

It's 7.37am on Sunday, 29th April 1945. World War II continues and people in Australia are unaware of events that are taking place in Berlin, Germany and Sydney, Australia. History records the death of one, Adolf Hitler, taken by his own hand after a lifetime of terror and the demise of more than fifty million people worldwide. The other event is more joyous, well at least to a small family of people living in Croydon, a western suburb of Sydney. Enter John Stancell Westwood weighing in at 10lb 5oz to his mother Gwen Westwood, father, Cecil Harold Wilfred Westwood (known as Bill) and brother Richard



We tend to recall milestones in our lives by the dates of parallel events, this first one was quite significant, one dictator out and another in, perhaps. Another significant event that took place on this date some 175 years earlier was the discovery of Australia by Captain Cook at La Perouse in Botany bay. To me this date is significant as at the time of writing it is only two weeks until my 75th birthday. It will be even more significant if I last that time with the dreaded Corona Virus circling the world with deadly effect.

Both events, the World War and Coronis Virus, were and are huge but during that period of seventy-five years there were other milestones.

The first notable event happened when I was about six years of age and a student at Ramsgate Public school. Like many kids of those times I was bullied but that was something I lived with for a year or so. Eventually my brother, Richard, got wind of this unwanted activity and being six years older taught me how to defend myself and took this kid out on the way home from school. I still remember his name, Terrence, and the sheer relief of not looking over my shoulder every day on the way home. The point of this story is that my teacher, Mrs Barstow, got wind of what happened and as punishment for brother's rough justice, victimised me for many months by trying to change my left handedness. Her threat was that I would never get a good job in the Public Service which included banks, post office, insurance companies or the like. Mrs Barstow was so convinced that being left-handed was a disease that she carted me off to the local post office one afternoon to prove her point. Unfortunately for her at that time my Dad was the local postmaster, yep, he was left-handed as was the local police sergeant who he was talking with at the time. Freedom from persecution at last.



The next six years were relatively quiet, finishing primary school and about to move home from Sans Souci to Chester Hill, both suburbs of Sydney. Before leaving Sans Souci, my brother now eighteen, and I, were saying our goodbyes to friends. One morning, beside our house, Richard and his best mate were preparing to go skindiving for the last time when his mate accidentally kicked his speargun whilst trying to load a spear and that was the end of him. Experiencing accidental death is terrible at any age let alone twelve, and I still carry this vivid memory.

I arrived at Chester Hill for the last half of grade six and became Dux of the school and still have my prize, a rather large Webster dictionary weighing about three kilo's. My classmates were from all over the world as we were so close to the Villawood migrant camp and English was their second language. Despite this challenge, they were all very clever, and gave me a run for my money.

From Chester Hill North Primary I moved onto Bankstown High and befriended a guy called Paul Keating. His prize for doing well at school was to become one of Australia's best Prime Ministers, in my opinion anyway. Whilst Paul finished his schooling at Marist Brothers, I went onto become school Dux in third year, with another prize, a set of encyclopedias. Mind you, I topped the school in Science with a pass of 39%.

Okay, life started to get interesting from this point. I left school at fourteen, got a job in the local hardware store packing nails in boxes, delivered papers and became a part-time postman at Christmas. Hey, I was making money, and being under fifteen, had nothing to spend it on. This work continued until my fifteenth birthday when I took up a job with the Commonwealth Bank, one which I continued for twenty-five years.

Working for the Bank I was still able to do my paper run and earn a little more but by the time I was sixteen life was a little boring. So, I decided, encouraged by the Bank, to do more study and they got me into college, a three year degree in Commerce from which I graduated with enthusiasm. This was the key to further promotion and it wasn't long before I became a cadet in the banking system, an accelerated promotion opportunity, and found myself in International Division negotiating with foreign companies and setting up trade deals. This exposed me to politicians, especially Gough Whitlam as part of the federal executive and we often had meetings in our Martin Place boardroom.

Gough got me interested in scouts, which I joined, and scouts got me interested in girls. I rented an apartment in Westgate and left home. To share the rent I invited three girls that I worked with to join me and for the next few years I was pampered as they fought among themselves who was going to do the cooking, washing and cleaning. I got to mow the lawn which was four metres by one metre on the footpath. After all, I had three jobs, the Bank, Navy and Postman. I was also their boss at work and equal opportunity didn't exist. This was the early sixties.



