**The Lisbonian**  
– The magazine of the Lisbonian Society

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The Lisbonian is the bi-annual magazine of the Lisbonian Society, appearing in January and July, and covers a wide range of topics of current and historical interest.

The magazine is distributed to all members of the Society and to those who have expressed an interest in the College. Articles relating in any way to Lisbon past or present and especially to former students of the College are always very welcome.

Anyone wishing to submit an article for consideration should in the first instance contact Kevin Hartley as above or by email:

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**Lisbonian Society**

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Editorial

Historic Note

As a new year opens we have to report that there is still no certainty about the installation of the plaque recording the historic purpose of what is now known as O Convento dos Inglesinhos. However, it is hoped that Bishop Tom Williams, titular College President, will, before long, be able to announce a date for the ceremony and we hope that alumni who have longed for some public recognition of the part our College played in the preservation of the Catholic Faith in England and Wales will be able to participate in the ceremony thanks to Joe Kinnane’s generous legacy to the Society.

Happy Reading

Readers will be entertained by the first instalment of Bill Dalton’s memoirs of his American adventure. Philip Gummett and Bill’s lively contributions to the magazine provide a precious link between the College ante-bellum and our present reflections on the alma mater of our student days.

We pay tribute in this issue to the life and work of both John Hawkins and John Timmins. We should remember in our prayers those who have gone before us and, no less, those who still bear witness to the English College at Lisbon, oremus pro invicem.

We note with pleasure the ordination of Mgr Marcus Stock as Bishop of Leeds and hope we will be able to greet him at our July meeting.

Past Times

Volume One of Simon Johnson’s The English College at Lisbon, published by Downside Abbey Press, is now available, price £30.00. Members of the Society wishing to obtain the book, which traces the history of the College from its earliest foundation to the latter part of the eighteenth century, are advised in the first instance to contact Canon Hetherington as it may be possible to obtain assistance in its purchase.

Kevin Hartley
Old Friends Older Faces

It’s difficult to search for something novel to say about our Annual Meeting. There was at least one welcome new face to prove that there is a flicker of life in the old dog yet. The *craic* was as good as ever (that’s the writer showing his Irish roots!) and the food was excellent, over-abundant if anything. There were minor gripes about there being no port to go with our toasts but, strangely, port seems to be a diminishing preference. A spark of interest was set off when one member announced that he had been consulting William Hill as to the odds on who might be appointed as next bishop of Leeds. The more innocent among us enquired whether His Grace Archbishop Hill was the new Nuncio.

Getting Down to Business

But who said there couldn’t be lively discussion now that the *Alvor Villa* is no more than a fragrant memory? The Kinnane Legacy provoked desultory discussion, mainly as to the manner of its preservation until such time as the matter might be resurrected to provide fuel for further discussion. The Hon Treasurer’s attempt to suggest possible uses for Joe’s generous bequest met with ill-concealed scorn from one member who, sadly, could offer no practical alternatives, proving once again the truth of the axiom that it’s easier to demolish than construct. The voting on a course of action (or should that be inaction?) was elaborate, thanks to the intervention of one of our more politically astute brethren, but in the end the outcome was all too predictable – leave it until next year!

The Mass on what we still call *Quinta Day* was a calming reflection on the bonds that unite us, all the more wonderful for being celebrated in Hinsley Hall’s lovely chapel.

The likes of Harvey and Winder wouldn’t recognise the repast that followed as being a proper *Quinta Day* celebration: there wasn’t even any *café e mais nada* to see us on our way. It occurs to the writer that a proper celebratory meal might be a fitting way of honouring Joe Kinnane’s memory, or perhaps not?…

A proper celebratory meal might be a fitting way of honouring Joe Kinnane’s memory, or perhaps not?…
be a fitting way of honouring Joe Kinnane’s memory. Perhaps not – for gone are the days when a gargantuan meal could be the termination of a day in celebration of a centuries-old tradition. That’s what age is doing for us.

Patrimonio do Estado

At the time of the meeting the saga of the commemorative plaque to be placed at the College seemed likely to drag on for ever. The consent of the residents had to be sought and there were various unidentified procedures to be addressed (the building is classed as part of the patrimonio do Estado, the Portuguese equivalent of English Heritage).

Farewell Adieu

And so, with bags packed, rooms cleared, farewells made we band of brothers set off by car and train to the farthest corners of the country. See you next year!

Late News – The Kinnane Legacy

To date the Society has not been able to come to any decision about the use of Joe Kinnane’s generous legacy. There is now an increasingly urgent need to find a proper solution. It has therefore been decided that the Council should meet to agree a definite course of action. It is hoped that this meeting will take place before the end of January and the outcome of the deliberation will be put to a postal vote the result of which shall be presented to the 2015 annual meeting and acted upon.

All Together Now!

Una voce concinamus,  
Una stirpe proditi  
Matrem Fratres salutamus  
Quamvis longe dissiti  
Pulchram piam, acclamamus  
Vi amoris filii.  
Una fide sociati,

Una spe confidimus –  
Filiorum pietati  
Debitis honoribus,  
Matri et Fraternitati,  
Crescat laus ex omnibus.
When to Obey!

My journey to Lisbon really started in September 1956 when I began my studies at the former St Thomas’ Seminary, Grove Park, Warwick. Although a student for the Archdiocese of Westminster, I was not highly regarded at Grove Park, and my reputation with the then Cardinal took a nose dive during in July 1957 when I received a letter requesting my attendance before the Cardinal. As the date was during a planned week’s holiday in Ireland, I wrote a very respectful letter to him asking whether it would be possible to re-arrange the meeting. Very promptly, I received a ‘phone call from Mgr Worlock, the Cardinal’s Secretary, to inform me that ‘When the Cardinal demands, you obey’, and so my holiday had to be cancelled with the loss of ferry fares.

My July 1957 meeting with the Cardinal lasted probably less than five minutes, during which he informed me that ‘as you have problems at home. I’m sending you to the English College in Lisbon’, thus shattering my dreams of studies at St. Edmund’s College, Ware. My ‘problems at home’ were presumably the fact that my Catholic father had died during my year at Grove Park, and my widowed mother was not a Catholic! I had no idea where Lisbon was situated, and so had to refer to an atlas, as my GCE Geography studies had only covered Australia and North America, and I knew that it wasn’t in either of those continents! However, I later learned that Patrick Hopewell (Clifton Diocese), a good friend of mine during the Grove Park year, was similarly to be banished to Lisbon, and so it was reassuring to us both that we would be there together, but very disconcerting to later learn that there would be no return to England for a holiday for three years.

