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Paddy Devlin: Republican Labour and the Catholic Community

The Labour movement tends to clash with Catholicism in vastly differing world-views, concepts of state power, and social change,¹ and these battles took place in Northern Ireland as elsewhere. Indeed one of the many absurdities of the fashionable labelling of all Ulster Protestants as instinctive political conservatives is that a basic glance at the Labour movement in Northern Ireland reveals the prevalence of numerous Protestants. Many of the key figures of Labour in Northern Ireland, and especially those who came to prominence within the Northern Ireland Labour Party (NILP), were Protestant: Alex Boyd, Harry Midgley, Billy McMullen, Sam Kyle, Jack Beattie, David Bleakley, Tom Boyd, Billy Boyd, Vivian Simpson, and many others.² One figure who breaks this trend is my grandfather Paddy Devlin, who was born and grew up in the Catholic working-class Lower Falls area of Belfast known as the Pound Loney.

Paddy was a fiercely individualist and often changeable politician whose compassion and vision was matched by his aggression and idiosyncratic revision(s). Like many Irish politicians, what he said at one time tended to change over a relatively short space of time. However, we can surmise that what he represents in many ways is 'Republican Labour': a confusing choice of language in that this was a real political party in Northern Ireland headed at one time by my grandfather's Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP) colleague Gerry Fitt.³ Though this association was Fitt's, in some ways Republican Labour perfectly captures my grandfather's political synthesis. Despite his eccentricities, or perhaps because of them, Paddy represents an effective vector through which to explore the Catholic community's complicated and strained relationship with the Labour movement.

Before delving into this subject, it is worth stating that I sometimes feel like a custodian of my grandfather's place in the history books; not out of pride, but accuracy. Even good quality

publications referring to my grandfather contain problematic falsehoods which might seem arcane to many.⁴ Essentially, I try and write about Paddy as though he is not my grandfather, and – aside from a published article deriving from my Masters thesis undertaken at Queen’s University⁵ – I also try to prevent him wandering in too frequently to my own writing, diminishing his role unless his contribution was absolutely integral. Important to Paddy in a way which is sometimes missed by many journalists and historians is the militancy of his early background, something later Labour comrades confirm he was always ‘up front’ about,⁶ even if he was later to renounce the militarism of the IRA. This is significant to bear in mind at all times in this particular story. These dynamics in northern Catholic families are always interacting with one another. You do not get one without the other.

As with the Orange Order in its Protestant working-class equivalent, the Catholic working-class also had groups which appealed to their ethnic sense of brethren such as the Ancient Order of the Hibernians (AOH). Paddy’s own mother was the elected secretary of ‘the Hibs’ (as the AOH was known) on the Falls Road, where she tried to get him involved getting him to write her minutes. Though he appreciated the practical skill acquired, he registered his political objections to the group ‘by writing long convoluted sentences where simple ones would have sufficed’,⁷ and he was pleased to be ejected from this particular job. Paddy respected his mother but admitted ‘we never got on, probably because of our identical hot tempers’, something which manifested in debates between his parents as they exchanged posters of the leader of Northern nationalism ‘Wee Joe [Devlin]’ – his mother’s favourite – and the NILP’s William McMullen in their front window on election days: ‘I always reckoned that my own political activism was nurtured in the political squabbling that went on between my parents. My political instincts were most certainly inherited from both my father and mother, although I tended to favour the Labour rather than the nationalist side, and therefore my father, when I joined the arguments.’⁸

In Paddy's case it is clear that he saw the Labour movement as an escape route from the nationalist militancy he grew up with. At the same time, he was never ashamed of his IRA experience, treasuring especially the three years he spent in Crumlin Road Gaol from his 1942 internment.⁹ He regarded this as pivotal to his general education and saw the true meaning of Republican philosophy co-existing with a Labour instinct. His later persona was extremely critical of the physical force methods of the Provisional IRA, though even here he tended to couch this criticism of 'the Provos' in terms of them being anathema to the IRA he had joined, most especially in their relentless sectarian violence against the Protestant community from 1969 onwards. Paddy noted that the 'old IRA' in Belfast avoided attacking Protestant civilians and targets.¹⁰

