

Clement Geoffery Nettelton - 1893 -1978

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 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 Nettelton - you will note that the name is spelt EL and not LE - known as Ted, my late brother's second son, who visited us a short while ago from Australia to which country he has retired after first serving as a District Commissioner in Basutoland and later, after that country obtained Independence as Lesotho, xxxxx as Secretary to the Prime Minister, Chief Jonathan. Before retiring from the Lesotho Civil Service he had accompanied the Chief to a number of meetings. Permesa, United Nations, etc.

After reading a few pages of my disjointed story he asked if he might have a copy as from these few pages he had learnt a lot about his father's and my father and my doings 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 my 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 POW and after my return home the adoption of a boy and a girl, two fine kids - now married - and three more trips overseas. I hope readers will get as much pleasure reading as I have had writing.

My Granddad Mooney I only met once and that was on our visit, as told later, to East London in 1901 when my Dad was transferred from Basutoland to the Bechuanaland Protectorate Service during the Anglo Boer War. My Gran I knew quite well and mention her again later. My Granddad Nettelton I never knew but Grandmother Nettelton as I mention later lived with us for a while in Gaborones.

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, magistrate. We children loved him and he did all he could for us to make life pleasant in a 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 xxx xxx trips into the desert.

My Mother was undoubtedly a mother in a thousand. She had xxxxxxput up with four young children in those early days in the Bechuanaland Protectorate.