I was twenty years of age in 1965 with a good job and many prospects. By now my father (Bill), a career sailor, retired after twenty five years in the Navy. My Mum was the postmistress at Canley Vale post office and my brother Richard was still serving in the Navy, a career he ended after twelve years. My boss at work was the commanding officer of the Royal Australian Navy Reserves, Sydney port division. I was looking for something to supplement my banking career and I think you can see where this conversation is going. The Navy Reserve paid good tax free money over and above my regular salary. The only opposition was of course, Mum. She had a husband and two sons and she didn't want them all serving the country at one time. I needed to use my best negotiating skills and did finally convince her that serving in the Reserves would keep me close to home. Ignorance is bliss.

This parallel career would last nine years, I gave up my other jobs and the scouts. It ended up that my boss at work was also my commanding officer in the Reserve. So, guess who ended up getting the plum jobs. Paid by the bank and paid by the Navy I enjoyed a number of trips from Sydney to Cairns with the USN Fleet Air Arm, and a return trip to Sydney over six or seven days on various aircraft carriers, cruisers and battleships, exchanging US dollars for Australian currency. Remember the Vietnam war was on and as a result of this relationship with the USN I eventually got involved in intelligence work and a short stint in Vietnam.



During my commission I spent some time on other Australian warships, quite a few in fact, that were engaged in the Vietnam war and, closer to home, frequently sailed with HMAS Archer, the Reserve's patrol boat which could be likened to McHales Navy in many ways.

USS Forrestal

Typical of the many large US ships sailing Australian waters.

There was nothing mundane about Navy service. Ship to shore transfers often involved climbing down rope ladders from a helicopter to the patrol boat with the space between each varying from a foot to twenty feet in rough seas. Occasionally I got rides in Fairy Gannet aircraft off HMAS Melbourne, an exercise which at first glance defies gravity. Along with the rough and tumble comes the luxury. Many of those trips from Cairns to Sydney with the Yanks on their capital ships were akin to cruise ships without Corona Virus. Being of rank we, my offsider and I, enjoyed the Admirals day cabin for the duration of each trip, primarily for the security, because we were carrying sums of cash up to \$3 million. The luxury included valet and table service and unparalleled obedience. The Yanks do it well.



RAN Fairy Gannet

Serving with what's now called the ADF, Australian Defence Force, is a privilege. I respect and take every opportunity to acknowledge those men and women for doing what they do. I believe it should be compulsory, even for a short term, to teach our youth how to face reality.

Life experience knows no boundaries. In 1966 I decided to get married to a girl I'd been dating for three years. I was twenty-one and she was nineteen. It didn't work out and by early 1967 we were divorced. Still the best of friends.

I love work and I have had fabulous jobs, my bank career flourished, and my navy career was just the best, but it wasn't enough.

At age twelve my Uncle had given me a camera, an SLR, and you can imagine that in 1957 this was some prize. The gift was conditional on its use and every month or so Uncle Les would need to see my work, so it didn't take long to become addicted to photography. At age 19, I became a professional, photographing weddings on the weekend. It was here I learned the process of developing and enlarging my own photographs and in the early sixties I made a mint. Bank, Navy and Photography income meant I could buy a new car with cash and so I bought the first Isuzu Bellett in this country. Quite a change from my old FJ Holden. I also had enough money to buy a block of land in Wentworthville, Sydney without needing a loan. Wish I had kept the land which only cost me \$1100.



