

## **Derry Journal**

Friday, 31st January, 1997

**The ultimate atrocity:**  
Father of six,  
Barney McGuigan  
lies dead while a shocked  
Fr. Tom O'Gara looks on.  
This scene was only one of  
many horrors witnessed  
on Bloody Sunday.

(Photo by: Magnum)

*Permission of the McGuigan family  
has been sought and given for the  
publication of this photo.*

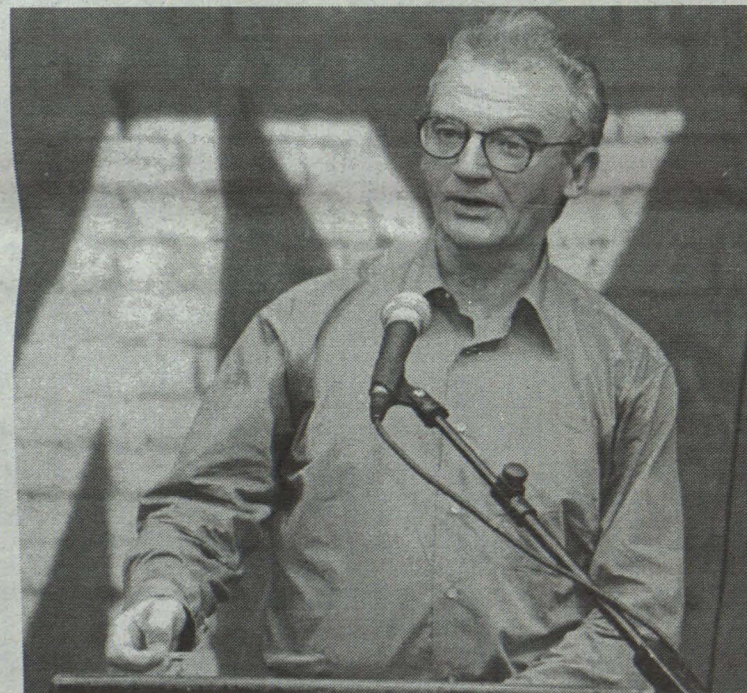


# Tories' only sorrow that 'it didn't work'

Several problems about Bloody Sunday remain to be resolved. Was the massacre that took place on that day a designed attempt, sanctioned by the British government, to extinguish or subdue minority protest and 'rebellion' in Northern Ireland? Or was it a designed attempt on the part of the Stormont government, along with the British army, the RUC and the security chiefs in Northern Ireland, without the London government's sanction, to do so. The evidence indicates that it was one or the other. The notion that the paras (and the Anglian regiment) responded to firing from the IRA may be

London out of the loop. Of course, it may be said that a constitutional crisis did in fact take place; Stormont was prorogued.

Why was Stormont prorogued then? Was this its punishment for taking the decision to kill on Bloody Sunday? It would have been entirely typical of the Unionist government to have done so. But these questions can only be asked, not answered. Nor will they be answered in any foreseeable future. What is perhaps most sinister about the whole sequence is the possibility that the military and the right wing Tory-Unionist faction overrode the



dismissed. That is the central argument of the Widgery whitewash. Whichever answer is given to the first two questions only leads to further questions. Was the Widgery tribunal set up, not merely to hide the truth - as it clearly was - but also to disguise one of the following political issues: (a) that the British government's policy in Northern Ireland at that time was, in effect, the 'whiff of grapeshot', i.e., killing protest by killing people; or (b) that the British government was faced with what was in effect a military mutiny, whereby the armed forces had decided to take policy into their own hands by employing a military solution. The Widgery tribunal successfully disguised these issues by ignoring the evidence and fabricating a series of lies that had as their aim the defence of the army's actions and the rescue of the government from a confrontation with the military chiefs who had left

British government on that particular occasion and was absolved by Widgery; and that the same grouping has constantly pressurised successive British governments in that direction. It was that group which successfully canvassed Major to wreck the peace process. It is that group which sees Northern Ireland as a problem that can be resolved by a policy of coercion and cosmetic reform. There will be no apology for Bloody Sunday; the only sorrow to be found in Tory or Unionist breasts is that it was not successful as an act of terror.

Rather the reverse. But while it may be hard to overrate the stupidity of this group and this policy, it would be foolish to underrate their malignity. Bloody Sunday commemorates that malignity, all the more so because of the complete innocence of those who were murdered then.

SEAMUS DEANE



The NICRA march assembles at Bishop's Field on January 30, 1972. (BS33)

## The first Bloody Sunday commemorations

Thousands of people took part in "Massacre of the Innocents" ceremonies in Derry to commemorate the first anniversary of Bloody Sunday, according to the *Journal* of Tuesday, January 30, 1973.

There was a huge attendance at a series of events organised by NICRA in the shadow of the Rossville Flats where several of the murdered marchers fell.

These ceremonies included an interdenominational church service, conducted by Fr. Edward Daly and Rev. Terence McGaughey, the Presbyterian Chaplain at Trinity College.

Fr. Daly told attendants: "At this time, on this Sunday last year, we had a massacre of the innocents."

"Those of us who witnessed it and the families of the dead and injured will never forget the horror and tragedy of that day."

"Now one year on, we are gathered to commemorate that event, to pray for those who died and for the families, to pray for our city and country, to pray for the just peace for which all of us yearn."

There was also a reading of Thomas Kinsella's poem on Bloody Sunday, 'Butchers Dozen', by Vanessa Redgrave and local schoolchildren - including

Feargal Sharkey and Michael Bradley.

Lord Fenner-Brockway, the Labour Peer, then cut the first sod at the site of a proposed memorial to the Bloody Sunday victims.

Miss Bernadette Devlin MP said the people of Derry had demanded their rights but had been answered with "death and destruction and violence".

She added: "Had it not been for the discipline of the men under the command of John White and Martin McGuinness there would have been a lot more people dead in Derry on Bloody Sunday."

### Requiem mass

Earlier in the day, the NICRA commemorations had opened with a packed Requiem Mass at St. Mary's Chapel in Creggan.

Chief celebrant, Fr. Michael McIvor, spoke of the deafening silence which descended on Bloody Sunday and which lasted three days afterwards.



Michael Bradley, who was shot in the leg and arm, is carried away on a stretcher. (BS64)

British made 'triumvirate' of blunders - Tim Pat Coogan

# Bloody Sunday: 'A concerted, planned policy'

JOURNALIST and leading contemporary historian, Tim Pat Coogan, believes the Derry massacre was the third in a series of monumental political mistakes made by the then British government.

"It was very much the Conservative and Unionist Party which was in power back then," he explains, "and the cabinet had already made a major right-turn away from the Labour Party policies."

"After their election, they got the boot in straight away. The first part of the get tough policy was the 'Rape of the Falls' in the summer of 1970. And this led to the formation of the Provisionals."

"This was followed in 1971 with internment. And then in 1972 you had Bloody Sunday."

"They were a triumvirate of blunders, though were all part of the same 'Get Tough' policy."

force. But on Bloody Sunday their new role had become clear.

"It gave the Provos accession and respectability. From Bloody Sunday to Bloody Friday, they had it all one way."

### Need for Truth Commission

Mr. Coogan adds that he was very moved to be asked to speak at this year's commemorations.

"It's a historic occasion, and I am very honoured to be invited," he states.

"As part of my discussion, I'll be analysing the present political position. It's time to learn lessons from the past."

"I think there is a need for an overall Truth Commission in Northern Ireland that - and pending that, a new inquiry into Bloody Sunday. I do think there's a chance we might get an inquiry from Labour."

Realistically, the demand should be levelled at Blair."

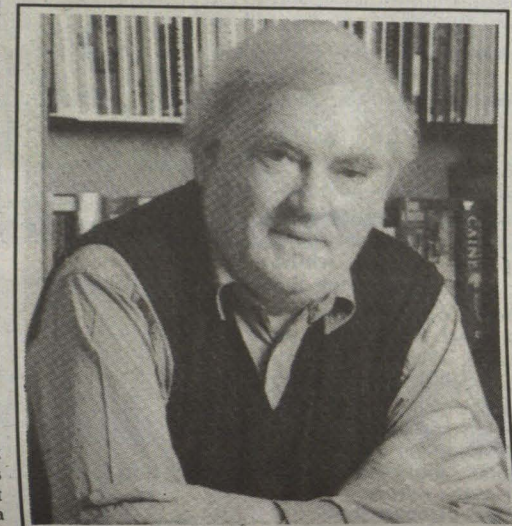
Mr. Coogan believes that it is not just the Irish who want the full facts of Bloody Sunday acknowledged by the British government.

"There is a growing movement in Britain which wants to see light shed into this dark corner of Irish affairs," he says.

"Not everyone in England is a right-wing conservative. There are many decent people in both legal and journalist circles as well."

In the section of his book 'The Troubles' which deals with Bloody Sunday, Tim Pat Coogan recounts how a young Daily Telegraph journalist, appalled at the events which had just passed, met his paper's military correspondent, one Brigadier Thompson, outside the City Hotel.

Thompson was in ebullient form and commented to Wade: "They shot well, didn't they?"



Tim Pat Coogan, who will be delivering the annual Bloody Sunday lecture at the Guildhall tonight. (BS100)

Thompson was in ebullient form and commented to Wade: "They shot well, didn't they?"



Bishop Farren and local priests lead prayers over the coffins of the Bloody Sunday dead. (BS28)

## Personal View . . .

### Profound sense of crisis

I had been in Canada with my husband and baby daughter nine months when Bloody Sunday happened. A real home bird, I had been a reluctant immigrant to the prairie province of Alberta the year before, but had been persuaded by my husband to give it a try with the promise that we would return home again to Ireland if I really didn't like it.

By Suzanne McCarroll

January, 1972 was my first experience of a Canadian winter. In fact it was one of the coldest in Alberta's history and the local paper, "The Edmonton Journal", had jocularly promised to issue certificates to all the citizens who survived the unrelenting weeks of deep freeze temperatures.

But the apartment we had rented was warm and cosy and I remember casually listening to the mid-day news that Sunday (we were seven hours behind) and hearing that thirteen people

had been killed in shootings in a city in Northern Ireland.

When it finally registered that it was my home town my feelings were of absolute panic. Had anyone in my family been killed? I tried to phone home but, of course, the exchange was jammed. The operator kept trying to connect me and, although I eventually knew that there was no chance of getting through, I remained with that receiver stuck to my ear for at least an hour and a half. It was all I could do.

I have only felt the same profound sense of crisis two other times since - when my marriage broke up many years later and when I was told a few years ago that my father was terminally ill.

The immediate repercussions of Bloody Sunday for me in Canada were the frustration of trying to explain to people what the situation was about and the knowledge, unspoken between us, that my husband would never go back to Ireland.

### Eyewitness:

William McChrystal, storeman, aged 42

I was in Chamberlain Street behind a crowd of youths who were throwing stones. I looked across the waste ground and saw a Saracen tearing across Rossville Street.

I was running back towards the flats when I heard a rifle report from the William Street direction and a bullet chipped the wall above my head.

Someone shouted at reporters who were running with us, "That's not a rubber bullet - report that you—"

As I came into the courtyard of the flats I saw Fr. Daly kneel over the body of a fallen youth. There was another man assisting. I ran to their aid - and as I was kneeling with them at the spot, the army fired over our heads. The bullets hit the back wall of the courtyard. When I arrived at the youth's side there was no evidence of any weapon, gun, nail-bomb, or stone.

We carried the youth up either High Street or Harvey Street to Waterloo Street. We spread out the coats and Mrs. McCloskey spread an eiderdown which we laid him on. He was dead by this time. His name was Jackie Duddy.

Nobel Prize winner Seamus Heaney sent the *Journal* two pieces he wrote about Bloody Sunday. This poem, which he entitled *The Funerals*, is an extract from *Casualty*, and was first published in 1979 in *Field Work*.

## The Funerals

PARAS THIRTEEN, the walls said,  
BOGSIDE NIL. That Wednesday  
Everybody held  
His breath and trembled...

It was a day of cold  
Raw silence, wind-blown  
Surplice and soutane:  
Rained-on, flower-laden  
Coffin after coffin  
Seemed to float from the door  
Of the packed cathedral  
Like blossoms on slow water.  
The common funeral  
Unrolled its swaddling band,  
Lapping, tightening  
Till we were braced and bound  
Like brothers in a ring.



Personal View . . .

# Shocked into silence

The thing I remember about "Bloody Sunday" was the silence. In Letterkenny, my home town, the whole place went quiet on Sunday evening January 30th 1972. And I remember my own home that night: there was a kind of stunned shock, and it got worse as my father kept changing from one channel to another to try and keep up with the latest news. It was almost incomprehensible to me that just twenty odd miles up the road from my home ordinary, everyday people were getting shot for going on a civil rights rally.

I was eighteen then and, like most of my age and generation, not particularly interested in politics. But we weren't unaware either. The famous RTE broadcast of the October 5th march in Derry in 1968 had brought the reality of the Northern situation home to many.

by: Pat McArt

At weekends I worked in a bar frequented by huge numbers of people who crossed the Border who brought with them tales of house raids, harassment, searches and shootings. Many of them were visibly stressed by what was happening in their lives. And there were the stories too of IRA activities, many of them far from complimentary.

