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**EYEWITNESS REPORTS
FROM THE
FBIS MEDITERRANEAN BUREAU
20-23 JULY 1974**

FBIS FOREIGN BROADCAST INFORMATION SERVICE

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Introduction

Located at Karavas on the north coast of Cyprus, the FBIS Mediterranean Bureau, an annex of the American Embassy, Nicosia, is situated on six acres of U.S. Government-owned land which accommodates the operations and support buildings and two official residences. An additional 167 acres are leased to provide an antenna field.

The Bureau was established here, 7 miles west of Kyrenia and 25 miles from Nicosia, the island's capital, in 1949. Its full staffing complement at the time of the Turkish invasion was 85 employees, including 13 Americans.

When hostilities erupted at daybreak on Saturday, 20 July 1974, the bureau was manned by one U.S. staff employee, seven U.S. Marine guards, and 18 local employees. They were soon joined by the bureau chief and chief engineer and their families, who reside in the two official houses just across the road from the Bureau. All these people were trapped inside the Bureau for the next 3 days while fighting went on around them. The Bureau suffered at least one direct hit by a mortar shell as well as shrapnel damage from near misses by artillery shells. The landing of Turkish troops was observed from the Bureau's roof during the early hours of the war, as were later troop movements by both sides.

Other American staff members as well as third country national employees and their wives and children were caught in the port city of Kyrenia. Confronted with the possibility of house-to-house fighting, they fled to a Finnish UN Contingent camp in the hills above the city. There, in scorching 100-plus degree heat, the FBIS group joined several hundred other foreign nationals seeking cover among the trees, rocks, and gullies while battles raged around them. Near misses by mortar rounds showered the people in the camp with debris, and at one point advancing Turkish troops marched through the camp in pursuit of fleeing Greek

Cypriot National Guardsmen. During an exchange of fire between the two sides on Sunday, an FBIS editor was wounded in the hand. On Monday, 22 July, the hundreds of refugees in the camp were forced to flee up the mountainside to avoid being caught in a forest fire, ignited during an artillery duel, which swept through the campsite.

Several smaller groups of employees and their families were isolated in their outlying homes by the outbreak of hostilities. They ended up as captives of invading Turkish contingents, one of them led by an English-speaking Turkish officer who called himself "Tarzan."

All the American personnel as well as most third country national employees and their families were evacuated from the island on Tuesday, 23 July, by British helicopters which airlifted them to the British aircraft carrier HMS Hermes. They were subsequently transferred at sea to the amphibious transport USS Trenton which later put them ashore at Beirut, Lebanon.

The following eyewitness accounts were selected from among the many written by those who were present at the Bureau in Karavas, at the UN camp in Kyrenia, and in the isolated houses. They were written hastily while the evacuees were trying to collect their families and their thoughts in motel and hotel rooms in Beirut.

From The FBIS Bureau At Karavas, Cyprus

J. THOMAS WEISS ACCOUNT

Bureau Chief J. Thomas Weiss, 55, has headed the Mediterranean Bureau operation since 26 May 1973. He has worked for FBIS since 1947. Tom had returned to the island from TDY in London only the day before hostilities erupted. At the time of the crisis, Tom and his wife, Marge, had as a houseguest Beth Seely, daughter of former FBIS Director Roger Seely, who personally oversaw the bureau's construction.

Greece and Turkey fought their war on Cyprus. The island is a hostage of the Turkish Air Force. Poison and hate from the two motherlands have spread over Cyprus. The stain will be deep and abiding. There is no love to wash away the hate between the two communities. Hellenism was a feeling among the Greeks on Cyprus. It was strong within hearts but devoid of power without.

The Kyrenia we all knew is dead. Tourists will not be sipping brandy sours among the petroleum storage tanks of the new deepwater harbor. Greeks will not set foot in the area for months or even years. The FBIS station is an electronic tomb. The island itself is a forbidden land. I am ready at this moment to lead my people back. They not only would not follow, they would think me mad to believe we could return. Their word is: Cyprus—finished. In sadness but not in despair, I say it, too: Cyprus—finished.

But before I go on about the future, I should record my feelings about the past while I still have some of it fresh in mind. I have given myself a very short time to set this down; there is no time to outline or organize.

Everyone knows when it all began, but perhaps I should record Dennis Sheehan's words to me just before he pressed the alarm bell. He said: "Get your ass over here. The Turks are landing." I would liked to have been summoned with more dignity, but I got the message. I was at the bureau in 60 seconds. It was 2 days before I realized my shirttail was still out.

I had only returned from London the day before. I had a deep foreboding that the time had come to settle scores. The Turks had the provocation they were waiting for. I went to the Embassy on my way home, got five U.S. flags, including a large flag for the roof, and stopped off to buy 18 Cyprus pounds worth of high-protein rations. The stores closed for the duration at the very time I was paying for my purchase Friday noon. Word was being passed along the street by the Greek National Guard: "Close. There are difficulties with Turkey." At least, that is how the word was passed to me and to Leo Fink, who had come to fetch me at the Embassy.

There was an air of disbelief at the bureau as I arrived after Dennis' call about the landings. No one could really believe what he was seeing: naval bombardment, bombing, strafing, rocketing by aircraft, destroyers shelling the coast, choppers and troop planes ferrying men onto the island. Dennis thought the bombs falling on the nearby Greek National Guard camp were sonic booms. It was all like a scenario from a military manual. Yes, there really was a tried

and true system of making a landing on a hostile beach. The theory was taught at Ft. Benning, Georgia, to Turks and applied on Cyprus. The equipment was American. The empty 20mm cartridges which landed around the bureau from strafing aircraft had markings showing they were made in the United States in March of 1972.

When I arrived at the station I felt like a captain who had come to the bridge to command his ship which was under fire. Strangely, there were no commands to give for the first several hours. FBIS people had been trained to cover just such an event. Everyone did his job as always, except this time there was a difference: we could run up on the roof and see if the reports being broadcast were really true.

After several hours, during which I spent my time either at the desk or on the roof asking the Marines what they could identify, and after answering what seemed to be hundreds of questions about nothing really vital, I made the first of many decisions I was to make. They were not very big decisions. They were confirming what was and had to be. Sergeant Gutierrez was to be in charge of the physical safety of personnel. Dennis Sheehan was to run the hour-to-hour operation. These two men served with great distinction, and I shall have more to say about that later. My neighbor, Chief Engineer Alvis Clegg, received no direction at all from me and consulted me when he needed to. We were like two brothers in our own house. We understood what there was to do and we did it.

Whatever reporting we did, Washington has seen—at least I think they have seen. What the bureau suffered will be obvious when the people tell their stories. I believe the FBIS people have told their stories with humility, dignity, and truth. Some details are necessarily inaccurate, because our observers were not skilled in reporting a war. But our people knew what they felt and where they were. They were magnificent individually and as a body.

As time passed, it was plain to all of us what our problems and goals were. We had to monitor. We did it. When the booths were too dangerous to enter, monitors crawled in and out of the booths from the hall to change belts, returning to their positions during lulls in the fighting.

I realize now that the lulls were not safe. Within a few minutes of when Mrs. Clegg left the chief engineer's office, where she was working on an evacuation list for me, the room was sprayed with hundreds of pieces of shrapnel. My wife was out in the kitchen preparing some food a few minutes before an 81mm mortar shell struck 20 feet away—with nothing but a sheet of glass between her and the mortar shell blast. I foolishly thought I could safely take a catnap in the medical room so long as I stayed down. A few hours later, the basin in that room was blown off the wall and the room sprayed with shrapnel. It became obvious that only the center hall was safe, and that seemed quite safe except for heavy shelling or a mortar round on the roof or into a room.

The really heavy shelling came Monday. It was so severe and so close that I am certain the edge of the compound was being deliberately shelled at pointblank range by artillery. I never saw the artillery, nor did anyone else, but it had to be there. It was not from the ships. Sergeant Gutierrez thought that someone was trying to scare us. If he was, he succeeded. I thought possibly the Turks were trying to take out our generator without scoring a direct hit on the generator building, which was too close to the operations building. They knew we were in it, because we continued to watch each other though field glasses.

Alvis Clegg thought the Turks might have tuned in on our emergency net and did not like the reports which the Marines were making to the Embassy. I ordered the Marines to cease all reports on the battle over the emergency net, particularly since the regular phone was available for such calls. I then confirmed this decision with Ambassador Rodger Davies, who felt we had nothing to lose by such a decision and he wished us to make any decision we could to save lives. Ambassador Davies was, by the way, an inspiring leader. The FBIS people would follow him anywhere.

I did not have to worry about the hour-to-hour operations, Dennis was handling them beautifully. Alvis was keeping the building in operation and, I felt at the risk of his life, went outside to tend to essential matters. He seemed without fear, collected, and even secure, although his wife and 8-year-old son were there. The women prepared the food like a group of restaurateurs. Beth Seely was among them. I told her to tell her father, Roger, that he had opened Medburow and she was closing it.

What were my real problems? One was to keep going. I realized that I had to sleep but I was constantly being called to the phone, to the roof to talk on the emergency network, or to some monitor. I decided to sleep a few minutes at a time if that was the way it had to be. The most important thing I could do was to be seen and seen. I thanked everyone for the job he was doing. They had called on reserves of excellence from deep within themselves. When they had terrible moments of concern about their own lives and the lives of their families, I told them to pray. I asked the Turks to pray for the Greeks and the Greeks to pray for the Turks. Such love I may never see again. God was among us.

Meanwhile, sort of back at the ranch, Paul Cree had taken command of affairs in Kyrenia. We were both grateful that we were separated. I knew how ably and coolly he would perform, and he had a good man with him, Wayne Woodman, whose plans did much to save our people.

I will not go into detail about Paul's part of this, other than to say he consulted me about each decision he made and I consulted the Ambassador, if I could. We were in contact about four times a day. Paul would not have me say this, but I feel he was literally a Moses who led his people around in the wilderness and fire in the mountains to the Promised Land. His unflinching coolness saved lives. From me he shall have the highest honors.

I have no words to praise the people with Paul. They were the FBIS family, a cadre of noble people who loved each other. Although the evacuation was a shattering affair and sometimes was pushed by forces beyond our control to the brink of chaos, FBIS arrived in Beirut with its tail riding high. Ambassador Godley said we arrived with an internal discipline and an intact organization.

At the station, it became obvious that we would have to evacuate, but we did not know how. We had meetings about the prospects in the boiler room with what I called my imperial general staff—Sheehan, Clegg, Sergeant Gutierrez, and myself. Sergeant Gutierrez said that he thought we should rig up the buses with U.S. flags so that we would be prepared to evacuate by land or by sea. It had become clear to all of us that communications would soon be irrevocably out and that we were in a no man's land that would be fought over.

More important, however, were the lives of the FBIS personnel. The British Armed Forces Radio announced again and again that in all evacuations Cypriots must be excluded. Yet, if we left some of our Turks behind they would be shot. I discussed the question of extricating our Turks with Ambassador Davies, and

he sent a flash message to London urging the British Navy to be instructed to evacuate all FBIS personnel. This would be, he said, in the interest of both governments. I told Colonel Jessup at the Embassy that unless my people got on the chopper, I would not get on it. From then on, the thought of getting the Turks out was my main concern, and I realized that no amount of agonizing was solving my problem.

At our meetings we also discussed how we would extricate the Finks, who were pinned down in Tiger Bay near the point of the Turkish landing. It was a terrifying place to be. We also speculated about the Hennes, whose home we feared may have taken a hit, since they were the only Americans, other than the Finks, about whom we had not heard.

The Finks were first to be heard from. Leo Fink called from a Turkish command post, the one at which the commanding officer called himself "Tarzan". Fink said the Turks wanted to turn over to the FBIS station the FBIS people, plus three American newspapermen, three badly wounded Greeks who were apparently dying, and about 100 others. The Turks said that they could guarantee safe passage down to the Zepheros Hotel, about a mile from the station. I told Leo I would have to think about it, but that his proposal did not sound good, in that it was unsafe to travel at that time. At that very moment the Turkish Air Force was bombing and strafing in the immediate area. I discussed this with Sergeant Gutierrez, who thought the plan too risky. I called the Ambassador and told him of the proposal. He said he did not like it but would leave it to me. I decided not to do it. Leo called back and I gave him our decision. He understood.

