

TWO DAYS AFTER the murder of thirteen innocent civil rights demonstrators, eight of the wounded, all Derrymen, spoke to the world from their hospital beds. All eight unanimously denied a British Army claim that two of the men in the hospital had admitted that they were carrying arms on Sunday. **Mr. Alexander Nash**, aged 52, of 38 Dunree Gardens who saw his son William shot dead, told how he himself got his arm and body wound. He **said-"I saw the troops throw three bodies into a Saracen like pigs. I went to where my son was lying on the ground and raised my arm. I was shot as I moved across."**

Mr. Joseph Friel, aged 20 of Donagh Place, said he was in Meenan Park. "While lying there I was told that 13 people were dead and I cried. I thought at first I was hit by a rubber bullet. I think my life was saved by the bullet deflecting from a zip fastener. After I was shot I was taken into a house. I never lost consciousness, but I thought I was going to die. The army shot indiscriminately. I suppose I will lose my job for talking to the Press because I work for the Queen in the Tax Office, but after what happened in Derry I don't care. I want the truth to be known". Mr. Friel was shot in the chest.

Mr. Michael Bridge, aged 25, of 10 Temore Gardens, said he was at the back of Rossville St. flats. When he heard shots he and other men rushed out to see what was happening. Troops were shouting. A priest was kneeling over a man who had been shot, "**As I went forward troops fired several shots. I think they were trying to shoot the priest, who I think was Fr. Daly**". he said.

Mr. Patrick Campbell, aged 53, of 4 Carrickreagh Gardens, who was shot in the back, said he was shot while running away in Rossville St. The soldiers were firing indiscriminately.

Mr. Michael Bradley, aged 22, of Rinmore Drive, who was shot in the back said: "**It was just like an ambush. Troops were firing all around**". Mr. Bradley said that he did not see anyone firing at the troops. He admitted that he threw stones at the troops in William St. after the troops opened fire.

Mr. Patrick O'Donnell, aged 40, a foreman asphalt spreader, of 10 Rathowen Drive, said he was shot when he went to the aid of a woman he thought a soldier was aiming at. He tried to pull the woman down, and fell himself, in the hope that the would be safe be he felt a pain and knew he had been shot in the shoulder. Mr. O'Donnell said that he was subsequently manhandled by troops and he showed two cuts on his head received when he was batoned. The troops took him into William St. from Rossville St., but there an officer said: "**Leave the man alone. He is hurt.**" The officer told the soldiers to let him go, and after being taken home in a taxi he was subsequently taken to Altnagelvin Hospital by his own doctor. He saw nobody shooting at soldiers.

● 1st Paras arrive to perjure themselves before Widgery inquiry. All are disguised.



Mr. Patrick McDaid aged 24, Dunaff Gardens, said he heard everyone shouting “**the soldiers are coming**”. He saw a couple of young fellows coming round the corner carrying a woman. Then he heard people shout, “**They are shooting everyone**”. “**I ran too, and at the corner of Roasville St. I bent down to dive low. As I did something hit me in the shoulder and back. If I hadn’t bent down I would have been hit in the head.**” he said.

The names of others wounded on Bloody Sunday were released by Altnagelvin Hospital on Jan. 31. These included, **Mr. Joseph Mahon**, aged 16, Rathkeale Way, whose condition was stated to be ill; **Alana Burke** aged 19, of Bishop Street, satisfactory; **Mrs. Margaret Deery**, aged thirty-seven, Swilly Gardens, satisfactory;

A list of the injured appeared in a shop window in the Bogside. Other names included on this list were – **Mr. M. Quinn**, Marlborough St.; **Mr. J. Johnson** (who later died of his wounds) Marlborough St.; **Mr. Campbell**, Carrickreagh Gardens; **Mr. O’Donnell**, Rathowen Park; **Mr. McKeown**, Lone Moor Road; **Mr. D. Donaghy**, Rinmore Drive; **Mr. McQuaid**, address not known; **Ann Rickmond** of Swilly Gardens.

-5- EYE-WITNESS REPORTS

Rev. E. Daly, C.C. St. Eugene’s Cathedral.