Outward Bound

However, there were subsequent delays in the issue of my Portuguese visa, and I wasn’t able to embark on the ill-fated SS Hildebrand in September 1957, which subsequently struck rocks off the coast of Portugal with horrendous consequences for the Lisbonians on board. I had, incidentally, wished ‘bon voyage’ to a fairly distressed Pat Hopewell when he left a London railway station on his way to join the Hildebrand in Liverpool.
So I embarked on the SS Hubert in October 1957, and one of the other passengers in my cabin was Jim Finnegan who was also on his way to the English College. However, I quickly learned that he wasn’t well disposed towards ‘flash Southerners’, and it proved to be a very quiet sea-crossing as far as we were concerned!

**On the Lowest Rung**

My arrival at the College was fairly traumatic. As the number of students had now risen to fifty, and as I was younger than Jim Finnegan, I was bottom of the list as No 50, and found myself accommodated in what could really only be described as a cupboard. It had a rattling glass door and a skylight window which also rattled and leaked water whenever it rained. A very damp and unpleasant cupboard!

I quickly discovered that there were already established ‘tea groups’ for morning breaks and, as a late arrival, I wasn’t invited to join one. Disappointingly, I had little contact with Pat Hopewell who had already become well established with Tony Crook and Hatty Helm until he left the College to undertake his National Service with the RAF Police.

The early weeks at the College were quite difficult for me, with natural feelings of homesickness and a feeling that I was beginning a life sentence of three years away from home and family. However, that experience has undoubtedly assisted me in my subsequent career of working with offenders who are sentenced to several years
in residential care or prison, by knowing how they will be feeling.

By Parcel Post

Unfortunately, prior information sent to me about the English College made no reference to the problems which may arise in sending property to Portugal by parcel post. In an effort to reduce the amount of property in my baggage, I foolishly posted files and stationery in advance, and then was obliged to make several visits to the postal Alfandega before my property was finally released. I was greatly indebted to the kindness and patience of senior students with a sound knowledge of the Portuguese language who accompanied me on such visits, including Frank Mooney, Frank Austin and John O’Connell.

Going Up in the World

However, as time passed, a room vacancy arose on the top floor of the College and, presumably as a reward for enduring my ‘cupboard accommodation’, I was allocated the separate top-floor room, by-passing the dormitory in which most of my year were accommodated. My life took a real turn for the better: I enjoyed superb views across the city and docks, and also the friendship of Bill Brownbill, who lived in the next room, and also with Frank Beresford. I became very settled and happy during the first three years at College, and will just mention one or two highlights which arose during that time.

Napoleonic War

I was fascinated by the memorial on the old coast road between Oeiras and Paço d’Arcos which, although appearing rather neglected, commemorated the 1808 death in the River Tagus of Captain Conway Shipley RN, and so undertook some research, with the assistance of English newspapers, and provided an article for the December 1958 issue of The Lisbonian. I sent a copy of the article to Bodrhydden Hall, Denbighshire, in the hope that the descendants of the Captain might still live there. To my surprise, I received a prompt reply from Lord Langford (not to

This monument is dedicated to the memory of Captain Knight Conway Shipley RN, age 25 years. He was captain of the SMB La Nympe and was killed in the attempt to cut out a French war vessel, in the Tagus river, near the Tower of Belem on April 22, 1808.
be confused with Lord Longford) and this resulted in an invitation to an ‘English Afternoon Tea’ outing with his wife and aunt who always spent the winter months in Monte Estoril. Jude Thurlow and I were given permission for this outing, and we both enjoyed the luxury of our taxi journey each way, courtesy of Lord Langford’s mother. Responsibility for the maintenance of the monument was then assumed by the Royal Navy, and I also subsequently enjoyed lunch with the family at Bodrhydden Hall a year or two after my departure from Lisbon. It was an extremely enjoyable occasion, although I was disappointed that the butler didn’t stay to carve the joint which he had brought into the dining room. Lady Langford did the carving, and extremely well, I must say!

**European Travel**

In the Summer of 1959, I was given special permission to accompany Bernard O’Brien on an extended holiday to visit his elderly grandfather in Germany. Although much of the journey through Portugal, Spain, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland was undertaken by hitch-hiking, we were fortunate to be provided with rail tickets through much of France as a gift from an RC travel company contacted via former colleagues in the Catholic
where I had worked for a time. We also had the luxury of overnight accommodation in Paris with business associates of my late father. It was a wonderful tour, during which I celebrated my 21st birthday, and it provided a very special opportunity to stay in Lourdes and also to view the Holy Shroud of Trier which was on display that year.

**College Occupations**

Other clear and happy memories of my time at the College included my appointment as Librarian (although I’m told that my Assistant, Bernard Shaw, was not duly respected by me!), my election as Chair of the Literary & Debating Society, and my visits to the village of Ada Beja, as the result of persuasion by Leon Morris and Jude Thurlow, where a group of English Nuns provided care and education to local children.

**Vacation in England**

The three years passed rapidly and it was soon time to plan for the holiday at home in 1960. Due to my mother’s circumstances, I wished to be in employment for part of the time at home. This became the subject of a lengthy period of correspondence between Cardinal Godfrey and myself and, in the end, he ‘very reluctantly’ gave his permission ‘...as I clearly didn’t intend to accept his advice’, or words to that effect. Also, the Archdiocese of Westminster (and, I believe, Brentwood Diocese) was reluctant that its students should fly home for the holiday, rather than travel by rail, and the decision to join other students on a BEA flight came very late in the day. Sadly for me, the Cardinal chose not to meet with me during my holiday in England.

However, Mgr Sullivan also gave me some ‘homework’ tasks during my time at home. At his request, I had arranged for a local 14-year old Portuguese boy to stay for a month with a Catholic family in my home parish to improve his English, and so had to monitor that the arrangements were proving to be satisfactory. Also, I was asked to visit Fr John Tole in the Alexian Brothers’ Nursing Home then at Twyford Abbey in West London. He was a Lisbonian who had studied in the College from 1920 to 1927 and who had severe disabilities including a loss of speech, but had just published a small spiritual guidebook to the city of Lisbon.