The following day Sergeant Gutierrez said he thought the time had come to go for the Fink party, because we did not know whether the Finks had a way of getting to Six-Mile Beach or had even heard the radio announcements concerning the evacuation. Sergeant Gutierrez took our bus with the flag and one Marine. They crossed the check points with little difficulty and located the Finks and some stranded Americans and drove them directly to the point where the evacuation chopper would land.

At that point, my worst hour had come. I had agonized over what I could do with our Turks, who would surely be shot if the Turkish Army got them. They would be classified, and indeed were in the eyes of the Turks, deserters. Actually, they were extremely brave men who would give their lives for FBIS. They were not willing to kill in what they considered a senseless war. Once the coup had taken place, it would not in any case have been safe for them to join their outfits. They would have had to pass through Greek areas.

At the evacuation point, I called the Embassy from a switchboard right on the beach. The fact it was still operating was strange indeed. I asked the Embassy officers to make it plain that the United States Government wanted all FBIS personnel evacuated. A British Army UN major, who had come to check the credentials of those getting on the helicopter, said that Cypriots could not board. It was a matter of credibility for the whole United Nations, he said. I said that the people would be killed and that he could not protect them, either from the Greeks or Turks. He said he would try. Then the choppers came. Instead of going out to do the job for which he had come, he stayed with me. He knew our Americans were shoving everyone aboard. Alvis Clegg came and got the last one. When the officer saw that all of them were aboard he said: "Okay, we have saved your people. How about letting me use your buses so we can save some more." I agreed, on condition he would return the

buses to the compound. We had already removed the American flags. It was a hairy moment. When I was confident that all FBIS people had gotten aboard, I got aboard myself.

One of the flags, by the way, I brought with me, and I wish it could be delivered to Bill Colby, who sent us the encouraging message, so that it could fly one day or even one hour at Langley. It was torn by shrapnel when it was on the side of our building, but I think it saved our lives.

I simply have no time to write more, but I thank the Lord for a deliverance of the FBIS people. Whatever resolve I had was from the Lord. Now it is finished. I want to give my complete attention to the future. The past will not go away, but we should not dwell on it. FBIS people were God's children and He brought us here to Beirut.

My last sight of the bureau was a rather bizarre one. For the first time since I had been in Karavas I saw a flock of doves around the compound. They were feeding in a shell crater about 30 feet from the western fence. I did not regard their presence as an omen of peace, for the time was soon to come when the doves would also flee from Karavas.

TOM WEISS

ALVIS B. CLEGG JR. ACCOUNT

Chief Engineer Alvis B. Clegg Jr., 43, took over his bureau duties on 14 July 1973. He has been with FBIS for 13 years and was accompanied on this assignment by his wife, Imogene, and son, Alan.

There can be no question that the events of the 5 days preceding the 20th of July strengthened the Medbuero for what lay ahead. From the coup on the 15th, our Kyrenia wardens were contacting all employees and informing them of the changing work schedules—which included overnight stays at the station—necessitated by travel restrictions. Some people purchased additional food; the Marines were on full alert at the station; and Mr. Weiss obtained a supply of large flags from the Embassy upon his return from London on the 19th. It was with the regimentation acquired during this period that we began 3½ days of "Operation Survival."

I had been awake but was dozing lightly at 0520 on the morning of 20 July 1974 when the telephone rang. It was one of the Marine guards requesting that I come to the station. He said that a number of ships were off the coast. I told my wife, Imogene, to get dressed as quickly as possible and get our son, Alan, up. I slipped on trousers and shoes and dashed to the station. Someone sounded the alarm bell which served to awaken any in the station who were still asleep. Mr. Weiss, Imogene, and Alan arrived moments later. Within minutes Marge Weiss and her houseguest, Beth Seely, arrived at the station. By this time jet planes were visible to the east, and one dropped a bomb in the direction of St. George. Commercial power was still on, and I requested the watch officer to start and synchronize two of our emergency generators. Air and naval action was increasing.

I had gone outside toward the guardhouse when an F-100 (Sabre jet), westbound over the main road, began emitting small puffs of white smoke. My first thought, now incredulous, was that it had been hit by some of the sporadic

small arms fire that was being directed toward the jets. As I was to learn a split second later, the plane was strafing the main road with its 20mm cannons. It was this sight, and many similar ones to follow, that pointed up the accuracy of the Turkish pilots. The shelling and bombing in the direction of St. George continued to intensify. The Lamboussa National Guard camp at the western end of our antenna field was strafed and bombed. It burned with heat waves visible from the roof of the station. I counted more than 20 ships of varying sizes just off the coast and slightly to the east. Twenty-three C-47 transports flew low directly over the station in a northerly direction. They must have barely cleared the Kyrenia mountain range since we could see that their doors were open. It was amazing that they drew almost no ground fire. As mid-morning approached, Marge, Beth, Imogene, and Pat Werrell prepared breakfast for all those in the station. This service continued throughout our 3½ days of confinement.

About a dozen Cypriot-Americans sought refuge at the station. Our first thoughts were to refuse admittance since a broadcast appeal from Ambassador Davies requested Americans to remain at home and inside. We soon changed our stance and admitted the Americans to the workshop building. Although offering only meager protection, it did have a water cooler and toilet.

With the loss of commercial power, we switched to our emergency generators. Unable to air condition, we delayed opening of windows until it was almost unbearable. Even with windows open, the wireroom temperature reached 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

A typical example of the Turkish pilots' modus operandi was the attack on the Churchill Gardens Restaurant which was located on the main road, just east of the turnoff to the station. The jet made an observation pass down the road and spotted some military objective. A second pass saw the target marked with a smoke cannister and on the third pass the restaurant was obliterated.

Early in the morning, teletypist Susie Athanasie had a brief cry period. Her concern appeared to be primarily for her fiance. She soon recouped and, like our other teletypists, punched much traffic under the most trying circumstances. With both Greek and Turkish radios broadcasting claims of the tremendous victories, many found it difficult not to fear that their families had been slaughtered or burned. These fears brought many to weep briefly, but comfort was always at hand and often it was our Greeks and Turks who provided this for each other.

With naval bombardment and air attacks against mountain emplacements, many fires were set. As night fell, the mountains were ablaze from west to east. A strong wind from the west, combined with heat induced drafts, made an inferno of the once beautiful mountains.

The planes disappeared with darkness and only occasional exchanges of gunfire were heard. Several visited the roof to view the blazing mountains. We were in a blackout condition. The Marines placed flattened cardboard cartons over windows in all rooms where we considered some light essential. All lamps were removed from cruising room teleprinters, as well as the pilot lamps from multicouplers, converters, etc., in main radio. Receivers that were essential were covered. Forty-watt bulbs were placed in desk lamps in the Greek, Turkish, wire and editorial rooms.

About 2100 hours a tremendous small arms and machinegun firefight erupted to the east. We could see arching tracers from the opposing forces, and flashes of artillery fire provided a timing reference which indicated the battle

was only 2 miles east of the station. It was later in the night that the station was caught in artillery crossfire that was probably the most intense in our area between the warring parties. During this battle, and others that followed, Mr. Weiss would pause with groups in the darkened corridor and offer a brief prayer, "Lord, protect us through this night . . ." It was this artillery exchange that was responsible for all employees being bedded down in the central corridor (safe haven). A mortar round landed just outside the kitchen door at 0437 Sunday and was potentially the most dangerous of all which landed in the vicinity of the station. Certain death would have resulted had anyone been in the kitchen or first-aid room. Only personal observation or photographic evidence can show the force of impact and the fortune of our staff. The shrapnel-riddled flag, which was attached to the side of the building, bears brutal evidence of this attack. A small recovered portion of the device indicated that it was an 81mm mortar.

The mortar caused us to lose building power. I could hear the generators still running after the mortar hit and fortunately only the circuit breakers had opened. Not knowing the extent of damage, I opened all breakers, went to the generator building and reset the main breaker. Returning to the station, I reset each breaker. So far as could be determined, the sheer concussion of the mortar was responsible for the open breakers. (I could never have been convinced that our building could have been shaken so violently by anything short of an earthquake.)

Personally, one of the major factors in morale was our communications. Until their closure, our circuit through Yerolakkos was a lifeline. It was encouraging to get QSLs from Washington whenever the London circuit came up, although we were assured from time to time that the direct circuit was solid. One of the miracles of the war was the continuing operation of the telephone system. Until they became prisoners of war at Tiger Bay, we were able to keep in touch with the Finks, Mikhailovskys, and Ira Borda. There was great concern for the Hennes since their phone was knocked out early. We knew only that they were safe in their basement at 0630 Saturday. The phones were a tremendous boost to our employees whose families were in Kyrenia and Nicosia. It was pure luck that the encoder for the VHF emergency base station had arrived and, with it, our portamobiles had been placed in Kyrenia. These units provided additional contact with our personnel from Kyrenia who were evacuated to the Finnish UN camp.

Sunday afternoon a Turkish jet strafed and bombed the beautiful new Zepheros Hotel. This \$14 million hotel, which opened 15 June, is located about 1 mile from the station, just beyond our longest Beverage antenna. After the smoke cleared, the accuracy of the plane's attack was evident. A bomb had hit the structure approximately midway on the second floor. It blasted a hole completely through the building and the fire that followed left nothing but a charred hulk. It is a tribute to the pilot's skill that the attack was conducted in such a manner that there were no injuries to the 70 guests still in the hotel.

Some of the hotel's workers fled across the field to the station. One climbed the fence, backed our Landrover up to the fence, and assisted others in climbing into our compound. They joined those who had been admitted to the shop building. It was from them that we learned that the National Guard had fled and abandoned a tank and machinegun beside the hotel.

Second only to the mortar in devastation were shells which landed in or around our compound. Two of these penetrated the fence, one landing among

the stack of steel tower sections which had been obtained for our antenna renovation. This shell severely damaged the Krause's car and the station's pickup truck. It made at least 17 holes in the workshop building where the refugees were crouched, and damaged our generator building. It was shortly after this hit that we lost one of our generators due to a hole in the radiator. I was unable to determine if the hole was directly related to the shell, or if it might have been caused by a piece of plaster from the ceiling being ingested into the fan.

Had I not seen the blackened towers, I could never have been convinced of the devastation a single shell could cause. Pieces of the melted towers, similar in hazard and shape to a rotary mower blade, were hurled as far as the bureau's residences. The other shell that passed through the fence landed in the field behind the storage building. A third shell landed in the field just back of the garage building.

Sometime Sunday, and with firing so intense that no one knew exactly when, my office window was hit and the closed venetian blind was punctured by more than 50 pieces of shrapnel. Some pieces of the Lexan were blown out and some were cut through, as if by a razor. The light fixture was hit and broken. It was also during this day that a water pipe on the roof was hit and punctured. Fortunately, the pipe was one associated with our secondary supply system.

There was a skirmish by what the Marines considered squad-sized units just outside the station compound between 1200 and 1400 Monday. None of the fire was directed toward the station, but it was so close that we kept down during most of the exchange.

Tuesday morning we were notified that the evacuation—described by the Embassy as a mini-Dunkirk—would take place either by landing craft or helicopter. Our buses had been prepared the previous afternoon, after the cease-fire, by attaching poles with flags to the front of the vehicles. Upon seeing a British ship with a flashing light and an observation helicopter proceeding westward along the coast, we loaded two buses and proceeded to the parking lot at Mare Monte. Just after the buses' departure, the Embassy called to say that plans were for a helicopter pickup at the station. It was just as well that our buses had left since a clearly marked copter flying just over the station began taking small arms fire from the ground. The Mare Monte lot made a perfect pickup point since it could accommodate three Wessex helicopters simultaneously. Two of our Marines took a bus and made a successful dash to pick up those who had been held as POWs near St. George.

Up until the moment of lift-off, the UN was insisting that no Cypriots could be evacuated. While Mr. Weiss was on the phone to the Ambassador, Leo Fink and Dennis Sheehan shoved our Cypriot employees aboard the helicopters and the question was moot.

I shall never forget the sad view of Cyprus as we lifted off and the scene aboard the HMS Hermes. The reuniting of families, some of whom had been picked up earlier at Six-Mile Beach (east), and the sheer relief of tensions made a dry eye hard to find. My hat is off to the evacuation operation conducted by the HMS Hermes and her crew. Real professionals, those Brits!

When Wednesday morning broke, we found ourselves anchored off Akrotiri, Cyprus. During the morning we left the Hermes by small landing craft and transferred at sea to larger U.S. craft for the short journey to the USS Trenton. Our reception and overnight stay aboard the Trenton was efficient, cordial, and courteous; but an anticlimax to that on the Hermes.

