

When did you write - Time  
Out in Maputo ————— ?

MCH91-93-2-3

ALBIE SACKS 11 AUGUST 1993

INTERVIEW WITH PHYLLIS

Albie read note at the bottom of the interview.

When I met him he wasn't Chris Hanu, he was Martin and probably even had another code name then I cannot remember what it was.

He came to Cape town. It would have been in the early 1960's. Cape Town was in turmoil because after Sharpsville I think one of the biggest upheavals in the country was in Cape Town. That's where the huge march in town took place. It was led by Philip Kogsana but Philip Khogsana was in fact sleeping in bed when the march started and someone woke him up and rushed him up to the front of the march but he had the presence to appear as a spokesperson. The city was turned upside down. When the people went home the army was told they would negotiate the next day. When they woke up the next day, the army was surrounding the locations. The ANC was also in turmoil because we had been the leading organisation for a long time and now suddenly the PAC had emerged in the public eye and really giving expression to the tremendous anger amongst Black Capetonians who in that last decade had been subjected to ferocious applications to the pass laws.

Until then Africans had lived together with Coloured people, white people all over Cape Town and the pass laws were not applied here. In that sense it was physically much freer part of the country and part of the government planned to rationalise apartheid and force it everywhere, was to ensure that the Western Cape was subjected to the same rigid systematic pass law control of Africans as the rest of the country. At the same time African women who'd escaped the pass laws were now also being subject to the pass laws. Locations were being established for Africans to live in and there were forced removals and people were being expelled from the area. There were a lot of indignation and this was given expression in the campaign led mainly by the PAC in Western Cape.

Both the ANC and the PAC were banned, went underground and the PAC revived themselves with the organisation called Poqo that had a very scattered kind of a leadership and in the end as it happened I defended literally hundreds of their members and it was clear that it represented great popular courage and willingness to attack police stations and places of white power, white supremacy but they were very easily infiltrated and they had no meaningful success at all. That was 62,63. Chris had come a little earlier than that.

Now the situation there was that we were told that young chap Martin Hanu who was coming to join us. He'd been at Fort Hare and he was a student and we were very happy. In the ANC we had lots of workers and trade unionists but we had virtually had no intellectuals. There were two intellectuals in the African community in Cape Town, one was Joseph Nkatlo who worked in the bookshop and he'd been in the party in the 30's and the 40's. Then he went over to the liberal party.

*Leruma*

Thomas Ngwenya also joined the liberal party and for the rest it would be working class people and who gave quite a lot of support to the ANC. But we didn't have that kind of articulate leadership to link-up with the working class leadership in the Cape then. So when we heard that this very well thought of young student was coming we were absolutely delighted. He had family in the Western Cape and his father if I remember correctly, belonged to the was called the vigilant association in Langa. Langa was what used to be the language of the time called a Native location that had been established, I think in the 1930's and until the 1950's was relatively opened so the pass laws weren't applied there and people could go in and out quite freely. I used to go there quite often. We used to sell newspapers, I used to visit people. Then until, it would of probably the late 1950's I remember the court, the so called Native Commissioner's court was in Langa and in order to get there, I was told I would have to get a permit as I drove in and I refused. I said as an advocate I was entitled to have free access to the courts and I absolutely refused. The person in charge knew me quite well and he said Advocate Sacks I beg you I want you to take the permit. He wasn't trying to refuse me the permit, he was trying to force me to take a permit and I was saying as a matter of principle if the court is there we don't need a permit to attend court, the courts must be opened to everybody. I might mention one of the persons, I'm fairly sure of this act whom I defended was Chris's dad who was a small time trader in the area and because he wouldn't play along with the authorities - playing along meant could be anything from bribes to be political comfortable. He belonged to a thing called the Ilanga Vigilant Association. That really represented, was like a rate payers association, except that they didn't pay rates. If I remember correctly, I am fairly sure I am right, he was charged with being a native, he traded unlawfully and they had to prove in court that he was a native, that was part of the elements of the offence, it was the language of the time and if I remember correctly the items that were presented in court as proof that he traded with things like shoe laces, boot polish and candles. So that was the crime that he had committed trying to sell all the merchandise to the poor. In fact he was acquitted because they couldn't prove that he had been actually trading. As I drove out of the court, out of Langa, there I saw the barrow and the trading was taking place near the court 200 yards away, they couldn't prove that he was actually trading.