But Bloody Sunday was so, so different. Everyone knew it was a dangerous march but with so many media from all over the world it was expected that even the British, arrogant and all as they were, would not wish to be seen to be

heavy handed with "British" citizens protesting about internment. We all know differently now.

Personally, Bloody Sunday was a watershed for me. In that era of flower power, "make love not war" stuff, most of our generation had bought the theory that we were children of the world, whilst nationalism, particularly after the horrors of World War Two, was the ideology - at least in Ireland - of narrow minded, Gaelic speaking little Irelanders who still retained DeValera's isolationist vision of an economically self sufficient Ireland where comely maidens danced at the crossroads and where the outside world didn't impinge.

Bloody Sunday brought home to me who I was. It was my fellow Irish people who were getting shot up the road and it was another nation, Britain, who provided the guns and the soldiers who were doing that shooting.

That day I stopped being a citizen of the world. I became an Irishman.



A young man, one of the early shooting victims, receives treatment for leg injuries from a member of the Order of Malta. (BS18)



Joseph Friel, injured on Bloody Sunday, pictured in hospital. (BS15)

## Colm Barton - archivist

COLM BARTON is a twenty-four year old student who is currently creating an archive of material concerning the period from 1966 - the start of the Civil Rights movement - to the present day, with Bloody Sunday as a centre piece presentation.

Speaking about his feelings for Bloody Sunday, Colm said: "It's a strange experience. Nobody in my generation attended the march and yet it has had a huge impact on our lives."

"Members of my family were present at the march and it has always been something that has loomed in the background," he continued.

"Between the events of the day and the continuing denial by the British Government, an apology to the families of

about the events of the day and the subsequent actions of the British government, which were little more than a whitewash," he continued.

Colm also believes that a full investigation into the events of Bloody Sunday, leading to the emergence of the truth about the day, would open up the opportunity for reconciliation.

Material for the archive, which will be part of the Bloody Sunday Trust which was officially launched yesterday (Thursday), has been donated by the families involved in the events and members of the community, who have accumulated a wide range of items.

Colm said he sees it as an ideal opportunity for people to tell their own story and add that a substantial body of material has been donated and collected.

## I Wasn't Even Born

*I remember people happy and the confidence of that morning. The Creggan Shops. I remember the banner that was carried. The gathered message. I remember live fire. A pool of blood on the pavement. I remember Hugh Gilmour and Patrick Doherty. I remember running. The Flats. I remember Jim Wray and Michael McDaid. I remember screaming. English accents. I remember William Nash and Gerald McKinney. I remember a crazed army. A white hanky. I remember Michael Kelly and John Young. I remember it black and white. But blood is always red. I remember Jackie Duddy and Bernard McGuigan. I remember looking for my friend from the confusion and then through the quiet. I remember Gerald Donaghy and Kevin McElhinney. I remember hearing the news. I remember John Johnston and William McKinney. I remember thirteen coffins. Black flags. I remember a young woman with an old face. The funerals. I remember my father crying hot angry tears. I remember the lies. And I wasn't even born.*

Killian Mullan and Sharon Meenan, Age 21.

## A Personal Account A NIGHT OF MOURNING

Sunday, 30th January, 1972. You often hear the question "Where were you when Kennedy was shot?" or "What were you doing when Elvis died?" That Sunday in Derry, or in particular, Henrietta Street where we lived, will remain embedded in my mind, even though I was only 11 at the time.

My first recollection that day of there being something wrong, was going to 11.00 o'clock Mass at Long Tower with my young brother, Raymond. As we left the house, I saw two sarcophagi at the top of the street, beside Betty Bryson's pub. It was surrounded by soldiers carrying the barbed wire barricades. Within minutes my father returned and I overheard him telling my mother that one of the passing soldiers told a neighbour and himself: "The Paras have put us in the s... now, mate. They've opened fire in the Bogside."

From that until darkness that night we huddled in front of the TV, turning channels to get news of what happened. In the first bulletin around 5.30 p.m. W. D. Flackes reported four people had been shot, before the end of the bulletin it had been updated to six. As the hours passed this number increased. In 11 Henrietta Street that night, mourning took place. Not the mourning of a close relative, nor the lamenting of a president, nor the grieving of fourteen innocent Derry people who were slaughtered while marching for their civil rights.

By Jim McCafferty

Returning after Mass there was an uneasiness about the street. I remember my parents talking about the march and what might happen. After lunch we were sent to play in the back yard which was enclosed by a high wall. The sound of a helicopter flying low overhead made it hard to concentrate on the game of football we were playing. Some time later our game was disrupted by the sharp cracking sounds of gunfire, different from that of rubber bullets which we had got used to, living in the vicinity of the Bog. I called my father to the back door as another volley sounded. As we stood silently the commotion of people panicking could be heard in the distance. Being

summoned inside, the look of concern in my father's face as he ushered us in, is still vivid. Henrietta Street, like many streets in the area was a narrow terraced street in which two cars would have been passing. Through the livingroom window I could see some of the neighbours standing at their front doors obviously looking for news of what was happening. My father told us to remain in the livingroom as he went to the front door. I followed him into the hall only to be told to get back. From the window I saw a sarcophagus going down the street, followed by soldiers carrying the barbed wire barricades. Within minutes my father returned and I overheard him telling my mother that one of the passing soldiers told a neighbour and himself: "The Paras have put us in the s... now, mate. They've opened fire in the Bogside."

Being



The NICRA anti-internment march leaves Creggan. (BS11)

# Should concern the whole community

Last weekend, in "The Irish Times" newspaper, I read an article by the columnist Kevin Myers in which he railed against what he called the Bloody Sunday "industry". Although it's sometimes hard to tell with Mr. Myers, I believe his basic point was that the commemoration of Bloody Sunday has been hijacked by the Republican Movement.

The now traditional march on the Sunday nearest the anniversary of Bloody Sunday is, undoubtedly, the most obvious act of remembrance. But it is not the only way in which the horror of Bloody Sunday is commemorated. Thousands of people were present that day and I am sure that each and everyone of them will this week - privately and in their own way - recall the events of January 30, 1972.

I remember Bloody Sunday vividly. It remains the most terrifying experience of my life - a day when I honestly thought I was going to die. I was among the scores of people trapped at the back of Rossville Flats. I can still hear the shots, the screaming and the crying; I can still remember the fear I felt, as I lay on the ground, too frightened to move and too frightened not to move. And I can still see, in my mind, the prostrate body of Barney McGuigan, lying dead on the ground, in a literal pool of blood. It was the first time I'd ever been so close to someone who'd been killed.

Clearly, Bloody Sunday affected me. I was eighteen at the time - an impressionable teenager. I'd gone on the march with my brother, Doncha, and a number of friends. One of those friends, Gerry Donaghey, was shot dead. Bloody Sunday affected all of us. Of those friends who marched - apart from Gerry Donaghey - two were killed and nine others wound up in prison as a direct result of the consequences of 30th January, 1972 and the subsequent cover-up by the British administration.

### SEVEN FROM CREGGAN

Bloody Sunday affected our whole community. Seven of those killed that day came from Creggan, where I lived; I knew several of them - William Nash, Michael Kelly and John Young, all of whom were around the same age as me. The wider effects can be gauged by looking at the streets of Creggan, the Bog and the Brandywell, where scores of young men and women were later imprisoned, or even died, as a consequence of what happened on Bloody Sunday.

The pain of that day will never go away for the Bloody Sunday generation. But the hurt could be eased if there were to be an acknowledgement that those killed and injured were innocent, an admission that the victims were murdered by the British army.

The blood spilt by Barney McGuigan was eventually washed away, but the stain left by Bloody Sunday and, more properly, the Widgery travesty, won't be removed so easily. I, and a whole generation like me, saw murder done on our streets. We witnessed the contortions afterwards as the state moved to cover up what had happened. I am reminded of a certain lady's words - "Murder is murder is murder."

Twenty five years on, it is important that the truth about Bloody Sunday be established and acknowledged. There are deep wounds and deep divisions in our society as a result of the conflict of the last 27 years. Progress in establishing the truth about Bloody Sunday would significantly advance the process of reconciliation and help restore confidence in our beleaguered peace process.

Last year, I went to the Somme with a cross community group drawn from both sides of the border. My presence was a personal gesture of reconciliation - an attempt to understand how the other community here felt and to try and empathise with them. For me, Bloody Sunday is an issue which should unite all right-thinking people, and especially the people of Derry. Bloody Sunday affected me, my family, my friends and my community, very directly. But it should also affect everyone who believes in the concepts of justice and truth, and in respect for human life.

### TRAGEDY

Kevin Myers clearly perceives Bloody Sunday to be a Republican commemoration now. That is a tragedy. Bloody Sunday was a criminal act, a savage attack upon innocent people. Bloody Sunday was state-sanctioned murder, followed by a whitewash. No one can condone that.

The conflict of the last 27 years has made it difficult for some people to admit the truth about Bloody Sunday. That is a pity. Bloody Sunday was an assault upon the very concept of justice - quite literally an attempt to get away with murder. What kind of society would tolerate such an affront? What kind of society would look the other way and let the killers get off scot free? It is time for the British government to acknowledge that it too has responsibilities to acknowledge the implications and consequences of its security actions on Bloody Sunday.

We should not allow those who are afraid of the truth to cloud the issue of Bloody Sunday, or to denigrate the relatives and those who have attempted to secure the truth. Bloody Sunday, to me, is an issue of immense importance, not only in securing justice for the victims and their families, but also an issue which requires recognition by the entire community within the city as part of the process of reconciliation and healing. It should not be used by anyone as a party political issue or a division, but one where the civil society - churches, businesses, trade unions, community and voluntary sector, all political parties and groupings and the citizens of Derry and the island of Ireland as a whole - should unite in the interests of truth, justice, law and respect for human life.

I believe the issues raised by Bloody Sunday are fundamental to any democracy; those who choose to make it a sectarian issue or claim it should be left in the past are not genuine democrats and are afraid to face the truth of what really happened in the streets of Derry on the 30th January, 1972.

Everyone who genuinely believes in truth and justice, should unite to ease the burden of the relatives of those who died 25 years ago and help carry the load in demanding justice at last for the Bloody Sunday dead.

CONAL McFEELY

Eyewitness:

## Michael McCallion, labourer, aged 45

I WAS on the march today Sunday, 30 January. I went down William Street with the march as far as the middle of William Street, standing beside me was Fr. Daly.

The British Army started firing rubber bullets, CS gas and dye. The people went into hysterics and started running. I started to shout, "Do not run, do not get into a fuss because you may be stamped and kill someone."

Fr. Daly and I turned the corner and there was a shot. Fr. Daly pushed me out of the road and he may have been grazed on the hand.

As I inhaled a lot of gas and I am a sufferer with bronchitis, I made my way to a friend's house in Colmille Court. I was there about twenty minutes and then I went to two friends across the way, two ladies who were on their own.

The two women were looking out of the window and I looked out. One of them was signalling to a fellow at the top of Glenada Park to keep down as there were three British soldiers below him.

He turned and went around the corner of the flats. He was there for about twenty minutes. During this time I was looking out of the

window and I saw four bodies lying on the ground. There was a boy, who I thought was getting respiration. There were three men from the Knights of Malta who came out looking for an ambulance and the soldiers let them pass all right. Then a fellow came out with a white flag, no sooner had he done this when the middle one of three British soldiers pulled the trigger and shot him in the head. I have witnessed this as God is my judge and I say it was cold blooded murder.

I have found out who this man was and he was never politically minded. It was Barney McGuigan and he is dead. It was deliberate murder and this I will swear on a stack of bibles as high as the Statue of Liberty and may God be my judge on this. It is the gospel truth.

This is my statement of what I saw in Derry on Sunday 30 January and is to the best of my knowledge a true account of what happened.

He was looking out of the

Personal View . . .

## Assault on the senses

BLOODY SUNDAY aroused many emotions in anyone old enough to remember it but for myself that day left me with three abiding impressions, incomprehensibility, fear and anger.

Incomprehensibility at first. It was just too much to believe that they could really be firing live rounds into a crowd that big.

By Eamonn MacDermott

My ears and my eyes were telling me that these soldiers were standing there firing at us.

We had all become too well accustomed to the different sounds made by different guns not to immediately recognise the distinctive crack of the SLR. But my brain would not accept it.

There had been many marches and riots in the past but they had never ended like this, this was no gun battle this was all one way traffic.

Then as reality took hold I can still remember the fear, the sheer unadulterated terror.

I had been scared before that day and many times after it but unless you have experienced a crowd of 15,000 people in the grip of sheer terror, desperately trying to run anywhere to get out of the line of fire, you cannot imagine what it feels like.

Then on reaching the relative safety of my father's

car, the terror mounted as we got stuck in the middle of Rossville Street. From my seat in the back I could see the paras clearly standing firing as the crowd ran in blind panic.

There were bodies lying there, whether shot or simply taking cover I never found out.

Then the most lasting impression a deep, deep sense of anger. An anger that even today twenty five years later is never far from the surface when that day is mentioned.

Anger that they could ruin so many lives, not just the ones killed and wounded that day, but the thousands of others affected in so many ways as a result of their actions, in Derry and throughout Ireland.

Anger that they would lie about and distort what we had witnessed to serve their own ends.

Anger that in their arrogance they could never allow the dead to rest in peace by simply admitting that they committed a foul deed that winter's day.

Until they right that great wrong Bloody Sunday will always be a living memory for those who were there and everyone else who lives with the consequences.