Richard & John (21)

BANK NOTES

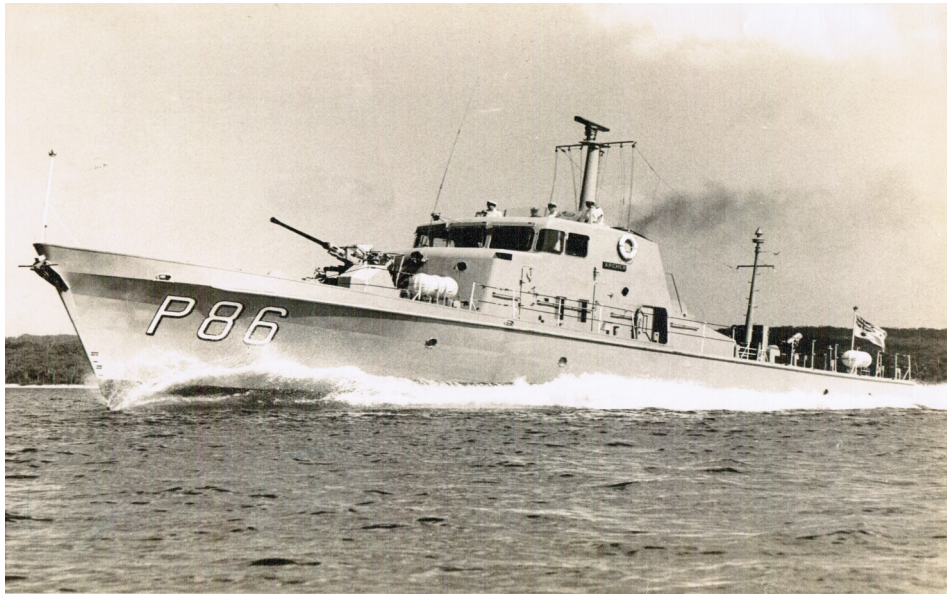
MAY 1973

The art of photography took me places but not only geographically. Firstly, the Bank made me Editor in Chief of "Bank Notes" an internal magazine distributed to nearly 70,000 bank officers across Australia. This in turn got noticed by the ABC and developed my interest in filmmaking and in turn encouraged me to take up a voluntary role with the Navy Reserve as chief photographer and film-maker. I made quite a few films for the Navy which in turn were noticed by the ABC and my first paid doco's went to air. This was the start of a sixty-year career, part time at first and for the last thirty years of my working life a lucrative profession. More about that later.

In 1970 my whole life changed. Work in the Bank continued, life in the Navy continued and I was still taking photographs and making movies. On the 4th of July that year my father died rather suddenly. I was twenty-five years old, single and becoming set in my ways with plenty of money to spend. Suddenly, my world falls apart. I had so many questions to ask my Dad and now he was gone. At this point I won't say much more other than I have published a story called "Be Proud" which is available through the Men's Shed and covers his loss adequately.

Westwood, J. S. *My Life and Times – born Sydney 1945*, v5.0. (2020). As part of the series, "Stories from the Shed", Mount Gravatt Men's Shed, www.mtgravattmensshed.org.au

I had the great honour and privilege along with the crew of HMAS Archer, the best wishes of Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Wilfred Hastings Harrington and many hundreds of sailors of all ranks to bury my father, Bill Westwood, at sea just twelve miles off Sydney Heads. I have since sailed many times past this point and spoken with him, metaphorically, and observed the silence of the sea as we passed his last place of rest. God Bless.



You may have noticed in the preceding paragraph that my father died on the 4th July 1970. This is another one of those dates in history I foreshadowed earlier that jogs the mind and remains a key to remembering life events. This date is significant to our American cousins as Independence Day and something my father after years of service with the Americans in war, would never subscribe. Fate, I guess.

So now we enter 1971, April to be specific, and I'm on a cruise to the barrier reef aboard HMAS Archer. Another two weeks on double pay with ideal conditions for fishing and other water sports and the knowledge I continue to serve my country. The crew of Archer on this journey averaged 21 years of age. There were twenty-one of us, three officers and eighteen men. Only one was married that I knew of. As I said earlier the best way to picture the crew of HMAS Archer is to watch an episode of McHales Navy. Whilst one officer and two men generally did the watch keeping the others lounged on the deck sunbaking, reading a book or simply eating the more than adequate food rations we had available.

The ship was well equipped with electronics such as radar and sonar and had a good supply of weapons to defend our country. Often we needed practice and using our sonar we would find large schools of fish, circle the position and drop hand grenades. Hundreds of fish would rise to the surface unconscious. With our nets ready we would scoop up an adequate supply which would last the crew for weeks and any left-over (deep frozen) would be taken back to base and flogged of to our mates at exorbitant prices. Red Emperors were the favourite along with Barramundi. The Barrier Reef was great place for fishing, particularly as this was to be my last trip in the active Reserve. Little did I know that another three years were to follow on special duties.