A Belfast Tradition

Writing during the Second World War, poet and playwright Thomas Carnduff captured the rough 'dividing line' which had characterized Labour since the foundation of Northern Ireland: 'The Catholic members always leaned towards the Republican ideal, the Protestants cleaved naturally towards a closer union with the British Labour Party.' At that moment in wartime, Carnduff disapproved of MP Harry Midgley founding his own Commonwealth Labour Party after being expelled by the NILP. 'Labour on the whole will suffer', Carnduff believed. 'They were never too strong in Belfast.'¹¹ While basically correct, this analysis neglects to take into account the way Catholic workers were caught between the rock of sectarian attack from Orange hardliners (notably in the riots of 1935) and the vindictive, anti-Left spleen of their own Church hierarchy.¹² Things began to shift in the general election of July 1945 when 'Unionist' Tories were removed by a Labour landslide in Westminster, just a

month after the Left polled strongly in the provincial Northern Irish general election.¹³ Irish nationalism responded in turn with many of its supporters becoming convinced – as in present times – that Irish unity was back on the agenda. This feeling, and a strong Irish-American lobby, gave rise to the foundation of the Anti-Partitionist League (APL), which formed to coordinate Nationalist MPs at Stormont and create a grass-roots movement that aimed to ‘unite the entire Catholic community of Northern Ireland’.¹⁴

Febrile rallies began in 1946 featuring much rhetoric of heroic and villainous rhetoric, though for our purposes what is noteworthy was how established and well-heeled the APL’s leaders were. It was led ‘mainly by Catholic professional men and organised by small-businessmen, with the support of the clergy’, and it concentrated on registering Catholics to vote, scrutinizing Protestant registrations, and generally bringing an electoral machine into being. In Belfast, however, the APL could not dent the influence of the Catholic representatives in the city ‘who sailed under a variety of flags, all claiming some association with Labour politics’.¹⁵ Along with the NILP defections which led to the Irish Labour Party setting up branches, there were also Independent Labour, Socialist Republican and other Labour Republican candidates. Not only did this enable cross-communal voting in mixed constituencies,¹⁶ accommodating individual Protestants who could embrace a Left/nationalist viewpoint, ‘the Catholic traditionalist stance of the APL on social welfare issues did not appeal to urban Catholic workers’.¹⁷ At the same time, two politicians who proved especially useful to the APL in running local machines similar to the organization of rural Irish nationalist politicians were Harry Diamond, Stormont MP for Belfast Falls, and Jack Beattie, Westminster MP for West Belfast. They forged links with a group of Labour backbenchers at Westminster who styled themselves the ‘Friends of Ireland’.

This was the scene onto which my grandfather emerged from the Crumlin Road Gaol in September 1945. Though the British Labour Party is sometimes attacked by Republicans for

passing the Ireland Act of 1949 and not doing enough to challenge the discriminatory practices of the Unionist administration, this passes over the way men like my grandfather were freed from prison precisely because Clement Attlee's government pressured the Unionist government to release internees. Paddy had left the IRA and started to become active in the Irish Labour Party, then organizing in Belfast under Jack Macgougan (1913–1998) – yet another Protestant Labour man. An accountant by trade and Irish regional secretary of the Tailor and Garment Workers' Union, Macgougan mentored Paddy and taught him debating techniques.¹⁸ By this stage the Irish Labour Party had seven Belfast Corporation seats in the Falls and Smithfield wards, and it was fronted in the council by Jack Beattie, who my grandfather regarded by this time as a 'defeated' man: 'By contrast I was new blood, heavily committed to the party, determined to be very active.'¹⁹ Throwing his energy into politics, Paddy became the secretary of the Belfast branch of Irish Labour and was elected onto Belfast City Council to join MacGougan in 1956, winning the Dock Labour seat at the expense of an unknown merchant seaman by the name of Gerry Fitt. This gave my grandfather a taste of life in municipal politics which he relished, even if the chamber occasionally struck him as little more 'than a club for old Unionist Party fogies'.