Chris had an uncle in Khayamandi Location as it was called in Stellenbosch and he was kind of a stalwart an ANC supporter and he organised meetings there. Chris's dads wasn't a prominent ANC figure as such but he was a great sympathiser and supporter. In any event Martin turns up and within the short space of time decided he was actually going to settle here. He was doing full-time political work and he established a very good working relationship with Archie Sibeko. Archie was a brilliant field worker and between the two of them they revived the ANC and when we used to meet because at that stage we had, it was mainly the party SACP

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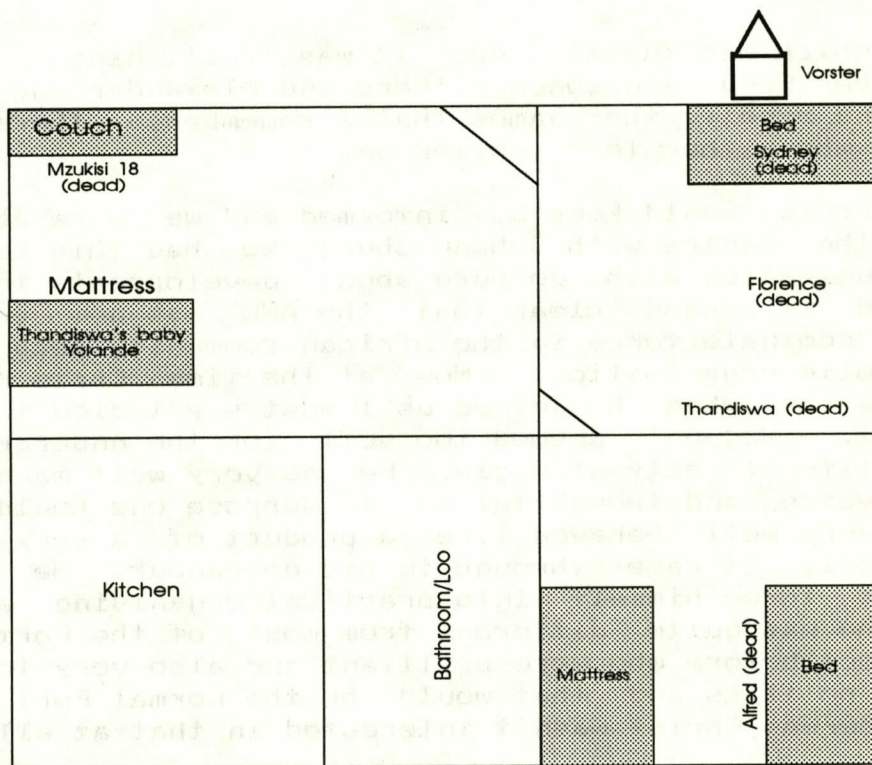
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underground which was functioning. It was functioning. I can remember Fred Carnison was there and Alexander and Chris and Archie and myself, the names that I remember. There were other people who either left earlier on.

Chris and Archie would keep us informed and we were able to liaise with the Centre with Johannesburg, we had this kind of secret communication with Jo'burg about developments in the townships and it became clear that the ANC was now setting itself as a dominate force in the African community because of just very solid organisation. Now at the time Chris Martin was very quiet and when he joined us I must say I didn't think he'd make it. He just seemed too soft for the underground, its a tough life of city struggle. He was very well mannered, with a soft voice and thoughtful and I suppose one could use the phrase very well behaved like a product of a very good boarding school. It came through in his demeanour. He loved ideas but he threw himself into practical organising and in that sense he was quite different from most of the Fort Hare leaders we met before who were brilliant and also very focused into student politics and that would be the normal Fort Hare type focus whereas Christ wasn't interested in that at all.

Archie knew the streets, he knew the people, he knew the methods of struggle and didn't start the theory. Archie started with where the people were and they made a very powerful combination. They eventually, it would be round about 1962 where we used to meet on the mountain side under a tree where Fred used to say to our executive boardrooms which was a big oak tree and sometimes the rain would be pouring down and we used to take all sorts of secret measures just to get together coming from the different parts of Cape Town. Funny even to this day I don't want to say where it was. Now we are speaking nearly 30 years afterwards but somethings are still so secret. I still do not want to say where it was.