Jim and Leonie O'Donnell, who celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary this week, look through photographs of the day. The local couple were married in St. Eugene's Cathedral the day before Bloody Sunday.

## Married one day before Bloody Sunday Derry couple recall emotional weekend

**Jim and Leonie O'Donnell's wedding anniversary always brings back mixed emotions to the Derry couple.**

The young sweethearts were married in St. Eugene's Cathedral on January 29th, 1972, the day before fourteen people were shot dead only yards away.

by **CIARAN O'NEILL**

Jim admitted this week that the happiness of his wedding day was forever tinged with the memory of the tragic events of Bloody Sunday.

"We experienced such different emotions that weekend," he said. "On the Saturday we were so happy to be getting married but this was replaced by a feeling of numbness by what happened the next day."

Jim said his feelings of disbelief at the events of Bloody Sunday were accentuated by the fact that he and his wife had just arrived in Dublin for their honeymoon when initial reports of the massacre came through.

"Our wedding reception

was held in the former Ardowen Hotel on the Northland Road after which we travelled to the Four Seasons Hotel in Monaghan where we stayed overnight.

**Eruption of anger**

"The next day we headed onto Dublin and booked into the Central Hotel for a week," he said.

"Later that evening we went for a stroll through Dublin and noticed a large crowd outside the General Post Office on O'Connell Street.

"I asked one of the crowd

what was wrong and I will never forget his reply - 'Fifty people have been shot in Derry'."

**Shock**

Jim said his initial feeling

was one of complete shock which quickly turned to concern for his family and friends.

"My wife and I tried frantically to phone home to find out what had happened

but the phone lines were that

busy we were unable to get through.

"There were so many rumours flying around as to how many people had been killed and it was very worrying and very frustrating not to know any exact details."

**Eruption of anger**

That night Dublin erupted

into street riots with the British Embassy taking the brunt of the capital's anger.

"Windows in the embassy were smashed and anti-British graffiti was daubed over the walls," said Jim.

"There were also riots in

O'Connell Street and outside our hotel but throughout this time we were still unable to get through to anyone at home."

**As if world stopped**

The local man said it was

with an uneasy feeling that he approached a news stand on O'Connell Street the next morning.

"I honestly did not know what to expect and the apprehension was not helped by the massive queues at the stands and the vendors shouting about a massacre in my home town."

"However, when I read the

papers there seemed to be a number of versions of what happened and it wasn't until we eventually got through to our families later in the day that we found out the truth.

"None of my family or

friends had been killed but I felt so bad for those who had lost their loved ones."

The Derry couple remained in Dublin for another two nights but cut short their honeymoon to travel home on the following Wednesday when the funerals of twelve of those who died were held.

"On the morning of the

funerals, we were told that no meals would be available in our hotel in Dublin because the staff were going on strike as a sign of remembrance to those who had been killed."

"Dublin was like a ghost town that day. The streets were empty, all the shops were closed and there were black flags everywhere."

"On our journey home we

passed through a number of towns and it was unbelievable to see the reaction to what happened on Bloody Sunday."

"Every town's main street was covered in black flags and all the shops were shut

which showed the depth of feeling that existed throughout Ireland."

As the young couple arrived back in Derry, they came across a scene they never wish to see repeated.

"I believe the fact that we

were away from home when Bloody Sunday took place meant that we were aware of how major an event it was."

"However, nothing prepared us for when we arrived back in Derry," he said.

"It was as if the whole

world had stopped. All the shops were closed, the streets were empty and there was a deep sense of grief and shock hanging over the city."

As he celebrated his 25th wedding anniversary this week, Jim admitted that it was very difficult to look back on that special day without mixed emotions.

"Obviously, I remember the

happiness of my wedding day but the memory of what happened the next day is never far away and it is a weekend I will never forget for very different reasons."

The least the families deserve is to have the British government

acknowledge that 14 innocent men were murdered by British armed forces. Bloody Sunday is probably the single biggest event to influence thinking about the current Northern Irish political problem not to mention British 'justice'."

I know from conversations with friends and colleagues who were born after 1972 that it has affected them also. One friend, who is by no means a political person said "it really brings it home that there are two sides to the system of justice, especially now with the fiasco surrounding the Lee Clegg case".

Another friend expressed her deep

sympathy with relatives of the deceased. "To think that there are wives, sons and daughters who have gone through 25 years of their lives without husbands, fathers and sons is so tragic, especially when one considers that they died innocent victims of the paratrooper's murder-machine".

No matter what social background you come from, no matter if you are Catholic, Protestant or neither, you cannot help being affected by Bloody Sunday.

Every child born after January 30th,

1972, in Derry has and will continue to feel the shockwaves of Bloody Sunday. Perhaps not because they have any personal ties to the event but because of where they live.

Bloody Sunday quite simply changed the course of history. Events following this were shaped by it. People's views about things were changed forever. We thought differently about the British Government and the IRA. The British Government probably thought differently about Catholics nationally. Everybody thought differently about Northern Irish Politics. Who knows what kind of society we would have been living in had it not happened. Nor do we know what country would have governed the six counties. Would it have been a peaceful, content society? No-one knows the answers to these questions. The point is, that day all our lives changed forever - some more than others.

If one compares political life to an apple - if there is going to be a properly functioning and orderly politically life, the fruit will be healthy. But the core of Northern Ireland's political life is rotten with the atrocity that is Bloody Sunday, and its subsequent cover-up by the British establishment. It pervades many aspects of Northern Irish life, which we could call the branch. The branch will never thrive as part of the tree if the core of the apple is rotten with lies.

### Eyewitness: Bridget O'Reilly, housewife, aged 35

ON THE afternoon of Sunday January 30 1972 I went from my house to Rossville Street. The Civil Rights march was moving down William Street. The army fired CS gas and I went home again.

My brother-in-law and some others came to the house and I was making tea for them. A lady in the street sent for me to come down. I stayed talking to her for a little while. I went back home and had just arrived when the shooting started. We all lay on our faces.

I crawled to the front door and opened it and shouted at the people to come in. The firing ceased for a few minutes and I went to the window and saw the legs of a man lying outside.

There were five or six people across from him and a youth lying in Glenfada Park. The shooting started again. The boys across the street had their hands above their heads. A man stepped over a low wall to reach the man who was lying down. He had his hands above his head.

At the point I saw the man lying in Glenfada Park raise himself from the ground. I saw a soldier run up to him and shoot him again. He fell in the road again.

This same soldier then fired at the man who had stepped over the wall and this man fell. He crawled and the soldier shot him again.

A girl from the first aid post ran to him and a shot was fired at her. She dived to the ground. People came from

### A personal view: Protected from horror

Being only 23 and coming from England, I don't remember hearing about Bloody Sunday in any real depth until I was about fourteen or fifteen and was actually living in Derry.

I suppose living away from Derry for the first ten years of my life 'protected' me, to a certain extent, from the emotions surrounding that day.

by: Maire Litchfield

I remember hearing about the events of Bloody Sunday in detail in a friend's house and then going back home and asking if it had actually happened or if she was making up.

I was horrified when I heard that fourteen people had died, but not knowing anyone who had attended the march I was cushioned from the blow in some way. It was a terrible event, but not something that I could personally relate to.

For me, it was seen through the mists of time and, although I could see the great hurt and disbelief it caused to the people of the city and I was shocked by the ferocity of the attack by people who were supposed to protect innocent citizens, I could not take it in on a personal level.

I, like everybody else who believes in justice, want the truth to come out concerning the events surrounding that day.

It is obvious that a terrible wrong was carried out on the people of Derry and the effects of Bloody Sunday are still reverberating around the city until this day.

## A Youth Perspective

By Una Page

The deep wound that remains open 25 years after one of the greatest atrocities our country has seen, has left an indelible mark on its people. Many lost dear loved ones. Participants on the march that fateful day vividly recall the terrible scenes of wanton death and destruction. Anyone who knew of the event at all was affected by it in some way or another.

A quarter of a century on and the pain is still there. And for many this will remain the case until the day that the innocent victims of cold blooded murder are acknowledged as such by the perpetrators of this heinous crime.

I was born three years after the event, yet it matters not that I was not there during this time. It makes no difference that I personally did not know the individual victims because that day, Derry city itself became a victim. The repercussions of Bloody Sunday are widely felt and extreme, in the political, social and economical spheres of life.

I first became aware of Bloody Sunday through my parents. I remember hearing bits and pieces about it, but not quite understanding. Then, I was struck by my parents' incredulity when recounting their actions that day.

They were two of the lucky ones who were spared that day. I may not have been here today, my family may never have existed given the very nature of the indiscriminate way in which victims were gunned down.

They recall walking home along with the rest of the marchers, not quite sure how many had been killed, or if their own loved ones were amongst the lost. The overriding sense on that long and sad walk home was disbelief. It was Derry, it was a peaceful civil rights march, yet on that day 13 men lost their lives, another died shortly afterwards and others were wounded. How could this have happened?

As more details gradually filtered through by word of mouth and through the media, the sense of bewilderment turned to anger, grief and sadness for the relatives of the victims, and utter helplessness. This thing had happened and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

Personally, I feel very strongly that justice has yet to be done. Now especially that a lot of new evidence is coming to light I can't help but ask myself what will it take before the truth, that has been known for 25 years, is acknowledged. No-one is looking for retribution, only justice.

The least the families deserve is to have the British government acknowledge that 14 innocent men were murdered by British armed forces. Bloody Sunday is probably the single biggest event to influence thinking about the current Northern Irish political problem not to mention British 'justice'."



The NICRA march making its way along William Street. (BS62)

# FROM SHARPEVILLE TO THE BOGSIDE

**IN RECENT times many analogies and similarities have been drawn between the struggle for civil rights and self determination that was waged by black South Africans before the first multi-racial elections in March 1994 and the struggle by nationalists in the North of Ireland since 1969.**

Perhaps, as we commemorate the 25th anniversary of Bloody Sunday, a particularly worthwhile comparison would be a consideration of how the massacre of 56 black and unarmed civil rights marchers in the township of Sharpeville in the Natal province of South Africa affected black consciousness at that time and what role that tragic event played in bringing about a lasting and acceptable peace settlement to both white and black South Africa.

What happened in Sharpeville on March 1, 1960, is remarkably similar to what unfolded in the shadows of the Rossville flats on January 30, 1972.

By: Dolan O'Hagan

When the South African police and military opened fire on a mass civil rights demonstration they were attempting to stop a growing tidal wave of peaceful anti-apartheid (civil rights) demonstrations throughout South Africa in which ordinary black people were demanding both social and political equality with the white and racist ruling class - the Afrikaners. Both the Bloody Sunday and

Sharpeville massacres were significant turning points for both countries in terms of political disquiet and how it was expressed.

**Black days**

They marked the end of what both "occupying" governments (the white supremacist minority in South Africa and the British sponsored Unionist puppets at Stormont) really feared - a repeat of what Gandhi had achieved in India and Pakistan - an unstoppable tide of non violent demonstrations that neither gun nor bigotry could stop.

Unfortunately, and one has to say understandably, neither black South Africa nor Irish nationalist culture found it possible to follow Gandhi's example and turn the other cheek.

After 300 years of oppression and exploitation they could no longer rely on world wide condemnation and sanction to achieve equality.

In both countries it is accepted that the "massacre of the innocents" led to widespread paramilitary recruitment (to the A.N.C. and the I.R.A.) among working class people who found it

impossible to lie down in the face of such intimidation and saw it as an obligation to their communities, their conscience, their religion and their country to fight back.

In one foul, and many will argue deliberate act, the South African and British defence forces had created the "whipping stick", the terrorist threat, which they would use in the following decades to condone their continued repression and occupation of many areas and people in both countries.

This is best illustrated by the fact that the black South Africans who survived the Sharpeville massacre had to wait 33 years before they took to the polls as equals in the first multi-racial elections on April 27, 1993.

Those who survived Bloody Sunday have seen many improvements in terms of social and political equality yet they are still waiting, 25 years after Bloody Sunday and 27 years after the start of the 1969 campaign, for all the people of this island to unite as one nation.

**Where now?**

So what can we learn from what

happened in the South African township of Sharpeville on March 1, 1960.

Firstly, Bloody Sunday should never be forgotten nor left in the past. Not while the victims are being blamed for their own deaths.

Secondly, no life or a memory of a life, particularly those of innocents who die unjustly, should be used to justify other deaths.

And finally, it is an analogy that has proved that the people of Derry and the rest of Ireland can best serve the memory of those who died through a realisation that a true and unequivocal commitment to peace is the only way that we can realise the dream of a united Ireland where both communities can live together as one, in peace and as equals.

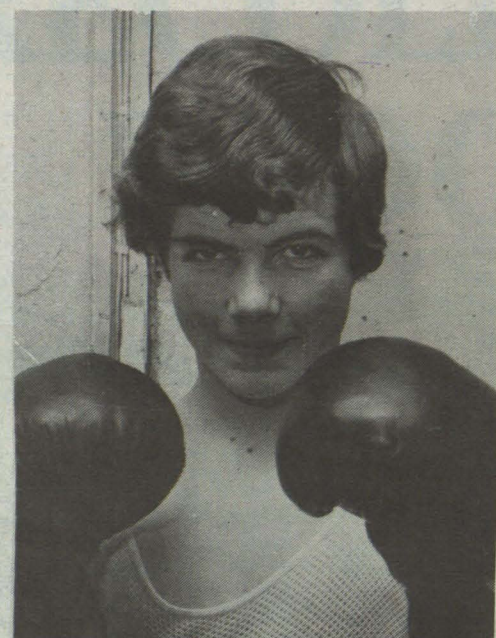
After all, that is what the fourteen people who died in the Bogside in January 1972 were marching, and ultimately died, for.