**All Change**

Following my return to the College in September 1960, it became obvious to me that my relationship with the Archdiocese was extremely poor and that perhaps my vocation was elsewhere. After serious consideration and much praying, I made the difficult decision to part company with
Westminster and to terminate my studies in Lisbon. Once rail travel arrangements were made, I sent a telegram home to my mother, arriving home on the day before Christmas Eve, I believe. My mother was extremely surprised on answering the front door to me – and my telegram of notification eventually reached her after Christmas!

**A Lay Vocation**

I quickly started a varied career in Social Work and Child Care, beginning my first post at an SVP Probation Hostel within a few days of returning home. I subsequently worked in a number of, mainly Catholic, Approved Schools for male youth offenders, with a number of Local Authorities, including as Principal of a Secure Unit, and also for four years as Head of the wide range of residential establishments then owned or managed by the then Southwark Catholic Children’s Society which incorporated Arundel & Brighton and, later, Portsmouth.

I was fortunate to have enjoyed social contacts from my Lisbon days. Jude Thurlow honoured us at St Edward’s Approved School, near Romsey, by celebrating his first Mass in his home country with us, in 1963. I was also privileged to enjoy meeting up regularly with Mgr Sullivan during his summer visits to England. We would meet for lunch or dinner, always at his expense, over a number of years, once at the KSC Club in London, but usually in Ilkley or latterly in Bradford. During my residence in the Nottingham area, Fr Mike Horrax and I often managed to meet up for an enjoyable Sunday lunch together.

**A Return to Portugal**

I was also able to visit the College during the late 1960s. The President very kindly granted permission for me to stay at the College, with a group of eleven teenage Air Cadets from my Squadron in West Drayton. This was in the days prior to ‘package holidays’ abroad, and I drove a Transit minibus, via a
ferry crossing from Southampton, through France and Spain and into Portugal near Guarda, camping for three nights on the way. We spent two or three days in Lisbon then moved across to the Quinta de Pêra, I had warned the cadets, some of whom were Catholics, to be on their best behaviour whilst socialising with the Seminarians, but they later said that I was presumably joking, as they ‘found the students to be great fun’ and had learned new swear words and gambling tactics from them! I’m sure they weren’t serious, though.

Front Page News
A humorous but potentially serious incident occurred on the beach at Costa da Caparica on 29 August 1967, our last full day at the Quinta. Remember that this was the era in which political enemies were sometimes found buried on beaches, and digging holes in the sand was not such a popular activity as it was in the UK. Anyway, during the afternoon, some of the lads buried a kneeling colleague in the sand, leaving just his head showing. Immediately, a large black-clad local woman rushed to free the boy, Lawrence Cannon, from the sand, seemingly hurling accusations at the rest of us. Once Lawrence was freed, the woman rushed to find a Beach Attendant who came to the scene, accompanied by a news reporter. We were asked for our names and details of our residence, and
I had already warned the lads to avoid any mention of the English College. In fact, we convinced the official that we were camping across the river in Monsanto and that our passports were there. Under questioning, we could only explain that we buried the lad ‘for a joke’, but everyone around was convinced that we had planned to leave him buried until the incoming tide would drown him! At that time, I was employed by both the Home Office and the Ministry of Defence, and so was anxious not to provide my real name for possible publication! Whilst wondering what name to give, one of the lads quickly said that I was Spike Milligan. The name was duly recorded, and so I left it at that.

We decided to make one last visit to the beach that evening, only to find various officials awaiting us, including a senior Police Officer from Almada who spoke good English. It was perhaps unfortunate that Lawrence Cannon had stayed behind at Quinta de Pêra, with some of the lads, and so we couldn’t produce him alive. However, after much questioning, we were allowed to leave the beach in our minibus, although the Police Officer did...
say that he would have to report the alleged death threat. As I said, this was on our last night at the Quinta, and so we departed on our journey home fairly early on the following morning. A brief visit to a newsagent shop confirmed that there was wide media coverage of our beach incident, both in the media and newspapers, which the lads subsequently signed and sold at profit to fellow passenger with the registration number of our minibus in print, and with names of members of the group including that of Spike Milligan although I was not listed as the driver.

An Early Getaway

It seemed sensible to leave Portugal that day, rather than to camp again at Guarda, and so we breathed a sigh of relief as we crossed the border into Spain, satisfied that we had brought no disgrace to the English College. However, the lads insisted that we should stop in every Portuguese village on the way to buy all available copies of the newspapers, which the lads subsequently signed and sold at profit to fellow passengers on the car ferry back to Southampton, calling themselves: Os Bandidos! (I know that isn’t really a Portuguese word.)

There was minimal reference in the English press to the incident, and I heard no more of it, although I did often wonder whether Spike Milligan had been listed as an ‘undesirable’ and perhaps subsequently been refused entry to Portugal! I think, though, that he would have enjoyed the humour of it all.

With a friend, I did stay at the College again during July or August, but enjoyed a very peaceful and incident-free holiday on that occasion!

Lisbonian Contacts

Throughout the years since leaving Lisbon, I have enjoyed contact with several other former Lisbonian colleagues, many of whom are now deceased. Mgr Sullivan asked me to assist Terry Higgins in establishing himself in a new care or teaching career, which I gladly did. I once met Paul Wilson in a small village pub, near York, where he was the landlord. Les Bowden, who lived near my office in Purley, became a regular visitor during my four years with the Southwark Catholic Children’s Society, but often just to sit silently in my office with no conversation. I was later welcomed into the Press
Room in the Leeds Crown Court by Jim Wilson when I was there with Offenders, and John O’Connell and I had fairly frequent contact in the 1970/80s when he was responsible for Sheffield youths in a Community Home where I was Assistant Principal. I lived for a time in John Keenan’s parish in Southampton, and once attended Mass with friends in Bernard Shaw’s parish in Wakefield. He was my reluctant Assistant Librarian at the College, and I would swear that his face went quite pale when he recognised me in the congregation! In addition to Jude Thurlow and Peter Johnson, I have also enjoyed the friendship of Bill Wilby and Peter Chappell over the years and, more recently, Gerry Ellis.

Looking Back in Time

Indeed, in summary, my three or so years in Lisbon were extremely happy, and the College, both then and since, has had a very strong influence on me, my formation and my subsequent life, and I owe it a great deal.

