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Parochial House
 The Diamond
 Pomeroy 80 Tyrone
 8 August 1974

Death of Patrick Mc Elhone, Limehill, Pomeroy, on 7th August 1974.

The father of the deceased is Peter Mc Elhone, a man now in his 70s. Peter has a farm of about 20 acres of poor hilly ground at Limehill, Pomeroy. His wife, Margaret, is in her 60s. They have 4 of a family, 3 single boys and a married daughter.

The deceased, Patrick, aged 23, was the youngest son and was very dear to them as he stayed at home and worked the family farm. He was a small, lightly-built young man of an extremely quiet disposition. His chief interest, indeed his only interest, was playing the accordion in the local band. He went to an occasional dance. He was inclined to be backward and sheepish in conversation. He had absolutely no interest in politics of any kind.

In the recent two weeks a new regiment, believed to be the Life-guards from Armagh have been very active and provocative in the Pomeroy area. Sinister movements like spying on certain houses for days and harassment of the people generally created a climate of foreboding and fear.

On Monday 5th August there were saturation searches in the Limehill district. On Wednesday these searches were continued in the Limehill district; the soldiers went to a number of small farms and harassed the people with their foul language and threatening behaviour. They spoke to the deceased Paddy Mc Elhone as he was cutting hay in a field. At 5 p.m. they searched the out-houses at his home but found nothing. Paddy Mc Elhone came into his house for tea shortly after 6 o'clock. He was sitting at the table while his mother boiled the kettle, and after about 3 or 4 minutes two soldiers knocked at the open door and said: "Come out here young man, we want to have a word with you". Paddy went out and the soldiers closed the door on the father and mother. The mother went to a room window where she had a view of the road and saw a number of soldiers gathered around Paddy on the road. She heard one of them say: "You are not doing much to help the Army". She then saw soldiers shaking him severely. They then took him further down the road. Then Mrs Mc Elhone told her husband, Peter, "Go out and see what they are doing to Paddy. I think they are going to arrest him". Peter went out and up the road after them. He saw his son being led up the road some distance ahead of him towards a gate-way to one of his own hay fields. He saw a soldier crouching behind some bushes, below road level, at the opposite side of his own house. The soldier was looking through the hedge into the hayfield. He must have been a soldier from just inside the field. Then Peter heard a shot and saw his son fall in the hay field. Peter screamed "Why have you shot my son? He has done nothing". The soldier replied: "Get into the fucking house, you slobber you". Peter screamed to his wife: "They have shot Paddy"; and she said to him "Come into the house or they will shoot you too". Peter asked another soldier: "What was this for?" and he replied: "I am the Chief, and I don't know what it is about" Peter again attempted to approach the body of his son. A soldier told him: "Get back into the house, you fucking whore or we will shoot you too".

working on the land

and his recreation was playing

The gate of the field was kept closed. The soldiers must have opened it to put him through

estimate the time of the killing was 6.20 p.m.

Department of the Taoiseach

Fortunately I was doing a sick-call in the Limehill district, and so when informed I was on the scene before 6.40. I was stopped by the soldiers and I asked permission to administer the Last Rites to the dead youth. The soldiers passed the word from one to another until an Officer came and said: "You want to administer to the dead bloke". I said "I did" and he said. "Follow me". I then administered the Last Rites. I observed that the body was lying against the slope of the ground, face downwards. Then the army doctor arrived. He turned him over with his boot, and I saw a gaping wound over the deceased's heart. When I came out of the field I stood talking to some local men and I overheard the soldiers using foul language and referring to "the fucking bastard in the field. All the soldiers were in a highly nervous state. One in particular, who was continually pacing up and down on the road, talking to himself, and shaking his head-a nervous mannerism. The local people were terrified of him. All the soldiers had their faces blackened. The people are fearful and terrified, and want these soldiers removed from the Pomeroy district immediately. ~~They would appreciate your assistance to add to this end.~~

Signed... *Michael Mc Gill*

Dennis Faulk