

Clement Geoffrey Nettleton - 1895-1972

Just a short introduction to my memoirs and the reason for my writing.

If you find them boring just put them aside, I shall not mind if you tell me that they are boring.

The future is nothing, but the past is myself, my own history, the seed of my present thoughts, the mould of my present disposition.

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My reason for these memoirs is that I feel that our children, nieces, nephews, and grandchildren should know something of our family history. My memoirs of my generation. I have written my life story as I have had a most interesting life - but I may perhaps have made it more interesting by adding a bit of padding - but reader you just edit add your own scenery etc.

My parents have left no story of their early life so I have delved into the past and have tried to introduce the reader to the family as far as I am able.

It was my nephew Spencer Nettleton - you will note that the name is spelt N and not L - known as Ted, my late brother's second son, who visited us a short while ago from Australia to which country he had retired after first serving as a District Commissioner in Basutoland and later, after that country obtained independence as Lesotho, as Secretary to the Prime Minister, Chief Bhekani, before returning from the Lesotho Civil Service he had accompanied the Chief to a number of meetings, Formosa, United Nations, etc.

After reading a few pages of my disjointed story he asked if he might have a copy as from those few pages he had learnt a lot about his father and my father and my things of which he knew very little.

Well I had already written over 100 pages when my wife, Lorna, suggested that I type four copies for members of the family so I set to work and have so far managed to type nearly 90 pages, making a few additions to my original and cutting out bits here and there. Now writing of my experiences in the last war.

It is going to take time. My experiences as a P.O.W. and after my return home the adoption of a boy and a girl, two fine kids - no married - and three more trips overseas. I hope readers will get as much pleasure reading as I have had writing.

My

of Grandad Mooney I only met once and that was on our visit, as told later, to East London in 1962 when my Dad was transferred from Basutoland to the Bech. Protectorate Service during the Anglo Boer war. My Gran I knew quite well and mention her again later.

My Grandad Nettleton I never knew but Grandmother Nettleton as I mention later lived with us for a while in Gaberones.

My Dad was a very fine and popular man, but like most of us had a few failings. He was a Police Officer in the Protectorate but later became a District Commissioner. A Magistrate. He certainly loved him and he did all he could for us to make life pleasant in that virtually uninhabited country - that is by Europeans - when a District Commissioner was responsible for thousands of square miles of territory. He loved taking us out shooting and in 1911