The Toast

Therefore, it is a great pleasure and privilege to toast the Alma Mater, the Lisbonian Society, and this year’s Golden Jubilarians: Frs Peter Chappell, Paul Devaney, Gerard Hetherington and William Wilby, and remember Peter Harrison and Joseph Swann also of 1964, and those whom the Lord has called to himself: Frank Calderbank, Fergal Shannon, George McGrail, Terry Higgins, Martin Delaney, Peter Sheridan and Bernard Shaw.

Obituary

John Hawkins
An appreciation by Bob Dewhurst

I first met John Hawkins on 26 September 1966, the day I arrived at the College. At that time he and I were the only Lancaster students there.

Most of my recollections belong to that era and to the early seventies. For his sins, John had previously been at Ushaw College, a place I’d only visited once as a teenager and felt it bore more than a passing resemblance to Dartmoor. So I was
very relieved when I was told at the age of eighteen I was going to Lisbon and not Ushaw. Apologies to those of you who have different views of that establishment – I only saw it on a very cold and murky day in February and I’ve been traumatised by the memory ever since.

A Man of Sport

In College John was quite a celebrity; a great sportsman and captain of the College football team, leading us to victory in the Portuguese Inter-seminary League, a victory achieved from a student body of around thirty-five was quite a feat.

A Linguist

But John wasn’t only a footballer: he was a great linguist and spoke very fluent Portuguese. In fact he would take new students after the morning lectures to teach us colloquial Portuguese, his method was to speak in Portuguese all the time so as to immerse us in the language. This he did with that ease and good nature that so characterised him.

Because of his linguistic ability he was Editor of the College magazine. In those days, under the dictatorship of Salazar, there was censorship so any publication had to submitted to the State Censor, a task John had to undertake as editor. It was a serious responsibility: there were political prisons for anyone who stepped out of line. But John took all this in his stride and he was a great ambassador not only for the College but for this country; the College was seen as quite an important outpost at the time.

An Intellectual

John was also quite an intellectual and was part of a group that used to gather with the Irish Dominicans and others for regular and very serious theological discussion and I know that the contribution John made was considerable.

John the Pastor

In 1968 he went home to be ordained priest in his home parish of St Alban’s. I next came across him in 1971 as curate at English Martyrs in Preston. Those were the glory days of that parish, which had three other priests along with Fr Frank Lea who I think introduced John to the great game of golf. The presbytery was enormous; the dining room could accommodate a wedding reception and I remember one day sitting there talking to John after the early Mass. I was sat in the parish priest’s chair and was advised by him when he came, about the wisdom of sitting there. Being parish priest of English Martyrs carried with it a certain amount of gravitas and who did I think I was, usurping his position? It was while he was in that parish that John
organised the first of what were to become annual winter reunions in the Lake District of Lisbonian priests. He had the uncanny knack of getting to know people who were either well-placed or just stinking rich. The first place he got for us to stay, costing us peanuts, was near Ambleside, owned by some eminent doctor. When a few years later it ceased to be available, John was immediately able to come across another kind gentleman who owned a couple of chip shops. He had a huge place near Hawkshead which was even better than our first billet and cost us nothing. On these winter trips we would go Fell walking but John would disappear to the golf course.

**Single Figure Handicap**

He proved to be a very good student of the golf he started when at English Martyrs, achieving a single figure handicap, something which greatly helped the Lancaster clergy gold team in the Annual National clergy championships (now sadly defunct through lack of numbers).

His golfing prowess and his knack of associating with the well-connected was to take him back to Portugal where he knew the owner of the Penina Golf Hotel, allowing him to have free golfing holidays, the only obligation being to offer a daily Mass with the family and the hotel staff.

It would be wrong however to give the impression that his life was all beer and skittles – or in John’s case, golf balls. He did great work at English Martyrs where he was closely involved with the *Cursillos de Cristandade*, a particularly Iberian style of renewal which was very effective in the 1970s. He was Vocations Director while parish priest of St Bernadette’s in Lancaster and led the diocesan Justice and Peace group there. He concluded his priestly career at St Pius X in Barrow.

**A Time of Sickness**

It would be a sad epitaph if we were to sum up his life by the after-effects of the stroke that so damaged him in those last years. When I saw him in the Barrow nursing home earlier this year I brought some photos from Lisbon days that I thought might help but sadly got no response. I am sure his sister are so grateful to the staff there for their obvious dedication to his care and also of course to the parishioners of St Pius X who were so faithful in making visits to him during that long stay.

*It would be wrong to give the impression that his life was all beer and skittles. John did great work he was closely involved with the Cursillos de Cristandade, the Diocesan Vocations Director and Parish Priest…*
Looking Back on the Years

So, as we look back over his life and reflect on what he taught us, perhaps the first thing we should acknowledge is that gentle unthreatening manner he had when dealing with people. I can never remember him raising his voice or losing his rag – what an important quality to bring to the priestly life where we are especially called upon to imitate Christ in our dealings with others. It does take you back in a most realistic way to the reading from Isaiah that we have on Good Friday:

‘Harshly dealt with, he bore it humbly, never opening his mouth.’

A sombre note on which to end but I just think there would be a wry smile on his face to realise that his mortal remains lie about an eight iron chip from the par five 15 fairway of Fairhaven Golf Club where we trust and pray:

May He Rest In Peace

افتتاح

Obituary

John Timmins 1936-2014

John was born in Romford, the third of the five children of Francis and Ivy Timmins. He was educated first at St Mary’s Primary School in Hornechurch and then at St Ignatius’ College, Stamford Hill. Leaving school at sixteen, John worked as a clerk with Midland Bank in Stepney before doing his National Service in the RAF, being demobilised with the rank of Leading Aircraftman.

A Vocation is Born

Soon after going back to work for the Midland Bank he became convinced of his vocation to the priesthood, was accepted by Bishop Ward and began studies

© Photo Peter J Harrison – John Timmins RIP
at St Peter’s House Walworth before going to Lisbon in 1957 on board the ill-fated SS Hildebrand, wrecked at the mouth of the Tagus Estuary. John survived to develop a deep love of all things Portuguese. He was ordained for the diocese of Brentwood on 8 June 1963 by Archbishop Maximilian Furstenburg, Nuncio to Portugal, returned to England and was appointed assistant priest, first at Upminster and then at Stanford-le-Hope.

A Return to Lisbon

In 1969 John became Procurator at the College, also teaching Church History. These were the College’s sad dying days but John left before the end.

