breeze. And all the transport workers burst in a triumphant ovation of applause and cheers. "Long live Chairman Mao!" In the midst of these thunderous cheers Master Lu walked out from under the arch of the bridge. He stepped on to the prime mover and, taking over the signal whistle from Master Chang, he blew it hard. Then he gave the order in a loud voice:

"Advance!"

The trailer continued to move forward. It was advancing on to a broad road, a revolutionary road, and moving very fast. . . .



*Chen Yang*

## Seeing Off the Secretary

Seeing our old secretary off  
To work in a far-away place,  
A bamboo hat on his head,  
And luggage across his shoulders,  
I grasp his hands tight;  
Our farewells hot as fire,  
Brisk laughter scatters along the road.

I gaze at our old secretary,  
A man of adamant courage,  
With hair whitened  
By the snow of Minshan Mountain,  
Wrinkles in his face like billows  
In the river of Golden Sand.

---

Chen Yang is a worker.

Going east and west for the revolution,  
He was forged through wind and rain,  
And always followed the Party.

How well he remembers that night  
Of howling wind and heavy rain:  
Pressing the family to pay the rent,  
The landlord hanged his father;  
Their house the wolfish thugs burnt.  
Spear in hand,  
Into the landlord's mansion he broke,  
Squared the account of bloody tears  
And flew into the Chingkang Mountains.

Red flags fluttered upon Mount Liupan,  
Blue ripples wrinkled in the Yenho River.  
At the foot of the Pagoda Mountain  
The Communist Party he joined.  
Chairman Mao waved his arm, and  
Off he went to the front,  
Crossing the Yellow River  
To kill the wild beasts.  
One pitch-dark night  
He blew up an enemy fort.  
Raging flames licked the blue,  
Crashing thunder roared over the land—  
What a valiant song on the battlefield!

That year he came to the mine  
In a threadbare army uniform.

Neither wiping off his sweat  
Nor untying his bedding,  
He rolled up his sleeves,  
And dashed down the pit,  
Storms of the five continents  
Stirring his heart.  
Ore poured out in swelling waves,  
Explosions rumbled in the air. . . .

Unforgettable, once by a brook,  
Shoulder to shoulder we sat,  
Reading Chairman Mao's works,  
Enjoying the cool clear water.  
His feelings deeper than the stream:  
"With the red sun over us  
The universe we contemplate,  
How many poor people  
Long for the dawn. . . ."  
Immediately my vision brightened.

Recollections over, I raised my head,  
In a flash we'd covered ten *li*!  
Propitious morning clouds reflect red,  
Sturdy eagles hover under heaven's vault.  
Atop the mound  
Cypress and pine trees in verdant green,  
Paddyfields like a vast sea  
With endless waves to the horizon,  
And the tide of my heart  
Heaves like the Yangtse waves!

I grasp tight the secretary's hands,  
Hot tears streaming down my cheeks.  
With clear joyous laughter,  
The Four Great Volumes he hands to me.  
Before my eyes golden rays are bright,  
Our Chairman Mao's precious works  
Pressed close to my chest,  
Millions of red flags soar in my heart. . . .

*Han Tsung-shu*

## Party Constitution in Hand the World I View

Gurgling streams flow,  
Partridges flit through the tea grove,  
Rosy sunset clouds mantle the Miao mountains,  
On July First, I cross Leafy Peak.

In this mountain area  
Clothed with added charm,  
Joyful laughter resounds in the fields,  
Clarion songs fill the village.  
Electric lamps, one by one,  
Pearl every Miao household,  
Terraced fields, tier upon tier,  
Resplendent in lovely tender green. . . .

---

Han Tsung-shu is a peasant.

At this beautiful sight,  
My heart brims with enthusiasm,  
Red lanterns draw me into the hamlet.  
Clearly sounds a *sona* nearby,  
Who is ringing a golden bell  
Deep within the bamboo grove?

In this village in the mountains,  
A mass meeting is in full swing.  
To the Party new members  
Express their lofty determination.  
Among them an old aunt steps forward,  
Her words stir the listeners' hearts:  
"Party Constitution in hand the world I view,  
Hot blood surges in my chest!  
Today a new step in a long march,  
Lifting the red flag I'll press on."

So familiar her voice to me.  
Elbowing my way through the crowd,  
Eyes brightened gladly I see  
No other than Aunt Lung!  
Two pairs of hands grasp tight. . . .

The red evening clouds darken,  
Bathed in watery moonbeams,  
I stride across Leafy Peak.  
The brilliance of Chairman Mao  
Illumines the Miao mountains,  
The landscape beautiful as in spring.