**Editor's note:** Journal reporter, Dolan O'Hagan, lived in South Africa from 1971 until 1984.









JACKIE DUDDY



HUGH GILMORE



JOHN YOUNG



JOHN JOHNSTON



WILLIAM MCKINNEY



MICHAEL KELLY



PATRICK DOHERTY



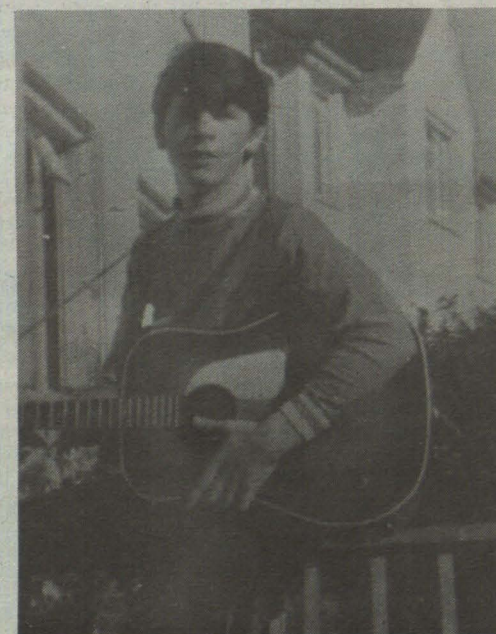
A woman breaks down as the funerals leave St. Mary's Church, Creggan. (BS54)

## BLOODY SUNDAY

Pictured are those who died on Bloody Sunday. The grief and anguish of those left behind is only too obvious. Twenty-five years on the relatives still seek justice for those who died on that day.



A woman sheds a tear for the victims of Bloody Sunday. (BS53)



WILLIAM NASH



GERALD DONAGHY



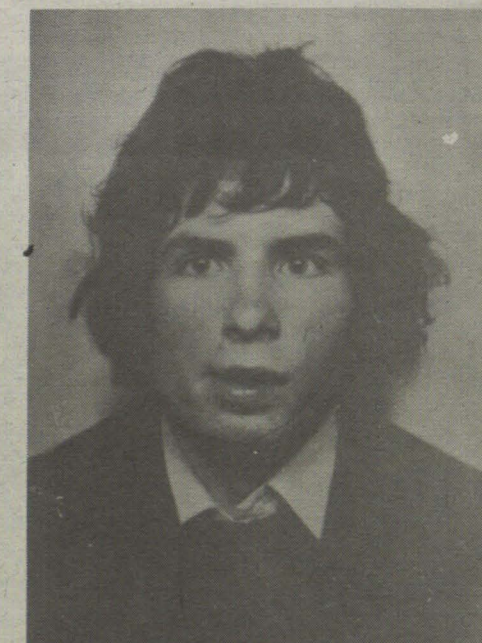
JIM WRAY



GERALD MCKINNEY



MICHAEL MCDAID



KEVIN MCELHINNEY



BERNARD MCGUIGAN



A wrong to be put right

# Can't let go until innocence accepted

- Bishop Daly

The image of Fr. Edward Daly, crouched down and waving a white flag in front of a group of men carrying a dying teenager, which featured in media coverage all over the world, is the memory many who were not present still have of Bloody Sunday. Today, a picture of 17-years-old Jackie Duddy sits proudly in the study of the now retired Bishop of Derry. Just like the other 13 victims of Sunday, January 30, 1972, it is a picture of innocence.

This week, Bishop Daly, those responsible. And he revealed that even a quarter of a century later, he still found it difficult to come to terms with what happened. He said - "There is a wrong to be put right and the families deserve that their good name be absolutely recorded without any equivocation."

Bishop Daly maintained the emergence of new evidence discredited the much-

criticised Widgery Inquiry. He said - "Don Mullan's book has opened my eyes enormously and opened a much wider vista in my understanding of the day. That, along with the report of Prof. Dermot Walsh, shows the flaws in the Widgery Report."

He said if justice was to be done, there had to be some means of looking at the new evidence that had emerged. He continued - "A person's good name is important. I was at the side of some of them after they were shot and I know, beyond any doubt whatsoever, they were totally and completely innocent. I feel it a moral

responsibility to proclaim their innocence. Once that has been established I would want to let go of it. Bloody Sunday has been a nightmare for the last 25 years."

**Emotional time** Bishop Daly has formed a special relationship with the Duddy family, with whom he meets frequently. However, the 25th anniversary is proving an emotional period for the cleric.

While young Duddy was shot dead close to him, another young man, Michael Bridge, was seriously wounded only feet away. Last week, they met again for the first time in over 20 years.

The two met at the launch of Don Mullan's book, "Eye Witness: Bloody Sunday: The Truth."

He recalled the meeting - "Micky was shot beside me. It was the first time we have met in 20 years or more."

He added - "There were so many people there who were involved on the day, such as members of the Knights of Malta. I found it very emotional."

He concluded - "The abiding lesson of Bloody Sunday is that violence can not be justified by anybody against anybody. Bloody Sunday should never be used as an excuse for violence."



**TERROR:** Paddy Walsh tries to take cover as bullets fly. Barney McGuigan lies dead beside him.

## Eyewitness:

**A. McGuinness**  
schoolboy, aged 13

I was standing about a yard away from my friend Damien Donaghy. The next moment he fell to the ground and the blood was pouring out of him. He had been shot.

He wasn't doing anything at all. This is my statement of events that I saw in Derry on Sunday 30 January and is to the best of my knowledge a true account of what happened.

He never even had a stone to throw or anything. He was just standing next to me in Kells walk.

## Personal View ...

# Human Rights atrocities

I had just turned twelve when Bloody Sunday happened. But I still can recall the shock and horror and sense of foreboding that the whole city felt at the time - and the silence that went on for days. Between the time it was announced on the news, watching stunned as the pictures were shown on the TV, until after the funerals, it felt as though the world stood still.

**By Anne Molloy**

I remember going to St. Mary's in the Creggan and passing alongside the row of thirteen coffins on the altar, standing in the freezing cold on Eastway with the thousands of others who couldn't get into the church listening to the Requiem Mass being broadcast over the loudspeakers attached to the street lamps. And then hearing the outcome of the Widgery Tribunal and being so angry at the lies they published.

But that was really as far as Bloody Sunday affected me. Although, like every person

in Northern Ireland, I have been affected by the consequences of that day. I haven't had to live for the last twenty-five years with the memory of Bloody Sunday and the outcome of the Widgery Tribunal hanging over me. I, and too many in this city have been able to 'forget' about Bloody Sunday - for twenty-five years we have either studiously ignored it or we live far enough away in the comfortable suburbs of the city where the consequences of that day have had relatively little effect on us.

Bloody Sunday is seen by and used by many people as a 'political' issue - it is not a political issue. It is a human rights issue. Did they ask the politics of the people before they shot them? How many of us had planned to go but decided not to at the last minute or had been frightened off by the attacks against marchers on the previous march at Magilligan? It could have been any one of us who have ever felt that Civil and Human Rights are important issues,

that was shot or killed that day.

Bloody Sunday is a Human Rights issue. The shooting down of innocent, unarmed civilians on a Civil Rights march was one of the worst Human Rights atrocities to have ever taken place on these islands. We have had many atrocities - too many - but they are acknowledged as such. And it is only with that recognition that the families devastated by these atrocities can start to put their lives together again. Not so with the families which were shattered by the events of Bloody Sunday.

On this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bloody Sunday, we should all, from all communities in the city, join in solidarity with the families, in what ever way we can, in remembering this dreadful event. The city should publicly acknowledge the event as a violation of human rights, particularly in light of recent new evidence, and lobby for an open and honest inquiry into the truth of what happened on 30th January, 1972.

## A Donegal man's reaction

# The festering wound of Bloody Sunday

PEOPLE IN towns and villages throughout Ireland were in a state of shock as news of the atrocity in Derry on Sunday, January 30th, 1972, began to filter through. Merville man, Paddy McGroarty, remembers the feelings of numbness and disbelief he felt when he learned that 14 innocent people were shot dead by British paratroopers 20 miles up the road in Derry. He tells his story of the events of that fateful day and how, 25 years on, he feels nothing has been achieved to clear the names of the 14 victims.

"My lasting memory of Bloody Sunday was when I received a telephone call from a friend that people had been shot dead at the Civil Rights March in Derry. This, I thought could not be possible. However, when I turned on the radio it was too true."

"First reports were that two or three gunmen were shot by the Paras, then news of a couple of nail bombers being shot. It was alleged they were high on the 'wanted' list of the British security forces and all were armed."

"It is said truth is the first casualty in any conflict, this proved to be the case on Bloody Sunday. As the evening wore on the Paras changed their statements by the hour. The final tally was 13 killed and one seriously injured, he subsequently died from his injuries, bringing the total to 14."

Mr. McGroarty said there was a widespread feeling of shock and numbness amongst ordinary people throughout the country.

"Everyone was shocked, horrified and stunned with disbelief and there was a sense of confusion and helplessness. As the days passed, a clearer picture began to emerge. This was not a random or accidental incident, in my opinion. This was well-planned involving Westminster/Stormont/British Intelligence/Army High Command and a compliant media and judicial system."

"As a result 14 men were shot dead, innocent of any crime and their good names besmirched and vilified to the horror of their relations and friends. A wave of anger and revulsion swept the whole country, and especially in Donegal.

Messages of sympathy came from all over the country and abroad to the victims' relatives and the people of Derry as a whole."

**Everywhere in mourning**

The people of towns in Donegal, according to Mr. McGroarty, felt the same anger and sorrow at what happened, especially with inishowen's close relationship with Derry.

"Merville, in common with other towns throughout inishowen and Ireland as a whole, went into mourning for the dead of Bloody Sunday. On the day of the funerals, business premises closed and black flags flew from practically every house. Many hundreds from the town travelled to St. Mary's Church in the Creggan to pay their respects and take part

in the funeral service.

"I remember how the Church was packed to capacity and many thousands stood outside in the most atrocious weather conditions imaginable. Never before did the people of this country display such a sense of unity and anger."

"As the weeks passed by and the pictures and news of the massacre flashed across the screens of every home in the world, the British became annoyed at the adverse publicity and tried in every way they could to defend the indefensible, but to no avail."

**Widgery a whitewash**

Mr. McGroarty described Lord Widgery's Tribunal of Inquiry as a total "whitewash" and "the greatest cover up of all time."

"Lord Widgery's tribunal proved to be a whitewash and a farce. Instead of bringing out the truth and exposing those who were guilty, it proved to be the greatest cover up of all time."

He added that there was also a lot of anger at the Irish Government's failure to put pressure on the British Government to admit the wrong that had been done and also expressed anger at the Government's recent treatment of Prince Charles, when he visited the Republic

a few years ago.

"Many people are of the opinion that the Irish Government of the day and successive Irish Governments did not put enough pressure on the British to come clean and bring those responsible for the killings, to justice, as well as clear the good names of the victims who were so maligned."

"A few years ago, John Major made a statement to the effect that none of the victims were carrying arms. He did not utter a word of regret or apology. Instead, he added insult to injury by sending the Colonel-in-Chief of the Paras, to visit Derry. We all know the outcome of that."

"The Irish Government cannot be congratulated on their sensitiveness, as they welcomed with open arms, the same Prince Charles and wined and dined him, despite the fact that just a couple of hours journey up the road, his squaddies murdered 14 people in cold blood."

"We cannot forget the festering wound of Bloody Sunday or the atrocious bombings of Dublin and Monaghan and the ensuing deafening silence. Perhaps one day someone will write a book about these bombings as Don Mullan has about Bloody Sunday," he concluded.



Michael Bridge who was shot on Bloody Sunday pictured recovering in hospital. (BS16)

## Personal View ...

# Shock, horror, disbelief

People huddled together in the square outside our house in a state of total shock, horror and disbelief as the news reached us of the massacre that had taken place at Rossville Street. I had been on part of the march. I was 13 and had been allowed to march from Creggan to William Street Baths.

**by: Siobhan McEleney**

I heard the shooting as we lived close by. Over the years the children of the area learned to differentiate gunfire. What we heard that day was the sharp, shrill sound of SLRs which you knew belonged to the British Army.

I remember standing in the pathway of our home awaiting news of my father who hadn't returned home. A neighbour, who had just returned from the scene, said he had no doubt that anyone who hadn't arrived Derry buried its dead - six of them only youngsters of from Creggan to William Street Baths.

Like everyone else I will never forget the poignant scenes in St. Mary's Church, Creggan - the outpouring of grief.

As the Journal report at the time stated: "Even the skies wept." Like thousands of other people, I was deeply affected by Bloody Sunday. It was a watershed in the lives of everyone here.

The country came to a standstill in the days which followed Bloody Sunday as Derry buried its dead - six of them only youngsters of from Creggan to William Street Baths.

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As the Journal report at the time stated: "Even the skies wept." Like thousands of other people, I was deeply affected by Bloody Sunday. It was a watershed in the lives of everyone here.