Service in the Mission

John began a year’s studies at Corpus Christi College, after which he was appointed as a member of the Brentwood Religious Education Service [BRES], work he combined with acting as chaplain first to the Ursuline Convent in Brentwood and then to St Bernard’s Convent in Westcliffe-on-Sea. On leaving BRES, he served as curate at Leigh-on-Sea for a couple of years before being appointed parish priest of St Luke Harlow where he stayed for fifteen years. He said that it was at Harlow he did his best work and he helped many people, including members of the local Vietnamese community. It was towards the end of his time in Harlow that he suffered a terrible stroke.

In 1998 John became parish priest of Great Bardford and Thaxted, a rural parish where he said he was happiest.

One of the Family

Throughout his life John was a great family man. In the seventies there were occasional gatherings with his brothers, with scenes of animated discussion when his left-wing tendencies combated with his brother Peter’s more right-wing sentiments.

A great West Ham football fan, he also played golf with enthusiasm and was a keen skier. His ventures into boating on the Avon with his family led on one occasion to him leaving the boat suspended from ropes in a lock at Evesham. Theatre was another of his enthusiasms, as were vacations spent cruising.

While he played the organ in College, his family remember his skill with the guitar and a love for fado only matched by a passion for bacalhau a bras!

John died at Great Bardfield after nearly fifty-one years of priesthood, having suffered a severe stroke. May we remember them always as they remember us before God.

May He Rest In Peace

✛ ✛
Uncle Sam’s Backyard
by Bill Dalton

In the 1950s Bill Dalton was invited to lecture at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana. *The Lisbonian* is delighted to publish the first instalment of his adventures on the other side of the Pond.

Stepping Across the Pond

I am no Doctor Who, but I would like to construct a tardy transport across the years to last century’s 50s and my first landing in ‘Uncle Sam’s’ broad backyard. Alec Jones (he of the *Jerusalem Bible*) thought he had found a way for me to keep my theological hand in by suspending my then task of introducing beginners to the deep mysteries of Latin and Greek. A few months earlier Alec had made a lecture tour of various Catholic institutions in the East and mid-West USA, and one such had indicated the need to bolster staff in their Religion Department.

Immigration Rules OK!

Passage had to be booked, goods and chattels assembled and packed, visa obtained. Ah! That visa! The culmination of the long process was a whole day spent scurrying around Liverpool securing large X-rays of my upper torso, front, back and side, to prove that I had no trace of TB, gathering various affidavits as to the good repute of my character, armed with which I presented myself at the American Consulate located at Pier Head in the Cunard building. Ushered – eventually –
into the Consul’s office, I found him at his desk, shuffling the contents of my dossier. Despite his rather sheepish demeanour and mumbled speech, I gathered something more was expected of me: the rubrics were demanding an oath! Raising a limp finger or two in an embarrassed Boy Scout mode, I swore that Uncle Sam would suffer not the merest suggestion of cataclysm from my entry into his backyard; I would stand shoulder to shoulder with him to repel attacks from all Reds, Pinkies and other malfeasants.

**Booking a Passage**

Clutching my passport with its precious visa, I set about the next hurdle. A tourist berth was secured on the Canadian Pacific *Empress of France* out of Liverpool. Built on the Clyde in 1928 and originally christened *Duchess of Bedford*, after a post-war refit she became an Empress. She carried 600+ passengers of which I was probably the last to book, judging by the quality of the cabin I was assigned, shared with three others and located just above the propellers, which when under water produced a regular bass drumming, while out of the sea, a maddening headlong falsetto. Sleep could only result from total exhaustion.

**All At Sea**

Originally these liners had been known as the ‘Drunken Duchesses’, a title I was able to endorse on the Sunday as we entered the full rigour of the Atlantic while I was saying Mass for a fair congregation in the Lounge. It was disconcerting to have the altar retreat momentarily, only to return with added vigour.
to its original station in an instant. I count myself a half-decent sailor but must confess to feeling a little queasy at that point, one’s sea-legs being far from sturdy.

As we chopplily progressed along the northern latitudes one noted with respect the occasional iceberg and bethought one of the fate of the iconic RMS Titanic. Smoother conditions welcomed us as we passed Newfoundland on the port side, followed by entry into the broad estuary of the great St Lawrence River, moving initially through uninhabited regions, then greenery, villages and the end was almost in sight.

Land At Last!

Quebec was where the US Immigration officers came aboard. I hawked around my outsize X-rays, but no one was interested and I left them in my cabin for the titillation of the next occupant. We were allowed a few hours in the city. I found it somewhat ironic that on my first visit to a church in the New World, my eyes should fall on a gaudy angel guarding the votive candles – a coin in the tronc was rewarded with an angelic bow of the head and wings – how very Olde Worldie!

On the voyage I had made the acquaintance of a Basilian priest and when we parted company with the Empress in Montreal a friend of his gave us a tour of the city which has a fine location, reminiscent of the incomparable San Francisco. The powerhouse of the Congregation of St Basil was St Michael's College, Toronto. I was invited to spend a few days there to find my land-legs again. Toronto seemed a very English city after French Quebec and half-and-half Montreal. From humble beginnings in mid-19th century, the College had grown apace, eventually becoming a constituent college of the University of Toronto. Back in the 1950s one of its claims to fame might have been that it had on its teaching staff one Marshal McLuhan, later famous for ‘global village’ and ‘the medium is message’.

Destination Reached

An overnight rail journey from Toronto brought me to my final destination, South Bend, Indiana, where stands the University of Notre Dame. Founded by French missionaries of the Holy Cross Congregation in the mid-19th century and named because of one of its geographical features ‘Notre Dame du lac’, it became in the local pronunciation No-der Dame (as in ‘same’). Over subsequent decades it had grown apace, so that in my time it housed a student population of 11,000, embracing both graduates and postgraduate members. In keeping with the general American model, graduation involved four years of studies, followed in sequence by
Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, all of them male. Close by was St Mary’s College, run by the Sisters of the same Congregation, and this fortunate propinquity furthered the success of the occasional celebratory and graduation dances. In more recent years the two institutions have coalesced into one co-ed university with a student body of some 20,000.

