

Our first meeting with the peasants took place in the groves of Sheikh Ali Dallul. He had heard about the Burayj demonstration and was interested in the Party. He had brought for entertainment a minstrel with his rabab. In times of trouble they seek the poets, just as some seek God when they ride an airplane.

We began to discuss the Sinai project. To the peasants, the land that is under their feet, which they till, sow, harvest, and smell, is the only land. The peasant is like a cock that crows both when it is hungry and when it is full. And how often he has had to crow from hunger.

The peasants supported a complaint to the military governor against the Sinai project...

Through a friend of the Party we were able to obtain the Sinai Project Report written by the Agency's experts. It was an appalling document. In spite of the Agency's engineers' admission that it would be impossible to live in that piece of hell due to the lack of water and the prohibitive cost of reclaiming the desert, and in spite of the doctors' forecasts of the diseases that would plague the refugees, especially those resulting from the effect of dust-saturated air on the lungs and eyes of the children - in spite of these reservations, the report carried the Agency's experts' approval. They proposed an initial experiment with 20,000 refugees, on the basis of which they would then consider the relocation of additional numbers of refugees.

The Party decided to print the report and to distribute copies of it to all patriotic persons in Gaza. The date we selected was February 15, 1955, at 7 P.M...

In the morning the Intelligence and secret police held a joint meeting. They had not imagined that the report of the Agency's experts would make its way to the Party, and that the latter would translate it, print it, and distribute it. They undertook a vicious search operation. They were not satisfied with turning things upside down; in some homes they dug up floors, and in one home they ripped out tiles in search of the mimeograph machine.

But the machine lay there, beneath a trough filled with water. And the water was dripping, drop by drop, into the trough, as if each drop were a leaflet falling on the cement.

On the night of February 28, 1955, an Israeli raid on the Gaza railroad station took place. And on the morning of March 1, hundreds of thousands, from Rafah to Beit Hanun took to the streets shouting: "No settlement! No relocation! Oh, you American agents!"

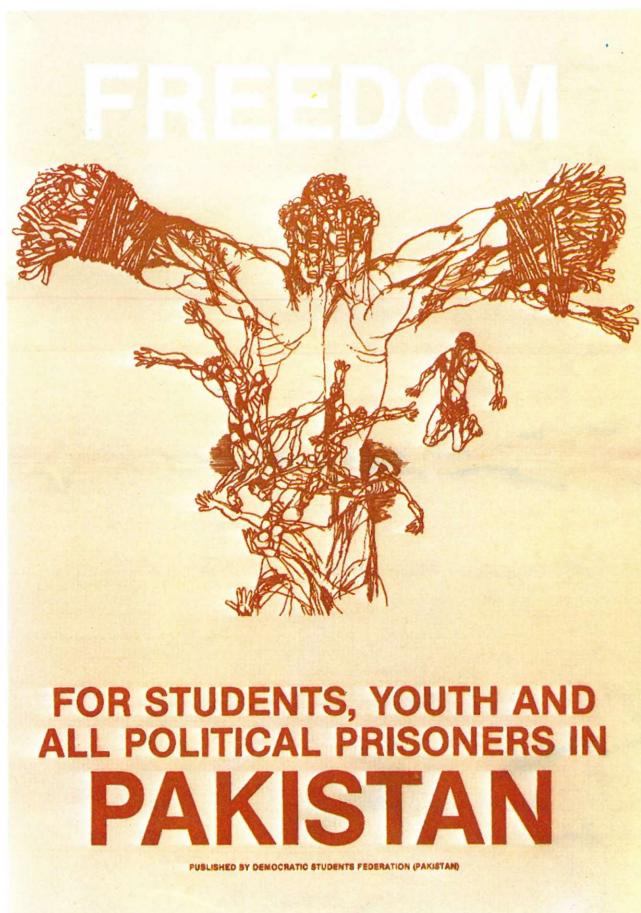
They sit on the sidewalks and imagine that they know everything that goes on in the capital. But the masses in Gaza who walked the sidewalks knew what had happened in the Gaza railroad station. Egyptian and Sudanese soldiers had been killed with bayonets, and others had died in the rubble. And the refugees who had demonstrated in the Burayj camp

against the Israeli raid there were now demonstrating against the Israeli raid on the railroad station.

It was as if the Israelis wanted to say: There is no one to protect you from the Sinai project. But they were wrong... ●

For Democracy in Pakistan

We were pleased to receive a series of graphics from the Democratic Students Federation (Pakistan), affiliated with the International Union of Students and World Federation of Democratic Youth. We take this opportunity to express our full solidarity with the masses in Pakistan struggling for democracy, and freedom from the oppression of the military dictatorship.



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