Irish government ministers and parliamentary secretaries who attended the Requiem Mass at St. Mary's. Included are: Mr. J. Brennan, Mr. P. Faulkner, Mr. J. Fahy, Mr. B. Lenihan, Mr. M. O'Kennedy, Mr. L. Cunningham, and Mr. N. Andrews. (BS1)

## Eyewitness:

**William Donaghy,**  
fish fryer, aged 48

WE WERE looking from windows of 15 Garvan Place out on to Rossville Street at the time of the trouble and the crowds were going to Free Derry corner. The soldiers appeared from nowhere and they started firing.

Two men fell at the barricade whom I recognised as my cousin Gerard Donaghy and Willie Nash. Another fell whom I didn't recognise.

Alex Nash, Willie's father, came out from Glenfada Park.

He went out the barricade and waved his arm, then the soldiers shot him in the arm. About ten minutes later the

Saracens came up and lifted the bodies like dead meat.

I saw three young fellows trying to run away and a soldier appeared and shot the three in the back opposite Glenfada Park.

A woman was standing at the corner of Glenfada Park, they kicked her and struck her with the rifle butt.



MPs Gerry Fitt, Paddy O'Hanlon and Austin Currie at the

Bloody Sunday funerals. (BS7)



Mr. Paddy McGroarty, from Merville, recalls the feelings of shock and anger that swept Donegal following the Bloody Sunday massacre in Derry. (31/1/SA2)



Marchers rush to tend to a dying victim on Bloody Sunday. (BS23)



## Bloody Sunday

## WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

LIKE THE EVENTS of August 1971, Bloody Sunday was to burn deep into the Irish consciousness but leave little imprint in Britain. Then, too, the British media fudged the events, suppressed investigations and blazoned forth the idea that the British army had been "cleared of guilt."

The retired Bishop of Derry, Dr. Edward Daly, has little doubt that the British media's portrayal of Bloody Sunday seriously alienated Catholics.

He said in 1993: "Anyone who wants to study why Catholics felt alienated, and why so many young people turned against the State, should view and read how the British media reported that day. There were a few honourable exceptions but, by and large, the British media followed like sheep the totally discredited official line. Often the media representation was as offensive as the actual deed itself."

Some British journalists, who were on the spot, conveyed something of the panic and grief of the day.

Simon Winchester told in the next day's *Guardian* how just as the meeting at Free Derry Corner was getting underway, "four of five armoured cars appeared in William Street and raced into the Rossville Street square, and several thousand people began to run away...Paratroopers piled out of their vehicles, many ran forward to make arrests, but others rushed to the street corners. It was these men, perhaps 20 in all, who opened fire with their rifles. I saw three men fall to the ground. One was still obviously alive, with blood pumping from his leg. The others, both apparently in their teens, seemed dead."

A national newspaper photographer, who was directly behind the paratroopers when they jumped down from their

official statement, approved by Lieutenant-General Harry Tuzo, GOC Northern Ireland, was released.

## Nail bomb attack?

This said that after the paratroopers were deployed against rioters "they came under nail bomb attack and a fusillade of 50 to 80 rounds from the area of Rossville Flats and Glenfada Flats."

Fire was returned at seen gunmen and nail-bombers. Subsequently, as troops deployed to get at the gunmen, the latter continued to fire. In all, a total of well over 200 rounds was fired indiscriminately in the general direction of the soldiers. Fire continued to be returned only at identified targets.

The army's version conflicted almost totally with the statements of eyewitnesses, including reporters. Virtually all the journalists present testified to the indiscriminate nature of the shooting.

Yet, despite the fact that the British Army's statements were transparently fictional, they strongly influenced the media coverage.

In the headlines on the Monday morning, there was little trace of the army's responsibility for the deaths. "13 civilians are killed as soldiers storm the Bogside," said *The Times*, following this with "March ends in shooting," the next headline to meet the eye read, "IRA told: Shoot as many troops as possible," a reference to an Official IRA threat of retaliation.

The *Guardian*, too, put its headline in the passive voice and left ambiguous the question of responsibility: "13 killed as paratroopers break riot."

The *Daily Telegraph's* headline on the Monday was "13 shot dead in Londonderry," accompanied by "Banned march erupts into riot" and "IRA fired first says Army."

General Ford told BBC TV that Sunday night, "Paratroopers did not go in there shooting. In fact, they did not fire until they were fired upon..."

He went on to say that the dead "may well not have been killed by our soldiers." Later that night, after a meeting of senior army officers at the Lisburn HQ, an

*The Daily Telegraph*, in a leader titled "Death March", equated the civil rights movement with the IRA, and blamed both for the carnage. The *Daily Express* took much the same line: "Many members of the organisation are neither civil nor right. They simply promote the aims of the IRA."

Again, the *Daily Mail*, in a "comment" piece on its front page titled "The Real Killers?", asked: "Who is really responsible for the 13 deaths in Ulster yesterday? British bullets will be found in most of their bodies...but the blood is on the consciences of irresponsible political leaders and the fanatical IRA."

Quickly, the authorities established a second diversion - the Widgery Tribunal, which proved to be a valuable means of hindering investigation and, finally, of getting the army off the hook.

Taking advantage of vague contempt laws, 10 Downing Street sought to introduce a blanket ban on coverage of Bloody Sunday.

They claimed that anything which anticipated the Tribunal's findings could be in contempt. Thus the media was effectively silenced until April, when the Widgery Report was published.

"Widgery clears paratroopers for Bloody Sunday," announced *The Daily Telegraph*. "Bloody Sunday Paras 'clear'," said the *Daily Mirror*. "Widgery blames IRA and clears the Army," said the *Daily Express*.

In the years that followed, the media have continued to write British responsibility for Bloody Sunday out of history.

It became the day "when 13 men died in shootings during a demonstration," as Chris Ryder wrote in *The Sunday Times*, or, as in *The Guardian's* review of the decade, "Bloody Sunday: 13 civilians killed during army dispersal of Bogside anti-internment marches, Londonderry."



Demonstrators lay 13 crosses outside Dungiven RUC barracks in protest against the Derry killings. (BS13)

## HOW BLOODY SUNDAY CHANGED MY LIFE

SOMETIME AROUND the mid-1960's, the British Army held an open day out at Clooney where children and parents could play at being soldiers. Off I went with my chums and I recall sitting on a military motorcycle having my reactions tested to various situations. I also descended at speed from a tower on a rope and sat in the turret of a tank (a Chieftain, I think) musing that the army must be great crack altogether.

By NIGEL COOKE

In those days, my mates and I thought of the soldiers simply as "the army". Later years and events qualified the description by the insertion of "British", for by then I no longer considered this army as my own, representing my interests or my people. Too much had demonstrated otherwise. I did not come from a particularly strong Nationalist family, nor indeed one all that interested in politics at all. To be sure, my Moville granny who had married a Clonakilty man and settled in the Brandywell, was active in the old Nationalist Party, but that was about it really.

The Civil Rights Movement caught me in mid-teens, just as I was becoming politically conscious. History was my best subject at St. Columba's (where I was privileged to have John Hume as my teacher for a year) and I was acutely aware that I was living in historic times. I recall being absolutely stunned to learn that in Northern Ireland - part of the United Kingdom - we still did not enjoy full democratic rights such as One Person, One Vote. I could hardly credit it and was outraged in a typically-teenaged sort of way. So by the late sixties I had swapped Derry City matches for Civil Rights marches on Saturday afternoon.

Call me naive or whatever, but although I recognised the RUC for what they were (Unionism's paramilitaries), I still retained a healthy regard for the army as representing a "higher authority" in Britain, which I was morally obliged by my religion and upbringing to have due respect for.

I also felt a little sympathy for the soldiers. You could see they would rather be anywhere else - sunning themselves in Cyprus, boozing in Germany, skiing in Norway - than in Ulster's back streets facing a hail of bottles and bricks. And I knew from several summers in England that ordinary decent English folk wanted simply to get the hell out of Ireland's affairs.

So the impact of Bloody Sunday upon me was profound, to say the least. I do not wish to speak here of the actual scenes I witnessed - only of their impact upon me, a relatively quiet, never-in-trouble, Derry Catholic boy.

Something life-changing dawned upon me that terrible day. It was the realisation that the army - and accordingly its masters - did not give a toss for my life. It could have been me lying there on my own streets in my own blood, for I fitted the

apparent standard profile of the dead. I was no different from them. We simply did not matter, or count as individuals. We were mere rifle fodder, expendable.

This was no "security force" of mine. This force tried to kill me as I stood peacefully listening to a Member of Parliament at Free Derry Corner. "My" army, the legitimate forces of law and order in "my" state, had opened fire on me! If there was a defining moment when I ceased to think of myself as somehow British, this was it. For I recognised immediately that such an atrocity would never have been contemplated on "the mainland". English, Welsh or Scottish citizens could never have been indiscriminately classified as "the enemy" by the British Army. Only the Irish could fill such a role.

Horrible though the day's events were, my horror turned to absolute disbelief and hostile anger when I ingested the full significance of the Government's response. Labelling the victims "terrorists", fabricating evidence, sending their well-practised Imperial lie-machine into overdrive, they compounded the damage done. And for me, like so many, the lie was far worse than the deed. Any shred of inbred or tutored allegiance or respect left in me for state authority was extinguished. I recognised the vast difference between possibly hot-headed military mayhem (inexplicable though it was coming from a self-professed crack regiment) and the cold-blooded, calculated lies deliberately dispatched from behind desks.

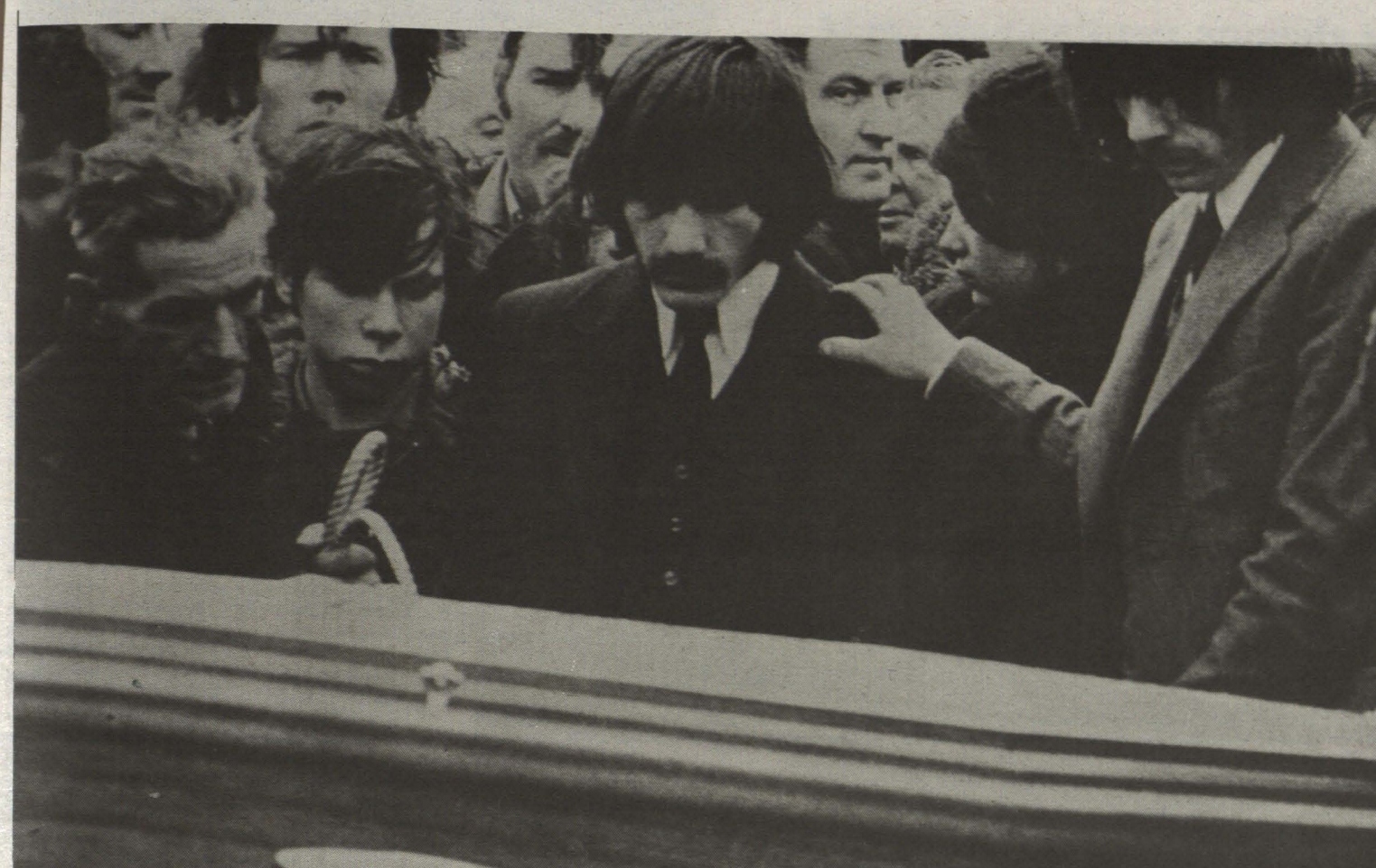
Like many a youngster, what probably kept me from a prison cell or premature grave was the magnificent display of dignified restraint shown by the entire Derry Catholic community, the desire not to besmirch the sacred memories of the innocent dead or lend credibility to the lies, and the quiet unsung leadership of our local clergy, teachers and parents.