The Frosh

My first semester was to be spent with the Freshmen, known collectively as ‘The Frosh’, the title of the course being ‘The Life of Christ’, its student text a synoptic arrangement of the Gospels compiled by the Dean of the Religious Department. I was required to produce a lecture or class, repeated six times to different groups of students, about thirty in number each time. Their quality was, to put it mildly, heterogeneous, dependent on their previous location; for some a continuous upbringing in Catholic schools had been the norm, for others Notre Dame would be their first brush with even any very basic knowledge of the Catholic corpus.

Broken English

I soon discovered that the students commonly referred to the Religious Department as the ‘Broken English Department’, founded on the fact that the recruiting arm of the university had trawled for staff from as far as Hungary, Yugoslavia, Holland, and other parts of post-war Europe.

The Frosh tended to hunt across the campus in packs of seven or eight; they didn’t speak to each other – they shouted! Following one such rag-tag caravan one day, I was quickly aware that the topic was the unintelligibility of their Religious profs; clearly a rich vein for comment and invective. They vied with each other in their negative assessment of their Reverend mentors. I’d spotted one of my students lurking in the midst of the gang and waited contentedly in pre-preening mode, sure that his would be a very positive contribution.
He gave tongue: ‘You guys can talk! I got a Goddarn Limey – can’t understand a word he says!’

Collapse of Stout Party!

**A Cunning Plan**

Crossing campus became a daily routine. Free Staff vouchers would satisfy the cravings of the inner man in the Student cafeteria and foster a varied social intercourse. A not infrequent drawback was that one was open to the individual student; one came to fear the opening gambit: ‘I’ve got a problem, Father!’ More often than not the problem turned out to be a member of the fair sex.

One such encounter remains in my memory. Not to put too fine a point on it, he’d been ditched by her. In response, he had, like Baldric, resorted to a cunning plan: from a Catholic magazine he gathered a harvest of addresses of female religious Orders and Congregations. Posing as an enthusiastic would-be postulant, he wrote giving the name and address of his erstwhile loved one who, no doubt in the course of time received with some surprise and no little pique large bundles of welcoming letters with brochures commending each particular Congregation. Thereby, he felt

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*Notre Dame du lac – the chapel*
honour had been served. It put me in mind of Hamlet's line to Ophelia – ‘Get thee to a nunnery, go!’

Big on Buildings

The campus bore testimony to the wealth and commitment of the Catholic community in the States. Dotted about the extensive property were sundry Hall of Residence, various faculty facilities, a hotel, a theatre and, dominating all, the Golden Dome sheltering the administration offices. The Church of the Sacred Heart could well have served as the cathedral of many of our dioceses.

It Is Just a Game!

On the campus fringe at a certain point stood the football stadium, home of ‘The Fighting Irish’ of Notre Dame. The Frosh and other newcomers were given the opportunity of deepening their indoctrination in the culture of Notre Dame by watching an old black and white film telling the story of the first coach, Knute Rockne, and the prowess of his team, starring one player in particular, George Gipp, acted by a certain Ronald Reagan, whose dying line to the coach – ‘Tell the team, win this one for the Gipper’ has become the stuff of legend. Tradition (or myth) has it that in another dire situation with only seconds remaining and Notre Dame in peril of losing the match, after the customary huddle the team produced a winning score. The quarterback (he’s the field general for non-afficionados of gridiron) was asked what had been said in the huddle. ‘Just one Hail Mary’ was the reply. Thus there entered the language to describe a near forlorn hope, an ‘only one Hail Mary situation’!

Marching to the Music

The fans’ fervour was assisted at matches by the periodic intervention of the Marching Band of the Fighting Irish, who could play while at the same time executing intricate marching patterns. One of the fixtures was dubbed ‘the homecoming’, when the old alumni returned in great numbers. In 1955 it was the match against the Naval Academy based in Annapolis. The guest of honour was Lord Louis Mountbatten, at that time, I think, NATO Supreme Commander. In contrast with the situation back home, where the country was still battling in the aftermath of the war, one could not but be amazed by the resources brought to bear in such abundance by voluntary contributions to this seat of Catholic education.

“Just one Hail Mary’…to describe a near forlorn hope, an ‘only one Hail Mary situation’!

[to be continued…]
The Day Approaches

The Scottish Referendum will be history by the time you read this but at the time and in a household with close roots north of the border emotions were running high as ‘The Day’ drew near. Arguments shifted back and forth: was it in Scotland’s best interests to go it alone or were the voters being seduced by a miasma of vague promises of pie-in-the-sky by-and-by? *Pace* Cameron, Darling and Brown, the Auld Alliance never was with them south of the Tweed.

National Identity

According to Robbie Burns, Scotland was sold down the river by a parcel of rogues in a nation following the débâcle of the disastrous *Panama Venture* that rendered the country more or less bankrupt. What no one can deny is that the referendum set fire to a nation’s imagination and in a democracy, however imperfect such a creature might be in these isles, that can’t be a bad thing. The Scots know who they are, so do the Welsh. Even the English are beginning to wake up to what being a nation might mean. Nationalism can be an evil kind, blind to anything outside its narrowly confined boundaries. On the other hand, a sense of identity might make people more at ease in their skins, more ready to listen to the aspirations of other peoples, listen to their problems.

We Are Church

Is it too fanciful to see a kind of parallel with the Church? The vast majority of Catholics, have tended to think of themselves as the passive consumers of what ‘the Church’ dishes out. It’s either that or rebel against the system. A kind of Vatican correctness evolved, expressing itself in quasi-Soviet language, referring to ‘errors’ and ‘correct thinking’ whenever views are expressed not wholly in line with some Roman creeping infallibility. Perhaps our brother Francis, Bishop of Rome, is attempting to steer us into waters where different ways of expressing the same fundamental truths can be tolerated, even encouraged.

Contributions to *Reflections* are invited, on condition of strict anonymity, from any member of the Society. The subject is entirely at the choice of the contributor and should be of approximately 500 words in length. The views of the contributor do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of *The Lisbonian*. Ed
The Jonas Bar

by David Crabb

A Weekend Break

When I mentioned to friends that I was going to Portugal they all said they had been there, too. There, I discovered, meant the Algarve, the south coast. I choose to be different and go to Lisbon for a weekend break. And then I head for one favourite spot. Right on the seafront between Cascais and Estoril the Jonas Bar is a laid back spot day or night, serving cocktails, juices and snacks until the small hours. The bar is right on the promenade, a few minutes’ walk from Estorial station. The promenade is a wide flagstone walk directly above the beaches and rocks that form this part of the coastline. As I sit drinking my galão, my senses are saturated by sights, smells and sounds.