Anyway, to continue this story, after a week or so travelling from Sydney to the Barrier Reef we decided to return and as we were about to pass Moreton Bay, Brisbane we ran into a set of cyclones. It was pretty wild and the seas were high, so high that it took us almost twenty-five kilometres to turn about, just south of Moreton Island to the safety of Moreton Bay. It also took six hours in our patrol boat that was capable of 32 knots.

The next two nights were extraordinary. Safely in the bosom of Tangalooma and sheltered from the cyclones all twenty-one sailors were invited to the island pub. Two blokes had to stay on board in case some clown tried to pinch our boat. I wasn't one of them, so I stepped ashore as a token of appreciation to the locals.

That was a fateful step. Mingling with the bar staff and guests I started talking with Jennifer Thornton. Jennifer was on holidays at Tangalooma and we hit it off straight away. Midnight came and the sailors needed to return to Archer but not before Jennifer and I planned to meet in the future. Remember, I lived in Sydney and Jennifer in Brisbane.

So, what transpired from that liaison? Several weeks later after returning home I flew to Brisbane, met Jennifer, proposed to her, and in October we were married. We've been married almost fifty years now.

THE TRANSITION

Okay. Moving to Brisbane was much easier than asking Jennifer to move to Sydney. Financially, the alternative would have been a better option. I needed to resign my cadetship, but I could keep my job in the Bank. No longer working in head office I lost contact with my commanding officer and needed to forgo my role with the Bank's publication and contacts with the ABC. My political friendships were severed although I established new ones later. Now that I was on normal progression with the Bank it took time to achieve promotion.

I spent another fourteen years with the bank, until 1985, primarily around capital city office. I was appointed Welfare Officer, a role I had for just over two years and learnt so much about caring for people. My task was to look after nearly 5000 retired bank officers and their families all over the State of Queensland. This included personally looking after their retirement needs, hospital visitations and eventually funeral arrangements. On top of this my duties included hospital visits and funerals for all other staff throughout Queensland. It was busy but rewarding.

As I said earlier, Jen and I got married in October 1971 and after living at Ascot for a short while bought ourselves a new house at Jindalee, eventually building a new house at Westlake to cater for our two children. Carol was born in 1977 and Robert in 1979. We moved into our Westlake home in 1980.



Tangalooma Resort today.

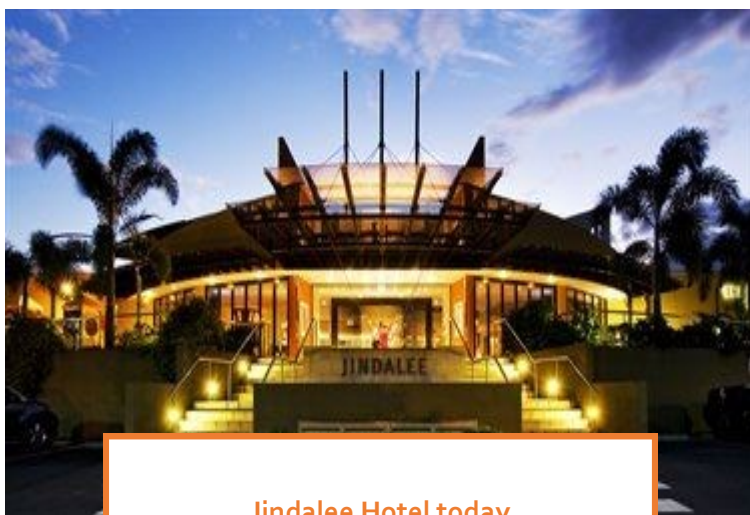


Family Home—Westlake Drive

During this period I became totally engaged in the local Centenary community, firstly as President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce (1974/1979), raising funds for Brisbane floods and later the Darwin cyclone. Joh Bjelke Petersen, then Premier of Queensland presented me an award for community services, the first such presentation at a sitting Cabinet meeting in Queensland. I also spent several years with Rotary in the Centenary estates, again with a term as President and finally in this decade I started a term of seven years as P&C President at Jamboree Heights State School.

