

how to sacrifice their peaceful life in order to share in the struggle. We also discussed the importance of the woman's work with the husbands. In that period most of the people were quite traditional. It was difficult for women to be involved. For example, women never slept outside their homes, but parents began to allow this at the time that the armed struggle increased, for this gave a push to the participation of women. When the situation was most difficult, we found people becoming more free. However, when there was a lull in the struggle, people returned to thinking of the traditions.

## WANTED!

In July 1968, several women comrades were arrested. On July 25th, I learned that I was wanted by the occupation authorities. I was accused of being the recipient of a bag sent from Jordan by one of those arrested. The next day, the Israelis came to my house, but I was already gone. The day before I had cleaned the house of all documents and told my mother I would sleep elsewhere - It was the first time I slept outside the home. I told her to tell anyone who came to ask for me that I would be back.

I went to all the comrades to tell them about the arrests. To be careful, I stopped the taxi away from their houses and walked from house to house. Then I went to the house of an old woman who was a dressmaker. Since she had guests, I said I had come to try on a dress and that my brother would pick me up. Of course, he did not come and it became late, so I could sleep there. The next day I sent a woman to tell my mother that I would be leaving. I told her that if anyone was there, to just say she had come to pick up my gradebooks - it was the end of the year and I needed to record the students' grades. She didn't come back so I sent another friend who found my house surrounded by Israeli forces. She pretended she was just passing on the way to somewhere else, but they stopped her and asked if she knew anyone from the house. She said no; she understood something was wrong. That day I had had an appointment to go to Nablus with another woman, and she was arrested when she came to my house.

When I learned of these things, I began walking on the road to Ramallah. It was very hot and there was no car, bus or taxi. Finally a friend stopped in a pickup truck with another person. I told him I wanted to visit his home and pressed his hand hard, so he would know there was something urgent. He dropped off the other person and returned and drove me to Ramallah. I went to the UNRWA office to collect my salary. Ironically, while I was there the Israelis called to inquire about me, but the person at UNRWA said I had a training course at the teachers' center. I waited in the office of a friend from Fatah for a comrade to come, so I could tell him to warn people not to go to my house. Then he told me where to go and I took a taxi to Nablus. I stayed with a family. After a week, there was heavy knocking on the door. The girl who opened the door was afraid the Israelis were looking for me, but it turned out they were asking about someone else. Still I was afraid, so I contacted the comrades to find a new place to stay. They arranged for me to stay with a middle-aged couple. I stayed there for 19 days; it was like being in prison; I stayed in a locked room and couldn't see anything but a cemetery from the window. Also, the woman asked so many questions that I felt

uneasy. Finally I left and arranged for another place to stay, telling this woman I was leaving for Jordan the next day anyway.

From the next house I stayed in, we organized a strike and demonstration, and sent petitions to the United Nations, protesting the arrests of the three women in Ramallah and Jerusalem. Of course, I and the comrade I was staying with couldn't go ourselves. Nobody knew I was there and she pretended to be sick. At this time I began planning how to leave the West Bank. I thought of trying to stay, for example working as a servant in someone's house in order not to be discovered, but the comrades decided that I should leave. A friend gave me West Bank identity papers which were different than those for Jerusalem. I went to a photographer to have pictures taken, saying I needed them to send to my fiancée in Jordan with someone who was traveling right away. One picture was for him and another was with my disguise - wig and glasses. The photographer was displeased because the picture was unclear, but I said I was in a hurry, and a friend got me a travel permit with the unclear picture.

I took a taxi to the Damia bridge. I had to wait one hour to get past the border. It was the longest hour of my life. I felt every Israeli soldier was looking at me. I played with the children of other people who were also waiting in order to keep my head down and turned away from the soldiers. Finally I passed the control and took a car to the Jordanian side. This was August 29, 1968. In Jordan, I went into the tent to register, saying I was coming to stay with my brother and giving a false name and address for him. The Jordanian policeman recognized me. By unlucky coincidence, he was one of those who had arrested me from my home in 1966. I insisted that it was not me, and finally he gave up. I entered Jordan and contacted our comrades there.

All the time I was wanted, I was careful not to endanger those who helped me hide. I never let my family know where I was since it was better for them really not to know if they were interrogated. I sent messages to Jordan which were then sent back to them in Jerusalem. In fact, no one I stayed with was arrested, but my mother and sisters were detained. My brother was held for four months although he had nothing to do with our work. The Israelis were waiting to see if I would return. Several friends who were not organized were arrested when they came to my house unawares after I left. One of them was an older man. The Israelis beat him so badly that when he came out, he said, «Now I am organized!» Later he joined the struggle. When I left the West Bank, there were over seventy women working with us in the Jerusalem and Ramallah area. Of course, the struggle has grown since then, despite arrests and deportations.