From the Holiday Inn, Beirut, and in retrospect, there were no outstanding performances, just as there were none who shrank from duty. Riyadh Shehadeh was my most able and willing helper. The personnel—employees, dependents, and Marines—at the Medburo formed a great team and in any similar situation, I would choose them all, including my 8-year-old son.

There may be a few who will say that some decisions and actions were incorrect. Not me! The very survival of all involved is proof positive.

ALVIS B. CLEGG

DENNIS P. SHEEHAN ACCOUNT

Senior Editor Dennis P. Sheehan, 32, had been on the island only 6 weeks when hostilities broke out. An FBIS employee since 1963, Dennis was trapped at the bureau while his wife, Linda, and two sons were caught in the city of Kyrenia. She relates her impressions of the Turkish invasion under the section on the Finnish UN camp.

Due to the curfew imposed by the Cyprus coup on 15 July, I reported for swingshift at 1630 on Friday, 19 July, fully expecting to be relieved at 0700 the following day. Friday night was busy, particularly with Cyprus events, and I did not finish pushing out the last piece of copy until 0230. I was not tired and thus planned to stay up all night, catching up on my reading. I was in the kitchen heating up a can of soup for breakfast when, shortly after daybreak, one of the Greek guards, who was standing outside the kitchen window, motioned for one of us inside the kitchen, to come look at the ships offshore. Riyadh Shehadeh, who went out to investigate, came running in to report a fleet of warships, presumably Turkish, close to shore right off the bureau. As I ran down the hall to the editorial room, both Afram Shamounki and Fahri Gokcezade came running from the opposite direction to report that both AFP in French and either Beirut or Amman Domestic Service (I can't recall which) had carried flash items about Turkish troop landings on Cyprus. After getting out a three-line ZZ message, which included our personal observations, the bureau chief was notified and the alarm set off to get everyone out of the side rooms where they were sleeping.

From that point on my recollection of events, incidents, etc., is a big blur. It seems almost impossible to put events in their proper sequence, particularly due to the fact that I was only able to catch an hour or two of sleep each day. Each day seems to blend with the next and with the one before. I would think that the only way for the entire story to come out would be for all involved at the bureau site to sit around a table with a tape recorder in the middle, each telling their own version, with each contradicting, verifying report noted and sorted out—probably enough to fill a book.

At the beginning of the invasion I recall a seemingly interminable lull in reporting—which gave most of us the opportunity to phone our families. At about the same time the first planes zoomed overhead and the first shells began hitting the Greek positions on the hills above the bureau, Cypriot stations came alive, Ankara carried an announcement by Premier Ecevit reporting the landing and invasion, and, due to the flood of copy and the fact that we had a direct circuit with Washington, we abandoned headlines, routing indicators, etc., and refiled items to the American Embassy in Nicosia on another direct line on a time-available basis. Our Marines immediately set up a watch on the roof looking

for troop movements, where shelling was directed, and how close plane targets were to bureau.

As long as our communications held out, in some form or another, our two Greek (Anastassiades and Eracleous) and four Turkish monitors performed “above and beyond the call of duty” day and night. The same holds true for our teletypists (Nellie, Susie, Chris, and Riyadh), radio boardmen (Fahri and Ilker), the Marines, the cruising monitor (Igor)—everyone directly involved in reporting on Cyprus events. At first we tried to maintain our regular coverage commitments, but it soon became apparent that we could only maintain a watch on other Mideast transmitters for flash or urgent material. Our teletypists simply couldn’t keep pace with routine traffic as well. Besides, 95 percent of all Mideast broadcasts dealt almost exclusively with Cyprus news and, in the early stage of the invasion, we did manage to file some significant official reaction to Cyprus events from Arab broadcasts. For the most part, however, particularly after communications problems became a continuing headache, our Arab monitors were kept busy listening to BBC, VOA, and the British Forces radio from Dekhelia SBA for reports on Cyprus not heard elsewhere and for evacuation instructions.

From the standpoint of creature comforts, we had problems but not intolerable ones. Our commercial power was lost early in the fighting, but our three generators were sufficient to meet essential power requirements (one generator was lost the second day with a hole in the radiator, a second one was having voltage regulator problems, but was still functioning at time of evacuation). We could not operate the bureau air conditioning units, of course, and the inside temperature remained high (especially at night when cardboard was placed over windows to enforce a blackout, effectively cutting off any breeze through windows), but most people seemed to adjust their olfactory senses sufficiently that the stench of 34 sweaty bodies was not unbearable. Food and water also never became a serious problem. The bureau has its own water supply and the water coolers remained functional. The canteen supplies were placed in the care of our four “house mothers” (Marge Weiss, Imogene Clegg, Pat Werrell, and Beth Seely) who saw to it that we had at least two nutritional meals per day. With even stricter rationing, if it had become necessary, we still had enough food to last several more days. One evening during a lull in the shelling a couple of brave souls snuck out into the fields adjacent to the bureau and returned with some succulent watermelons. The major problem in the supply department was cigarettes. Cigarettes soon became more precious than food or money—another long story

All available cots and mattresses were already inside the bureau before the invasion as the swingshift personnel had been sleeping overnight ever since the 15 July coup and its accompanying curfew. Nevertheless, we were still short several sleeping accommodations and some of us caught naps on the floor or in a chair in the corridor. Electric fans were in short supply as we could only put two in the hallway—the other 115v fan was required in the teletype room to help keep the equipment from overheating. A mortar shell, which hit a few feet outside the kitchen (on Sunday, I think), destroyed our soda supply, heavily damaged the kitchen, dining room, and first aid room and rendered them unusable (fortunately no one was sleeping on the cot in the first aid room at the time—the mattress looked like swiss cheese and the sink was torn from the wall). Toilet facilities remained functional throughout the crisis, but few wanted to shower, either from fear of another near or direct hit to the exterior of the building, or because no one could stand the thought of having to put back on the same smelly clothing.

Maintaining morale soon became a significant and continual problem. By some odd quirk of fate our telephone lines remained functional, even if only partially. While difficult and time-consuming, with enough persistence and perseverance phone contact was maintained with certain sectors of Kyrenia and Nicosia. Thus, some employees whose families were not evacuated to the Finnish UN camp in the Kyrenia Pass could maintain at least indirect contact with close relatives for assurance of their safety. Due to circumstances, contact with the UN camp was rarely more than once a day by phone or radio and of necessity only long enough to assure us that all were still safe. However, when word spread that the camp had come under heavy fire and was even burned out by forest fires, it became extremely difficult to distract people's attention from this uppermost concern for their families' welfare. Once Yerolakkos closed down we lost our last teletype link for sending traffic (the KY-LD direct circuit through CYTA was our last hope, but that soon went as well) and after that it was almost impossible to convince people to keep on working when we had no viable means of communicating monitored reports to the outside world. We did have the Greek and Turkish monitors set up a transistor radio and typewriters in the corridor to maintain Cyprus monitoring for our own information. After Basharan heard the Ankara Domestic Service report of a coup in Athens we phoned it to the Embassy and even though they didn't seem to take it seriously it later turned out to be true.

The Turkish monitors suffered the most as all phone contact with the Turkish sector of Nicosia was cut off from the beginning of the attack and the radio reported heavy fighting in the areas very near their homes. Considering the severe emotional strain on most everyone, all held up very well. A special word of praise is due Riyadh Shehadeh who became a jack of all trades and without question performed all requests, some involving great personal risk.

We were all elated upon hearing that a cease-fire was finally scheduled for 4 p.m. on Monday, 22 July. However, several hours before the cease-fire was to take effect the Turkish planes and ships intensified their bombing and shelling of nearby targets and even resorted to napalm to wipe out the remaining Greek gun positions. We counted off the minutes to 4 p.m. but to our dismay the intensity did not subside until about 10 p.m. This caused morale to reach a new ebb as all were aware that no evacuation could take place until a stable cease-fire had taken effect. The Embassy told us to keep listening to Dekhelia British Forces Radio which would report any evacuation plans for the Kyrenia area. It was by then apparent from news agency reports that the 6th Fleet was ordered to keep its distance and let the British handle any evacuation.

When Dekhelia finally did announce an evacuation plan for the Kyrenia area at about 12:15 a.m. on 23 July there were two more severe blows to morale at the bureau. The announcement said evacuation would only take place at Kyrenia Harbor and Six-Mile Beach east of Kyrenia (Karavas is 8 miles west) and that only UK and other foreign nationals would be permitted aboard evacuation craft, specifically excluding any Cypriot nationals. The ambassador said he'd do what he could to intercede on our behalf with the British High Commission for permission to remove our Cypriots as well, but he could promise nothing. As far as we could determine we were in "no man's land" and were unable to ascertain whether the bureau area was in Turk or Greek hands. It wasn't until early morning that Dekhelia reported there would also be pickups along the beaches west of Kyrenia. Up until shortly before the actual evacuation we were still greatly concerned for the Henne's (who hadn't been heard from since 6:30 a.m. the day of the invasion) and the Finks, Mikhailovsky's, and Ira

Borda who had since been captured by the Turks and were being held along with about 100 other foreign nationals and Cypriots. As we knew the Turks were anxious to have their prisoners taken off their hands, about 2 hours after daybreak two Marines (NCOIC Gutierrez and Sgt Veasey) lashed a U.S. flag to one of the station buses and took off in an attempt to retrieve Finks et al and were given an hour to return.

A little over an hour later the fit hit the shan and everything began happening at once—mass chaos and pandemonium. The Marines had bureau personnel organized for the bus ride down to Mare Monte beach and all had been lined up in the hallway. While on the phone with the Embassy giving them the final list of people not yet accounted for (those mentioned above plus Alma Pir and Bader Khalidi), a helicopter from the Hermes evacuation ship circled overhead, small arms fire could be heard coming from the lemon grove south of the bureau, the bureau bus came tearing into the compound with horn blaring—Finks et al were safe—the phone rang with Art Henne on the other end of the line saying he had emerged from his cellar and drove into Kyrenia which was a ghost town. He was calling from the Dome Hotel which also was deserted. I told him about evacuation plans and directed him to Six Mile Beach. At that point I rushed out into hallway to tell everyone the Hennes were safe and was shocked to find no one there—panicsville! Having heard the choppers overhead before and seeing the buses gone from the side of the building my first thought was that everyone had left without me. Al Clegg quickly responded to my shouts and came down from the roof to reassure me that the choppers were not picking anyone up yet, just surveying the pickup points and that a bus would be returning shortly for him, me, Shimon Beer, and one Marine.

The evacuation itself was as organized as it could be under the circumstances, but confusion still reigned supreme. The last major hurdle was attempting to get permission from the UN and British High Commissioner for our Cypriot employees to board evac choppers. Over the UN officer's objection we ordered Cypriots to board the choppers as the Brits weren't being fussy over who got in.

Strictly from a personal standpoint, once I got aboard the HMS Hermes my only concern was to find out if my family was safely evacuated from Six-Mile Beach. A British officer immediately escorted me to the information center and to my immense relief found out that my family was also aboard the Hermes. Needless to say, the reunion was an emotional and happy one.

The story doesn't end here, but to relate events aboard the Hermes, the transfer to the USS Trenton, life in Beirut—chaos and confusion reigned, with enough stories to fill another book. The important thing was that for most of us we were reunited with our families, we were all miraculously alive with very few physical injuries but undoubtedly many physiochological ones.

Compared to the nightmarish hell that our families experienced at the UN camp, caught directly in the crossfire from Greeks and Turks and eventually being overrun by the Turks and having their camp burned out by forest fire, what we at the bureau suffered could be called a "Sunday picnic." Damage to the bureau was considerable, but as long as we did not take any direct hits on the roof we were relatively safe in the corridors. Getting into the monitoring booths, teletype or editorial rooms was risky at best. Although these latter offices did not receive any direct shrapnel hits, nearby ones did—the chief engineer's office suffered a fair amount of damage from shrapnel, just a few doors down from the teletype room and editorial offices. It was a terrible war of nerves,

wondering whether the next strafing run or offshore shelling would be just a hair off target which would have sent all of us to oblivion.

Personally, the thing that affected me most was realizing that my two sons, ages 4 and 2, were suffering from a form of shell-shock. Extremely fearful of leaving their mother's side, they wanted to be carried and would grip us with all their might at any loud noise. After a week in Beirut they are slowly recovering and hopefully will not suffer any permanent psychological damage. We all need a rest and a chance to regain our bearings under some semblance of normalcy.