My life had changed utterly, however. I turned my back on the British universities offering me places and went to Dublin, to learn more about my own country and to tell southerners (whether they wanted to hear or not) about the North. And after Trinity College, I took out formal Irish citizenship and joined the Irish Civil Service.

In 12 years in the job I learned this startling fact: that no lie is too big to tell if it suits the interest of the Government. It can always be justified. You know the phrases. Say them with me - "National Security; Not in the Public Interest; Profound Constitutional and Legal Implications". On and on the list goes. And perm any two from so many and the truth can be buried for generations until it is of little use or interest except to archivists eager to score academic 'Brownie' points.

Now, a quarter of a century after I first walked the Bloody Sunday route, I will do so again, head held high and sad of heart. I expect no new inquiry from the British, no apology, not in my generation. Too much still hangs for too many on the maintenance of The Lie. On Bloody Sunday, and many times over since, my faith in "British Justice" was gunned down.

Yet still, deep in my heart, I do believe that We Shall Overcome - Someday.



The family of William Nash pictured by his graveside. (BS57)

## Four young Protestants speak out

DUP SPOKESMAN Gregory Campbell has said publicly that Bloody Sunday did not affect the Protestant people of the Waterside. "Paranoia" surrounded the event, he said. And Derry's Ulster Unionist Mayor Richard Dallas said that, though regrettable, it is not a "big issue" for unionists. This week the Derry Journal asked four 16-year-old Protestants living in the North-West how they felt about the killings. None wished to be identified so we have given them assumed names.

**Robert:** "Bloody Sunday happened when the British army opened fire on a crowd attending a Civil Rights march in 1972 or 1973. The army claimed they saw guns in the crowd and killed 13, wounding 27. I think all the dead were Catholics."

"It was never proved or disproved if the people killed were armed. My mum and dad lived quite close and heard the shots. My dad said that, on the morning it happened, the soldiers were all hyped up as if they were preparing for something. Maybe the crowds were chanting."

"It would have affected us more if it had happened in the Protestant community. How are you supposed to trust the army if they shoot your brother?"

"I feel Catholics are trying to keep the thing going. What do they say about all the people who have been killed since? There was over-reaction from both sides and the event was used to excuse further killing. Our own house was blown up."

"Extreme loyalists looked on Bloody Sunday as a victory. The inquiry should have been based on the evidence of everyone; it definitely seems to have been one-sided."

"Bloody Sunday was a turning point in the Troubles because they got worse than ever after that."

**Heather:** "I don't know why the march was taking place on Bloody Sunday. I have never been taught about it and,

because I don't come from Londonderry, I don't know that much about it."

"I know 13 Catholics were killed and it happened in the early 70s. The relatives obviously want an answer to why it happened and they have a right to that."

"I don't know who carried out the original inquiry. The inquiry should have been carried out by someone who was not biased."

"But what happened should not be used as an excuse for further killings."

**John:** "The people who were shot were Civil Rights marchers. I think they were marching because Catholics were not getting the same jobs or the same rights as the Protestants. There were a lot of unemployed Catholics about at the time."

"But I don't think the soldiers got up that day and said, 'Let's kill 13 Catholics'. Maybe, they felt intimidated. I think if it had been the police instead of the army, they would not have shot."

"I heard recently that people were shot from the City Walls."

"Things like Bloody Sunday happen every day in the Middle East."

"I watched Martin McGuinness on TV recently and he said the British

Government should have apologised for Bloody Sunday. But someone said Wilford [Lieutenant Colonel of the Parachute Regiment] did make an apology."

"I don't know who carried out the inquiry into the shootings. Perhaps, an independent party such as the United Nations should have carried it out."

"If there are hundreds of people whose evidence was not heard, then it should be."

**Ruth:** "I don't know anything about the Civil Rights Movement."

"But I don't think anything like Bloody Sunday should happen again."

"Catholics who joined the IRA afterwards probably felt angry and wanted to get their own back."

"A lot of Protestants feel the Catholics keep going on and on about what happened."

"I don't know anything about the original inquiry. Over this Christmas I think the Catholic terrorists have been doing more harm than the loyalists."

"Catholics always seem to want to blame the British for their civil rights."

"My family came back to Northern Ireland since the ceasefires...I just hope things don't go back to the way they were."

## Personal View . . .

## A terrible wrong

I was a seven-years-old schoolboy in Derry when Bloody Sunday happened. I do not remember where I was, what I was doing.

By Gerry Bradley

However, over the past 25-years, I have spoken to many people from the city about what happened that day...people who were there and relatives of the dead.

In those conversations words keep coming up: words like atrocity, murder, hurt, innocence, whitewash and cover-up.

The feelings Bloody Sunday invokes within me do not lend themselves too easily to words. But - from a combination of study and intuition - it is clear to me that a terrible wrong was done that day.

Equally clear is the pivotal role Bloody Sunday has played in the modern history of this country.

In my own experience, I have never come across something which has so deeply touched the lives of this community to which I belong.

Today, even after all these years, I detect a continuing sense of communal hurt; hurt at the killings, the Widgery inquiry and the refusal by successive Governments to vindicate the names of the dead.

I feel for the relatives whose wounds will never heal until their loved ones' names are cleared. And I wonder: How many more people have paid with their lives as a result of what happened that day.

## Personal View . . .

## Young man shot

The memory of that awful day of infamy by the British Army embedded in my mind is that of a young man on top of a barricade in Rossville Street shouting at soldiers at the junction of William Street.

I was standing in Glenfada Park when my mother-in-law, Mrs. Bridget Cassidy, called to me to come up to the flat quickly as the British army

was entering Rossville Street and they were firing live ammunition.

I got up to the balcony of the flats. Mrs Cassidy shouted out, they've shot that young man, and I looked down and saw him lying on the ground. I'm sure to this day his name was James Wray.

JOE MARTIN  
Composer, Derry Journal

## Eyewitness:

## William Hegarty, builder, aged 43

After the confrontation between the youths and the army we pulled back to the edge of the High Flats. I saw the Saracen tanks come round the corner of Rossville Street scattering the people in front, driving as fast as possible.

One of them mounted the pavement on the side of the flats. They circled past each other and did a complete turn stopping at the corner of William Street and Rossville Street and parking broadside along the road.

Then I saw a youth fighting with two soldiers at the end of the High Flats. They were giving him an awful beating so myself and about seven others ran forward trying to help him.

I looked down Rossville Street and saw the soldiers taking up firing positions down on one knee. Before I could say anything I heard the first of the shots were fired.

Some of the men scattered to the side. Myself and a young boy turned to run straight back. When we got to the gap in the barricade which is in front of Rossville Flats somebody had pulled a barbed wire barricade across the opening.

I ran to the right but the young boy tried to step over the wire. He seemed to get caught on the top of the wire

because he wasn't tall enough to get over. I ran out to pull him over. I got him off the wire.

We were climbing over the top of the rubble on the Glenfada side. Several more shots rang out at this minute.

The boy fell at my feet. I saw him lying on his mouth and nose. When I got up again the boy didn't rise and he was lying face down bleeding. I called for help to lift him. Several men shouted to stay where I was and that they would get him because a soldier had just opened up from the wall and split the brickwork above my head.

I visited the wake-house the next morning and I learned that the dead boy was Gerard Donaghy.

I would swear that this youth had no nail, petrol bombs or guns. The only thing he had in his hand was a small bit of pipe."

I was at the head of the parade and saw no nail or petrol bombs being thrown at the troops.

This is a true and accurate account of events.



A man badly injured by gunfire being removed to an ambulance. (BS19)



Caught in the open, three unarmed men try to crawl to safety. The one kneeling on the left, and wearing a handkerchief to protect him against CS gas, is Paddy Doherty. Moments later he was shot dead. (BS60)





Mourners pictured before the funeral service at St. Mary's Church, Creggan. (BS56)

### Personal View

## Remembering a workmate

It was not planned or arranged but on the afternoon of Sunday, 30th January, 1972, I met up with workmates, Willie McKinney, Joe Martin and Noel McBride at Bishop's Field, Creggan to participate in the Civil Rights march on Anti-Internment.

By John McManus

What lay in store approximately one hour after the march left Creggan, was never on our minds, or I suppose on the minds of any of the other marchers.

The first real sign of the impending danger that everyone was in was evident as the march went down Creggan Street and turned into William Street.

On the flat roofs of the GPO

Sorting Office British Army marksmen lay at the ready with rifles trained on the marchers. As we approached the junction of William Street/Rossville Street we could see that further down at the Chamberlain Street corner youths were throwing stones and bottles at soldiers manning the army barricade of military vehicles, that was there to seal off our passage to the City Centre.

I remember someone from the organising committee, with the aid of a hand-held megaphone calling the marchers to assemble at Free Derry corner for a meeting. A short time after that the air

was filled with CS gas and rubber bullets as the army tried to keep the youths at bay. In the utter confusion of the situation I got separated from my three colleagues.

The next person I met was an uncle of mine, Councillor William O'Connell and just minutes after saying to me that everyone was in a very

dangerous situation - all hell seemed to break loose as the Brits opened up on the marchers.

Early that evening reports and names of people murdered and injured began to circulate in the area. I had heard that someone from 'The Journal' had been shot, the word on the ground was that he was a photographer. So I never suspected that Willie McKinney could be among the dead. I had overlooked the fact that Willie was a keen amateur

photographer, and was carrying nothing more sinister than that day, than a small camera slung around his neck.

At work on Monday morning 'the boss', the late Frank McCarroll, broke the sad news to the assembled members of staff, confirming our worst nightmare, our colleague, Willie, was among the dead. I remember the news was received in silence, stunned disbelief and in tears

of sorrow - we had lost a

member of our working family.

To say that anyone had enthusiasm for work that Monday would be a gross over-statement, an evil deed had been visited on all of the dead and injured on Bloody Sunday, and as the local newspaper, we had a responsibility to tell the truth of what really did happen on that fateful day.

In a way it was as if we were here to speak for our friend and workmate and indeed for all the other sad and sorrowful homes in our city that had been bereaved as a result of the murderous actions of the British Army.

Willie McKinney was a young man of excellent character and integrity, a composer and an excellent practitioner of his trade. He was a good and honest friend to those of us who knew him in his short life and will be forever remembered by the staff members of '72.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, let Your face shine upon him.

### A Personal View . . .

## Couldn't believe the news

I was still at school in January 1972, and given the terrible aftermath of "Bloody Sunday" and all the other "bloody" days since then I'm ashamed to say I felt a sense of excitement as the world's media descended on Derry on that fateful day. Up until the start of the "troubles" I could never remember Derry being in the news on or the television, and suddenly "our" town was making the headlines.

by Mary McLaughlin

As a young person, unaware of all that the March implied, I was simply excited that Derry was in the spotlight again. One of my older brothers went to the March, but came

home at the first signs of trouble. He wasn't aware anyone had been shot, but had a sense of foreboding that things might get out of hand because of the attitude of the army. We listened expectantly to the next news bulletin but nothing could have prepared us for the awful headline that a number of people had been shot dead.

In stunned silence we waited for the next news - an Irish language broadcast on RTE. My sister was studying Irish at Coleraine University but we doubted her understanding of the language as she translated the terrible news that 13 men had been killed. We insisted she must have picked it up wrong. Sadly she was right.



The coffins of the Bloody Sunday victims lined along the altar rails at St. Mary's Chapel in Creggan. (BS31)

### Personal View . . .

## Innocence eroded and reality awakened

Older people often remark that they can remember exactly where they were and what they were doing when President Kennedy was shot. I don't because I wasn't born until several months later.

By Bernie Mullen

Bloody Sunday is a different matter. I was due to celebrate my 8th birthday on February 3rd, 1972, my sister had turned 7 on January 25 and on Sunday January 30, 1972 we were enjoying our joint celebration.

If history had taken a different course I would perhaps remember that day

because the party was the biggest we'd had. As well as inviting the handful of friends allotted by my parents, I chanced my arm and got another few pals in by the back door.

But the reason I remember that birthday particularly is because it was the one when the celebrations were cut short out of respect for 14 people shot dead by the British army in Derry.

For me innocence was eroded and reality awakened.

I recall going into the living room and my parents being physically stunned at the images from Derry which flashed across the television screen that

evening. It made a lasting impression on a child previously shielded from such scenes.

The scale of the slaughter was shocking. Even at that relatively tender age I sensed the injustice of what was done in Derry that day.