Though sectarianism in the 1950s was still maintained by the Unionist Party to stifle working-class unity, Paddy found that his chief problems on the council came from Catholic 'professional men'; the kind who previously manned the APL and kowtowed with Church authorities. He served on three City Hall committees: Transport, Police and Education, and this is where he ran into trouble. The 'Catholic establishment' of Belfast:

regarded the trade union and labour movement as nothing more than a front for communism. Their silent hostility to us exploded into public criticism after we voted in favour of setting up a crematorium for the use of Belfast citizens. In those days

Catholics could not be cremated, so letters appeared in the local Catholic paper, the *Irish News*, pointing this out and attacking our position. We were told we were not good Catholic representatives. We were not Catholic representatives, we replied. We were socialists representing wards in which Catholics lived. 'If you want Catholics in the City Hall then vote for them,' we said.²⁰

Alas for the Labour men, vote for Catholics they did at the next election as part of a broader climate of 'Red Scare' anti-communism sweeping Europe at the time. No organization was more encouraging of this sentiment throughout Ireland than the Catholic Church.²¹

My grandfather's presence on the Education Committee particularly incensed the Church because with state schooling essentially Protestant – the Catholic Church having opted out to set up their own schools, via public funds – they believed 'it undermined the Catholic school system to have me, a Catholic, on this committee making teaching appointments and determining matters relating to Protestant schools'. One bishop ordered him to leave the committee, while's commanded him to ban certain 'blue' films they appeared to be obsessed with. Along with other Labour councillors, 'We consistently adopted a liberal stance on such issues, bringing us into conflict with hardline Catholic opinion as well as the hardline Protestant viewpoints'.²² Paddy recounts this episode with a certain amount of gusto in his memoir, anticipating the backlash heading his way:

By the time the next council elections came around in 1958 it was clear the Irish Labour Party was going to be confronted by a strong team of reactionary Catholics. Signs of new militancy on their part were all around us. In the trade union sphere, Catholics were turning up for the first time at branch meetings to vote Catholics on to the branch committees and into union jobs. The inspiration for this came from the

Catholic Action movement, which had developed on the Continent in the wake of the Second World War. The main brunt of the attack against the Irish Labour Party on the Falls came from the members of the Clonard fraternity, a large group of men who gathered at the monastery of that name in the Lower Falls once a week for a prayer meeting. They were largely motivated by the parish priests of St Mary's and St Peter's in the Lower Falls. Frank Hanna, a well-known Catholic solicitor, also played a prominent role in the campaign.²³

Playing down the intensity and physical altercations of the ensuing election in his memoir, my grandfather does mention an incident when he and his Irish Labour allies used loudhailers to berate members of the confraternity as they were leaving the Clonard monastery after a meeting. Going on the offensive in this manner can only have exacerbated the fire he drew, and a few days later Paddy encountered one such 'zealot' on the street, asking him why he thought the Labour men were communists when they simply were not. 'Well, you look like communists', the man said.²⁴

This idiocy was buttressed by the Catholic Church's canvassing of all Catholic employers against Irish Labour 'on the basis that we were anti-business and anti-Catholic'. The Knights of St Columbanus and other groups joined in, and they were even helped by Unionists who found time to recruit the Vintners' Association (under Charles Daly) and the Licensed Bookmaking trade (both organizations 'dominated by wealthy Catholics') to hammer the Irish Labour representatives.²⁵ My grandfather was wrong to spuriously link the effect this had on Protestant working-class voters with the emergence in the late-1950s of Ian Paisley, but his reading of Frank Hanna is verified by historical surveys. Hanna approached the parish priests of St. Paul's and St. Peter's, recruiting the former's chapel collector, and with the Knights, Vintners' Association, and the Clonard Confraternity membership merging together,

a formidable political machine was about to flatten Irish Labour in Belfast. The group even co-opted Labour parlance to create their own 'Independent Labour Group', and so the Irish Labour candidates were pushed to the bottom of the poll in all wards in the municipal election of May 1958. Special venom was directed by this group towards Jack Macgougan because he was a Protestant, and the upshot was Paddy losing his council seat after just two years. At the election count one priest performed an ill-advised celebratory jig on hearing of my grandfather's loss and was thumped by Paddy. Though such an incident is usually seen as part of his uncouth behaviour, clerical pressure had been such that 'the opposition found it difficult, to vote much less campaign': a 'bruising' overall experience that convinced Paddy Devlin to leave the Catholic Church.²⁶