*Kung Jung*

Glorious Flower to My  
Comrade-in-arms

The beating of gongs and drums  
Pierce the lofty blue sky,  
To the rostrum flies thunderous applause:  
A comrade-in-arms is leaving for the countryside,  
At parting I pin on him a red flower.

One of us was a cowherd,  
The other was a shepherd,  
To win liberation  
Both joined the revolutionary army.

Once in a surprise attack,  
Our platoon fought at close quarters

---

Kung Jung is a worker.

For three whole days and nights,  
Retaining our position triumphantly.

For several decades in revolution,  
United together we've fought,  
Many a time he wore a red flower  
At meetings honouring our victory.

Though grey haired now  
He says: "I've just began  
To revolutionize myself. . ."  
He's determined to settle in the countryside,  
What a soaring spirit of revolution!

A pipe tucked into his belt,  
Wearing a pair of home-made shoes,  
He's lost none of his poor peasant flavour,  
His "Eighth Route Army" style shines bright.

To build a new countryside,  
**In agriculture, learn from Tachai,**  
To produce more grain for world revolution.  
Let imperialism, revisionism and reaction  
Have a taste of our strength!

Red flowers bloom facing the sun,  
A "glorious flower" to my comrade-in-arms,  
As today he strides  
On the road of continuing the revolution.  
Surely good tidings will arrive very soon.

## A Story of Sino-Vietnamese Friendship

At 2:40 A.M., the right hand of Nguyen Thi Vi, a Vietnamese girl learning to be a milling operator in our Chengchow Textile Machinery Plant, was cut off in an accident. Her Chinese fellow workers promptly carried her to the plant clinic where she was given first-aid treatment and sent at once to the hospital attached to the Honan Medical College.

Physicians, surgeons and osteologists, including those from a nearby army hospital, were gathered in the operating room to study the case. They took immediate steps to prolong the life of the severed hand, gave Nguyen Thi Vi treatment to counter shock and keep her in good condition, and prepared to fly her to the well-known No. 6 People's Hospital in Shanghai which had successfully rejoined many amputated limbs.

When the air force stationed in Honan received orders to fly Nguyen Thi Vi to Shanghai, commanders and fighters went all out, quickly finished pre-flight preparations and took off with their Vietnamese sister, doctors and nurses. Flying weather that morning was as bad as they had seen. Fog blanketed the Shanghai airfield as they ap-

proached. But they were carrying a Vietnamese class sister aboard. In the revolutionary spirit of **"Fearing neither hardship nor death"** the pilots, now on instruments, nosed their plane down through the murk, and finally touched the runway dead centre.

Meanwhile, the No. 6 People's Hospital had been informed of the event by the municipal revolutionary committee. Comrades of the hospital's Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda team and revolutionary committee hurried to the emergency room to command the fight. Doctors and nurses of the osteology department, x-ray, operating room, laboratory and blood bank made ready. Doctor Chen Chung-wei, who was on sick leave, also hurried to the hospital. Anxiously they waited for the arrival of their Vietnamese sister. Everyone thought of the warm fighting unity of the peoples of China and Viet Nam, the valor of the Vietnamese people's struggle against the U.S. aggressors. That struggle is our own, they thought, we must give back her hand so she can go on fighting the U.S. bandits and help to build her country.

Nguyen Thi Vi reached the No. 6 People's Hospital at 8:30 A.M. The tense surgical battle began. Her hand had been amputated at the wrist more than six hours before. Foreign medical practice decreed that limbs amputated for more than six hours could not be saved, even if they could be rejoined. Chinese medical experience had extended this limit. Besides, this was the hand of a Vietnamese comrade-in-arms in the battle against U.S. imperialism. To rejoin it was a support to the fraternal Vietnamese people in their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. And we must do the job well.

The doctors were even more confident after examining the severed hand. The medical workers of the Honan hospital had done a good job of prolonging its life; it could be rejoined successfully. Chen Chung-wei and the other doctors decided on an operation programme to obtain the best results.

Meanwhile, Nguyen Thi Vi was receiving a blood transfusion in the operating room. In the hearts and minds of her Chinese comrades who were preparing for the operation ran Chairman Mao's words, **"The 700 million Chinese people provide a powerful backing for the Vietnamese people; the vast expanse of China's territory is**

**their reliable rear area.”** The spirit of proletarian internationalism lay in the room. The medical workers vowed to make the job a success as an expression of their actual support to the Vietnamese people in their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation.

The operation began. After bones were fixed and muscles sutured, came the most difficult part, rejoining the tiny blood vessels. The doctors used needles thinner than a human hair and sutures as fine as a single filament of silk. They did this with the warmest of comradely, proletarian feeling.