DENNIS SHEEHAN

From The Finnish U.N. Camp At Kyrenia, Cyprus

PAUL G. CREE JR. ACCOUNT

Deputy Bureau Chief Paul G. Cree Jr., 45, arrived at the Cyprus post on 11 September 1973 and was about to transfer to Vienna as chief of the FBIS Austrian Bureau. Paul, who has been with FBIS since 1957, was accompanied by his wife, Carol, and three children.

1. Friday evening, 19 July, I returned home for the first time since the preceding Monday, having been forced to remain at the office by the coup that had taken place on that day. I brought with me six area maps with the location of the houses of all FBIS employees in Kyrenia and dropped them off with Wayne Woodman, the chief E&E warden. We had had our sector lists updated several weeks before and were now in a position to keep our alert system functioning smoothly, as indeed it had all week.

2. At approximately 0530 hours, 20 July, I and my family were in effect rocked out of our beds by a bomb that had been dropped nearby. At the same time, we heard many machineguns open fire nearby, evidently shooting at the plane that dropped the bomb. We all got into the center hall and began dressing, making forays into the bedrooms to get our clothes. I called the office and told them we were being bombed. Sheehan replied that there was firing out at the office, too, and that ships were coming in. I then called Woodman and told him to get the word around that everyone was to take shelter in the center of his house and not to leave until instructed to.

3. As the morning wore on we heard from the BBC that Turkish forces were landing and that they already controlled the road from Kyrenia to Nicosia. The BBC persisted in this erroneous report for 24 hours. (In fact, the road up the Kyrenia pass was for several days still overlooked by both Greek and Turkish forces and neither side could use it.) It seemed, from the reports we got, that Turkish forces had landed at the harbor, and at Five-Mile Beach west of Kyrenia. What we could see from the house during the morning was heavy firing up the range west of Kyrenia, including naval gunfire, several passes of helicopter troopships, 60 at a time, a return flight of three heavy troop-carrying aircraft, and a determined shelling, presumably from a destroyer offshore from Kyrenia, of the lower slopes of Hilarion Castle.

4. In the late morning and early afternoon it seemed to us that the Turkish forces had some strength in Kyrenia or near it to the east and that a landing had taken place at Ayios Yeoryios. It seemed logical then that the forces to the west of Kyrenia would attempt to link up with those to the east, and indeed heavy firing from Ayios Yeoryios seemed to indicate that some action was impending. In midafternoon I got a call from Krikor Ekislerian saying that all his neighbors were leaving for Bellapais upon the advice of the National Guard. At the same time we could see considerable evidence of National Guardsmen taking up positions on the western edge of town. At this time three jeeps pulled up in front of the house down the street from us where the Austrian Civilian Police detachment had been quartered. They were going to remove their headquarters to the Finnish UN Camp in the Kyrenia Pass. I asked them if

they thought we could go there, too, and they said "Yes." It was at the same time that National Guardsmen decided to set up a heavy machinegun position on the top of the apartment building in which the Issah Soudah's were living. I told the Soudah's to move out and go up to the Talamas house, which they did. At the same time, National Guardsmen were apparently going around knocking on doors and warning people that they intended to make a stand in town. It seemed to me that with the prospect of house-to-house fighting, Kyrenia was no place to be, so I told Woodman we were coming up to his place and told Crabbs to take his and my family up to the UN camp and report back when he got up there. Meanwhile I pulled everybody out of my sector and sent them to Woodman's. It was clear on the way there that it would be desirable to get even higher up in town and on the eastern edge, so we removed ourselves to the Moore house on the other side of town, leaving Woodman behind at his house with the radio for contact. By this time we got word from the Finnish camp that Crabbs had made it up there, so I asked Woodman to get the word around that everyone was to go up there. The Greek checkpoint on the road was not stopping foreigners who wanted to go up. By approximately 1700 hours all of the FBIS evacuees whom we could contact had made it to the camp. The Henne's and Bader Khalidi alone were out of contact. We took a rollcall and reported our presence there to the bureau.

5. The camp had a good sheltering stand of trees, an adequate supply of water but no food, latrine facilities in several messes (NCO's, Privates, Officers), and telephone facilities that still worked. Most families, but not all, had brought along small supplies of food. All our families, along with private Americans, house guests, and quite a few British families bedded down under the trees for the night.

6. That night was characterized by heavy exchanges of fire between Greek and Turkish positions on the eastern rim of the pass and a lot of tracer shells pouring into what appeared to be Bellapais behind the peak. We could also hear sounds of heavy fighting from Nicosia, presumably at the airport. None of the fire was directed anywhere near the Finnish camp, although a few stray bullets whistled through high in the trees.

7. The next morning, Sunday, 21 July, aerial attacks on Greek positions across the pass from us were resumed, along with further flights of troop-carrying helicopters going high above the pass in the direction of Nicosia. Gunfire was heavy all day long in the area and it was evident that the Turkish forces were having an extremely hard time reducing the Greek positions across the pass from us. In fact, it appeared at one point that they had lost ground, since the Turkish flag had disappeared from the fort opposite (it reappeared later in the day). Forest fires, which had begun the preceding day, were continuing to blaze and more were being started on the eastern side of the pass.

8. During the day the UN contingent attempted without success to get food for us. It was not possible to go down to Kyrenia to get it. Thanks to the generosity of the UN forces and to several local British residents, there was an issue of bread and butter for all early in the day and a later issue of potato soup. The water supply continued to be adequate and by this time all of us had become accustomed to taking frequent short sips of water from empty pop bottles to keep from dehydrating in the heat.

9. The night of 21 July was again one of heavy firing across the pass, from Turkish forces firing north along the rim of the pass at Greek positions. Forest fires had increased in severity. By the end of the night, the return fire from the

Greeks was all small-arms fire and we concluded that the fight was nearly over on that side of the pass. We could see, at the same time, that Turkish forces were advancing on our side of the pass, their fire being aided by flares fired from Very pistols. We took more shrapnel and bullets through the trees than we had taken the preceeding night.

10. The morning of 22 July, Monday, we got word of the cease-fire and spirits rose considerably. It seemed a fairly quiet morning, though again the Turks brought in more forces by helicopter. At about noon, however, things became extremely hot. There was a chatter of small arms fire at extremely close range from higher up the hill and answering mortar fire from lower down. We all got belly down in the sunken Roman road that had served as our trench previously during what had seemed hot periods. It turned out that the Turkish forces, having secured the upper reaches of the pass, were moving down into Kyrenia, keeping the Greek forces on the run. Since the Finnish camp perimeter was not well marked, the Turks moved right through it and us, drawing Greek fire on the way. Greek mortar shells, approximately three or four, landed above us, I would estimate 50 to 100 yards away, and extremely low gunfire was passing right over our trench. No one was wounded, however. The Turkish troops went right down our trench, being shoed on by UN troops. They were smartly dressed and obviously right off the helicopters; well-disciplined, they even saluted as they went through.

11. After this phase passed and the firing had died down somewhat, we began to become concerned with forest fires, one of which was burning rapidly from west to east on the slopes below us. I took Ron Crabbs and went up to the home of Jamal Fiqret to see what it looked like. We both took about two seconds to decide that it was going to hit the camp. I told the Austrian major I thought we should get everybody out in his car in a hurry and get them up the pass toward Boghaz, where the fires had already passed. He agreed and everybody, I must say, moved as though they had been doing this sort of thing every day. (My principal concern was the gas tanks of the massed cars. If one had gone off, the whole camp would have been a bomb.) Jamal caused something of a problem in that he had three cars and a motorcycle and no drivers. I drove one of his cars and got others to drive as well.

12. In a short while, all the cars came back to the entrance of the camp, which became our new headquarters. The signal station at our previous location was burned out, as were all three of the houses that were there. Fortunately at the entrance to the camp there was a standpipe and once again we had water, an unbelievable blessing. The UN troops made an issue of rations (bread and butter) they had received from Nicosia, and a convoy arrived from Nicosia to ask if anyone wanted to go back with them. Since the announced evacuation plans from the High Commission called for evacuation by sea from the north coast, we stayed put for the night (Monday night), which was a quiet one marred only by continuing forest fires on the other side of the pass.

13. The next morning, Tuesday, after much toing and froing the conveyes were set up that were to take us to Six-Mile Beach east of Kyrenia. A British lieutenant, and later a major, were in charge of the operation. There were three convoys in all. The first was a free-for-all in which almost anyone joined. The British lieutenant imposed order on the second one by refusing any but Commonwealth citizens (he was afraid of Turkish roadblocks and Greek Cypriots). This left a few of our Jordanians, myself, and Crabbs, and our families, and George Chrysanthou and Krikor Ekislerian and their families. By the time the third

convoy left, it was clear no Greek Cypriot was going to leave by road, as a Turkish policeman was at the entrance of the camp checking passports. I, therefore, took Krikor's family, who had Italian passports, and left the Chrysanthous and Krikor behind with the United Nations unit, who promised to get them back through their lines, by helicopter if necessary. There were several other Greek Cypriot families in the camp as well.

14. The helicopter lift from Six-Mile Beach was fantastically organized and fast. First aid facilities had been set up, and all manner of assistance. Arrivals had to wait no more than 15 minutes before being airborne out to the HMS Hermes. The drive through town was depressing. It was deserted and there was much evidence of heavy firing, gutted National Guard vehicles along the road, spent shell cases, pockmarked roads, etc. There were no roadblocks so we had no indication where the Greek and Turkish lines met.

15. Discipline in the camp was good and there was, considering the circumstances, little bellyaching. Woodman, Moore, Carbone, Crabbs, and Diamond all did first-rate work keeping things organized and getting the word around. We were particularly indebted to Major Napier, who lived next to the camp, for his kindness in offering what facilities he could afford (food and drink and advice). We were also indebted to the acting commander of the camp, Captain Lenk, for his counsel and protection, and to two retired English ladies who greatly aided us by helping with the food and water supplies.

16. It was an uncomfortable 3 days and there are undoubtedly those who will argue that we should have stayed in town. I do not believe it and believe that we would have taken casualties there, with no prospect of assistance. Our casualty, Chuck Moore, who took a bullet through the hand, was promptly tended by the UN medic and will recover fully. In addition, we had the UN forces with us to keep combatants away, something we would not have had in town.

PAUL CREE

WAYNE C. WOODMAN ACCOUNT

Senior Editor Wayne C. Woodman, 38, was nearing the end of his second tour at the bureau, having arrived on the island in August 1970. Wayne, who has worked for FBIS since 1960, was preparing to return to the United States in November. His wife, Sheila, and two children were evacuated with him.

Summary—This includes a review of the events at the UN camp overlooking Kyrenia, where 127 FBIS employees and dependents and a similar number of others took shelter 20-23 July. We saw and heard a lot of warfare closer than most of us had ever experienced before, but mercifully little bloodshed or destruction close at hand. We were in discomfort and were afraid most of the time, but almost never in real mental or physical misery. Now that we are safe, we are worried about the bulk of our personal possessions we fear we have lost, both the valuable and the personal and irreplaceable.

Before the Coup—I was assigned on a time-available basis to manage and maintain a system of wardens for Medbuero, capable of spreading emergency instructions quickly among FBIS employees and families at home. I had been through the 1967 Kyrenia evacuation as well.

Anti-Makarios Coup, Monday, 15 July—During the coup I was detailed to spread alerts on the curfew, changes in work assignment, and other emergency information by means of our warden system. There was a lot of firing in Kyrenia during the first 2 days, but much of it apparently was only firing in the air. We heard eyewitness reports that things were much grimmer in Nicosia. We were particularly concerned about the lack of experience and discipline of the irregular EOKA-B forces and the newly appointed leaders at all levels in the Greek Cypriot administration and forces. When my neighbor—British by birth and passport, but Greek by name, appearance, and accent—feared he was about to be arrested (as he was, indeed) we kept his children for the night. He was out again in 24 hours.

We felt we could see fairly clearly what the coup meant. Turkey must react. Someone commented that in the past, on reading Wouk's "Winds of War," they had continually felt themselves calling out to the characters—Jews in Italy just before World War II—"Get out, right away!" They asked: If we were characters in a book, would a reader some day in the future be calling out to us that way? I could only hope the answer would be "no," but it turned out to be a prophetic speculation. I get some twinges of that same feeling right now sitting in Beirut. However, the appearances were that the situation was returning to normal toward the end of the week.

Turkish Invasion, Saturday, 20 July—Our house is/was in the southwest part of Kyrenia, just east of the Stadium, close to the small military camp on the road out of town to the west, and relatively close under St. Hilarion castle.