We had an organisation called the ----- youth society we had that had incorporated a number of young people, mostly white in the 1950's starting off with UCT campus but moving off the campus. Dennis came in a little later and Dennis was a very practical person. He used to fix the lights in our parties, install the music and anything that required hands on and I would be among the big talkers, make speeches and so on. And when it came to going to the underground, that kind of separation of functions continued. We never asked what Dennis was doing and he never told us. Just two thing that I recall but I do not know whether Chris was involved. He might have been. One was, I was a very keen mountain climber and I was asked to take a group of about 20 young people for a stiff walk on the mountain. I took them uphill and down dale. I was very fit. They were exhausted, they were absolutely knocked out. What really got their goat was here was this young white guy, out walking so that really gave them the energy and the nerve to keep up. They were absolutely knocked out. What they did not realise was that every Sunday I used to go hiking and walking. Then a little while later I was asked to meet somewhere on the National road and someone else somewhere else and I went to Malmesbury and to give some talks



on History and political economy.

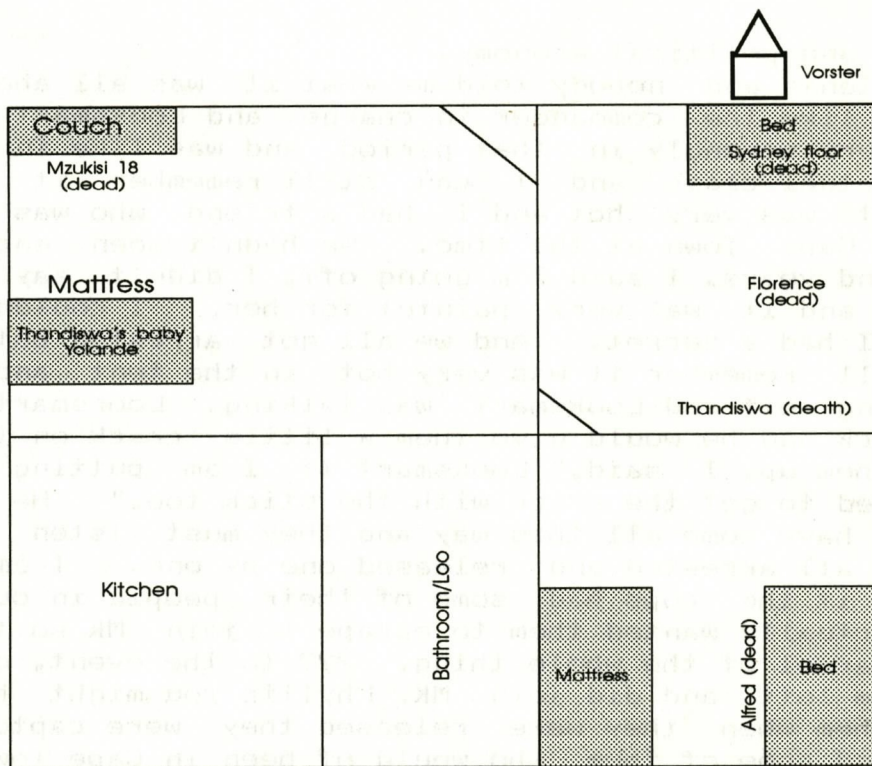
We met in tents and nobody told me what it was all about and Dennis was like the commander in charge and Looksmart Ngudle featured very strongly in that period and was like in charge of the actual class and I can still remember it was in December, it was very hot and I had a friend who was staying with me in Cape Town at the time. We hadn't seen each other for year and years. I said I'm going off, I didn't say where I was going and it was very painful for her. I couldn't even tell her I had a secret. And we all got arrested but before that I still remember it was very hot in the tent and people were nodding off and Looksmart was talking. Looksmart had a little stick and he would give them a little crack on the legs to wake them up. I said, "Looksmart if I am putting them to sleep I need to get the crack with the stick too." He said no no no, you have come all this way and they must listen to you. So we were all arrested and released one by one. I am really sure that if the cops had some of their people in our ranks and they actually wanted them to escape to join MK so that was part and parcel of the whole thing. ??? In the event, quite a few of them left and did join MK. Phyllis you might have met some of them when they were released they were captured in Zimbabwe and some of them who would of been in Cape Town would have been with them.

It was sometime in 1962, Chris and Archie were in a car that was stopped in a roadblock, maybe the cops had a tip off and they found ANC underground leaflets in the boot of the car. The driver and Chris and Archie were charged and I was defence counsel.