The main radial artery was sutured. When the clamps on the artery were removed, the blood vessels on the palm became visible, the white hand turned pink and its normal temperature began to come back. Doctors and nurses smiled happily.

The operation lasted five hours and ten minutes. Ignoring their fatigue, the medical workers remained to discuss post-operative treatment and care. Nurses gave up their days off to look after Nguyen Thi Vi.

To increase her appetite and restore her strength quickly, the comrades of the nutrition department took pains to find out how Vietnamese dishes were cooked and prepare what Nguyen Thi Vi liked. After every meal the cooks would ask the nurses how she liked the food and what else she would prefer. When they found out that she liked boiled fresh vegetables, they went out themselves and picked the tenderest ones for her.

The Vietnamese people, who have a glorious tradition of revolutionary struggle, never retreat before the enemy. Nguyen Thi Vi, suffering greatly from pain, displayed this spirit. In the ward she sang revolutionary songs which her people sing on the battlefields, encouraging herself to endure the pain. She indignantly denounced the atrocities of the fascist U.S. aggressors in Viet Nam, telling the nurses and patients stories of the heroism of the Vietnamese people in their struggle. “One of my uncles was beaten to death by the U.S. bandits,” she said. “Vietnamese women are dealing heavy blows at the U.S. aggressors. They have killed many of them with various kinds of weapons including sharpened bamboo spikes. The U.S. barbarians are frightened to death of our women.”

Her revolutionary heroism deeply moved the nurses. “We’ll learn from the valiant Vietnamese people and from you,” they told her. “We’ll nurse your hand carefully so that you will be able to use it again to strike at the U.S. aggressors and help build up your country.”

Nguyen Thi Vi was very touched when she learned that she had been given 1,000 cc. of blood. “With the blood of the Chinese people coursing in my veins,” she said, “I’m sure to fight the U.S. aggressors hard!” She carefully put away towels and handkerchiefs she had used in the hospital to take back to Viet Nam as souvenirs.

Two weeks after the operation, her injury had healed completely and the stitches were removed. Her hand was recovering normally. Her fingers moved slightly and the nerves had already recovered more than 2 cm. of their function. Her Vietnamese comrades training in Shanghai were delighted to see her fingers move when they came to visit her.

For their part, the workers’ and PLA Mao Tsetung Thought propaganda team and medical personnel of the No. 6 People’s Hospital in Shanghai were genuinely happy to have helped a Vietnamese class sister. “The heroic Vietnamese people are valiantly fighting the U.S. aggressors,” they said. “They are our comrades and brothers; it is our duty to restore health to our Vietnamese sister. We will respond resolutely to the great call issued by Chairman Mao in support of the people of the world in their struggle against U.S. imperialism and provide a powerful backing for the people of Viet Nam and the other Indo-Chinese countries in their struggle to defeat U.S. imperialism and all its running dogs!”

## Unforgettable Days in Shihchiacha

During the anti-Japanese war, Chiang Kai-shek, the common enemy of the people, was only passively resisting Japan. But he was very active in opposing the Communist Party and co-operating with the Japanese imperialists in an attempt to strangle and annihilate us in the Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region with a military encirclement and blockade.

The region only had a million population and poor and barren soil. This faced our army and people with great difficulties in getting food and clothing. Our great leader Chairman Mao solved the problem by calling on the Party to provide **“ample food and clothing by working with our own hands.”** The 359th Brigade went to open up land in Nanniwan and our battalion worked at Shihchiacha at its southern end.

Shihchiacha was a valley running five kilometres from south to north, hemmed in on the east, west and north by mountains. A sluggish stream flowed through it. The mountains to the north were covered with dense forest. It was desolate and overgrown with thorns and brush. Unafraid of us, flocks of wild goats moved by,

bleating. Long-eared rabbits hopped about and occasionally we saw big grey wolves with their tongues hanging out or howling.

The brigade had many difficulties from the beginning. Even drinking water was a problem. Foul-smelling black bubbles caused by rotten trees rose from the stream bed. We solved this problem by digging several wells.

We had no food. We carried it on our backs from fifteen kilometres away, rain or shine. No vegetables, we combed the mountains for wild plants. Sometimes for a “feast,” we shot a wild boar, goat or pheasants.

In the beginning we slept on the wet ground in the forest. The cold wind through our thin uniforms and worn blankets pierced to the bone. At night we built fires of branches and reeds against the cold and wild animals. We soon repaired some old caves, however, and built several reed huts.

Though the immediate problem of food and shelter was solved, we still had no farm tools. We went out to buy scrap metal in distant villages, found broken bells and stoves in old temples, and collected fragments left by Japanese bombs. Soldiers who knew blacksmithing set up a forge and soon the ringing of their hammers produced a new pick, hoe and sickle for everybody and four ploughs for each company.