On top of these community commitments my work with the Bank continued. Jen and I also created several businesses, one of which was DATA, Duplicating and Typing Assistance, which, with the acquisition of a Gestetner duplicator we would type reports and make copies for other clubs and organisations in the area. This was quite lucrative and could even be run with the kids around. No computers in those days.

I forgot to mention earlier that from 1973 to 1986 I worked as chief cashier for the Jindalee Hotel, usually three days a week from 5pm until midnight. Jindalee Hotel was top of the charts for most of this period and its bottle shop would outsell any other pub in Queensland. At one stage Channel Ten ran its Saturday night variety show from this location and it was also my role to co-ordinate this event often getting crowds of over 1500 people. Even though Channel Ten provided security guards I needed to liaise with Inala Police to keep the bikies under control but I think our biggest problem were the fifteen or twenty police who were regularly inebriated and required a number of paddy wagons to assist them home after midnight. I vividly remember one Saturday night just after closing in early 1974 when I found a motorbike in the Red Lion bar with five coppers and a motor cyclist handcuffed to the front wheel. I judiciously took a photo which served as added security for staff for many years. All the great bands played at Jindalee Hotel including the Bee Gees and John Farnham. This served me well in later years when I moved to television production.



Jindalee Hotel today

The eighties were about kids, education and family life. We, the family, travelled quite often to different parts of Australia, New Zealand, Fiji and Singapore. These times were fabulous and eye opening.

In 1984 I established a video production business called Redgum Television Productions. In between work and family, I started making documentaries and became involved in some commercial work. Remember, I had been making movies and taking photographs since the early sixties when I sold four documentaries on the Navy Reserves to the ABC in Sydney. I started making money from the video business by filming homes for sale. These were primarily used for larger properties and sent to foreign countries. The sales were exceptional.

After serving as manager at several bank branches I finished up at Mineral House in 1985 from where I resigned. This came after a lot of thought and a lucrative offer from one of my investor clients to finance the initial development of my video production company.

I have no regrets on spending twenty-five years in the banking system. It was a great career filled with many highlights, lots of challenges and the experience of moving geographically, not only between states but from branch to branch in both New South Wales and Queensland. The Bank's training was superb, not only in management but also people skills, paralegal skills, negotiation and sales techniques. Most of these skills were certified through the banks training college in New South Wales.

Over the years I acquired many skills in the free enterprise system. Remember, at this point in time, the Bank was a federal government instrumentality. From the age of eighteen I had run a successful photographic business, worked as a contactor with a variety of small business, managed a high distribution national magazine and for years ran a duplicating and typing service from home. And, in addition, I had produced several commercial documentaries for the ABC.

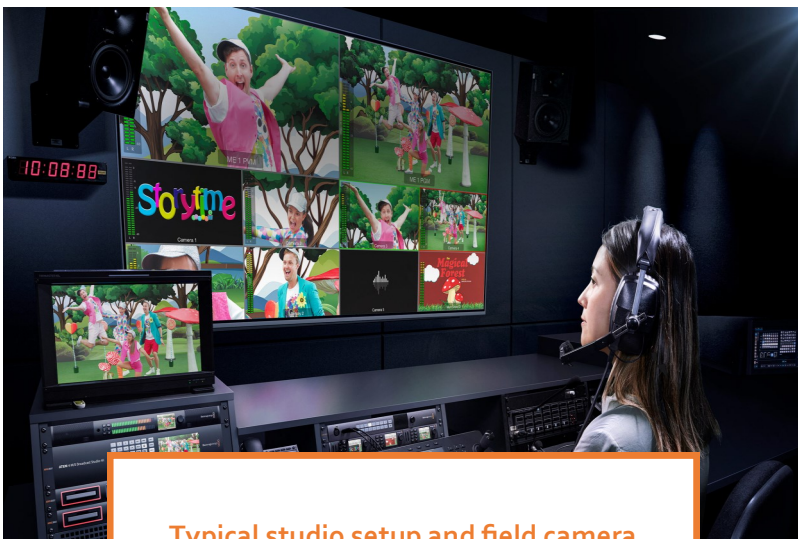


Aged just forty I engaged the biggest challenge of my life. It was 1985 and my kids were eight and six years of age. Day one of Redgum Television Productions, with a staff of five, and I was apprehensive.