The bombs that woke us early Saturday were about the closest hits we had all that day. My wife and I had given some thought long ago to what we might need to do in such an emergency. Fairly quickly we had the children into the safety of an inside passageway. I reported to the station by radio and to Mr. Cree by telephone and then cranked up the warden system to start contacting our people. After dressing, we started packing suitcases, which had just been ordered, and a food box and first aid bag. Later on we realized many ways in which we would have had much more comfort and less loss if the Embassy had put the community on a "bags packed" alert on the 15th or even earlier and if further emergency preparations had been ordered before the bombs started falling, so that more thought and attention could have been given to the preparations.

Our neighbors, who lived in a lightly built prefab, came over to share the shelter of our center hall. The weak point in our shelter was that even small arms fire might penetrate the front door and scour the length of the hallway. So we built the best barricade we could out of the heaviest wooden furniture to protect that doorway. We put the children to work coloring U.S. flags which we taped on the outside of the shutters on all four sides of the house.

One problem in our warden system was the difficulty of contacting people who did not have phones. In fact the surprising continued functioning of the telephone system was the only thing that kept the warden system workable under fire. We had plans about how we might spread some kind of alert without phones, but under fire or curfew, it could have been undertaken only in the direst need. I started out on foot to contact the Irbib family a few hundred yards down the street, but a machinegun opened up from a new location surprisingly close by. It was probably firing at a plane and not at me, but I hadn't yet had much practice in making that kind of distinction, so I didn't try to contact Irbib again until much later when the arrival of several cars full of our own people demonstrated that we wouldn't necessarily draw fire.

Flight to Finnish UN Camp—In the afternoon we began to (wrongly) expect Turkish troops to appear at any moment. The Greek Cypriot forces, with the same idea in mind, began to set up firing points around, in, and on top of some houses. We knew this would bring down heavy Turkish fire that our houses could not stand. About that time Ron Crabbs radioed in that he had made it through to the Finnish UN Observation Camp (FinCon/ObsCoy/Kymo Camp) on the top of one of the lower hills overlooking the town. So it was decided that we would all try to make it there. The wardens made a last round of telephone calls, instructing people to pack a food box, to bring their suitcases, and to come to the Finnish UN camp as soon as possible.

I sent my wife and children along with several other cars full of people in an informal convoy. Two Greek Cypriot National Guardsmen asked for a ride part of the way with them. We convinced them not to go with the women and children, but to ride with me a few minutes later. (In the end they didn't do that either.) My neighbor and I loaded more things in my old second car and drove down by the Hospital to pick up the 80-year-old mother of Ira Borda while Ira was stuck somewhere else. She came with us only with great protest. Our old car protested, too, and the cooling system let go spectacularly just as we pulled into the UN camp. But by then we were all together and safe.

Saturday Night on the Hill—We bedded down on car floormats and beach towels, on top of brambles and thistles (you have to see Cyprus thistles to believe them) under the pines on a beautiful night. Soon we had heavy machinegun fire with tracers and various kinds of explosions—as the Greeks and Turks fought for the hills around us. Then we realized that the machinegun slugs were whizzing through the trees over our heads. When we heard a few actually hit the ground around us, we and many others moved to another slope of our hilltop and had to make a new bed for our families in the dark.

Sunday, 21 July—From then on our days started at first light, 4 a.m., if not before. It's gotten a bit hazy now, but I think we spent a good part of this day waiting for a possible evacuation. People started filling empty pop and beer bottles with water. The camp's water supply was limited, and hardly anyone had brought water or containers. It was lucky we didn't have an epidemic of some kind from the dirty communal bottles. Lukewarm (and sometimes hot) water got to taste pretty fine to us by the end of three days. Half of the people moved into a sunken road that offered better shelter, but less breeze. However the lower reaches of the road seemed exposed to any possible fire from the direction of Kyrenia as well as being a likely hiding place for an infiltrating soldier, so only the upper part of the road was used until the next day. The wardens continued to operate to spread Mr. Cree's instructions.

During the day it was unpleasantly hot, 100 degrees Fahrenheit or more, and we were plagued by flies. My wife, who suffers from allergies, was exposed to everything she must avoid: sun, perspiration, dirt, and vegetation. She broke out painfully over most of her body. But she never stopped to worry about the other insects or snakes that *might* come, the thought of which alone would have driven her to distraction at any other time. Many people banded together in groups of two or three families, and this proved useful. Information about myriad small things—not just the large ones—is vital to safety and morale in such a confused, trying, and fast changing situation. The formal warden system alone could not meet the whole need, and the existence of large communal groups seemed to improve the grapevine without generating wild rumors. Later we ran into an Irish girl of about 19, a tourist, who'd been on

the hill with us the whole time without a bite to eat, including missing three free UN food handouts, because on her own she hardly ever knew what was going on. Yet I saw people giving away food they knew might be their last whenever they were aware that someone was in real need. By Sunday night everyone was very low on food, if not entirely out. While I saw little outright selfishness during this time, the cultural heritage of many people made any effort to line up for any purpose into something like a traffic jam at a busy Beirut intersection. The senselessness of that behavior—which prevailed even in peaceful times, in, say, the post office—probably bothered me more than anything except being shot at—possibly because I always came out last at the game.

Chuck Moore Wounded—Our second evening on the hill Chuck Moore was wounded in the hand. This made most of us realize finally that it really could happen to us. But many still didn't show the proper respect for incoming gunfire even after that, even though they may have been a bit more afraid. It was a great comfort to have the Finnish medics with us. But we later saw one girl who suffered a "clean" flesh wound on our last night, and despite having care from the medics immediately, we later heard that she'd had her leg amputated a day or two later because of gangrene.

We were again hoping that the next morning would bring our evacuation so we partly loaded the cars before dark. During the night we came under fire from a new angle, but it didn't last long enough or come quite close enough to make us move to new thistle beds in the dark again, although we had them all staked out in advance.

Monday, 22 July: Turks Sweep Through Camp—In the morning we finished loading the cars, but the prospect of an early local cease-fire for our evacuation fizzled out and/or the ships didn't show up. We saw that we would have to wait for the 4 p.m. general cease-fire, by which time it would be too late for any evacuation that day. We could also see that Turkey must finally finish occupying Kyrenia before the cease-fire, and that there would be no safety in the town until that was finished. We had been plagued by doubts, and by complaints from many in the camp, that we might have been as safe and a lot more comfortable if we'd stayed in our own homes. (In fact, I just heard that this view was still being expressed by some who had reached Beirut). From what I've heard since we got out of Cyprus from people who had antiaircraft guns set up in their yards, who had mortars and rockets fired at their homes, who had friends and relatives shot for no particular reason by one side or the other, the fighting in town Monday proved the wisdom of our choice.

We had a grandstand seat Monday morning for the naval shelling and landings at Kyrenia, but we unavoidably missed most of the show. My wife and I went down the hill a few hundred yards to top-up our water supply before the action started in earnest down below. Suddenly we found ourselves in the midst of intense firing. We ducked into one of the UN buildings and remained pinned down there for half an hour, or perhaps an hour, by the biggest, closest, loudest, longest period of gunfire and explosions we ever faced. There was danger even in our shelter, but the worst part was that we were separated from our children and didn't know what might be happening outside. When the firing died down we still had quite an argument before the UN would let us out to return to the children. During all this I saw the Finnish and Austrian UN forces displaying notable bravery trying in vain to stop the Turks from sweeping through the camp, and then deliberately exposing themselves to the

firing in what I presume was a deliberate demonstration that they were present and armed and would defend certain areas—us—by force if necessary. I saw one of them come in wounded in the shoulder and understand that another one was hurt much worse.

The friends who were with our children later told us how they had fled down into the sunken road when the firing started, only to look up and see the other bank full of heavily armed Turks looking down on them in astonishment. The Turks demanded water and then resumed their war on up across the slope our people had just abandoned.

The Fire—Soon after our family was reunited, a fire, started by the fighting, swept up over the edge of our hill and toward us. We fled down to the cars. Fortunately they were all packed. The UN escorted us up to the top of the pass, and we feared we would be fired upon during the trip. It was about this time that I felt the greatest fear and helplessness at one thing piling up on top of another—dangers and alarms and repeated frustration of our hopes for evacuation and safety. The Turks would not let us go down the other side of the pass, where we could hear shellfire anyway, and could not offer us any place to take shelter. It was at this time that the girl mentioned earlier was wounded, when her car turned the wrong way coming out of the camp and headed downhill into Greek fire. So that direction offered no hope either. But by the time we returned to the UN camp the fire had swept on past. Expecting the cease-fire to start soon, we sheltered in and around our cars in the lowest parking area at the entrance to the camp—a mix of gas tanks and flesh that we'd avoided before. There were fires on the slopes across the road but they didn't pose any real danger to us.

Just as everyone was settling down to what might have been our most comfortable, if hungriest, night, there was a great explosion on the hillside just above us, closer than any that had gone before. That was when my wife reached her lowest spirits, but she still didn't break up. So everyone piled out, in the dark, back into the thistles, and, in this area, a particularly lush patch of broken rock. That night also got cold enough to be quite uncomfortable. But we could see by now we'd have to abandon one or two of our suitcases, so we opened one in the dark and passed out some shirts. Hardly anyone had washed in all this time. We'd been told not to, to conserve water. And most people were still wearing whatever clothes they'd put on Saturday morning.

Tuesday, 23 July, Evacuation—In the morning the UN finally got us out to the evacuation beach after much argument. The lightness of the damage and lack of visible corpses along our route down through town spared us the final shock that many other evacuees suffered, but we were still afraid of being shot at until we were standing under the wind of helicopter rotors.

On the Ships—The Hermes and Trenton were great to us. We particularly appreciated our initial reception on the Hermes, which allowed us to have something to eat and drink before we plunged into getting organized again. On the Trenton, we particularly appreciated the sailors' taking the kids off the mothers hands for several hours. It gave us a chance to adjust and unwind.

General Comments—Morale seemed to hold up pretty well throughout at least on the surface. Now people who talk to me about it seem to paint it much blacker. I don't claim that I wasn't scared and rattled. One of my friends reminds me pointedly that he saw me just that way. But I always had reasonable hope—by no means great confidence, but good solid hope—and what I felt were

substantial reasons to back it up, that we had good prospects of getting out whole. And it helped to be busy and to be a little bit organized within our group. It gave me the feeling that we were doing as much as could possibly be done to help ourselves. It would have seemed suicidally irresponsible to do any less, even if all we could do was really very little. In this connection, I think we could have profited from even a more structured and active organization on the hill—not for the *necessary* tasks and big decisions, which Mr. Cree and the UN officers handled about as well and quickly as circumstances permitted, as far as we could tell—but for morale, and to nurture the grapevine and the feeling that we were doing something to help, to help work out ideas that might make small improvements in our comfort and safety, and to head off ill-considered ideas and complaints.

By the time we got off the beach it was evident that most of us were strung out so tight that even the demands of the children were sometimes more than we could cope with. On the hill it seemed to me that most of the kids behaved like angels compared to usual. By the time we got to Beirut mine were having more noticeable trouble getting over the excitement of being treated like princes on board the ships than from any trauma about their experiences under fire. They were aware of this, and it left traces, but they don't seem to be psychic scars.

What We Left Behind—Even before we were sure we'd get out alive, we were plagued by the uncertainty about what would become of everything we'd left behind, from the presents for my daughter's birthday—tomorrow— left behind in a suitcase in our car, which was machinegunned later, we're told, and which may have burned, to the 10 hours of video tape at the office—the fruit of weeks of work—that may or may not ever be of any use now to justify all the effort that went into it. Every time we start to buy something here in Beirut to meet an immediate need, we have to fight back the habit of relating the purchase to the possessions we already have at home, because we probably don't have them any more. The uncertainty is as bad as being sure of a loss.

Tom, you asked for emotions and reactions. It has been a lot easier to give you details and to hope that the emotions are reflected in them. I cannot separate them yet. The piling of one thing upon another and the continual uncertainty were the dominant reality of our lives in this time and these were embodied in the sequence of small details and episodes I have sketched here.

WAYNE WOODMAN

HERBERT DIAMOND ACCOUNT

Cruising Monitor Herbert Diamond, 44, assumed his duties at the bureau on 24 June 1973. He has been with FBIS since 1948. His wife, Dottie, who accompanied him on this assignment, was in the United States when the fighting broke out.