So, in high spirits, we began our battle to reclaim the land. When the bugle blew reveille, we got up, gulped down our breakfast and started off while it was still dark. Everyone shouldered a rifle and a hoe and carried an axe or sickle at his waist. We sang at the top of our voices: “Open up the land; oh, open up the land! We’ll wrest our food from this wasteland!...” As soon as we arrived, we divided up into groups of three to five, stacked our rifles, took off our cotton jackets, spit on our hands and grabbed our picks. In a straight line we attacked the deserted land.

Red flags waved on the hillsides and our voices echoed. We dug out trees, fired weeds and reeds, and uprooted ten-foot high bramble bushes. Goats stampeded, rabbits fled and pheasants rose from the ground noisily.

Within a few months, changes never seen in Shihchiacha took place. Terraced fields stepped up the hills and mountains. Ridged fields

stretched across the valley. Tender crops lay like green carpets. In the autumn, golden millets bent with full ears waved in the fragrant wind.

We turned to "revolutionary housekeeping" — making what we needed in this deserted land by our own efforts. Those who could saw and plane organized a group to repair farm tools and make furniture. We built an oil mill and pressed our own castor seed and linseed. The castor oil lamp was bright and food cooked with linseed oil delicious. Every company and platoon built its own beancurd shop. Some companies ran charcoal kilns, using the plentiful wood on the slopes.

We washed our clothes with honey locust pods and water filtered through wood and grass ashes. Some soldiers brought the "Shihchiacha Brand" toothbrush into being by using pig or ox bone for handles, drilling and fixing hog bristles in them.

Hard struggle gave us rows of new and larger caves. Every company and platoon grew vegetables — turnips, cabbages, egg-plant, potatoes, stringbeans, peppers — and soon became self-sufficient.

We had conquered difficulties one by one, but our revolutionary household grew larger. In 1942, the Party committee called for "a sheep for every man, a pig for every two men, and a cow for every ten." In five months we built pigsties, sheds and chicken coops. Chickens were everywhere, the sties were full and cattle and sheep grazed on the hillsides.

Before long, brigade headquarters built a textile mill, so we got sturdy uniforms produced by ourselves. Our soldiers knitted their own woollen socks and gloves for the cold winter. By working with our own hands we had achieved the goal of ample food and clothing.

After 1942, we were self-sufficient in grain and vegetables. Life was better, but we did not forget Chairman Mao's teaching on "**saving every copper for the war effort, for the revolutionary cause and for our economic construction.**" We ate more squash, cabbages and potatoes in order to save more grain to give to the front.

From 1941 to 1944 we did not receive new quilts. Our old ones were hard with lumps. When headquarters sent us new ones, we said, "We won't change until the Japanese invaders are defeated."

To make their shirts last longer, the men stripped to the waist in summer in spite of the blazing sun. In cooler weather they wore their old patched uniforms, putting their new ones under their pillows and using them only for reviews and holidays. They kept their new shoes put away and wore straw sandals they made themselves.

Shihchiacha was near the enemy's blockade line. After the spring sowing in 1942, our battalion was ordered to station men in the villages of Chiaotao and Niuwu to strengthen defence against Kuomintang attacks. In the busy farming season, men came back from our post to help.

Our policy toward the Kuomintang was as Chairman Mao outlined: "**We will not attack unless we are attacked; if we are attacked, we will certainly counter-attack.**" Sometimes the alarm signal caught us working in the fields. We promptly dropped our hoes, grabbed our rifles stacked in the corner of the field and ran off to fight according to the plan.

In the summer of 1943, the main forces of our battalion returned to Shihchiacha to help with the hoeing. Taking advantage of this, the enemy sent one battalion to raid Chichia Village. We had only a platoon there. Co-ordinating with the local militia, the platoon repulsed the attack with machine-guns and grenades, killing a dozen of the enemy. The rest turned tail and fled to their pillbox for shelter.

Not to neglect military training, yet carry on farming well so we would get a bumper harvest, we trained in the winter, practising grenade throwing, shooting, bayoneting and close-quarter fighting. The bitter cold and snow gave us many problems. The wind was bitter. The glare of the sun on the snow sometimes made it impossible to aim. Marching in a snowstorm at night, comrades often fell into holes or rolled themselves into "snow-men" down a hill. But no one shrank from these hardships. Spirits were high and everyone felt that nothing on earth could stop revolutionary fighters.

None of us will forget a day in July 1943 when our great leader Chairman Mao came to inspect Nanniwan. This was the greatest happiness for the commanders and fighters. Though comrades near regiment headquarters saw him, we did not because we were on patrol in Luhsien County, far from headquarters. But we were ex-

cited at the news and pledged that we would repay Chairman Mao for his concern by increasing production and doing a good job in military training.