I tried a technical defence, I asked for particulars. They were just charged with furthering the objective of the banned organisation and the ANC of such and such a day so I asked in the legal form on how did they further the objectives and they refused to give us those details so I attacked the charge sheet before the magistrate and took the technical defence that they weren't properly tried because they weren't given details, concrete details of the charge and I was fairly convinced that we would win on appeal but unfortunately we got the two worst judges in the atmosphere of the time and that combination totally pro prosecution and very very hostile. They confirmed their conviction and sentence and they both got 18 months or something. We applied for bail which was granted pending appeal. They went underground. They escaped.

We had a big debate and their attitude was that if they go in for 18 months, they'll never come out again. They wanted to escape.

The only time I ever frequently as an advocate I defended ANC people comrades and others and I never once violated the codes, the ethics of the profession. Things that I did not need to know, I didn't want to know, didn't ask about in the way that any advocate wouldn't do and that was dealing with literally hundreds and hundreds of people from ANC, PAC, SACP, liberals, independents and so on. I was only very particular. The only time I ever found that I couldn't be absolutely





faithful to the ethics of the bar in relation to what I regard the total oppressive system but nevertheless within that acceptable rules was in relation with Chris and Archie and I helped them find a place in the underground. They stayed with a chap, you might actually try and get hold of him now. He sells carpets now. You must find out if he is willing to reveal. He got in contact with Chris, he's very proud of the fact that for a few weeks that Christ and Archie stayed with him he was a student then, a lesser guy. They had a little cottage near the railway line in Rondebosch and students digs something like that but quite a charming little place. They had to keep a very low profile and they jumped bail and cops were really on the look out for them and we had to keep them strictly out of sight. Archie was the one who got very impatient, he demanded that we organise the transfer to Johannesburg as soon as possible. Chris was much more laid back and in that sense showed a better temperament. He took it in his stride. I didn't see them, I got messages from Peter, just saying that Archie is very agitated and demanding that we were not doing enough to get them out. It was very difficult to establish contact with Johannesburg. We couldn't just pick up the phone and the people were out and I didn't know where. I had a typewriter somewhere and just in passing I came back to Cape Town I went to Chapmans Peak I was driving past. I suddenly remembered, it could of been about 1963 I went there, I took this typewriter which I actually bought in Durban, a Royal Elite, it has a very small type so you could pack a lot into small space and I threw it over the cliff, bad for the environment but very important for safety for they were closing in.

I didn't hear about Chris again until about 1966 when the Wankie campaign started. I know that afterwards when he came to London, Stephanie Kemp tape recorded long interviews with him. Some of it was published.

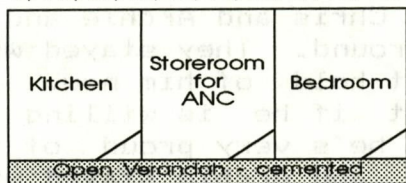
Phyllis is talking - not too clear!

The stuff I said about looking after Christ and all the rest, you've got to consult with me before it is used.

I saw him once or twice in London but I would be out most of the time and he was telling the story to Stephanie. Then the next contact that I remember would have been when I was in Maputo. We kind of met up there. We always had a great affection for each other. We've been in the underground in Cape Town together with those young guys like setting out as it were, political things and I felt very proud as it was my mate from Cape Town who had risen to such an important position in the country.

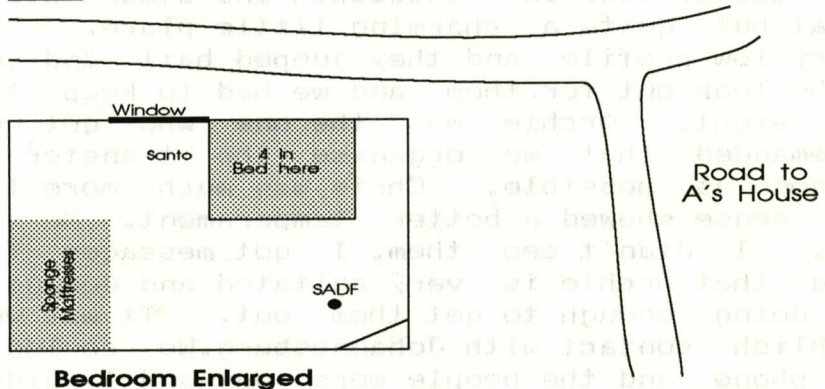
We then met in Maputo, I think that he was disappointed to find out that I wasn't in the party anymore but that passed fairly quickly. Then I was asked after the Maseru massacre if I could put up with them for, was it two or three children in my flat. I said off course. I just seem to recall Dimpo and Chris arriving, I was on the second or third floor and I had like a steel grid outside my front door, so it took me a