On Friday I left the office at 3 p.m. and returned to my home at 6 Isokratous, located on a hill overlooking the Dome Hotel some four blocks distant. I made contact with Wayne Woodman to advise him of my return to Kyrenia and availability for sector warden duties and to fill him in on the latest news from the station, especially about reports of Turkish troops departing Mersin. I prepared a suitcase for possible use in evacuation and also prepared the center hallway of my house for possible use as an evacuation shelter area.

On Saturday I awoke shortly after 4:30 a.m. and, because of the humid weather, moved to the balcony of my house to await the 5 a.m. VOA newscast. I have a commanding view of Kyrenia town from this balcony and can also see the Kyrenia Castle and mountain roads leading to Nicosia. My attention was drawn to several highflying planes which appeared to be making reconnaissance runs. In a few minutes these planes made a run over the Dome Hotel and the castle and I assume I heard the first shots of the Turkish invasion as the gun at the castle let go with a burst of fire. My first impression was: How stupid of the people at the castle firing at fast-moving planes when they had not fired but were just taking a "look see." This reasoning was shattered within a minute when at least three jets made low-level runs at the castle and National Guard camps several blocks away and thus the Turkish invasion had begun in earnest. I caught the opening minutes of the fighting on cassette tape as my radio and recorder were at my side on the balcony.

Wayne Woodman called shortly thereafter and I was assigned sector warden duties for several sections of Kyrenia. I was able to reach all who had telephones except the Henne and Annastasiades families and must have made 100 or so calls during the next 8 hours or so giving these people the latest information and instructions passed to me, reassuring them of the concern of FBIS for their welfare, answering questions on pertinent subjects, and providing any assistance I could in locating dependents, etc.

I was alone in my house, my wife having returned to the States in June for medical consultations and a holiday. At about 9 a.m. several British friends living across the street, who were temporarily employed by the Cyprus Government, joined me with their wives. Shelling at the castle, harbor, and National Guard camps nearby shook the house to the foundation but no visible damage to the house was noted. One of the eerie sounds that we were to hear during the next 3 days was heard frequently—about 40 helicopters traveling in close formation ferrying troops. The approach of these aircraft meant increased fire both on the ground and from the air. In the afternoon of the first day I ordered Dino Eracleous's family, residing across the street, to join us because of the reported impending approach of Turkish troops on Kyrenia town and the excited tone of Mrs. Eracleous during telephone conversations. Dino was at work and the day before I had promised to look after the family. With the arrival of the Eracleous contingent, 10 people were resident in the center hallway of my house.

By midafternoon I was given the order to pass the word for our people to move to the Finnish UN camp on the Kyrenia-Nicosia road. I had to reassure most that it was safe to go there since heavy firing could be heard in the neighborhood. I arranged transportation for the Eracleous family with one of my British guests and continued my task of calling all FBIS'ers in my area of responsibility. Completing this task, I drove to the Xenia Hotel, several blocks from my house, where I picked up recently arrived Arab monitor Hagopian, his wife, and infant son. We caught the tailend of the UN convoy which had toured the area a few minutes before. We arrived at the camp approximately 15 minutes later, passing without difficulty through several National Guard roadblocks. Little did most of us realize that this camp was to be our home away from home and that we were to be right in the middle of some of the bitterest fighting and happenings that all of us will never forget. Being so involved in my chores it was only after getting out of my car that I realized I had forgot my eyeglasses and left all the food I had planned to take, despite the fact that I had preached this to most of our people during my telephone conversations. The events that have taken place at the UN campsite have been chronicled by others, so I shall

not dwell on this aspect of the nightmare that we lived through. Since I had no dependents with me, I adopted a number of FBIS families and provided them with assistance, information, and good cheer during the next three days as well as assisting FBIS Deputy Bureau Chief Cree.

All of us have a lot to be thankful for and I, for one, will be the first to say I'm luck to be able to sit here and describe some of the events. Many people expressed the feeling during the 3 days that we might have made a mistake in moving to the UN camp from Kyrenia since, from our observations, Kyrenia was relatively tranquil. I can only say, we all came out of the UN facility alive so we must have done the right thing.

I think FBIS can well be proud of all employees, American and foreign national. They behaved, for the most part, very well under the most difficult conditions and did their share in this period of extreme hardship and personal danger.

HERBERT DIAMOND

CHARLES R. MOORE JR. ACCOUNT

Editor Charles R. Moore Jr., 31, had been at the bureau since 5 July 1973. An FBIS employee since 1967, Chuck was the only staff member to be wounded during the fighting.

This report is based on personal observation. I have decided that trying to analyze the thoughts and actions of others is beyond my capability. I will attempt to clearly note nonfacts, i.e. hearsay, personal emotional reactions, etc.

Saturday 20 July: We awakened to the sound of explosions, although we did not immediately identify the sound as such. I believed that my son, Dane, was making the noise, however, I could not imagine what he was doing. I believe that the sound which woke us was the bombs which fell on the Greek Cypriot National Guard camp located 200-250 meters behind our home in Kyrenia. I went to the front porch and saw Turkish fighter-bombers flying south across the northern coast of Cyprus, near Kyrenia Castle. The sound of small arms fire and the heavy machineguns (from the out-dated anti-aircraft positions on Kyrenia Castle) could be heard in a vain attempt to down the Turkish aircraft. Turkish warships could be seen off the northern coast. The aircraft systematically hit with bombs, rockets, and cannonfire the National Guard camps to the east and west of Kyrenia and the castle. The Turks appeared to be very accurate and seemed to have excellent intelligence on where the National Guard camps were located. Wayne Woodman called to report that we had no information and he asked me to alert several families to sit tight. The first wave of Turkish helicopters (all appeared to be Huey's) came fairly early in the day. The first wave consisted of 75-100 helicopters. They flew low over the Kyrenia range, presumably landing in Turk controlled territory, since the first returned long before the last had crossed the mountains. Although the first wave was low and groundfire heavy, the Turks lost no helicopters over Kyrenia, Turkish aircraft continued to hit pockets of heavy resistance in and around Kyrenia. My family spent most of the day in our central hall which had no window. By afternoon Paul Cree and several of the third country nationals had been forced to leave their homes, they came to my home and the decision was made to evacuate to the Finnish UN camp overlooking Kyrenia on the Kyrenia-Nicosia road. At that point we believed that the Turks would take

Kyrenia and we could return by the next morning. For that reason no one took much food or water and few possessions. We were wrong. On arrival at the FinCon camp I saw a flight of four or five transports returning from the direction of Nicosia. The flight was led by a C-130 which got hit in the inboard starboard engine, forcing it to feather. The other aircraft, all C-123's, escaped unhit. We could see heavy fighting to our left (as we faced the Kyrenia-Nicosia road) with the Turks holding the high ground and the National Guard well dug in on the side of the mountain. The fighting was being carried out with small arms, automatic weapons, mortars, etc. As night fell the fighting continued and I could see the tracer rounds being exchanged on the mountain. In the heavy exchanges, which were numerous, I could hear many rounds in the trees over our heads. At this point everyone was in good spirits and holding his own. Paul Cree was in radio contact with the office. We still believed that we would be back in Kyrenia and evacuated the next morning. We had several wives and children whose men were at the bureau. Our party numbered approximately 150, not all FBIS personnel. We had many women and children in the group.

Sunday 21 July: First light brought back the Turkish fighters. The fighting on the mountain to our left continued and the aircraft were called in to hit the National Guard with rockets and bombs. The National Guard was not flushed out. At this point the forest fires were isolated and not a threat to our position. More waves of helicopters flew over the mountains toward Nicosia and eventually a wave of five C-47's. When the C-47's came in groundfire started from several directions including behind our position. I was lying downhill from the road in the camp with my son on my left side. Linda Sheehan and her two children were lying above us on the same hill. In order to try to keep my son occupied and his head down I was explaining what a great jump plane the C-47 is. I told him that the planes would return as soon as the soldiers jumped. Before the last two cleared the mountains the first was returning. I raised my hand about 6 inches off the ground to point this out to my son. That's when I was hit. (Onboard the HMS Hermes the doctors estimated the bullet as 9mm. Onboard the USS Trenton the doctor agreed with the estimate and said that, from the line of the wound, the bullet was headed toward the ground at the time of entry. The doctor at the American Embassy in Beirut agreed with this.) Phil Carbone helped me to a Finnish soldier who directed us to a Finnish medic who attended my wound. We returned to our positions on the hill and slept. I was under the influence of pain pills so I slept well until early morning. I awoke to hear many, many rounds passing over our heads, and again fell asleep.

Monday 22 July: The fighting on the mountain was much less, although we could tell from the sound that the fighting was constantly getting closer to our position. We decided to move to a trench in the camp (the trench appeared to be a dry creek bed). As the day wore on and the area seemed quiet I decided to go up the mountain to the home of a friend (Retired British military) to get some medicine for my daughter, Natasha, who had the runs. I was about to leave the house when a heavy firefight broke out very close by. We had light arms rounds zinging around the house and some very close mortar rounds. Finally the Turks appeared. From the house we greeted them and told them to move away. They were very friendly and said that they would leave. An English friend of mine who spoke Turkish told them that I was going down the hill to my two babies. (Hearsay: The Turkish soldier who told me to leave yelled after me to take his helmet.) I reached the trench

which had been under very heavy light-arms fire. I finally found my wife and children. Very soon after that the Turks came on our position and several of them ran through the trench. They did not threaten any of us and those who knew we were there went around the trench. The retreating National Guard fired mortars and heavy artillery also came in. We took many rounds of both very close to our position. The forest caught on fire and spread very rapidly. We got in our cars and drove to the Kyrenia-Nicosia road toward Turkish controlled territory in the direction of Nicosia. The final car out turned toward Kyrenia and met a Turkish tank. These people were British. A UN soldier got them released from the Turks and was escorting them to our position when the National Guard fired on them. A girl was hit in the leg. (Hearsay: The girl lost the leg because of gangrene.) While we were on the road we were passed by several Turkish tanks (? M-60) and armored personnel carriers. We assumed that the Turks had control of the road and Kyrenia. Wrong again. We returned to just inside the FinCon camp and set up a parking area, hoping that the reported cease-fire agreement would permit us to leave that afternoon. Since the cease-fire was not being respected the UN decided we should remain there that night. The forest was blazing on all sides, but we were fairly well protected from the major blaze by the road. I knew, although I believe I was in a minority, that we were sitting on top of the FinCon ammo dump. As we settled in for the night we could hear Turkish vehicles moving toward Nicosia (tanks and lighter vehicles). What we believe was a mortar round hit about 10 yards from us and covered me with small rocks and dirt. At this point most of us decided not to move from our cars anyway since if they were firing, they were firing blind and there was no safe place anyway.

Tuesday 23 July: (Hearsay: A girl returned to the trench to look for her documentation and found that the trench was pockmarked along its entire length with mortar fire.) At about 0700 we formed a convoy behind a UN vehicle and moved with a Turkish (hearsay: not Greek) guarantee that we would not be fired on. We moved slowly through a relatively undamaged Kyrenia to the east and Six-Mile Beach where we were taken by helicopter to HMS Hermes. (Hearsay: As the last helicopter left the beach the National Guard came out of the woods and machinegunned our cars.)

I cannot attempt to say enough about the Finnish troops and the Royal Navy. The women and children in our group were unbelievable. We were under constant fire throughout the time we were on the mountain and had no problems with "emotional" women or children. We were constantly one *small* step ahead of death. The women and children in our group all deserve the highest praise.

CHUCK MOORE

CAROL L. MOORE ACCOUNT

Carol L. Moore, 30, fled with her husband, Chuck, and two small children, Dane, 5, and Natasha, 2, to the Finnish UN camp from their home in Kyrenia.

Chuck spent most of the first 5 days of the coup at the office. Even though we were frightened by the sounds of fighting and the knowledge that there were tanks in the streets of Kyrenia, I was sure we would be evacuated as soon as possible. Chuck was home exhausted on Friday. At 0530 on Saturday we were awakened by the bombs that hit the Greek Cypriot National Guard camp some

300 yards behind our house. We spent most of the day in the hall with my 5-year-old boy and 2-year-old girl, with the mounting fear that with the Turkish invasion our chances of getting out were becoming more unlikely.

The next 3½ days were spent under the most terrifying and emotional circumstances. We evacuated to a Finnish UN camp Saturday afternoon with no food except a can of powdered milk and a quart of fresh milk, and one suitcase, still with the hope that we would be there for an hour or so and would return to our homes.