Paddy was true to his fracture from Catholicism in his later career. As he affirmed to the Sunningdale Executive as Minister of Health and Social Services at the start of 1974, the pinnacle of his political career, Paddy was the only secular member of the Executive, refusing to swear on the Bible.²⁷ Decades later my mother Anne wrote about the original consequences of his decision to leave the Church on the family within the community. With Paddy ceasing to worship, my mother recalled going to Mass at the age of four with her mother, passing a gable end where

above the painted lines of a goal post my mother points out our family name, my father's surname together with the letters VOTE NOW. Clonard Monastery I remembered as a baroque Catholic Church filled with the smoking gold urns and gold gates, flickering candles behind red stained glass and gladioli. I am pulled out of this pastoral reverie of doves and lambs and streams and flowers by my mother yanking my arm and drawing me out of the crush of bodies in the long pew, and I wonder what I have done. We are not alone in leaving the church. Someone is shouting...it is

something that is being said, which my mother told me when we got outside the church: 'They called your father the anitchrist' ...later my mother told me 'They said your daddy hit me and he drank'.²⁸

Paddy's split with the Church became, in that most Catholic of ways, personal as well as political. They slandered him from the pulpit. By the late-1960s Paddy admitted to being 'thoroughly disillusioned' with Catholicism: 'The church had opposed me politically and this encouraged doubts, and undermined my beliefs in the teaching of the church.'²⁹ They in turn were aggrieved by his Left politics and refusal to toe their line; his refusal, perhaps, of their control. He never forgave them for their mendacious personal attacks and would only go back to the Church in his coffin, on my grandmother's wishes, on his death in August 1999.

Civil Rights and Provos

The 'local machines' of Harry Diamond and the Catholic middle-class had rolled over Labour politicians in 1958, but within a decade my grandfather had built a power base in West Belfast through the Northern Ireland Labour Party, and he was as one with the civil rights agitation as a founder member of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA).³⁰ Suitably, Devlin defeated Diamond for the Falls seat in the Northern Irish election of February 1969, ending the latter's career. Following his defeat Diamond naturally reverted to nationalist type, referring to how my grandfather's victory signified 'bringing the Union Jack into the Falls Road'.³¹ Devlin had fought West Belfast under the civil rights slogan 'Full British rights for British citizens', but on this occasion it was Diamond who had underestimated just how perseverant the Labour grain of politics was in West Belfast.³² Devlin rode the civil rights wave at the same time as availing of IRA support in the 1969

election, months before the organization split into Official and Provisional wings; but he also personified a Labour vein in West Belfast which was culturally Catholic and intellectually-dissenting and Left wing.

Another breach in Devlin's relationship with the Church stemmed from what he perceived as their role in the emergence of the Provisional IRA. It is well-known that the Church's hostility to Left wing politics had alienated them from the IRA under Cathal Goulding (1923–98), who was taking the organization away from physical-force methods.³³ The Catholic Church had traditionally 'refused to recognise the need to allow politics to develop along party or class lines', and so:

Elements in the church had long been concerned about the activities of the Marxist IRA [under Goulding] and, after the events of 1969, were happy to move by stealth, taking advantage of the situation that had arisen, to undermine the organisation. But to out-manoeuvre them the church had to find allies in other forces, compatible with its own views. The Provisionals were ideal for this purpose and, for a time, until the ugliness and immorality for what the Provisionals really stood for became clear, they were actively promoted by the church and enabled to take over in Catholic areas. It was to be many years before the church recognised its error and condemned the beneficiaries of it.³⁴

Though some Catholic priests made their sympathies with the Provisional IRA clear from the start (fatuous Father Sean McManus, an American, for instance), the crunch came during the Hunger Strikes of 1980–81 when the tensions between Church and Provisionals were highlighted in a way which had rarely been exposed before.³⁵