Later on we were told that Chairman Mao had talked with soldiers working in the fields and took a careful look at our crops. He inspected our new houses and caves. As he learned how we had improved living conditions, he said that though the Kuomintang was trying to starve us out with the encirclement, the tighter the blockade, the healthier we got. He would nod and smile as each commander finished his report. Then he gave us some precious advice. Difficulties, he said, are not unconquerable monsters. If we all work together and fight hard, they can be overcome. Relying on our own efforts had given us food, clothing and daily necessities. There was no outside aid, but even if we got it in the future, we should rely mainly on ourselves.

One day in the summer of 1943, we were informed that Vice-Chairman Lin Piao and Premier Chou En-lai would pass through Chichia Village where we were stationed on their way back from Chungking to Yen-an. Excited soldiers and civilians lined both sides of the road to welcome them.

At noon several trucks passed through Chichia and stopped on the road to Chiaotao. Vice-Chairman Lin and Premier Chou jumped down, waving to the crowds. Vice-Chairman Lin, in yellow uniform, was smiling broadly and in good spirits.

I made a brief report on our troops' defence and production. Vice-Chairman Lin said with a smile, "Well, the enemy likes to blockade us. Let him! Otherwise he won't be satisfied. So long as we do a good job in production by following Chairman Mao's teaching, **'Ample food and clothing by working with our own hands,'** we'll be invincible." When I reported several important figures, Premier Chou said, "Good! Good! In Chungking we told the die-hards that it was useless to try and starve us out with military and economic blockades. They had better send their troops to the front, we said, to fight the Japanese. Look at the facts: everyone of our fighters here is strong and healthy!"

Vice-Chairman Lin and Premier Chou had to hurry on to Yen-an to report to Chairman Mao. They rested a few minutes in Chiaotao and then went on. We hated to see them go.

All along the road north to Yen-an they would see the results of our big movement for production: bumper harvests, cattle, horses, chickens and sheep on the hillsides, rows of cave houses up and down the mountains, green crops covering hill and valley, roads stretching everywhere, people coming and going to market --- and on the walls these slogans:

"Build a prosperous Shensi-Kansu-Ningsia Border Region with our own efforts!"

"Gun in one hand, hoe in the other, supply ourselves and defend the Party Central Committee!"

## A Thousand *Li* of Snow Line

The Chinghai-Tibet highway starts from rippling blue Chinghai Lake, zigzags into the distance a thousand *li* away over glaciers and snow-capped mountains, and finally reaches the turbulent Yalutsangpo River. The fighters who work night and day to maintain the highway proudly call it "the thousand-*li* snow line." This is their post, but their hearts and minds are on the motherland and the whole world beyond. With hard-working hands that know no fatigue, they are converting this thousand *li* of snow line into a fine highway.

A heavily loaded convoy despatched by the plateau army drivers unit was making its way in the teeth of a howling snowstorm. The area, source of many rivers, was completely sealed in by ice and snow. The temperature had dropped to forty degrees C. below zero. Snow covered everything — gullies, knolls, road. All topographical features had disappeared. Ditches, riverbanks, mounds and paths merged into one great blanket of white.

But difficulties cannot stop the revolutionary fighters. Kao Ya-ping, company leader, jumped out of the truck and shouted: "Be

resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." Then he said to the men, "Mao Tsetung Thought is the sun that can melt snow a thousand layers deep. Let's fight the snow and ice and advance under its radiance!"

The men broke the ice with mattocks and removed it in sacks. Each sack was carried by two men and dumped over the road side. Then they trudged down to the foot of a cliff, breathing hard in the rarefied air, re-filled the sacks with sand and gravel dug out from under the snow, and carried them back up to fill in the depressions and holes in the road.

When the sacks were worn out, they used their leather coats, ignoring the cold. When their hands and feet grew numb, Kao began to sing *Sailing the Seas Depends on the Helmsman*. As everyone joined, they thought of Chairman Mao and a warm current coursed through them. They stamped their feet, rubbed their hands and set to work even harder.

Snow eased their thirst, hard steamed bread was their food. With indomitable determination they finished the job. The road was open again, the convoy went on.

Now they were crossing a glacier. The wheels spun helplessly on the ice. Kao linked all the trucks in a train, thinking the combined traction would do it. But all wheels then slid simultaneously. They surfaced the road with sand and gravel. The wheels only scattered them in every direction.

"Well," said Kao, "Chairman Mao teaches us that **'Weapons are an important factor in war, but not the decisive factor; it is people, not things, that are decisive.'** with this factor given full play, we can tackle even the hardest problem. Let's call a 'brain' meeting and solve it."