The fighting was heavy and kept getting closer. The children were constantly having to lie down and our only shelter was the dry pine trees. As the fighting would move, we would also move the three towels we slept on. People were trying to share food and the UN contingent made a large can of soup for an evening meal. Just getting pop bottles filled with soup was unnerving. I had to go back three times because the firing was so close. The agonizing moments grew into hours and days, knowing that the 6th Fleet could not rescue us and that we were trapped in a crossfire. The food was very low, the few pieces of bread, as well as the water, were running out. From the day we arrived the temperature was 107 degrees plus.

On Sunday, July 21, we were forced to move our spot because of the shelling that had come across the road. About an hour after we relocated my husband, who was lying down with our son, was shot in the hand. He had been trying to calm Dane by telling him what kind of airplanes were above. It's a hellish experience to be shot in a war when your family and children are there. The reality became all too clear that people could be shot by the bullets, this is difficult for a 5-year-old to accept. That night was difficult for our son. He insisted on being wrapped up in two towels and being held tightly all night, even though the night air was hot. The next day another evacuation attempt was in the air so we packed the cars. We were again interrupted by shots overhead. We moved to a dry ravine and, as things became quiet, we rested there. Many people later moved, but I stayed even though it was hotter than other places. I felt it was the only place that provided any safety whatever. At around 1100 we were trapped in a crossfire by land troops that lasted for several hours. It was the worst hell hole in any of our experiences. The Turkish troops had to run through us. The whistling of shots passed inches above our heads. The UN contingent tried to reroute the soldiers but more and more came. One Turkish soldier stopped above me and, pointing his rifle at me, gave me a desperate, hard look. The tears were streaming down my face as I tried to cover both our children. Chuck had earlier gone farther up the hill to find diarrhea medicine for Natasha, he returned later. The children were pleading with the soldiers to stop shooting. Finally they moved down the hill and the shots became more distant. A cry came from Paul Cree to run—the forest fire had sprung up around us. We fled to our cars and convoyed out onto the main road. Minutes later our area was completely overrun by flames which melted a girl's camera. I was also told by a girl who had gone back later for her passport, which she had left in her purse, that there was a large hole where I had been laying with my children only minutes before.

When leaving the fire, Phil Carbone had to separate from his 8-months pregnant wife to drive our car, since Chuck was unable to manage with his wounded hand. Later, on Tuesday, when we finally convoyed to Six-Mile Beach with only a Turkish assurance of a cease-fire, Phil again left his wife in order to drive our car. Unable to get into the first convoy, Lillian Carbone had to wait until the second. At the beach, my husband, children, and I left immediately by helicopter for the

HMS Hermes. Phil stayed at Six-Mile Beach praying that his wife would make it; she did.

One could write volumes, but it is difficult to explain the emotion and horror which so many of us have experienced. To say it was a miracle that we all survived means nothing unless it is your miracle. If you weren't there, it is hard to believe.

CAROL L. MOORE

PHILLIP A. CARBONE ACCOUNT

Editor Phillip A. Carbone, 29, had worked at the bureau since 27 July 1972. Phil came to work for FBIS in 1970. At the time of the Cyprus crisis, his wife, Lillian, was 8 months pregnant with their first child.

In spite of some fighting in the general neighborhood of our house, we managed to maintain some semblance of a normal life throughout the week between the coup d'etat and the invasion. Although I did not work at the station as scheduled on Monday and Tuesday because of the curfew, I was kept reasonably busy by warden duties, and since water, electricity, and telephone services were maintained we suffered no great discomfort. The curfew imposed some hardship on those who were less well supplied with food than my wife and I, but this situation was partly alleviated by a 90-minute break in the curfew on July 16 when we organized a shopping expedition in which several people were assigned to do the shopping for all FBIS families in Kyrenia.

Two slightly unnerving experiences in this connection are perhaps worth mentioning at this point. First, it was necessary for me to violate the curfew on the 16th in order to inform a Turkish monitor, who had no telephone, that we would try to run a bus to relieve the shift at the bureau during the curfew, and that he should be on it. While I was beating on his door, an army patrol came by in a jeep and stopped. One of the privates in the jeep pointed his rifle at me, but the officer in charge motioned for the driver to drive on without questioning me. I then went downtown as soon as the curfew was lifted, did my assigned shopping, delivered the groceries, and started to return home. On the way somebody started shooting on one side of the road on which I was driving, and someone on the other side of the road returned their fire. I drove a little faster and arrived home unharmed.

On the morning of the Turkish invasion, July 20, I was awakened at 0520 by the sound of a jet fighter making a low pass over the town. I shouted to my wife, and seconds later we heard the first bomb hit about a mile west of the house. My wife and I and our two houseguests stayed in the interior hallway of our house most of the day, emerging occasionally to see what was going on, for telephone contacts with Wayne Woodman—who was coordinating warden duties—to store extra water, etc. Only two bombs fell near our house, aimed at the power transformer stationed about two blocks from our house. The most frightening aspect of the first day of the war was the fact that all the men of the Greek family living below us went out early in the morning and somehow acquired rifles and ammunition. It was quite plain that all these would-be resistance fighters could accomplish with their old rifles was to draw Turkish fire to the house. Fortunately they didn't do anything all day but drink beer—when the Turks got as far as the edge of Kyrenia, our heroic neighbors hid their rifles and evacuated the town along with all the sensible civilians.

About 1720 on the afternoon of the 20th I was informed that the Greek National Guard had decided to set up their defensive line extending south along Jefferson St. This put most of the FBIS families either right on the firing line or only a few blocks behind it. The decision was made to evacuate to the Finnish contingent UN camp in the Kyrenia pass. Unfortunately none of us expected to be there long, and most assumed that there would be more facilities for the care and feeding of refugees than was actually the case. I think we were all surprised to see that there were no facilities whatsoever.

There were enough stray bullets whizzing overhead—and in some cases kicking up the dust in the camp—during the first night to persuade everyone that the danger was to be taken seriously. Yet to me, the most trying aspect of our existence on Friday night, Saturday, and Sunday was not the firing, but the scarcity of food, the precarious (though at that time still adequate) water situation, and the 100 degree plus temperatures. I was particularly concerned about the discomfort and inadequate nutrition for my 8-months' pregnant wife. Monday the Turkish forces made their final push on Kyrenia, and the battle passed right through the UN camp. The firing had driven most of us into a ditch, but a lull in the fighting caught some people in the open woods just before the attack began. Once the battle was underway, the Turkish line seemed to be right above us as we huddled in the ditch. This meant that the Greek artillery and mortar fire was hitting very near our own position. I could only think of my own army experience when many defective mortar rounds would fall short when fired, almost always hurting our own people. If the Greek National Guard had fired any defective ammunition that day, there would have been a lot of soft singing and slow marching in the ranks of FBIS.

After being caught beneath this cross-fire for a while, the Turkish forces advanced and crossed the ditch in which all the civilians were taking cover. Our main concern at this point was that the Turkish forces would not be able to advance further and would thus draw Greek fire on our position. The UN troops did their best to keep the Turkish troops away from us but they were not entirely successful. Fortunately the Turkish troops continued their advance and we felt slightly relieved. It turned out not to be a time to rest, however, as the Greek shelling had started some forest fires, one of which was racing directly up the mountain toward the camp. It quickly became obvious that we would be caught by the fire if we didn't move out into the open in a hurry. The evacuation of the UN camp was very nearly a disastrous panic. It was a wonder to me that all kinds of cars were not wrecked in the rush to form up a convoy. The convoy moved to an area near the top of Kyrenia pass where the vegetation is very sparse, and within minutes the fire swept through the heavily wooded UN camp. When the fire had passed we returned to an open, graveled parking lot at the entrance of the UN camp for the night. An acquaintance of mine returned to the ditch where we had all been hiding during the shelling a few minutes before to recover her few belongings that she had left in her hurry to evacuate. Only her house key had not been totally consumed by the fire. As bad as the shelling had been—and it was very bad indeed—I think people came much closer to coming unhinged because of the forest fire.

By this time the food and water situation was approaching the point of being critical. The UN handed out what few C-rations they had, but it was not nearly enough. What was left of the water in the main storage tank had been

drained into a small water trailer and this was supplemented by about two dozen jerry cans full of water as an ultimate reserve. As everyone settled down to sleep, one last, large shell came crashing into the camp just above the parking lot where all of us were camping.

In my estimation the evacuation by the British Navy came just in time. The feelings of fear, hunger, thirst, and frustration in the camp had risen to a very high pitch by Monday night, and I was personally feeling quite weak with hunger.

PHIL CARBONE

LINDA SHEEHAN ACCOUNT

Linda Sheehan, 31, was alone with her two sons, Keith, 4, and Scott, 2, in her Kyrenia home when the invasion began. Her husband, Dennis, was trapped at the bureau near Karavas, 7 miles to the west. She fled with the families of other FBIS employees to the Finnish UN camp.

This will not describe the war nor any particular time—I want to relate only a few instances of my personal emotions.

I was with our two sons, ages 2 and 4, separated from my husband, Dennis, for the entire time, approximately 4 days and 3 nights, until we were luckily reunited aboard the British ship *Hermes*.

I lived on the Kyrenia mountainside at the Finnish UN camp with my children those few days, wondering if we would ever see Dennis again, if we would ever get out alive, if the food would hold out, or if there would be enough water.

I laid on top of my two children to protect them from gunfire. I could not sleep.

My ears closed for an agonizing minute after a large explosion went off some 150 feet or so from where we lay.

I looked at the faces of frightened Turkish troops as they came upon us; they were looking for Greeks on the other side of the ditch in which we lay. Along with others, I yelled “Americans” and prayed they would hold their fire.

I ran with my children from the raging forest fire caused by the shelling. During an outburst of shooting, I sat huddled with my children behind a close friend, Chuck Moore, and saw his face as a bullet hit his hand. Not only did I feel the deep hurt of seeing a friend injured, but my heart now lives with the horror that if the bullet had not hit his hand, it would have entered one of my children’s necks or stomachs.

I shall say no more. I could fill many books with the anguish suffered by myself and the families with me. Hopefully these few words will give you just a minute understanding of the utmost fright, horror, and exhaustion we have experienced.

LINDA SHEEHAN

RONALD R. CRABBS ACCOUNT

Engineer Ronald R. Crabbs, 28, was another recent arrival on the island, having reported for duty on 6 July 1974. He was accompanied on this tour by his wife, Nancy, and two children.

We were awakened Saturday morning by a jet attack on an area west of Kyrenia and a short distance from our location. After spending the previous week in semiterror, this scared the hell out of myself and my family. My son was crying and my wife was so scared that she was in a state of confusion. We then went to the Cree home to get out of our apartment building. There we spent the rest of the day, watching and listening in a quiet and somewhat organized manner, with an undertone of fear. There was ground fighting all during the day, with jets and other aircraft flying overhead. Late in the afternoon Greek soldiers started retreating back into Kyrenia. Several soldiers went into the house two doors down and established themselves on the roof. They told the occupants to leave and said that they were going to make a stand there. Immediately after that several UN jeeps came along and informed us that they were taking people to the UN camp above Kyrenia. It was then decided to seek refuge there. Not realizing the possibility of spending 3 days and nights up there, many, including myself, were not prepared.

At the UN camp we had no blankets and spent the nights with our heads on the bottom portion of the back seat of a car. The first night was long and I doubt anyone other than maybe the small children got any sleep. During the night you could hear bullets passing overhead. They sounded to be only a few feet above us and were very frequent. Then, just before the sun came up, it got chilly to add to our discomfort. The next morning we moved to another spot which was an old road or a fire trail and was several feet lower than the surroundings.

During the day it was very hot and uncomfortable, thank God there was water. We were in constant fear with the jets bombing and strafing the adjacent hillside and the mortar fire as well as almost constant small arms fire. This went on and then, on Monday, the fighting became the worst as the Turks came through the camp and down into upper Kyrenia. There were several mortar rounds that seemed to hit very close and bullets were passing very close overhead.

The people of our group seemed very scared and we all huddled in the ditch until the fighting seemed to move down the hill. During this time I was not sure whether I would ever see another day.

As a result of the fighting, a fire started at the foot of the mountain and, with the help of the wind, burned very rapidly through the area we occupied. Everyone got to their cars and made it to safety. Then on Tuesday we were escorted to Six-Mile Beach and ended up in Beirut.

The UN soldiers did all they could to help us, considering they did not have the facilities to handle such a large group. Most of the people helped each other, even though there were some that didn't share and took advantage of the situation, but it is over and you can look back on it.