On a simple level, an events such as the Hunger Strikes will always render Labour politics redundant, emphasising the Catholic community's more ancient codes of sacrifice and mythology. It was a very difficult time in my immediate family's memory, as Paddy's refusal to overtly support the prisoners made them a target of Republican activists. Following attacks and intimidation, they eventually left their West Belfast home.³⁶ My aunt Moya suffered a mental breakdown and took refuge in hospital, while my other aunt Patricia and uncles Peter and Joe were harassed at school and in the street. Peter remembers the atmosphere, 'shouting and a kind of whistle sound', outside the house, while in one particularly upsetting incident a Post-boy who was treated impeccably and given treats by my grandparents was 'the one who pointed out the house' to a group of H-Block protestors: 'He was the only one who knew where the house was and he led them to it.'³⁷ A coat-stand was placed behind the door nightly to prevent forced entries. This ornament still adorns the family house on the Oldpark Road, a relic of a more brutal era. My grandmother recalled:

When we lost our house Paddy didn't get anything because he was an MP. I got something and Peter and Joseph got something, but he didn't. And we were having a terrible time then, all his cheques were bouncing. The Union, Micky (Michael) Mullen at the ITGWU (Irish Transport and General Workers' Union), leant Paddy the money to put up the deposit to this house. When I see now with all the money they're (Sinn Féin) getting up there (Stormont), and what they used to say about him having houses. [Pause] I found this house.³⁸

On leaving West Belfast, one of the public representatives to offer the family support was the SDLP's Dr Joe Hendron, who denounced the attacks and insisted that 'The vast majority of

the people of Andersonstown, who are decent people, are incensed about what has happened to the Devlin family'.³⁹

The SDLP

Rarely identified in historical scholarship and journalism is the connection between the clerical impetus of the 1958 local government election and the profile associated later with Social Democratic and Labour Party; the party my grandfather co-founded and became disillusioned with. On election day in May 1958, 'the Catholic businessmen and their allies turned out with their expensive cars and we were swamped at the polls'.⁴⁰ But what of the current SDLP – the only apparent Catholic 'Labour' grouping of modern times? Despite the talents of at least two of its female Belfast representatives, the party should remove the 'L' from its title, as it has lacked any real Labour element since the departure of my grandfather in 1977 and Gerry Fitt two years later. Deep down its members know this. It retains membership of the Socialist International, following an application Paddy himself made back in the early-1970s, but following the loss of all its Westminster MPs in the June 2017 election, the party's long-term prospects look bleak. Its nationalism contradicts the internationalism of the Labour movement, as does its continuous opposition to the 1967 Abortion Act (introduced at Westminster via a Labour government). However, even granting the removal of Labour from its title to create an SDP, is the party even centre-Left? The idea is something of a stretch. It has campaigned in the last seven years against austerity, like Sinn Féin (and the Democratic Unionist Party), but younger SDLP members are more energised by the Irish language and the pro-Europeanism of the anti-Brexit campaign rather than the main political fight which exists on this earth to improve the lives of the poor and deprived.

The SDLP has had multiple chances to make itself a real progressive alternative and has taken the wrong turn almost every time. In June 1979 my grandfather refused to nominate the SDLP solicitor Paschal O'Hare as Lord Mayor of Belfast. By this time Paddy had engineered his own expulsion from the SDLP – in no small part due to his objections to an all-Catholic party of 'fucking schoolteachers' (as Gerry Fitt perfectly put it) – and was going it alone as an 'Independent Socialist' at City Hall. He refused to vote for O'Hare to be Mayor because, he said, he could never vote for a man who had refused to canvass areas because they were Protestant.⁴¹ Incredibly, when I lived in Belfast from 2007 until 2014, I heard contemporary stories of SDLP councillors in North Belfast refusing to canvass in certain territories for the very same reason. Those Protestant parts of town just weren't 'theirs'.