They decided to wrap the wheels with all the rope, tattered canvas and torn sacks they could find. Then they divided into groups and, while Kao directed them, drove, pushed and hauled the trucks across the glacier one by one.

The fighters of the plateau army drivers unit are revolutionaries with loyal hearts moulded by Mao Tsetung Thought — "hard-bone" men tempered in the furious storms of this thousand-*li* transportation line.

The snowcapped Tanglha Range, 5,000 metres above sea level, floats above an ocean of clouds. Where the highway crosses it stands an ordinary house. Here the Tibetan road maintenance and repair workers live. But they have turned it into a water supply and rest station. Every convoy stops here, the drivers take a rest, have a hot drink and refill their radiators. When a convoy arrives, the little place becomes happy and gay.

It is extremely difficult to keep water constantly supplied to the many convoys that cross this icy summit. But no difficulty can stand in the way of the maintenance workers armed with Mao Tsetung Thought. The truck drivers are helping to make socialism strong and prepared if imperialism and revisionism attack China, and the maintenance workers overcome all obstacles to help them.

They get up before dawn and go to the glacier with wicker baskets on their backs to fetch ice to melt for water. This done, they begin their work for the day on the road. Toward evening they go over the ridges to the forests to collect firewood. When they hear the distant motor-horns of a convoy climbing toward the summit, they hurry back to the station, melt ice, crush ginger and make soup. When the convoy arrives, steaming hot ginger soup and boiled water is ready for the drivers and water for radiators.

Together with the drivers they study Chairman Mao's works, denounce the aggressions of the imperialists and such Soviet revisionist trash as "international dictatorship" and "limited sovereignty," and talk about their strong determination to eliminate imperialism, revisionism and reaction.

The road workers take care of the convoys and drivers much more than themselves. Late one stormy night, they saw the headlights of a truck on a distant mountain. But the light did not move. Obviously, something was wrong with the engine. They quickly melted ice, made a pepper soup which the Han drivers like, put it in a pottery jug wrapped in a fur coat, and started out in the blizzard. The driver was so moved that tears came to his eyes.

"How thoughtful you all are!" he said.

The maintenance men only replied, "We're brothers. We all follow Chairman Mao and build and run this thousand-*li* snow line.

It is what we ought to do, since we are working to help the world's people win liberation."

One section of the Chinghai-Tibet Highway crosses a great stretch of desert. Quite often truck drivers see patches of green along the sand expanse, the vegetable plots of the farming squad of a drivers unit, symbols of their revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and resolve to fight the elements and transform nature.

How much work they have spent on this desert! There is no sub-soil, only gravel. They dug out the gravel, screened out the fine sand and then brought in good soil from far away. This they mixed with goat manure collected several hundred kilometres away and spread on the sand half a foot deep.

No one knows exactly how much stone had to be removed or how much earth put in to make one *mu* of such artificial plots. They also got sedimentary sand brought in by canalizing snow water from the mountains. Shoulders blistered from the carrying poles, hands bled from the picks. In the summer scorched skin from the blazing sun, welts from mosquito bites. In the winter, chapped and cracked faces and hands.

But hardship and fatigue were nothing to these fighters. It is the greatest honour for them to transform nature under the guidance of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. In the spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death they fought stubbornly to make thirteen *mu* of land flourish in the desert.

It was hard enough to create land, but still harder to grow vegetables on it. The weather was tricky and sandstorms violent. They did not yet know how to grow vegetables under such conditions. They experimented with various kinds of seeds brought in from other parts of China. When some seeds failed to sprout in the cold, they raised them indoors in old watercans or basins. They sunned the seedlings in the open during the day and kept them in their rooms at night.

It was a long way from seedling to vegetable. First they had to survive the elements: wind, sand, frost and snow. Sometimes wild animals tore the plots up at night. The seedlings were swept away in a gale, frozen by snow and frost, buried by shifting sand or eaten by

animals. The men had to turn the soil over and plant again. They took turns watching day and night for wild animals.

"More and better vegetables," they said proudly, "is part of the battle to support transport in preparedness against war on this thousand *li* of snow line. One more vegetable means one more bullet against imperialism, revisionism and reaction. Not only that, but here in the desert we temper ourselves and become more loyal to Chairman Mao."

This is how our revolutionary fighters battle on the snow line on the plateau. Their hearts red as fire, they rely on invincible Mao Tsetung Thought and work hard "**grasping revolution and promoting production and other work and preparedness against war.**" They have made outstanding contributions and resolve to make this snow line still more beautiful.