# Cuba House



Toilet

Shed used for Bathroom



**Bedroom Enlarged**

little while to open, they came separately but arrived at the same time and this was the first time that Chris was seeing Dimpho since the attack. He'd been maybe in Angola or Lusaka or somewhere so there was tremendous hugging and talking and Dimpho was telling the story of the attack. I'm trying to unlock the lock and I'm listening at the same time and she was saying you know Chris when they were shouting 'Chris Hani we are coming to kill you' she said she started shaking and it was her daughter Neil who grabbed her and said mummy, you remember daddy told us that if the Boers attack us that we must lie down flat and she was describing how Neil her young daughter who must have been about 11 at the time pulled her down the ground and she gave a very objective account, you know lying there and they heard the shots next and they heard the feet coming up, the Boers marching up the stairs and then the shots next door, screaming and the soldiers marching out again and then the first voice they heard was from the neighbours and she said 'you remember the Du Preez's or Basons' we always thought they were spies. At first they wonderful to us and they took us into their place and they gave us tea and they supported us, you know it was a very human kind of presentation. In any event Dimpho then stayed and the three children with me for another year, for quite a long time. It was wonderful having them there.

Phyllis - Did they go to school there?

They went to some kind of, I think Neil went away so it was just the two younger ones and Dimpo was looking after them and she gave the house a very warm kind of a feeling. It was just the three of them or four of them in one little room but so neat and organised and nice and Christ would come and spend some time. I still remember he left a book behind. It was the Good Soldier Svejk. I don't know how many military commanders read the Good Solider Svejk but when he was reading it, he was chuckling away and chuckling away. It's by a Czech writer, Hasek and its about an ordinary good soldier in the first world war and its very anti officer and its very historical and its totally anti heroic. It's a classic anti war thing you know.

Phyllis - Do you have a copy of it?

No, but you can get it. Then I remember Chris was speaking to me about the importance about the code of conduct for the ANC and when Oliver Tambo asked me to help with the code of conduct, Chris was the one who gave me a briefing about the kinds of problems, everything from people sent him to murder and assassinate, to mutiny, to stealing, to stabbing, to rape, to drunken driving. He gave me a very vivid picture of the whole scale and range of things and this is very very helpful in the classification of different kinds of offences. I then discussed with him the whole way that MK could deal with problems in their ranks. This was before 85. It was after the mutiny. It was before the Kabwe Conference. It wasn't intended to deal with the mutiny as such, it was intended to introduce legality into the organisation and procedures, proper procedures, so we adopted the code of conduct.

Phyllis - have you got a copy of that?

I just can't remember now. Again he was a very strong supporter of having a code of conduct and of legality in organisations. He once spoke to me about the mutiny, it was very strange, I wasn't a military person and I recall saying to him that I just knew what I had read in books. The first thing you do is end the mutiny and then you discuss what gave rise to the mutiny and here was I telling a military person how to approach them. It was a kind of arrogant confidence.

Phyllis - and did he listen?

He was interested in what I said. I don't know if it even worked that way. I just know that in Mocambique that it had been, they had mutinies in different stages and their approach was very much. The first thing is you establish the discipline of the army, you reestablish, you reaffirm. You don't just leave it at that, then you find out why and you take very thorough steps if necessary and I passed that on to him. I don't know if it influenced them at all.

He was always buoyant and cheerful and so on and when he was staying there a lot of people would come up. I took them to the beach, I can't remember specifically. I can't remember that, I can't remember him going to the beach. He was so busy at the time and he had a short time there so I don't know if the family did. I used to love taking South Africans out to the beach, you had to get out of sitting indoors and talking politics all the time. Then I remember Chris, after Kabwe, we were driving back from Kabwe to the Lusaka and I was in the same bus as him and everyone was very buoyant. It was a wonderful conference but when it started off, everyone was so tense and Chris was like the leading spirit on the bus and he was shouting, 'yes comrades, a whole week without booze and look how fit you are, its fantastic, we should have more conferences and get you off the booze for longer and he was in very sparkling form and people were laughing. It was Chris and Jackie Selebe who was on the bus and Jackie was a great humorous and they were playing off each other.