Such is the ongoing barrenness of Northern Irish politics. It is better to end on a genuine Catholic Labour spirit in the form of Turlough O'Donnell – a Judge of some repute. His passing in April 2017 is a further reminder of a different history. As with the other members of the NILP, O'Donnell was remembered by some writers for the contribution he made to society beyond the political sphere,⁴² but he also represents a figure of standing within a community which is – as with Ulster Loyalism – amnesiac of its Labour roots. None of the obituaries in the provincial newspapers recalled O'Donnell's Labour associations,⁴³ which is one of the many reasons we have history books. He defended the last individual sentenced to hang in Northern Ireland and was very clearly identified by those who knew him as a 'Labour lawyer' in the 1960s. Though born in Newry in 1924, he moved to West Belfast and was an active member of the Falls branch of the NILP my grandfather founded.⁴⁴ As with Labour politics generally in Northern Ireland, these names and associations frequently appear as solitary torches in a ferocious downpour, but they made their mark and deserve more remembrance than is currently the case.

Conclusion

At a 2014 conference I brought together at Queen's University Belfast on the Ulster Workers' Council Strike of May 1974, it seemed fitting that the only people who rowed publicly that day were from the Catholic community: Austin Currie, original SDLP founder and East Tyrone representative, and Tommy McKearney, Provisional IRA hunger-striker and reinvented Leftist. It seemed to confirm an interesting statistic to emerge from research done after the Belfast Agreement of 1998 which found that a larger number of Catholic young people (11%) – than Protestants (7.5%) – reported that the Troubles had divided their family and set one member against another.⁴⁵ I can vouch for this in the case of my own family. There are supporters of Sinn Féin, the SDLP, former Provisional IRA volunteers, former 'Officials', even some associated with the deadly Irish National Liberation Army. That's a fairly normal Catholic family in Northern Ireland.

I met a number of my extended family at my grandfather's funeral in August 1999 and listened to the diversity of their views. It was difficult for my grandfather, the way some of the family turned on him along with the community following the 1981 Hunger Strikes.⁴⁶ He could never really do justice to this in his otherwise candid autobiography *Straight Left*, leaving it to other writers. One such piece which depicts this time was *The Long March* (1984), a television play written by my mother about the 1980 Hunger Strike. It features veteran Belfast actor James Ellis doing a virtual impersonation of my grandfather, who outlines – via the character of Joe Walsh – the best emotional illustration of my grandfather's Republican Labour credo during a row with his daughter:

JOE: Listen to me: my family came from the country to the city for work – from the wheat fields to the flour mills. I grew up as a barefoot boy in the Falls. I sold sticks – firewood – for money. From the orange-boxes that the green grocer left in the entry. I didn't get

my first pair of boots until I joined the Fianna. It was part of the uniform. I also got my first coat that way: a long green coat. And the Fianna ran the history classes at night. I was interned when I was seventeen and I read Kier Hardie in prison. When I came out I was a socialist. (JOE *turns away from her, and goes to his wife who is sitting nervously by the table. He sits, while he continues.*) You didn't have to join the IRA to get an education or boots or a coat – a Labour government in England saved you from that fate.⁴⁷

At the wake following my grandfather's funeral I met my great-uncle Bobby Devlin in the living room of my grandmother's house on the Oldpark Road. He told me everything I needed to know about Irish history. Everything which was wrong was encapsulated in the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921. Éamon De Valera 'had a lot to answer for'. I never saw him again, and Irish history expanded out for me from this time onwards in ways Bobby would disagree passionately with. Bobby was known for his pro-Sinn Féin views (and was rewarded for them with a regular column in Sinn Féin's *Andersonstown News*).⁴⁸ I imagine this was the most painful thing for my grandfather to face; the way many members of his own family sided with the people who put him and his wife and children out of their home. The Labour element had been burned out by an older, more powerful flame. Perhaps more out of survival than anything many of his relatives sided with his tormentors, or else they might face the same thing he did: rejection from their own community. Nonetheless, having been estranged for years, Paddy did reconcile with his brother Bobby before he died, and that is surely some reason to have faith. Paddy once said 'We haven't any real politics in Northern Ireland. Politics has been reduced to the clash of tribes',⁴⁹ and he clearly suffered when his own tribe clashed with him. My mother dramatizes this in *The Long March*, via the character of Joe Walsh, with a quote about the hunger strikers: 'I'm not exactly on their side. You know my

politics: bread-and-butter issues move me. I've never been all that interested in tribes.'⁵⁰ This was only true up to a point, for as with so many others, he chose Labour and not the Church.

