


My Memoir

Kenneth David Mason



- *Ken* -

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This an incomplete draft mauscript. 



Foreword

In addition to narrating adventures, I present recollections of various campaigns with their consequences, for the environment, society and myself, as accurately as I can. No punches are pulled.

This account can be used as a teaching tool for others to see how darker aspects of human nature keep repeating themselves and how opponents can be encountered both 'inside' and 'outside'. It appears that something akin to a 'tall poppy syndrome' applies at all levels of society, irrespective of intelligence or formal education. Some apparently feel threatened by others with vision, drive, and the capacity to achieve results. They may not be capable of achievement to the same ends themselves. That is no fault in itself; the latter may lie in consequent conduct. Jealousy, insecurity, egos, academic snobbery, and innate drives in some to bully and diminish anyone who stands out, can come to the fore.

From the outset I have never sought anything at the expense of collective or community betterment; just recognition when warranted. My results should speak for themselves. This memoir is to put the record straight.

Conflicts of interest within NGOs can occur, with consequent subversion of their effectiveness and objects. Fortunately this has been limited in my direct experience, but has been repeatedly documented by a brother. Bruce has kept me conversant with several cases. I comment on some of these. Although we may think our activities are only of local significance, they can have political implications. National and local politics, and all the dirt that this can entail, can come into play. Unfortunately betrayals from within are almost to be expected.

So-called whistle blowers, and those who lead campaigns, usually become unemployable. However this can give more time to take up the cudgels on behalf of society and speak out to protect others whose careers would be adversely affected by open involvement. I am proud to have at times so acted. However there is a legacy price to pay. One tends to be written out of history.

I have enjoyed a full life, free to pursue my interests while attempting to explore and excel in what I do best. I have few regrets concerning my public activities, just acute frustration that my life will be terminated before all I intend, including this account, is complete.

The chapters involve mountaineering, natural history, public access, environmental campaigns, evolution of thinking in ecological restoration, and mentoring young people in conservation and ecological restoration.

All photographs are by myself unless otherwise attributed.

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[yet to start]

*19 From elderly mentors
to youth mentoring*

I was mentored by conservationists who were active as far back as the 1890s. My voluntary mentoring of young people from 1989 until today. Running New Zealand's most active and adventurous Kiwi Conservation Club. Then my past sixteen years of working with tertiary and post graduate students on ground-breaking projects

20 New Zealand's greatest self-help project

Worthy of a book in its own right. My father's voluntary work started with no money but plenty of vision. This resulted in twenty new tennis courts and the building of Australasia's first indoor multi-sport stadium. No easy corporate money then. My father's example had a huge influence on my brothers and I. We witnessed Dad's dedication being used, and at times abused. This set limits of toleration by ourselves