Now Chris in the chair, when the Kabwe conference started, I think first Dan Tloome was in the chair and then somebody else took over, failed equally, the third person took over, failed. There was an unruly crowd, everyone wanted to speak and then Chris took over the chair and just suddenly people spoke to two minutes, comrades your two minutes is up, he was absolutely firm and the conference got going and people accepted it. He had authority and humour and he was consistent and that was very impressive. He and Thabo both had that capacity to really preside, not in that kind of, if one could speak about, if I could use this terminology, it was an old fashion African way where you listen to everybody and the folk get very muddled and it goes on forever. Then it was the new fashion African way, people wanting to push ahead, get quick decisions.

Phyllis - how many days did Kabwe last? It was five days, I think.

Phyllis -and how many people were there? There were about 250 people. There were a few from inside but it was mainly from Angola, Tanzania, Zambia and a few of us from Mozambique and all over the world.

Phyllis - do you know why the representatives from Tanzania weren't allowed to represent Tanzania?

No, I know basically it was a well prepared conference, with lots of documents which we discussed. I know in Mocambique we had elections and I was one of the candidates and I think we had two people and three reserves and I didn't make it, neither the two principles nor the three reserves. It was very democratic. The person who got the highest vote in Maputo turned out to be a police spy. In any event I don't know what happened in Tanzania. It was a difficult area and people were dispersed and there were some problems in leadership, especially at the school and quite a lot of anger, but that was one of the bravest achievements of Kabwe because there was a lot of democratic preparation and that's why I knew for all the problems we had in the ANC after we returned in 1990 I knew that our conference in Durban would revise the whole democratic way of handling things

One of the big debates of the conference was who would get more votes, Chris or Thabo. Chris got a couple of more votes than Thabo, but Thabo got quite a lot of votes as well and interestingly enough that was before Thabo made a very good intervention on sanctions. That was after the voting had closed. That was an interesting, historic story that the two of them, I think they were at school together and they ended up in Lusaka together and they both courted Dimpho. She was one of a group coming from Basuto sent to Lusaka to

SIDE TWO.

To me it made a lot of sense. I think Chris wanted to be a top leader. That was a change, the Chris in Cape Town in the early 60's was very modest almost differential, the Chris now after we returned was highly politicised not just in the conscientious sense and at one stage. I'm just giving my opinion now. He felt that the mass feeling in the organisation was that we were spending too much time on emphasising negotiations and not enough emphasising the basic interest of the members and I still recall actually an NEC meeting it would of been about 87 when we were getting feelers from South Africa and I think Thabo said something to the effect of you know they must follow these things up see what possibilities exist and Chris intervened to say in fact what we must do is keep in touch with our own membership first and then we can meet with all these other people and Jo Modisi was the one who actually took the middle position and said there's no reason why we shouldn't do both.

In the 1990's he was expressing, articulating the real

under house arrest on his release from prison in 1967. Luckily for him his home was in Lesotho, and he was able to establish an identity and a legal practice.

With the repression that followed the massacres, of 16 July 1976, droves of children and South African agents went to Swaziland, Botswana and Lesotho.

Lesotho the poorest of the three, historically renowned for its attitude to refugees, welcomed this added burden. Government figures gave the figure of 10 000 refugees.

I certainly agree with that figure as most of the aforesaid did not register with the UN agencies. In fact if my memory serves me at all the accords with the UN were signed in 1978.

Lesotho was assisted with schools and laboratories, but nothing to compensate the financial burden we placed on this puny mountain kingdom.

The Department of Interior (Home Affairs) created a department headed by Mr. Mokhele to cater for our various needs. Dealing with so many township youth was a new experience for him. He was very British in his approach. Stuck to the letter of the law. Enjoyed his power over us. He was always courteous to me, even though he did not understand an 'Indian' refugee from SA. 'You could have a Mercedes Benz,' he argued.

Oppressed we might be, but we came from a highly industrialised, high Tech society. We may have been denied much, but we were aware of much more. When a lift was installed into a new block of offices in which the government's Legal Aid facility operated, poor Basotho who had never been out of their country found difficulty using the lift. Women sat down on the floor, one urinated, when a young refugee happened to be on a lift with us. The young man laughed uncontrollably while I sought to help the woman. Despite my scolding he could not stop laughing at the sight of a woman fearful of a lift.