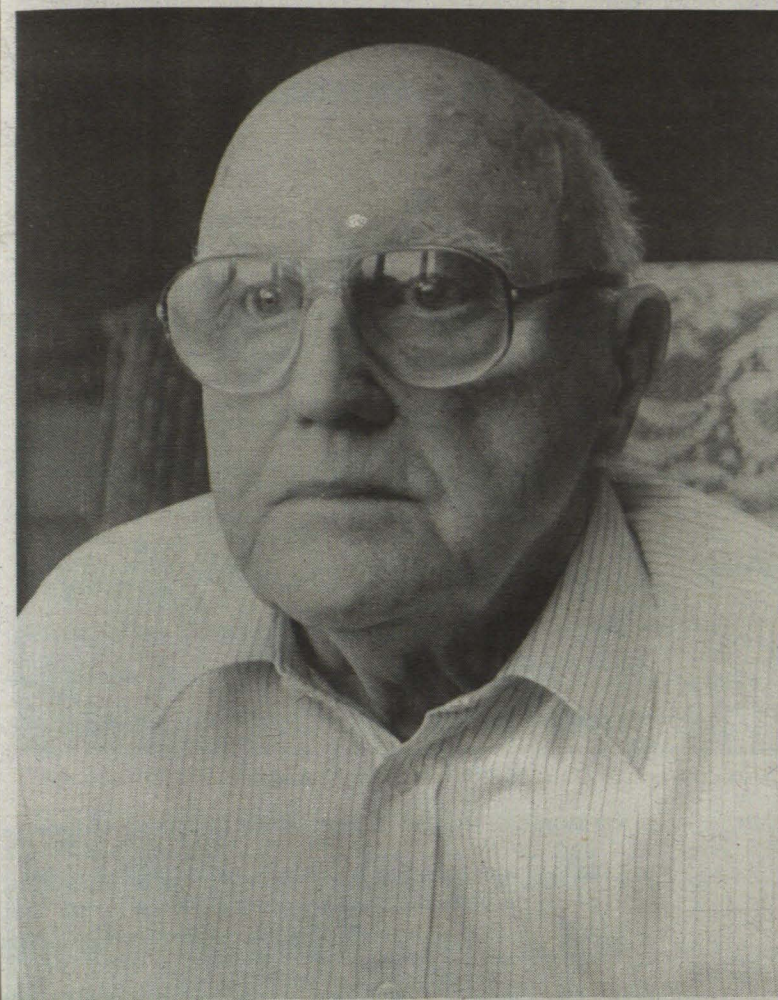
The sight of a Catholic priest, Fr. Edward Daly, making his way through the Bogside holding a white handkerchief in a bid to prevent further bloodshed encapsulated the wrong

until I was older. The sadness in that Catholic household, and the hurt, was palpable. As a child the events were

made much more frightening by the fact that they took place just 14 miles from where I lived. There have always been close ties between Derry and Strabane and we shared in the city's grief.

Unlike those in Derry that day I viewed the terrible events from a distance, in the safety of my home. But the horror of Bloody Sunday remains as fresh in my mind as it was twenty five years ago.

And it is compounded by the failure of successive British governments to acknowledge the huge wrong that was done in Derry that day in their name.



JACK CHAPMAN

## A bloody day recalled - Bernadette McAliskey

When asked if she was often plagued by memories of the horrors that surrounded her on Bloody Sunday, Bernadette McAliskey, says she accepts know that they are recollections that will never leave her.

"I was watching the Michael Collins film the other day and when I saw the Croke Park shootings my thoughts returned to the Bogside and my blood literally froze and the hairs on the back of my neck literally stood to attention."

"Many people I have spoken to have told me that they react in the same way. It is like you are not just remembering it but are actually reliving it."

Recounted here is Mrs. McAliskey's account of the fifteen minutes of madness that preceded 4.30 p.m. on

and get the march away from possible flash points. "It was not long before we were there and only a few stragglers were still arriving when I was handed the microphone. I remember telling the crowd to push forward to make room when the first shot rang out."

"To this day I have no doubt that those shots came from the City walls and neither did anybody else in the crowd."

"At this stage I remember saying to the crowd not to panic because I thought the soldiers were just shooting over the heads of the marchers. As these words were coming out of my mouth I heard more shots

and realised that I was wrong and that they were doing the unthinkable. "That is when everything became somewhat unreal

for me. I was overcome with the strangest sensation that meant everything seemed to be happening in slow motion. "At this stage I remember crouched down underneath it."

"As I was doing this I kept the microphone in my hand and kept warning the crowd not to stand up. I couldn't believe what was happening and I couldn't believe that I was still able to speak."

"I then looked down towards the flats and noticed that the streets were deserted except for a number of people lying motionless - who I just knew were dead."

"At that point I was filled with a terrible fear and went into what I can only describe as auto pilot mode. I was still crouching

down and just heard myself muttering for people not to stand up. "After a while, the realisation that people were dying made me panic and I decided to get up and run towards Nell McCafferty's house."

"On the way I noticed two young men I knew to be Republicans arguing with an older republican. "I heard the two young men demanding guns but I knew it was pointless because the I.R.A. had agreed not to have guns in the area."

"I walked over to them and told them to stop arguing and to just make sure they got home safe and well."

"When I got to Nell's house, which was packed with people as many houses were, it was not long before I was asked to

disgusting and yet they totally rejected out of hand our submissions and made us feel like dirt. I shall never forget it." Stating that it was about time something was done about it, Mr. Chapman said: "An independent inquiry should be called at which a neutral should chair and the British should be forced to release all the details. While I wouldn't be fit to attend such a hearing, my evidence would still be admissible and the truth would out."

Commenting on the events of Bloody Sunday, Mr. Chapman recalled: "It was so horrific I cannot describe it. To see innocent young men gunned down in the street was disgraceful. The British Government and the Paratroop Regiment were responsible for it all. A generation has passed and I feel they must bring peace of mind to the relatives of those killed."

He added: "When both Bishop Daly and myself were called to Coleraine for the Widgery Inquiry I thought that they would believe our version of events. What had a respected priest and a British Army war veteran to gain from lying? We told the truth

Concluding, Mr. Chapman said: "No one has anything to gain by the truth coming out. The people here know what happened, but the British Government have a lot to lose including a lot of credibility. It was a large veteran to gain from and it should be shown up as such."

### Personal View . . .

## Only realise impact now

It is difficult for me to express an opinion about something which has not directly affected me and which occurred before I was born.

By Adele McGonagle

The events surrounding Bloody Sunday have had little or no effect on me. As a 22-year-old Moville girl it is probably difficult for anyone to understand how the whole thing does not stir up emotions for me when I only live 20 miles across the Border.

Perhaps it is strange that something, which has affected the people of this city so much, has had little impact on my life. Over the years I have read the newspaper reports, watched the television documentaries and heard personal accounts of the events of Sunday, January 30th, 1972. It is clear from these reports that a terrible wrong was done that day. Yet, I feel alienated from the whole thing.

Since coming to Derry to work I have realised how the people of the city have been affected by the events of that day. There is a lot of hurt, and a lot of bitterness. Bloody Sunday has touched the lives of the people of this city so much. People with little, or no political interest feel angry that the truth about what happened

Where I come from, last year's fishing tragedy in which six young lives were lost so tragically will always evoke the same feelings of loss, bitterness and anger. They ask the same questions, want the same answers and want to prevent it from happening again.



Arrested demonstrators under guard by face-blackened paratroopers. (BS50)



An injured man is led away on Bloody Sunday. (BS58)



# Bloody Sunday: Before and after

**"ARE YOU a Catholic or a Protestant?" These are probably the first words addressed to anyone in Derry by members of the 1st. Battalion of the Parachute regiment on the morning of January 30, 1972, the day that went down in history as Bloody Sunday.**

These words were said to a young child out playing football in Springham Street on that winter morning by a burly paratrooper as they moved their vehicles in to their assembly point.

In case anyone was under the illusion that they were coming to Derry to improve community relations the paras proceeded to display a hostile and aggressive attitude once the

afternoon child gave the standard answer for a Catholic: "None of your business."

For the people in that area the morning of Sunday, January 30 had started off no differently to any other Sunday.

Some had been to Mass and then as it was a sunny but cold day, some of the children in the street went out to play football.

The first sign of anything out of the ordinary came at around 10.30 when the first British Army vehicles began to appear along the Strand Road.

Then shortly afterwards the paras arrived, lining up their Saracens along the street and quickly putting paid to anyone football.

## Abuse

For the next four hours as they waited to move into the Bogside the paratroopers subjected anyone they

him go to the march. "Instead we went for a drive and I couldn't believe it when I turned on the radio and heard what had happened."

## First hand experience

Mrs. Kathleen MacDermott, a mother of eight children, also experienced at first hand the paras behaviour.

She recalled: "When they first arrived I went out to see what was happening and one of them stuck a rifle into my stomach and told me to get the hell back into the house."

"Later when my brother arrived I went out to see what they were doing to him and again they tried to force me back into my home."

Later that afternoon as people were leaving for the march the paras taunted that they would see them later.

The paras eventually left Springham Street and Clarence Avenue just before they moved into the Bogside, taunting local children as they left.

The mounting sense of disbelief at hearing of the numbers of people murdered can only be experienced not described.

Everyone who was at the march knew that there had to be some dead. The first news reports on the television said that two people had been shot dead in gun battles.

But most people dismissed this as inaccurate both in the figures and in the report as everyone knew there had been no gun battle.

The first rumours, hard enough to believe, put the figures at six dead then they continued to mount. Seven dead, eight dead.

Someone said a priest at Pennyburn Chapel had said

there was eleven dead. We were now getting into the realms of incredulity.

When the final tally was given out on the radio - thirteen people dead - there was really nothing to be said.

## The paras return

Then the paras came back. Once again the Saracens lined along Springham Street and Clarence Avenue. Once

again they dismounted and stood about, some of them shooting out the street lights.

This was immediately countered by one local resident who opened all their curtains and put on every light in the house.

One eyewitness recalled: "Before they left for the march they had been just another bunch of British soldiers. A bit more aggressive than most maybe but still essentially just

soldiers. It was far more chilling when they returned. You knew that among them were the men who had shot people dead on our streets."

"They stood around talking and laughing and what made it all the worse was that some of them were boasting about what they had done."

"I vividly remember one para talking to his mates and then raising his rifle to his shoulder mimicking how he fired three shots."

"But in many ways it was as if they knew the wrong they had done as they were much more subdued, at least as far as the people in the street were concerned."

That night at around midnight the 1st Battalion of the Parachute regiment left Derry. Some would say that sneaking out under the cover of darkness was a fitting departure for them.



Children await the arrival of the NICRA march in the Bogside. (BS14)



One of the Bloody Sunday dead, Patrick Doherty, being carried away by fellow marchers. (BS30)



The body of Hugh Gilmour lies covered over by a blanket. (BS26)



The funeral of 17-year-old Jack Duddy gets underway in Creggan. (BS29)

**Tony Doherty, whose father Patrick was killed on Bloody Sunday talks to the 'Journal' about the impact it had on him**

# 'The single most determining feature of my life'

**"My father was only five foot six and half. But I remember when he used to take us to Mass - what seemed like every morning in life, looking up at him and thinking him a giant."**

"He was a very kind, ordinary man, father of six, who worked in DuPont. He had a full wage packet in his pocket when he was shot."

"He had been involved in civil rights and had a great distaste for injustice and discrimination - as indeed did my mother. I'm sure he never thought himself republican, though he had no time for the RUC or soldiers. He went to all the marches and had been battered at Magilligan the week before Bloody Sunday."

"Truth be told, I don't remember him leaving to go on the Bloody Sunday march. I only remember snippets of the events. Both my parents went together. It was obvious it was something big. All the other parents in the Street were going as well."

"My first inkling something was wrong was when I was playing in the street with another wee fella. After about ten minutes conversation, he told me my father had been shot. He obviously didn't

## Hoping against hope

"I realised from these two pieces of information that there was something badly wrong. But I didn't tell

anyone and spent the next while hoping against hope."

"At around eight o'clock people began congregating at our front door. Then my grandfather, some of my father's sisters and my mother came in. I was looking for my father."

"My mother called us into the front room and told us that my father had been shot. I remember, even though I was only nine, thinking how brave she was to come in and announce that to a gathering of her offspring. During the wake, she was so calm and dignified. She became the head of the household."

## Full gravity

"I was well into my teens before I realised the full gravity of what had happened on Bloody Sunday."

"Obviously, it had a profound effect on my life. It's not an event anyone should have to deal with, particularly a child. It is something that has remained to the forefront of my mind ever since."

"I'm now thirty-four and a parent myself, but losing my father stays the single most determining feature of my life."

"You miss the security of having someone who has been with you since the very moment you were born."

"For most of my teenage life I had an intense hatred of all things British and English."

"In a strange way I almost resent this and being someone connected with a very sad event."

"It bucketed down at the funerals. There were thousands of people - and muck everywhere. We were standing at the graveside when an 'oul' fella grabbed me to pull me away. He said it was 'for families only'."

"Ironically, I was about to go, when someone told him otherwise."

## Growing up here in the 1970s

wasn't easy for any young person. But in my position, and the level of bitterness I felt against the British army, I found it perfectly natural to become a republican. I later served four years for bombing related offences."

"Your outlook changes in time. And you do mellow as you get older. I'm happy with my life history, though often I wish the events of Bloody Sunday didn't happen."

"Even though I'm a republican, I have always argued that the Bloody Sunday Justice Campaign should be independent. Bloody Sunday is to do with the people of Derry and the people of Ireland - not just one political party."

"One of the greatest disappointments for the relatives of the victims is that the onus has always been on them to preserve the memories of the dead and point out the injustice. It's particularly regretful that the people of Derry collectively didn't assume some sort of onus or responsibility."

"The launch of the Bloody Sunday Trust, I believe, is the start of a process of broadening out the issue. And for that reason, I think it's a very positive idea."