I can see many sunbathers and swimmers on the famous Estorial beach. Looking out across the water there’s a large cruise liner heading in towards Lisbon, its next port of call. The sea is a
great mix of colours, shades of green, blues and greys, capped by hissing white foam. The perfume of salt and seaweed is quite heady, intoxicating, as the waves crash on the rocks below.

Tagus Coastline Remembered

Above the sweeping bay, over towards Cascais, there are beautiful villas and hotels set amidst towering palm trees, pink and white oleanders, flame-coloured hibiscus and exotic cacti.

Cascais looks glorious in the bright sunshine, with its red and pink roofs and white-washed walls, once a small fishing village, now a large sophisticated resort. I can see one of its latest additions – a marina built below the old fortress at the end of the bay. I don’t begrudge the town going upmarket but I am sad it has lost some of its peaceful charm.

Time to Eat

Two hungry seagulls land in front of me; they seem larger than their English cousins and stare steadily at me with their beady eyes. I find this a bit disconcerting as I have nothing to give them. Eventually they take off with indignant squawks as a jogger pounds towards them.

This is a perfect spot for people-watching – the world’s best free entertainment! The promenade is a paradise for joggers, all ages, shapes and sizes; the body beautiful is on display as well as beer bellies waddling past. But why do they look so serious?

Sardines are being grilled in the kitchen – the scent is really quite ubiquitous, unique to this country. I order some lunch and within minutes a plate of four very large sardines arrives, plus bread and a glass of red wine – or shall I make it two? The meal is simple and delicious and the sardines are succulent. I use my knife and fork, not having the courage to pick them up by head and tail and eat them off the bone like the locals. Fabulous!

As the afternoon drifts by I sit back in the shade and write some postcards...wish you were here!
Questions Asked
What happened to all the College artefacts? The altar from the Tribune and other sacristy stuff are in the church at Peninha. Some vestments and plate were given to Corpo Santo. The statue of Our Lady from the High Altar reredos is in the care of the British Embassy. The layout of the side altars were, coming from sacristy, immediately to your right, the BVM, opposite, the Bl Sacrament (Emmaus?) Then next to the BVM was St Thomas of Canterbury [Patron of the English secular clergy] and, opposite, St Joseph with a modern painting in our time. I don’t know anything about its present whereabouts. The altars were still in place, though stripped of all furnishing. Jim arranged for the St Thomas painting to go to Rome where it hangs on the main staircase. The sanctuary lamp, acolyte candlesticks, thurible and boat, as well as the crucifix from High Altar are all at Ushaw. The other ivory crucifix from the tribune was in the villa at Alvor. Upon the sale of the villa the crucifix was offered to the diocese of Faro.
We All Know

We all know that the College flew the White Ensign whenever a Royal Navy ship was in port. It was, so the popular story went, a right granted at the time of the Peninsular Wars when the College Observatory was used as a look-out point to give warning of any French ships attempting to enter the river Tagus. We publish here an edited version of Jim Sullivan’s essay on the subject, originally distributed to the Society in 1989. [Editor]

‘During my student days (1919-1929) and later when I was a superior (1933-1936) it was taken for granted that the College had the right to fly the White Ensign when a ship of the Royal Navy was in the Tagus. The right was proved to the Navy when the procurator took one ensign to the flagship in port and requested another in exchange. Fr Broome,
for light relief during one of his Lower House classes sketched for my year the origins of the ‘right’. Fr Singleton (Daddy Singleton as he was known) at a meal attended by Edward, Prince of Wales [Edward visited Lisbon twice, in 1877 as Prince and again in 1902 as King – Ed] at a meal in the Superiors’ Refectory asked him if the College could be allowed to fly the White Ensign: the request was immediately granted.

The Story Grows
Some time after my return to the College in 1948, I began to hear the story that the flying of the Ensign dated back to 1814. I had my doubts but reflection gradually made it seem reasonable enough: Singleton had been asking for a de facto flying to become authorised de jure When the Queen received her British subjects at Queluz on her state visit to Portugal in 1957, the Duke of Edinburgh told the Procurator, Fr Colin Doyle, that it was not within his province to grant the College such a right, whereas I was informing the Queen at about the same moment that the College had the right. Her very brief comment was non-committal.

After the reception an Embassy secretary introduced an English woman journalist to me with the words: ‘He has a story for you’. The story as published took me by surprise. It went something like this:

The Queen, to me: ‘Oh, you are the President of the English College! I must send you a White Ensign from my Yacht’. I to the Queen: ‘Ma’am, we already have asked for and received one’. Soon after the story’s publication the secretary remarked to me: ‘Well, you’ve got your ensign.’ I took this to mean no one would ever again query our
‘right’.

[The Britannia’s Ensign is now kept in the Lisbon Room at Ushaw – Ed].

Official Enquiries

Several months before the Queen’s visit I had received an official letter of enquiry about our flying of the White Ensign. I was at a loss to know how to reply. To my knowledge there was nothing about its beginnings, either in the archives or in the College magazines. I wrote to Fr Thornton and to Fr Broome, or possibly to Fr Dan Kelly. Fr Thornton’s was the fuller explanation, confirming the story I’d been told as a student. One of my correspondents mentioned a Lisbonian priest who had been a Navy chaplain ridiculing the whole idea of a ‘right’. I also discovered that the White Ensign became the distinctive flag of the Royal Navy only after the middle of the nineteenth century.

The Admiralty

A month before the Queen’s visit, two high-ranking and fully-uniformed officers from a ship in the Tagus turned up at the College one morning to see the place from which we flew the ensign. They went up the Observatory and left without making any comment. Early in the nineteen fifties I’d become aware that requests were made for the ensign without handing over the one we already possessed. Later I spotted the washerwoman wearing a multi-coloured apron – I discovered it had been made from one of the old ensigns. In a Thursday evening talk to students I referred to this matter, saying that the flag of the
Navy entrusted to our care merited greater respect. •

[Editor's Note: At the time of the Peninsular Wars the White Ensign was one of three used by the Royal Navy, Red, White and Blue, with red being the most senior and white the least. Ships flew the colour of ensign corresponding to the squadron to which they were attached, which was in turn determined by the seniority of the admiral under whose command the ship sailed. However, the Red Ensign was also used by civil shipping and in 1864 it was decided that in future the White Ensign should be the sole flag of the Royal Navy.]