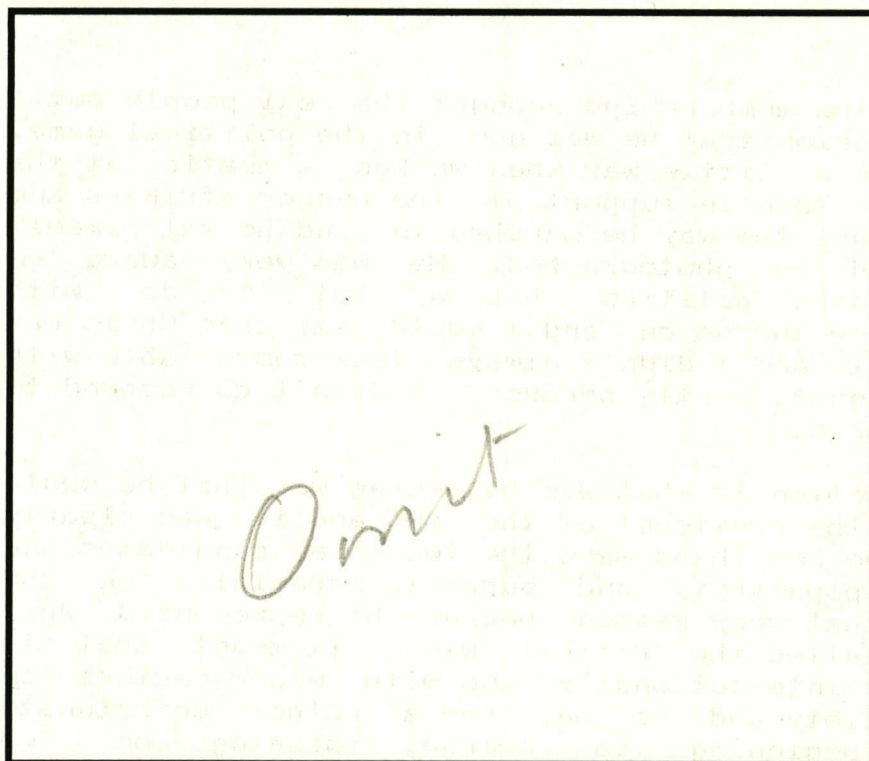
These were children brutalised by apartheid. Who stood up to their torturers and many were killed for it. Their tolerance level to authority was minimal. It took much counselling by the ANC to help the youth in exile. Young children in the care of both their parents, in normal homes are beset with ordinary problems of growing up, how much more when so many of our brutalised youth were far removed from family, loved ones and a familiar environment.

Except for the likes of Canon John Osmer, who gave his home, telephone and meagre food supplies to all of us. His little van carried young refugees around Maseru. He remembered

feelings amongst the memberships amongst the real people but I did get the impression that he was now in the political game. It came through in a little way when we had a meeting at the University of Cape Town in support of the hunger strikers and he came down and just the way he marched in and he sat himself so that he could be photographed. He was very aware on politics and modern politics has a lot to do with presentation, image and so on and I would say that Chris was strongly into that and I didn't always feel comfortable with it to be quite honest, partly because it didn't correspond to another kind of Chris.

A possible explanation to what was happening was that he would have liked to be the president of the ANC and it was clearly understood that he and Thabo were the two chief candidates and he had enormous popularity and support, especially on the ground. But for that very reason because he represented what the newspapers called the radical wing. It meant that it created problems, internationally and with wider sectors in South African society and so on. And a rather unfortunate separation was beginning to emerge, focusing on two personalities whereas the movement needed both. It needed that grassroots contact, it needed constant reminders where we came from, what we were all about. Now I never had any doubt that Chris was completely capable of the whole vision and I remember at one stage at the NEC I turned round because Chris was in the news a lot for what we call hard line speeches and I said Chris you have a wonderful smile, why can't we see your smile more often.- he just kept a passive face. Afterwards we are going to see his smile and he just charmed people tremendously and he laughed and his laughter became as a greater work in the struggle.