## Heroic Songs of the Working Class

—*Introducing Two Collections of Essays*

The Nanking Yangtse River Bridge and the Shanghai 125,000-kw. steam turbo-generating set with inner water-cooled stator and rotor are two of China's major engineering achievements. *The Nanking Yangtse River Bridge* and *The Song of the "125" Project*, collections of essays written by workers and published recently in Shanghai, vividly describe their construction.

The bridge at Nanking across the broad river was designed and built entirely by China. But from the sinking of the first pile to the final completion of the bridge at the end of 1968, a fierce struggle persisted between the two lines: one insisting on self-reliance, the other wanting to slavishly copy foreign methods; one seeking greater, faster, better and more economical results, the other favouring extreme timidity, caution and progress at a snail's pace. In essence it was a struggle between Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line and Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line in the socialist construction.

*Builder of Bridges*, a reportage based on actual facts, which appears on page 3 of this issue, is typical of this struggle.

Throughout *The Nanking Yangtse River Bridge* we can see that every victory was achieved after a hard battle that had to be waged against Liu Shao-chi's counter-revolutionary revisionist line. The collection is a tribute to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line.

So is *The Song of the "125" Project*. It shows the correctness and powerfulness of Chairman Mao's concept of **"maintaining independence and keeping the initiative in our own hands and relying on our own efforts"** in socialist construction. Vivid and forceful, it brings out to the full how the Chinese working class, tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution and armed with Mao Tsetung Thought, has dared to travel uncharted paths and scale unconquered heights.

The workers were short of data, equipment and materials. They simply created what they needed during the job. In only ten months they designed and produced a generator capable of providing electricity for a city of six or seven million. **"The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is a powerful motive force for the development of the social productive forces in our country."** The 28 essays in this collection prove the truth of this wise concept of Chairman Mao.

Each of the collections describes an advanced engineering project. In magnificent scenes we see huge cranes moving to and fro, girders weighing hundreds of tons slowly rising, arc lights sparkling from the welding torches. We hear the hum of power shovels, the roar of drills, the pounding of hammers. Heroes of the Chinese working class, loyal to Chairman Mao, appear before our eyes, men like Wang Chao-chu and Hu Pao-ling in *The Nanking Yangtse River Bridge*, Hsu Yao-chou, Sung Yin-hsiang, Liu Chin-tang and Lu Yu-ken in *The Song of the "125" Project*, who have emerged in the storms of class struggle, the struggle for production and scientific experiment. They embody the towering courage and the thoroughgoing spirit of **"fearing neither hardship nor death"** of the Chinese working class. To build socialism with maximum speed and good results and to catch up with and surpass advanced world levels, they dare to scale mountains of swords and cross seas of fire.

Hu Pao-ling descends over 45 metres with simple diving apparatus. He explodes the myth that whoever goes deeper than 45 metres to survey underwater foundations for the bridge will be crushed.

In *The Song of the "125" Project*, we meet Lu Yu-ken, veteran worker and leader of a paint squad. Thinly clothed and at the risk of his life, he crawls into a steel tube in icy cold weather to check and clear away particles. Welders ignore the howling wind and pouring rain to speed up their work. Pile drivers break with the convention that their job cannot be done when it is snowing. They vow: "We'll sink piles even though it rains iron." They fulfil within seven and half days a task scheduled to take a month. Such are the heroes of our great era, men who have created wonders in bridge building and electric engineering.

The portrayal of the heroic workers, peasants and soldiers is the fundamental task of socialist literature and art. As is pointed out in the *Summary of the Forum on the Work in Literature and Art in the Armed Forces with Which Comrade Lin Piao Entrusted Comrade Chiang Ching*, "The fine qualities of the worker, peasant and soldier heroes who have emerged under the guidance of the correct line of the Party are the concentrated expression of the class character of the proletariat. We must work with whole-hearted enthusiasm and do everything possible to create heroic models of workers, peasants and soldiers." *The Nanking Yangtse River Bridge* and *The Song of the "125" Project* depict not only the militant life of heroes, but also the lofty ideals and thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of the working class. A record of fine deeds of the working class, they present a galaxy of selfless, daring and extremely creative heroes.

The workers are the writers of the two collections as well as the builders of the bridge and the "125" turbo-generating set. A new batch of writers have emerged in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. They have taken over the literary field and have become creators of literature. Their writings manifest a strong vitality, proletarian character and new artistic quality.

In socialist construction workers have displayed the spirit of self-reliance and fearing neither hardship nor death. In their artistic creations they have demonstrated the fine communist style of collectivism by eradicating the selfish bourgeois concepts of "my" script and

“yours.” They write and revise collectively. Take *The Song of the “125” Project*, for example. The rough draft ran to more than two million Chinese characters. By the time the workers finished polishing and improving it collectively, it crystallized into the present collection of twenty thousand words.