“**The British Army should hang its head in shame after today’s disgusting violence. They shot indiscriminately and everywhere around them without any provocation. It appeared as though the paratroopers were under orders to move in and shoot away at anyone. A 16 year old boy was shot beside me, and others were badly injured by the firing. I crawled to him and gave him the Last Rites for there was no hope of saving his life. The quicker the British Army get out of the 6 Counties after today’s violence, the better for everyone concerned. It is the only way to achieve peace. There has been a terrible amount of blood, and no public relations job by the British Army will cover this up. I intend to protest to the highest people in the strongest way possible**”.

Mr. Eddie Mc Ateer, President of the Irish Nationalist Party.

“**I saw the first two people shot, a teenager and an elderly man, both falling in William Street. It was a simple massacre. There were no petrol bombs, no guns, no snipers, no justification whatever for this well-organised slaughter. Derry’s Bloody Sunday will be remembered as the British Army’s greatest day of shame**”.

Mr. Michael Canavan, Chairperson, Citizens’ Central Committee.

“**It was a massacre. The troops opened fire as Miss Devlin picked up the microphone to address the huge crowd at Free Derry Corner**”.

Miss Bernadette Devlin, Former Westminster M.P.

“**Let nobody say the British Army fired in retaliation.**”

Finbarr O’Kane, Civil Rights leader.

“**Lord Brockway was on the platform waiting to address the crowd, when a bullet hit a wall nearby. People didn’t realise what it was at first, but more shooting started and everybody hit the ground. The shooting seemed to stop after a bit and everyone got up on all fours and started to crawl away. But it started again. I’ve never seen anything like it. Everybody was trying to crawl away, hitting walls and stumbling.**”

Signor Fulvio Grimaldi, Italian Journalist

“**There hadn’t been one shot fired at them. There hadn’t been one petrol bomb thrown at them. There hadn’t been one nail bomb thrown at them. They just jumped out, and with unbelievable murderous fury, shot into the fleeing crowd. I have travelled in many countries. I have seen many civil wars and revolutions and wars. I have never seen such a cold-blooded murder, organised disciplined murder, Planned murder. I saw a young fellow who had been wounded, crouching against the wall. He was shouting, “Don’t shoot, don’t shoot”. A paratrooper approached him and shot him from about one yard. I saw a young**

boy of 15 protecting his girl-friend against a wall and then proceeding to try and rescue her by going out with a handkerchief and with the other hand on his hat. A paratrooper approached, shot him from about one yard into the stomach, and shot the girl into the arm. I saw a priest approaching a fallen boy in the middle of the square, trying to help him, give him the Last Rites perhaps, – I saw a paratrooper kneel down and take aim at him and shoot at him, and the priest just got away by laying flat on his belly. I saw a French colleague of mine, who shouting “Press, Press” and raising high his arms, went into the middle to give help to a fallen person. I saw the paras again kneeling down and aiming at him, and its only by a fantastic acrobatic jump that he got away.

I myself got shot at five times. I was certain at one stage of being hit as I was taking photos through a window. I approached the window to get some pictures of what was hap pening, and five shots immediately went through the glass. I don't know how they missed.

The mood of the people while this was going on? It was panic, it was sheer despair, it was frustration. I saw people crying, old men crying, young boys, who had lost their friends only a short while before. Crying and not understanding. There was astonishment. There was bewilderment, there was rage and frustration. It was unbelievable

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THERE'LL BE ANOTHER DAY

Bloody Sunday was carried out with one objective. The British Army decided coldly and deliberately to shoot the risen people off the streets. We were shot with our backs turned, in some cases, with our hands in the air as we went to rescue the wounded. We were killed on the barricades, in the courtyards . . . and a few died God knows where. The vultures picked them up first. But the siege goes on. The 808 acres of Bogside, Brandywell and Creggan remain free. Forty of the forty-two entrances to Free Derry remain barricaded.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday, was a fine day and a foul day. It was a fine thing to swing down Southway, thousands of us singing, to pick up thousands more of our comrades at the Brandywell. And then to swell through the Bogside where it all began four years ago. Do you remember?