¹ See Adrian Cunningham, Terry Eagleton, Brian Wicker, Martin Redfern, and Laurence Bright, *Catholics and the Left* (London: Sheed and Ward, 1966).

² In electoral terms women were less prominent, but activists including Saidie Patterson, Betty Sinclair, Sadie Menzies and Madge Davidson are further exemplars of this vein of Protestant Leftism.

³ Founded in 1964 by Belfast Dock and Falls representatives Gerry Fitt and Harry Diamond, the party had several councillors and later became best known for its involvement in the civil disobedience campaign against internment without trial. Though Paddy Kennedy also became involved with Republican Labour, it was essentially finished when Fitt left to found the SDLP with five others (including Paddy Devlin) in 1970. See Sydney Elliot & W. D. Flackes, *Northern Ireland: A Political Directory, 1968–1999* (Belfast: Blackstaff Press, 1999), 421.

⁴ In a recently-published piece on the NILP'S Vivian Simpson, Andy Cook suggests that Paddy was sympathetic to Terence O'Neill's political vision of where Northern Ireland was heading in the late-1960s. See Andy Cook, "Nature's Own Moderate": Vivian Simpson and the Northern Ireland Labour Party 1958–72, *Saothar*, Vol. 42 (2017), 75–6, 81. Cook traces this to Paddy's autobiography *Straight Left* (1993), even though the same book shows that he was fundamentally unimpressed by O'Neill for his attacks on Labour. Paddy even expresses the view that had Brian Faulkner acceded to the leadership of Unionism, the later Troubles may have been averted. See *Straight Left: An Autobiography* (Belfast: Blackstaff Press, 1993), 97, 153. A reference in Cook's piece to Paddy ending a 'difficult relationship' with Vivian Simpson is not backed up by evidence, and the description of his hurling a 'bundle of Hansards' at NILP Secretary Douglas McIlDoon is rather light going by Paddy's standards. Cook is probably unaware of the story of my grandfather once losing patience with Conor Cruise O'Brien and registering his displeasure by firing his gun over his head as a warning shot!

⁵ Connal Parr, 'Managing His Aspirations: The Labour and Republican Politics of Paddy Devlin', *Irish Political Studies*, Vol. 27, No. 1 (February 2012), 111–138.

⁶ Interview with Brian Garrett, Belfast, 28 March 2011.

⁷ Devlin, *Straight Left*, 53.

⁸ Devlin, *Straight Left*, 13, 15.

⁹ *Ibid.*, 35–49.

¹⁰ Paddy Devlin, 'A Plain-Spoken Preacher of Catholic Alienation', *Fortnight*, No. 224 (Sep., 9–22, 1985), 14.

¹¹ Letter to Mary Carnduff, 19 December 1942. Queen's University Belfast, McClay Library Special Collections. See Graham Walker, 'The Commonwealth Labour Party in Northern Ireland, 1942–4', *Irish Historical Studies*, Vol. 24, No. 93 (May 1984), 69–91.

¹² Thomas Hennessey, *A History of Northern Ireland, 1920–1996* (Dublin: Gill & Macmillan, 1997), 67–70.

¹³ Terry Cradden, *Trade Unionism, Socialism and Partition: The Labour Movement in Northern Ireland, 1939–1953* (Belfast: December Publications, 1993), 41–50.

¹⁴ Bob Purdie, *Politics in the Streets: The Origins of the Civil Rights Movement in Northern Ireland* (Belfast: Blackstaff Press, 1990), 38.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, 39.

¹⁶ The importance of the Labour vote in the Ardoyne, north Belfast, cannot be underestimated. It kept the NILP's seat in Oldpark from 1958 until 1972, a consistent Labour stronghold as the NILP suffered the unwanted attention of Prime Minister Terence O'Neill and the onset of the Troubles.