Being an uninterested party in the affairs of Cyprus, it was a frightening ordeal. I am glad no one was hurt but the experience will last a lifetime.

RON CRABBS

From Outlying Residential Areas

ARTHUR C. HENNE ACCOUNT

Chief Editor Arthur C. Henne, 47, has been at the bureau since 2 April 1973. Art, who has been with FBIS since 1956, was accompanied at the post by his wife, Jan.

House Location: Our house is somewhat isolated. It is the closest house to the shoreline in our area, being some 150 yards from the sea. It is approximately 1 mile west of Kyrenia and a half mile east of the National Guard Camp that was situated between Kyrenia and Ayios Yeorios. To the east of house is a barren field stretching a quarter mile or so to an inlet. On the other side of that inlet, Kyrenia proper and the shoreline hotels begin. To the immediate west is an unfinished apartment complex and a vacant villa.

House Occupants: On the day of the invasion we had six houseguests from the States: a husband and wife and four children ranging in age from 16 to 21. The husband grew up in Paphos and left Cyprus in 1948 when he was in his early twenties. He is a U.S. citizen. We also had as an overnight guest a Canadian woman who lived on the island.

H-Hour: We were all awakened by bomb blasts at about 0530 on the day of the invasion, Saturday. The planes were attacking the nearby camp. The blasts broke the glass in three doors but otherwise did no damage. All of us descended to our laundry room below, which served as our bomb shelter throughout the invasion. We felt it would be safe from anything other than a direct hit. Aside from the glass breakage, though, our house was untouched by the war around us.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday: We spent the better part of 3 days either in our bomb shelter or in an inside hallway on the upper level. We saw none of the fighting in our immediate area. We did watch the almost constant naval bombardment of the mountains south of us.

Cease-Fire: Our stay was uneventful until just after the cease-fire (1600 local time). At about 1630 I heard a voice at the front door and found a Cyprus National Guard soldier there who wanted to surrender and wanted me to use my good offices. I told him that we were merely neutral observers and could do little or nothing for him. While my wife and I were talking to him many more National Guardsmen emerged in our front garden (facing the barren field). In all about 30 came up on our front veranda. One young fellow, who appeared to be the commanding officer of the group, said that they wanted to surrender but were afraid the Turks would shoot them. He asked for our help. They wanted to enter our house but we refused to let them enter, telling them that they might jeopardize the lives of our guests. My wife then told them that if they really wanted to surrender they should throw their arms into the street. They were reluctant to do so, so she took a gun from one of the soldiers and threw it into our front garden. Soon all the others followed suit. The officer told us his unit had been stationed at the nearby Guard camp. They evacuated it shortly after the invasion and had

spent the last 3 days, without food or water, fighting in the immediate vicinity. The officer said there had been no casualties in his unit.

We hung out white bedsheets and small UK flags that our house guests had drawn and we waited. The first Turkish soldiers did not appear until after 1800—more than an hour and a half after the Cypriot Guardsmen had appeared. I asked the Cypriot officer what he intended to do and he asked me to go out and negotiate their surrender. I picked up a white towel and walked toward the advancing troops shouting “American, American.” My wife struck out in another direction toward another group of advancing troops, all of whom trained their guns on us. Fortunately, my wife encountered a senior NCO who spoke English (it did not appear as though any of the other troops could speak any language but Turkish). While we were explaining our situation, the troops—about 40 of them—surrounded the house and trained their guns on the Greeks, who affected a casual air of indifference. I then told the Greeks to come down onto the road, and they did so while the Turks continued to train their guns on them. They were then marched off, and we were happy to see them safe and sound a half hour later at the nearby Turkish command post.

While the NCO was examining our identity documents and those of our guests, the Turks searched our house. When I reentered our house I saw a Turk take a carton of cigarettes from a shopping bag near the front door. I indicated he should put them back and he did. I then broke open the carton and distributed individual packs. At about this point the NCO told us to accompany the Turkish soldiers to the command post (about 3 blocks distant, just off the main road out of Kyrenia). My wife reentered the house to pick up her pocket book and discovered that all her local identity documents and her money (about \$150) has been stolen. She reported this to the NCO, who assured us that he didn’t think one of his men had done it.

As we approached the command post we saw the first visible signs of war in our immediate area. The house at the end of our street, nearest to the main road, was gutted by fire. We later learned that it had been hit during the first hour of the invasion. We were also told that the strike on this house was responsible for cutting off our phone connection.

It was almost dusk when we reached the command post. While we were being interrogated by two officers at the command post, we had to drop to the ground to avoid being hit by Greek fire on the post. After the interrogation, which was perfunctory, the Turks began to escort us back to our house. We had to dive into a ditch, though, to avoid fire from the Greeks. The Turks appeared to be very solicitous about our safety and soon spirited us out of the ditch to the shelter offered by a nearby tank. While there they told us they would escort us to an “English colony” nearby but they seemed to have no clear idea of what this “colony” was. We decided not to try to reach this “colony” since the heaviest fire seemed to be coming from an area between us and the colony.

While waiting for the gunfire to subside we talked with the Turks. They warned us about Greek atrocities and told us there were still a hundred or so Greeks in our general area. In response to my question to a second English-speaking NCO, I was told that the Turks did not control Kyrenia. Earlier the Greek Cypriot Guardsmen had asked me who controlled Kyrenia, and I told them what I had heard on the BBC newscasts. They were convinced that the Turks controlled Kyrenia.

After the firing subsided the Turks returned us to our house. The Turkish search party had taken the costume jewelry of one of our guests, but we could discover no other items that were missing. After our guests went to bed in the bomb shelter below, I discovered that one of the Greek Guardsmen, an 18-year-old boy, was still in our house. He told us he had eluded two searchers of the house by hiding in my wife's clothes closet. He told us he was afraid to surrender to the Turks, although I advised him that that was his safest course. He made several ridiculous suggestions as to how he could escape, but I think I convinced him that none of his proposals would work. I told him he could stay overnight and that I would not betray him but I advised him that I would have to turn him over if the Turks made another search.

The following morning, Tuesday, we learned from a radio announcement that the British were mounting a rescue operation for the north coast that day. While our guests were preparing to leave, two Turks arrived for another search, and I turned over our Cypriot Guardsman, whom they marched off toward the command post. Following that, all our guests went down to the shoreline, hoping to be rescued. We still considered it too dangerous to drive into Kyrenia at that point. Shortly after that a Turkish patrol arrived headed by the second English-speaking NCO, a man who seemed particularly solicitous about our safety. In response to my question, he told me it was still too dangerous to drive to Kyrenia. About an hour later this patrol returned with two Englishmen, who arrived in a jeep carrying the Union Jack. He advised us it was too dangerous to stay and urged us to evacuate. He also told us that the road to Kyrenia was open.

We quickly packed our bags and headed out for Kyrenia in our car. Our guests had previously departed with the Englishmen. As we emerged from the immediate vicinity of the command post two warning shots were fired at us, presumably by Turks. After halting and talking with a couple Turks we were told we could proceed. There were no further incidents on our way to the Dome Hotel. At the Dome I made my first contact with the office in more than 3 days and was told I should evacuate from Six-Mile Beach, east of Kyrenia.

ART HENNE

LEO T. FINK AND MICHAEL MIKHAILOVSKY ACCOUNT

Administrative Officer Leo T. Fink, 38, was nearing the end of his second year on Cyprus and was scheduled to leave in early August for a new assignment in the United States. He was accompanied on Cyprus by his wife, Sharon, and two children.

Michael Mikhailovsky, 44, a UK citizen, is the Mediterranean Bureau's chief monitor and has been an FBIS employee since 1949.

Tiger Bay consists of a small group of rather primitive mud-brick summer cottages located on the beach in the village of Ayios Yeoryios (St. George), about three miles west of Kyrenia. Spending the weekend at Tiger Bay were Mike Mikhailovsky, his wife, daughter (age 6) and mother (age 74), Leo Fink, his wife and two children (ages 7 and 5), and Irina Borda.

We were of course awakened early Saturday morning, about 0520, by the Turkish planes attacking over Kyrenia. Just about the same time, four destroyers made their appearance on the horizon and began bombarding the Kyrenia Range. The ships continued to steam in close to shore within a few miles. They

were followed by a troop transport and between five and seven landing craft. Within 30 minutes, the landing craft began loading from the transport and running into shore, to Five-Mile Beach. By this time the Turkish jets were also bombing and strafing the area to the west of Tiger Bay.

Throughout the day and night of 20 and 21 July we were subjected to almost continuous aerial and/or naval fire. The main street of Ayios Yeoryios, some 500 yards away, and the area to the south came under particular heavy fire. There was also quite a bit of mortar and small arms fire in our immediate area which severely restricted our movement outside the cottage. The proximity of the battle shook the cottage and caused a continuous rain of plaster to fall. Our only real danger from the naval bombardment appeared to result from the ship-board fire control officer getting his elevation correct. His first shots always seemed to fall short.

The jets and the ground fire put us in a more difficult situation. On Saturday, around 1900, a jet made two low-level passes directly over our cottage releasing two rounds of rockets on each run. The rockets exploded (and hit a possible Greek gun emplacement) less than 75 yards away. On Sunday evening, again about dusk, a brief skirmish took place between Greek and Turkish forces in the field right next to the cottages. The skirmish lasted no more than 15 minutes, with the Greeks apparently retreating in the direction of Kyrenia.

On Monday, just after noon, a patrol of between 12 and 15 Turkish soldiers entered our compound, flushing out Greek troops. We were hustled out of the cottage and, thanks to Mrs. Borda's knowledge of Turkish and two blond-haired children, we were able to convince the Turks that we were Americans and British (a small U.S. flag affixed to the door of the cottage seemed to have no meaning to our Turkish friends). We spent the next hour and a half lined up in front of the cottage under guard while the patrol continued their search of the area. During our wait we were joined by another patrol of Turks who had with them five Greek Cypriot civilians and a wounded Greek soldier. We were then marched across the beach and up to a coffee shop on the main road at the eastern end of Ayios Yeoryios. The Turks had established several machinegun emplacements in the area. We saw a continuous flow of military vehicles heading toward Kyrenia. About 1630, having finally convinced the ranking NCO that Fink was an American official, he and Mrs. Borda were taken by jeep to a Turkish command post at Five-Mile Beach (west). There we spoke to a Turkish lieutenant (call me "Tarzan") who was in charge of civilian prisoners in the area (he seemed unhappy at having an "American Official" among his charges). He almost immediately sent a jeep after the rest of our party. From our conversation (Tarzan spoke excellent English) we learned that some 140 Greek Cypriots and some 40 British nationals were being held in a house next door. Among the group of civilians were four who were seriously wounded and who needed urgent medical attention (the Turks claimed to have no medical supplies). Fink offered to try to obtain medical assistance (at the urging of the lieutenant) and spoke on the phone to both the UN in Nicosia and the FBIS Bureau. Although the lieutenant could apparently provide safe passage through Turkish held areas, any immediate attempt to provide assistance to the wounded was out of the question because Turkish aircraft were still flying (and bombing Nicosia airport). Both the UN and the FBIS Bureau were advised of the situation at Five-Mile Beach and both promised to assist as soon as conditions permitted. A further problem was that both the UN and the Bureau were then located in Greek-held territory. Fink advised the lieutenant that according to the radio Kyrenia was in Turkish hands and that Kyrenia had a hospital. The

wounded were then loaded onto a jeep and driven away (for some reason they returned the next morning).

It appeared that the lieutenant really wanted to be rid of the lot of us, but since by this time night was fast approaching, we all resigned ourselves to spending the night as guests of the Turks. The Tiger Bay group was assigned a bedroom with veranda on the third floor of a house next to the lieutenant's quarters and across the street from where Greek National Guard prisoners were held (there were about 20 of them—two of whom died during the night; their bodies were thrown into the sea the next morning). We were treated fairly well by the Turks. Again thanks to the kids, we were allotted one mattress and several packets of Turkish C-rations (bread, cheese, jam, and olives) along with sufficient water.

The next morning the Greek Cypriot civilians were moved to the Golden Rock restaurant (in the same general location) and the rest of us—about 40 or so—began making preparations to be evacuated by sea. About 1100 a UN medical team arrived and the wounded, both civilian and military, were treated. Shortly thereafter, two U.S. Marines arrived with an FBIS Bureau bus and, together with the UN team, we all left for the Bureau. Upon driving up to the Bureau we were directed to the Mare Monte Hotel from which we were evacuated.

LEO FINK

MIKE MIKHAILOVSKY