Then when the congress was held in Durban, there was a fear there could be quite severe division created in the movement if we were forced to choose between Chris and Thabo. The whole picture of the leadership was looked at in a broad way and by making Cyril the secretary, I think had hopes and was giving all sorts of promises by all sorts of people so Cyril was like the mainstream broadly supported personality who took over the secretary general and I think it could have easily have passed through Chris's mind that in fact Cyril was far more likely for that very reason to be Madiba's successor as president of the ANC and if he felt as it were a vocation to be a leader and if he felt a little bit constrained, simply being in the ANC in terms of the very broad vision of the ANC. It made a lot of sense once JS was stricken down with cancer for Chris to take over as a general secretary to have a powerful difficult position, a certain measure of independence and to be a top leader in the country. I know that there were a number of people in the ANC leadership who were very worried about this and they knew Chris was immensely popular. They felt that it could be divisive. I didn't think it would be divisive at all, on the contrary it established better relationship between the party and the ANC and once Chris became the leader of the party. Some say how he became less tense, less sharp in his presentation and started insisting on this broad vision which has always been his approach and I saw



in Lesotho when it can be done cheaply in the border town. When the price of housing rocketed in Maseru, people could stay in Ladybrand cheaply. But those who opposed apartheid would not and could not.

The only area of work that embraces a few hundred Basotho is the civil service, police, and the army. It is the biggest industry. This is paid for by taxes, the customs union and certain machinations of miners wages arrived at with the mining houses.

As a legal practitioner, I met many a client who had been inflicted with miners pthisis (TB) and were sent home without any support. No pension. With a Mosotho name, South Africans obtained the good offices of a chief with a similar name and were given a piece of land. No such luck in apartheid SA, the land of his birth.

They found a home here. Pensioned workers, who took their pension in one fell swoop came across and invested in a home, a butcher's shop, or vegetable stand. So there was a vast array of South Africans 'exiled' in Lesotho, not seeking the assistance of the UNHCR.

In the late fifties, Anderson Khanyile and Elizabeth Mafeking sought shelter here from banishment. With the emergency in South Africa in 1960, many South Africans, after the massacre at Sharpeville, sought refuge in Lesotho - both ANC and PAC supporters. Khalaki Sello, imprisoned for two years for membership etc of the ANC escaped to Lesotho after he was placed



the Chris that I had been more comfortable with kind of emerging in that context. So it might have been that at a certain stage when the whole question of the succession to the leadership in the ANC.

Dear Albie,

I have not corrected this interview. The lady who helped me with the tape was a christian - the heavy sort. She referred to Chris again and again as CHRIST.

I would like you to indicate if all is well and which portions you do not wish me to reproduce. I will send this by fax to Naseema. If you could correct and fax as soon as possible I shall be most grateful.

My friend has allowed me use of his fax machine and his number is 031 - 3075114. But phone me 213744 when you are ready - someone has promised me the use of a fax during the holidays.

Lots of love

Phyllis.

ordinary mortals, their colleagues.

The other area that the Catholic Church lent its expertise was in health. It has clinics and hospitals all over the country and provided this service to the colonial government as well as independent Lesotho. The health resources that an impoverished Lesotho could provide were minimal. After the South African sponsored coup which toppled Chief Jonathan in January, 1986, the SADF built a hospital for Lesotho's paramilitary unit. The health needs of Lesotho are indeed acute.

Other Christian churches exist, some with similar supports to the national life of Lesotho in both health and education. One gave us Canon John Osmers, Father Michael Lapsley and some caring people on a little mount in Masite. The barefooted Nuns in Masite are super human beings.

The land surface is mostly rock. 60% of its surface is stone, and is the home of the goat that provides mohair for its limited industry, which is controlled by South Africa. Young Basotho children, fondly called herdboys, tend the cattle and goats at different cattle posts in the mountains. Their formal education is neglected, their loneliness from home compounded by the bitterly cold winters with ONLY tattered blankets covering their emaciated bodies, for protection. One, Helen Brauer, of IVS, International Voluntary Service (UK), organised their learning under an UNICEF programme and became their friend. She was a very special person and gave them her talent, her love and so much of her time.

'Herdboys' are also the butt end of lightning storms. Their dead bodies tell of the danger that stalks them in the mountains.

The 40% arable land caters for both habitation and agriculture. Much of the soil is carried away by the rivers and storms due to the nature of the terrain and overgrazing. Agriculture is limited. You cannot separate the Basotho from their cattle. Even a Minister of State kept them at the back of his home in Maseru West, the home of the Basotho elite and the Diplomatic corps.

White South African farmers 'assist' with tractors, seeds and fertilisers at a price that increases the Basotho farmer's indebtedness and reduces them to the status of unpaid servants.

Very few Basotho nationals control trade and commerce in their country. These concerns are in the hands of South African conglomerates that have located their stores in the middle of Maseru etc. A big store in South Africa would have its counterpart in Lesotho.

On its 12 borders, it has towns on the South African side where every service is found. Why set up a motor repair shop