*The Nanking Yangtse River Bridge* and *The Song of the “125” Project* differ from literary works of the bourgeoisie in their powerfulness and loftiness in sentiment. There are no mawkish passages, no personal wavering and sickly sentimentality. Nor are there any grotesque incidents and abstruse language. Separately, each of the 38 essays centres on a particular phase to reflect a battle. Together, they present a panoramic view of the entire construction. The language is simple and vivid and full of revolutionary vigour. In a word, the collections have new themes, new heroes, new technique and new language, and provide the reader with new ideas.

Big renegade Liu Shao-chi asserted that “the workers have no education” and “they cannot write.” The bourgeois diehards said: “Stories about industry are dull.” The appearance of the two collections strikes these allegations a fatal blow. Facts eloquently prove that the working people are the makers of history, that they create not only material wealth but also spiritual treasures. They are the masters of both production and culture.

## Chronicle

### Televised Documentaries on Show

Recently, in China there has been a nation-wide popularization of model revolutionary theatrical works by means of live performances, the fine arts, stories adopted from the scripts and other literary and art forms.

Films originally made for television of two modern revolutionary Peking operas, *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy* and *The Red Lantern*, since August this year, have been on show throughout the country. Shining with the radiance of Mao Tsetung Thought, the model revolutionary theatrical works have been warmly welcomed by the workers, peasants and soldiers. Chairman Mao teaches that revolutionary literature and art should **“operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy.”** To meet the urgent requests of the broad masses the revolutionary workers of the Peking Television Station made these films. A good form for popularizing revolutionary literature and art among the workers, peasants and soldiers, these films can educate a vast audience, and also give them a chance to see the model revolutionary theatrical works.

Discussion meetings were held in many factories, communes, army units, offices, colleges and schools. People said: Production of the films is another example of Chairman Mao’s profound care for the

people and the films gave a vivid lesson in Mao Tsetung Thought. They vowed to further improve their living study and application of Mao Tsetung Thought, and following the brilliant examples of the heroic figures in the operas, stride down the broad highway of continuing the revolution.

### Revolutionary Song Concert

On the eve of July 1, the Party's birthday, a revolutionary song concert was held by the Red Guards Congress of the Middle Schools in the city of Shenyang, Liaoning Province. More than ten thousand Red Guards and Little Red Soldiers took part.

The participants sang warm praises of the wise leadership of our great leader Chairman Mao, the great, glorious and correct Chinese Communist Party, the heroic exploits of the Chinese people who, under the leadership of the Communist Party and Chairman Mao, united as one and advancing wave upon wave, defeated the invaders and liberated their motherland and are now being engaged in their socialist revolution and socialist construction and supporting the revolution of the world's people.

In choruses, solos and duets, they sang revolutionary songs and arias from model revolutionary theatrical works such as *Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy*, *The Red Lantern* and *Shachiapang*. Orchestral items were also performed.

The concert further advanced Shenyang's amateur theatrical activities of the masses.

### Deeds of Heroes on Exhibition

During the celebration of the 49th anniversary of the Chinese Communist Party, an exhibition on the great deeds of some heroes entitled "Fear Neither Hardship Nor Death," sponsored by the Shansi Provincial Revolutionary Committee, was held recently.

Chairman Mao's solemn statement on May 20 is displayed at the entrance. It is followed by the brilliant images of nineteen heroes in ten groups. Among them are Liu Hu-lan, an unyielding heroine who

fought bravely against the enemy and died heroically during the War of Liberation; Huang Chi-kuang, a special class hero who blocked the enemy fire with his own body and thus opened up a path to victory for his comrades-in-arms in a battle during the War to Resist U.S. Aggression and Aid Korea; Mai Hsien-teh, an iron fighter who remained at his post even though his head had been severely wounded in a naval engagement to consolidate the proletarian dictatorship and defeat the intrusion of the Chiang Kai-shek bandit warships; and Sun Yu-kuo, a combat hero who successfully defended our sacred territory in a battle of self-defence and counter-attack on the Chenpao Island.

Through more than a hundred works of fine arts and a number of photos, articles and sculptures, the exhibition shows the noble qualities of the heroes who are boundlessly loyal to Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and renders enthusiastic praise of the thoroughgoing revolutionary spirit of fearing neither hardship nor death displayed by the heroes armed with Mao Tsetung Thought.

The exhibition has been warmly received by the workers, peasants and soldiers, whom the spirit of the heroes has inspired greatly.

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Published by Foreign Languages Press  
Pai Wan Chuang, Peking (37), China  
*Printed in the People's Republic of China*

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中國文學

英文月刊 1970 年第 10 期

本刊代號 2-916