

but the family had found a way of hiding him: They put him on a big mattress on the floor, and then the grandmother got in the middle with all the children sleeping around her - and over him, so the Israelis didn't see him. Our two girls were able to go to the village and bring him back to Ramallah where we made an ID for him. Later this man and one of the girls met again at a base of the revolution in Jordan. They had not known each other by name before, only by face, but it was a nice reunion.

On Christmas Eve, the Israelis take special precautions to avoid anything happening in Bethlehem, to make it look as though the occupation is normal. The first year of the occupation, the Palestinian resistance planned to make an operation in Bethlehem to show that life was not going on as usual. We had three men arriving from Jordan to take part. We needed to help them move from Ramallah to Jerusalem to Bethlehem without ID cards. I went with one of them. We got on a bus separately, but managed to sit side by side. When the Israeli came to check, it was my job to laugh and joke with the soldier so he would forget to ask for the comrade's ID. It worked! In another case, a woman comrade carried bombs on a bus. She put them in a bag filled with apples. When the Israeli came and asked what was in the bag, she joked with him and offered him an apple, so he did not look in the bag.

At that time, we were able to utilize the Israeli perception of Arab women to our advantage. They didn't expect us to be involved in the struggle, so we were able to do things without being suspected. Incidentally, this is one of the things that is no longer the case. At that time, however, I was able to transport a typewriter to the comrades in the Gaza Strip by playing on my 'weakness' as a woman. I took a taxi with another woman. I wrapped my leg in a plaster cast as though it was broken and placed it over the typewriter. When we were stopped at an Israeli checkpoint, I 'tried' to get out of the car, but pretended I couldn't, so the Israeli soldier told me to remain sitting. I also avoided showing my ID by saying I didn't have one, because my name was written in my father's ID since I was not yet married.

Ordinary people also helped us completely spontaneously. Once when a woman comrade was accompanying one of the fedayeen onto a bus on the way to make an operation, a woman on the street whispered to them to warn him that his military fatigues were showing beneath his civilian pants.

RESOURCEFULNESS

We who were organized received training from the organization. There were guidelines for what to do in case of arrest, how to transport things secretly, etc. However, we had to rely on ourselves to a great extent. We learned through practice and spread our experience. We had experience from working in Jordan and on the West Bank under Jordanian control before the occupation. Once we had carried things, for which we could have received a death sentence, from Jerusalem via the West Bank to Irbid (Jordan), and back to Jerusalem.

It was our original intention to carry out more extensive political education and mass organization before launching armed struggle. There were always two aspects - working with people and at the same time preparing for the future. We

wanted to build a strong organization, so there were others to carry on if some were arrested or martyred. However, the course of events and the new occupation in 1967, forced armed struggle on us prematurely. In their enthusiasm, everyone wanted to engage in armed struggle immediately. I always stressed the need for prior training - political and military. Some women cadres went to Jordan for training and returned.

After the occupation people were generally willing to do whatever they could. Women and girls were quite resourceful. The first handbills against the occupation were written on typewriters and duplicated on machines we stole from the schools in the first days of chaos. It was all girls doing this work and bringing the materials. Some girls got the idea themselves to make a formal marriage with a comrade so that they could take a house to be used by the comrades. When the Israelis made a census in the first months after the occupation, they put different places under curfew on different days, and registered names. We were able to register in different places at different times to get extra ID cards. Later, there was strict registration of rented houses, so doing such things became more difficult.

In fact, most of the women's activities were ones they created themselves. We would sit down and discuss what to do, make practical suggestions and carry them out. For instance, we never had to ask directly for donations. We simply told people we wanted to do something, and they offered help. Young girls collected enough money for our activities in the Jerusalem - Ramallah area by such things as sewing and selling their embroidery work. All such work was done directly from the homes.

UNITY IN STRUGGLE

At this time in the occupied territories, there was no difference between the resistance organizations. Everyone was active together, organizing things together. Especially at the beginning, the comrades of the PFLP and Al Fatah organized many things together.

We tried to get everyone involved in the struggle according to their ability. We tried to get them to express their commitment in whatever way they could. We used the help of people who had not yet taken the step to total involvement, but we did this in a way not to endanger them, and we never lied to them, so they continued to support us.

We also taught people how to avoid giving the Israelis any information if they were asked about someone. We taught them to say «I don't know» to all questions to avoid bringing harm to themselves or others. Keeping quiet became completely natural for people. For instance, when my mother and sister were later interrogated about me, they said the same thing although they were questioned separately. They had gotten used to dealing with such things because they had helped a lot in our work without being organized. My mother and sisters typed and carried messages; they carried small packages without knowing the contents. They shared part of the work - aware of some things and unaware of others.

In working with women, we were careful to involve them in a way that would not totally disrupt their lives, so that they could work with us without, for example, quarrelling with their husbands. At the same time, we taught women who were ready ►