## Personal View . . .

# Australians were shocked

**David Connolly remembers Bloody Sunday vividly. Twenty five years ago he learned of the killings in the early hours of Monday morning at his home in Melbourne, Australia. He remembers it all even now, he states, "very vividly".**

"My mother was out visiting us here at the time so I knew she was safe. But I had a lot of other relatives, including my brother and sister, in Derry and I was very worried about them. I tried to get a line home to check out if they were okay but it was a waste of time; half the world was trying to get through at the same time. Fortunately, my uncle John got through to us to let us know that everyone had survived."

David also recalls the feeling of anger: "The Irish community here was incensed by what had happened. A special Mass for the victims was arranged for St. Patrick's Cathedral,

the main Catholic church in Melbourne, the following Sunday and there was an absolutely huge turnout. Believe it or not my uncle had posted the Tuesday 'Journal' to me and I got it on the Saturday."

"So on the Sunday I had placards made and put the photographs up outside the church so that everyone could see just what had gone on. One of the priests who actually celebrated the Mass was Fr. John Cunningham who was originally from the Bogside area."

According to the Brandywell emigrant, Australians were devastated: "This country is made of many

racess, many cultures. In 1972 I worked in a factory where we had all sorts. The talk that week was all about what was happening in Derry. Many of them could not grasp what the British army was doing in Ireland. There was a lot of media coverage of Bloody Sunday at that time and it certainly didn't do the British any favours. In fact, I would think it did the republican cause here in Australia no harm whatever. One of the spin-offs from that day was when you went somewhere and people heard your accent they invariably asked, "Are you Orange or Green?"

"Personally, I found Bloody Sunday very traumatic. I was an emigrant away from home but my heart was still there."

"I knew many of the people who died, or members of their family. That they were shot down in the streets of their own home town protesting about injustice and unfairness still shocks me."

## Eyewitness:

**Charles McLaughlin  
DuPont employee**

**I WAS at the march. At the corner of William Street/Rossville Street I was gassed. I then proceeded to my home in the flats.**

I heard shooting and looked out the back window. I saw Fr. Daly giving the Last Rites to a man; he was kneeling beside him. There was a number of persons surrounding the person on the ground."

A youth jumped to his feet and ran a few yards from this group of people. He spread his arms out wide and he shouted in the direction of the troops at the corner of Rossville Street flats."

I heard him shout: "Shoot me too". He said it a second time and with that a shot rang out hitting him on the left leg."

Another two youths then ran from the group. They went on each side of him, each catching him by the arm. They took him in the direction of a group of people sitting in the corner of the children's playground."

I then went to my living room in the front of the house. I looked out the window. I saw a man lying on his stomach. He was lying

parallel with the front of the flats. He was facing Fahan Street."

He started to crawl on his stomach heading for the alley behind Joseph Place. He was trailing his left leg."

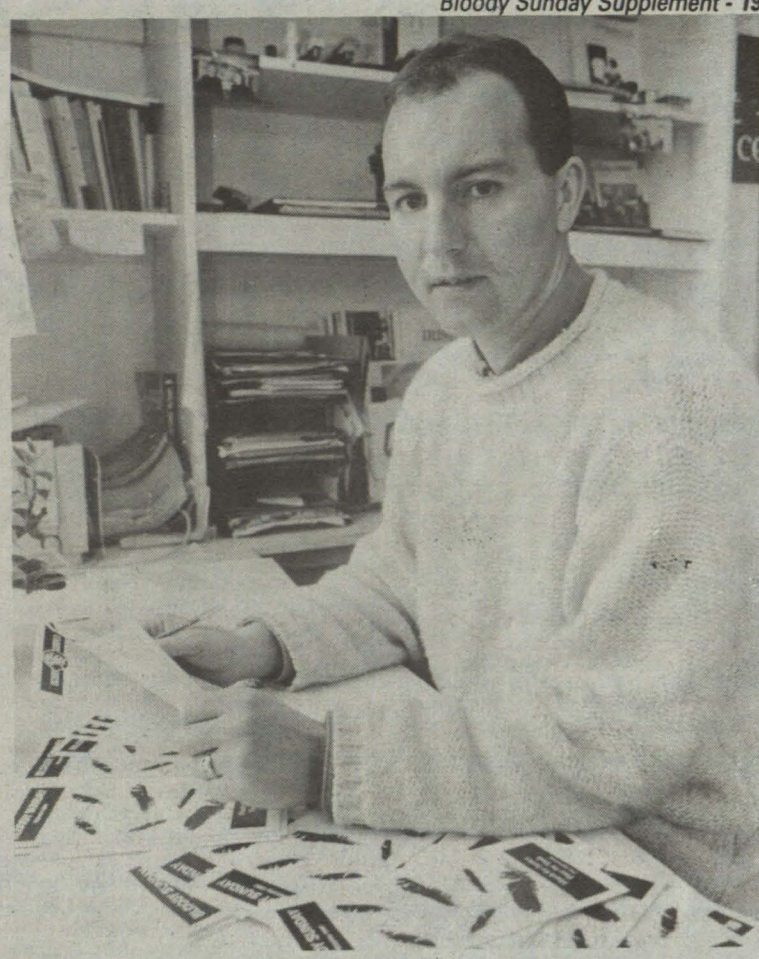
I shouted to him not to go across or they would shoot him. He kept moving and I shouted again: "For God's sake don't go across or they will shoot you."

At that stage they shot at him. The bullet passed over him because I saw chippings fly off the wall where the bullet struck."

They fired a second shot at him. The bullet struck him high up on the right side of his body. He put his hand to his side and said in a loud voice, "They shot me again."

His head fell to the ground. When a number of men carried him to the ambulance past my window, it was then I recognised him as a workmate named Paddy Doherty."

This is what I saw on the 30 January 1972.



Tony Doherty

# Black Panther sends solidarity wishes

A leading American journalist and Black Panther activist, who is currently on death row in Pennsylvania, has sent a message of support to the families of those killed on Bloody Sunday.

Mumia Abu-Jamal - a past president of the Philadelphia of Black Journalists - used to broadcast on National Public Radio before he was sentenced to death for killing a policeman in 1981.

He has always protested his innocence of the charge and believes his Black Panther background led to his prosecution. In his letter to Bloody Sunday relatives, he states: "We send warm greetings to those seeking justice in Ireland."

"We salute you on this occasion of the 25th anniversary of Bloody Sunday. Your struggle is our struggle. You are not alone in confronting a system that oppresses an indigenous people."

"In unity with communities of resistance throughout the world, we demand respect and dignity for all, not just the few."

"As you continue your difficult struggle for justice and democracy against a colonial power, you have our support and solidarity."

Other U.S. groups and citizens to send messages include: the National Lawyers Guild, The Irish Unity Committee, Sissy Farenthold (recent Democratic Party candidate for Texas governor), and the Texas Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty.



Alex Nash, who suffered a bullet wound on the arm, pictured at Altnagelvin. (BS17)



# BLOODY SUNDAY AMBUSH

ON SUNDAY, January 30, 1972, I witnessed mass murder as a 15 year old schoolboy. I was at the rubble barricade on Rossville Street, Derry, close to the entrance of Glenfada Park when the 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment entered the Bogside. I saw Michael Kelly shot dead and saw others fall.

I can state categorically, with honesty and with certainty, that I saw no civilians with either guns or nail bombs. Together with thousands of eyewitnesses present on the day, I know that those shot and wounded on Bloody Sunday were unarmed. I know they were innocent. I know they were murdered.

By Don Mullan

The research which I conducted in the course of producing *Eyewitness Bloody Sunday* and which formed the basis for Channel Four's Special Report on 17 January, 1997, was yielded important new evidence. This evidence concerns the very real possibility of a British Army sniper shooting to kill and wound from the vicinity of Derry's Walls on Bloody Sunday. This evidence is supported by almost 50 eyewitness statements, medical and ballistic opinion, and is strongly supported by an analysis of RUC and British Army radio transcripts, the Log Book of the 8th Infantry Brigade, and recently obtained statements of soldiers of the Royal Anglian Regiment who were positioned on the Derry Walls that afternoon. The circumstances of the killings of William Nash, John Young and Michael McDaid, are now seriously disputed. In other words, who shot them and from where?

## CRUCIAL NEW EVIDENCE

This new evidence is crucial to the campaign to have the Widgery Tribunal Report repudiated in its entirety and to have the case reopened. Widgery confined himself to accounting for 108 rounds allegedly fired by 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment and nothing else. The fact that the firing of live ammunition from the vicinity of Derry Walls was ignored by Lord Widgery, suggests a much wider across the board cover-up of a military operation

which was, I believe, at some level, politically sanctioned in advance.

While the new evidence has initially focused our attention on the role of soldiers positioned on the walls, this should not in any way deflect from the serious crimes committed by 1 Para under the command of Lt. Col. Derek Wilford against a civilian gathering on the day. Eyewitnesses have absolutely no doubt concerning the military homicide of Jackie Duddy, Patrick Doherty, Bernard McGuigan, Hugh Gilmore, Kevin McIlhinney, Michael Kelly, James Wray, Gerard Donaghy, Gerard McKinney and William McKinney.

The statements contained in *Eyewitness Bloody Sunday* are a compelling account of civilian heroism and terror in the face of a chilling attack which increasingly appears to have been a premeditated military ambush.

The role played by Lord Widgery and other sectors of the British Establishment created a very dangerous alienation from the institutions of government and law. In the aftermath of Bloody Sunday, Republican violence was, indeed, responsible for terrible acts. But to blame Republican violence in isolation is dishonest. Where a democratically elected government shows itself to be an active and willing participant in a violent crime against its citizens (and subsequently involves its judiciary in a cover-up), the government cannot escape responsibility for the consequences of its actions.

I have no doubt that Bloody Sunday unleashed a wave of violence across the Province, which resulted in the death of many other innocent people.

It is no coincidence that more people died during the following six months (256) than during the previous three years of the 'Troubles' (210). It is no coincidence that more people died during the following eleven months of 1972 than during any other year of the conflict. Between 1 February and 30 December, 1972, 445 deaths occurred. Adding these deaths to the toll for the following four years - 1973 (252); 1974 (294); 1975 (257) and 1976 (295) - the total of 1,543 deaths represents 47 per cent of all deaths (3,285) that occurred in the twenty-five years between 1969 and the end of 1993.

Those responsible for Bloody Sunday have, therefore, a lot to answer for.

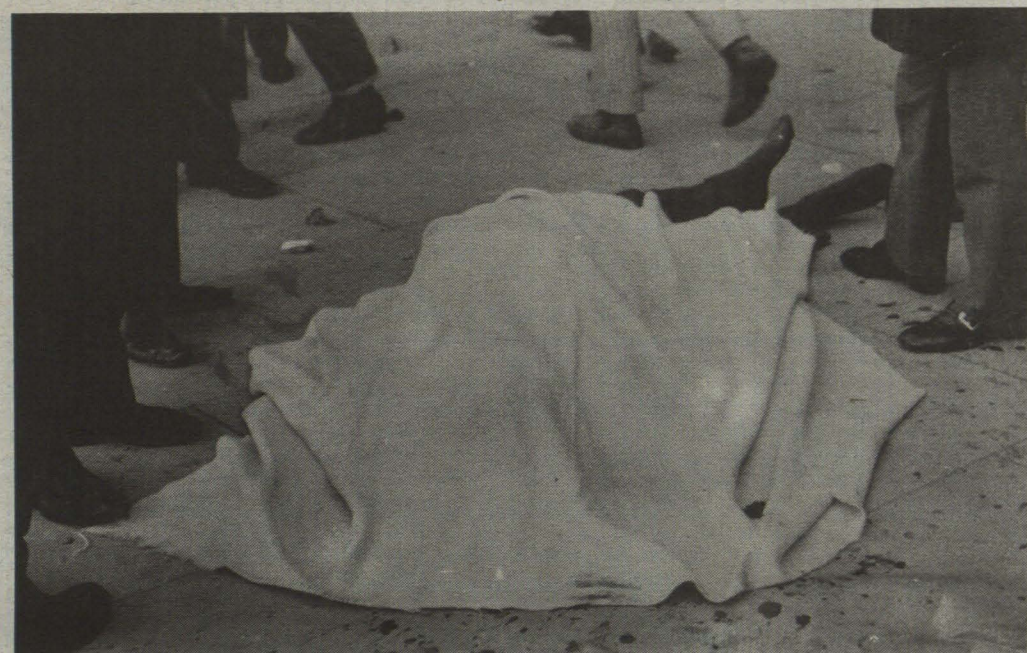
*Eyewitness Bloody Sunday* by Don Mullan. Wolfhound Press. £8.99



Mr. Don Mullan, author of "Eyewitness Bloody Sunday — The Truth", presenting a copy of his book to his former principal at St. Joseph's Secondary School, Mr. Ted Armstrong. Included, at front, is Mrs. Sarah Kelly, principal. Back, from left, are Mickey McKinney, Bloody Sunday Justice Campaign; Mr. Kevin McCallion, vice-principal, whose statement is included in the book; Brian McIntyre and Shane Glackin, 'A' Level Politics students at the school. (24/1/C3)



The Bishop of Raphoe, the Most Rev. Dr. McFeely and Cardinal Conway, pictured during Requiem Mass. (BS10)



A blanket covers one of the Bloody Sunday dead. (BS20)



A poignant scene at St. Mary's Church, Creggan. (BS55)



With his hands above his head, Rev. Kieran Doherty, cc, St. Eugene's, makes his way across Rossville Street. (BS61)