We asked them to ban the Corporation, and they said no, and then they banned it. We demanded houses and they said no, and then they built them. We demanded that Craig should go, and they said no and then he went.

We told the police to leave the Bogside and they said no – running all the way back to barracks. And when Sam Devaney died, paying the price of it all, we thought it more than we could bear, but we did. Death was strange then. Death is no stranger now, but the price is higher and no easier to bear. No one who died was a stranger to us.

What impossible things did we demand this time? That our internees be freed? That we walk on our own streets, that the Stormont cesspool be cleaned up – even the S.D.L.P. couldn't bear the stink. For the least of these and the best of these, thirteen men were murdered last week. Let it be said of them with pride, they died on their feet and not on their knees. Let it not be said of us they died in vain.

**STAY FREE, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
THERE'LL BE ANOTHER DAY**

BUTCHER'S DOZEN

(A LESSON FOR THE OCTAVE
OF WIDGERY)

I went with Anger at my heel
Through Bogside of the bitter zeal
- Jesus pity! – on a day
Of cold and drizzle and decay
A month had passed. Yet there remained
A murder smell that stung and stained.
On flats and alleys – over all -
It hung; on battered roof and wall
On wreck and rubbish scattered thick,
On sullen steps and pitted brick.
And when I came where thirteen died
It shriveled up my heart, I sighed
and looked about the brutal place
Of rage and terror and disgrace
Then my moistened lips grew dry.
I had heard an answering sigh!
There in a ghostly pool of blood
A crumpled phantom hugged the mud:
"Once there lived a hooligan.
A pig came up, and away he ran
Here lies one in blood and bones,
Who lost his life for throwing stones".

*More voices speak. . . The Poet turned
and saw....*

Three corpses forming, red and raw,
From dirt to stone. Each upturned face
stared unseeing from its place:
"Behind this barrier, blighters three,
We scrambled back and made to flee.
The guns cried Stop, and here lie we".
Then from left and right they came.
More mangled corpses, bleeding, lame,
Holding their wounds They chose their
ground,
Ghost by ghost, without a sound,
And one stepped forward, soiled and
white:
"A bomber I, I travelled light
– Four pounds of nails and gelignite
About my person, hid so well.
They seemed to vanish where I fell.
When the bullet stopped my breath
A doctor sought the cause of death.
He upped my shirt, undid my fly,
Twice he moved my limbs awry,
And noticed nothing. By and by
A soldier, with his sharper eye,
Beheld the four elusive rockets
Stuffed in my coat and trouser pockets,
Yes, they must be strict with us,
Even in death, so treacherous!"

He faded, and another said:
"We three met close when we were dead.
Into an armoured car they piled us
Where our mingled blood defiled us,
Certain, if not dead before,
To suffocate upon the floor.
Careful bullets in the back
stopped our terrorist attack.
And so three dangerous lives are done
– Judged, condemned and shamed in
one."

That spectre faded in his turn.
A harsher stirred, and spoke in scorn:
"The shame is theirs, in word and deed,
Who prate of Justice, practice greed,
And act in ignorant fury – then,
Officers and gentlemen,
Send to their Courts for the Most High
To tell us did we really die!
Does it need recourse to law
To tell ten thousand what they saw?
Law that lets them, caught red-handed,
Halt the game and leave it stranded,
Summon up a sworn inquiry
And dump their conscience in the diary.
During which hiatus, should
Their legal basis vanish, good,
The thing is rapidly arranged:
Where's the law that can't be changed?
The news is out. The troops are kind.
Impartial justice has to find
We'd be alive and well today
If we had let them have their way.
Yet England, even as you lie,
You give the facts that you deny.
Spread the lie with all your power
- All that's left; it's turning sour.
Friend and stranger, bride and brother,
Son and sister, father, mother.

*Still another ghostly voice speaks to
the poet:*

"My curse on the cunning and the bland.
On gentlemen who loot a land
They do not care to understand;
Who keeps the natives on their paws
With ready lash and rotten laws;
Then if the beasts erupt in rage
Give them a slightly larger cage
And, in scorn and fear combined,
Turn them against their own kind.
The game runs out of room at last,