¹⁷ Purdie, *Politics in the Streets*, 39–40.

¹⁸ Devlin, *Straight Left*, 71.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, 70.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, 67, 72–3.

²¹ Enda Staunton, *The Nationalists of Northern Ireland, 1918–1973* (Dublin: Columba Press, 2001), 227.

²² Devlin, *Straight Left*, 74.

²³ *Ibid.*, 76.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, 76–7.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, 78.

²⁶ Staunton, *Nationalists of Northern Ireland*, 228.

²⁷ Ken Bloomfield, *Stormont in Crisis: A Personal Memoir* (Belfast: Blackstaff Press, 1994), 194.

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- ²⁸ Anne Devlin, 'Writing the Troubles', in Brian Cliff & Éibhear Walshe (eds.), *Representing the Troubles: Texts and Images, 1970-2000* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 2004), 20.
- ²⁹ Devlin, *Straight Left*, 84.
- ³⁰ Fascinatingly, in a recent speech to mark the 50th anniversary of the civil rights agitation of 1967, current SDLP leader Colum Eastwood reeled off a list of names including John Hume, Austin Currie, and Ivan Cooper of those associated with civil rights (*Irish Times*, 5 October 2017) and managed to leave out my grandfather, despite his being the only SDLP founding member on the original executive of NICRA. On the other hand, Paddy would not have appreciated being endorsed by an SDLP leader who maintains the party's socially-conservative views on abortion and Catholic control of schooling.
- ³¹ My grandmother Theresa's recollection in my article 'Managing His Aspirations', *Irish Political Studies*, 114.
- ³² See Sarah Campbell, *Gerry Fitt and the SDLP: In A Minority of One* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2015), 242.
- ³³ See Brian Hanley & Scott Millar, *The Lost Revolution: The Story of the Official IRA and the Workers' Party* (Dublin: Penguin Ireland, 2009).
- ³⁴ Devlin, *Straight Left*, 122–3.
- ³⁵ Ed Moloney, *A Secret History of the IRA* (London: Penguin, 2002), 231–2.
- ³⁶ *The Guardian*, 26 May 1981; *Irish Times*, 28 May 1981.
- ³⁷ Interview with Peter Devlin, Belfast, 6 May 2009.
- ³⁸ Interview with Theresa Devlin, Belfast, 19 September 2009.
- ³⁹ Quoted in *Irish News*, 27 May 1981.
- ⁴⁰ Devlin, *Straight Left*, 77–8.
- ⁴¹ *The Guardian*, 4 June 1979.
- ⁴² Purdie, *Politics in the Streets*, 68.
- ⁴³ See, for instance, Claire O'Boyle, 'Funeral tributes for top NI judge who jailed the Shankill butchers', *Belfast Telegraph*, 25 April 2017.
- ⁴⁴ Aaron Edwards, *A History of the Northern Ireland Labour Party: Democratic Socialism and Sectarianism* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2009), 213. See also Devlin, *Straight Left*, 70.
- ⁴⁵ Mike Morrissey & Marie Smyth, *Northern Ireland After the Good Friday Agreement: Victims, Grievance and Blame* (London: Pluto Press, 2002), 176.
- ⁴⁶ See Pádraig O'Malley's interview with Paddy in *Biting at the Grave: The Irish Hunger Strikes and the Politics of Despair* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1991), 154–6.
- ⁴⁷ Anne Devlin, (1986) *Ourselves Alone (with The Long March and A Woman Calling)* (London: Faber and Faber), 120.
- ⁴⁸ Bobby also wrote a small memoir of his experience of internment, *An Interlude with Seagulls: Memories of a Long Kesh Internee* (Belfast: Bobby Devlin, n.d. [probably 1982]), a publication which hints at his difficulties at being identified as 'Paddy Devlin's brother'.
- ⁴⁹ Quoted in *Fortnight*, No. 216 (March 18–31, 1985), 26.
- ⁵⁰ Anne Devlin, *Long March* in *Ourselves Alone*, 141.