Wish You Were Here?

In Times Past

We have fond memories of College life; for some of us a room with a bed and a wash-stand, an oil lamp and a desk represented a sort of luxury in comparison with living in the family home back in England. But with no heating in those rooms, the winters could be chill and the nail heads in the bare boards presented an ever present threat to bare feet!

You might like to consider what life would have been like if conditions had been somewhat different. Fancy a few nights in O Convento dos Inglesinhos, anyone? •

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© Martin Stadter, Space Creations Lda, Lisboa – O Convento dos Inglesinhos – apartments not quite like those in former days!
Rwanda – Then And Now

by Kevin Hartley

A Divided Country

In 1966 Fred Robinson and I arrived in Rwanda after an epic journey by ship, train and lorry. Historically, Rwandan society was divided into Batutsi, who occupied themselves chiefly with cattle rearing and from whose ranks came the royal family and major chieftains; Bahutu, who were mainly farmers, and a tiny minority of Batwa, descendants of the first inhabitants of the country, reduced to living on the fringes of society.

Legal Concrete

The traditional clans didn’t discriminate between these social groupings but when the Belgians took over the country after World War I and introduced identity cards identifying which group the holder belonged to, thereby setting in legal concrete what has been a
fairly fluid social construct and sowing the seeds of the conflict that troubled the nation from the first signs of independence.

**Discrimination**

The Belgians had always favoured the *Batutsi* in education, administration and the Church but in the fifties, as the idea of independence grew, it was realised that attention had to be paid to the *Bahutu*, by far the most populous grouping. In the run up to independence at least two massacres of *Batutsi* people occurred: thousands died, even more thousands fled. The king was deposed and in 1962 a republic was proclaimed of which *Parmehutu* declared itself to be the sole political party.

**Underdeveloped Country**

The country was largely undeveloped. There was little secondary education, especially for girls. Agriculture was almost entirely at subsistence level. There was a tiny exploitation of cassiterite (tin ore), and a mad American woman in the Ruhenzori mountains making friends with gorillas. Ten kilometres of macadam road led from the tiny capital *Kigali* to the airport used mainly by the twice weekly Sabena flight from Brussels.

**Simple Habitations**

The traditional social unit was the hill; individual households lived scattered across the terrain, levelling out enough space for a round house to be built with a nearby the banana plantation, source of fruit for the essential
‘beer’ that lubricated social life. It was said that a family could be excused attendance at Sunday Mass if the family’s bananas had reached the point of ripeness that demanded immediate attention for fermentation to commence.

**To Own Cattle To Be Rich**

To own cattle was the equivalent of having money in the bank. The animals were prized for their colours and especially for their lyre-shaped horns and their milk, which was turned into a form of yoghurt. Goats provided meat for rare feasts and sheep had an almost spiritual significance; never eaten, their hides were used especially for the slings that kept babies on their mothers’ backs.

**The Catholic Church**

The Catholic Church had a powerful influence. Gregoire Kayibanda, the first President was a protégé; parishes ran well-attended catechetical programmes; homesteads advertised their religious allegiance by exhibiting a cross hoisted on high.

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Rwanda prized cattle –
Throughout our time in Rwanda we were aware of incursions into the northern part of the country by the Inyenzi, [the cockroaches], bands of Batutsi exiled in Uganda. Their conducted lightning raids had the effect of creating yet more difficulties for the Batutsi who still lived in the country and from time to time there were pogroms; more deaths, more exiles.

I left Rwanda in 1971, Fred Robinson a year later. Time went by and we heard little about the country. We were vaguely aware that there had been a coup d’etat, that Batutsi troops of the Ugandan army were staging an invasion of their ancestral homeland until one day on in April 1994 it was announced that the plane carrying the Rwandan President had been shot down on its approach to Kigali Airport as it returned from peace negotiations in Tanzania. It was the beginning of months of mass slaughter of anyone thought to be Tutsi, anyone who had failed to enthusiastically support the regime. There were also terrible reprisals as the largely Batutsi army completed the military invasion of the entire country. Thousands of people whose complicity in the genocide might have amounted to no more than having ‘Hutu’ stamped in their identity card, along with thousands more who had been caught up in the murderous stampede, fled into the Congo.
Religious Influences
Rwanda is still a very religious country, but now Muslims and Pentecostals make up a significant proportion of the population. It’s said that the Muslims gained a considerable reputation for sheltering people during the genocide and Arab countries have contributed funding for hospitals and schools. The Catholic Church, along with other denominations, harboured clerics, religious and lay members, who had direct involvement in the genocide. The parish church of Kigali, Sainte Famille, was the scene of a dreadful massacre and there were instances of priests inviting parishioners to seek shelter in churches only for them to be slaughtered. There were also cases of brave Bahutu who hid Batutsi neighbours from the militia and the roving bands of Interhamwe killers.

New Beginnings
Officially, twenty years on, one mustn’t talk about Batutsi, Bahutu, Batwa: ‘We all Rwandans,’ is the line to take. Rwanda is now a member of the Commonwealth; English is the official language of secondary and tertiary education (there is a thriving university system). The Catholic Church has learned to take its place alongside Pentecostals and Muslims. The parliament has the greatest percentage of women representatives than any country in the world. Strides are being made in agriculture; a difficult task in a country traditionally wedded to individual small holdings. There have been very successful experiments in cross-breeding native cattle with European breeds. There is a network of hard-surfaced major roads and an efficient bus service. A plan for a standard gauge railway linking Rwanda with Uganda, Tanzania and Burundi is being studied as part of a programme of further integration with the East African community. A burgeoning airline provides direct links to many African and Middle Eastern destinations.

There are startling contrasts: in Kigali prestigious housing developments sit side-by-side with hovels and even in the most up-market areas electricity and water supplies can be erratic. And there are, inevitably, critics. Human Rights Watch Africa catalogues political opponents who have been exiled, or who have died in mysterious circumstances. But there is no doubt that President Paul Kagame plans for the economic transformation of Rwanda into a sort of African technological hub. The small political groupings that do exist (Kagame’s government is in a sort of coalition with them), do little more than echo his aspirations for the country. Not a democratic regime as we know it, perhaps, but in a country with such an awful history, is a western style democracy the route to harmony and progress? •
English College Lisbon