Our investment in the production facilities at Bowen Hills was enormous, in fact, in the millions of dollars and we only had one substantial prospect of work. We had been touting for work for many months and had secured a \$30,000 contract with a Toshiba microwave for a television/video presentation and a promise of ongoing work which did eventuate. Soon we acquired another contract from Black and White cabs and probably half a dozen other corporate customers.

The mid-eighties were boom time for video production and our real competition was Jumbuck Studios owned by Christopher Skase who also owned Channel 7. Jumbuck was only five hundred metres from our establishment, had unlimited funding and state of the art machinery that could handle almost any given task. Rather than compete head on I approached Christopher and offered to do any work they might bypass. He was happy about this and a great working relationship was established that suited both of us.

Even though Jumbuck had great facilities, Redgum had built studios using highly specialised video hardware, a component setup that hooks up video machines using three separate cables, RGB. Very difficult to setup but offering greater results for clients. This reduced our overheads by nearly 70% whilst improving our product overall by 30%. It paid dividends.



Typical studio setup and field camera



I was totally involved in the building of the studios and eventually became an authority on component technology across the world. So much so that the Malaysian government would eventually appoint me as the technical authority for the construction of their six major television studios in Kuala Lumpur. A project worth more than \$400 million.

In the first twelve months we did well when an old mate of mine, Bob Godfrey, walked in our doors after an absence from my life of some twenty years. He offered me a lucrative contract with Queensland Health. That contract lasted about seven years when Bob transferred to the Education Department. We contracted to EQ and stayed with the department for more than fifteen years, producing work in schools all over Queensland, more than a hundred in fact. We also handled the departments IT work and were responsible for the initial operation of One School website and associated activities.

Eventually we acquired the work of seven separate departments of the Queensland government and three Federal departments, primarily because of our political contacts, which stood us well in 1988 when Expo came to town. In fact, we did most of the government work for Expo and as a result worked in partnership with enterprises such as IBM and Telstra. I called 1988 the year of the lunch and probably put on ten kilos in weight.



EXPO 88 Brisbane, Australia

Directly after Expo 88 I became involved, in fact wrote and produced, a documentary called Centrepoin. This had been in planning for eighteen months and focussed on a journey to central Australia to find the geographic centre of our country. My client was Royal Geographic and their purpose was to discover the centre of Australia, if you were to balance it on a pinhead. The University of Queensland recorded over two thousand points along the Australian coastline and calculated on one of our first sophisticated computer systems, exactly where the centre should be. To provide proof of that calculation Royal Geographic engaged the Australian Army, using satellite technology, to chart a course from Darwin by road, to see if the calculation was correct. Approaching from opposite directions, our convoy of seventeen four-wheel drives and a bus headed west from Brisbane whilst the Army came by truck from the north, each checking their calculations on the way. Our journey ended at Finke in the Northern Territory, with the teams only three metres apart.

Even today, on a property near the township of Finke stands a masthead identical to that which adorns the new parliament house in Canberra. A tribute to the explorers who mapped this country from day one. The documentary was shown in mid-September 1988 on Channel 7s World Around Us nationwide, hosted by Frank Warwick and remains the highest rated Australian documentary, even today.

This was only the beginning. With the success of Centrepoin, Redgum went on to make over three thousand documentaries across Asia and parts of Europe but particularly in all parts of Australia. Redgum also made in excess of one thousand television commercials running a profitable arrangement with what was then Channel 0. Over the years I've been awarded more than four hundred trophies for excellence in documentary making from the UK, USA and Europe and from every major competition in Australia.

Just prior to the Seoul Olympics in the late 80's I struck a deal with a major US production company to shoot a commercial at Brisbane Airport. At this stage the airport construction was complete but not open, hence why it was selected. The commercial was for Coca Cola in the US, promoting the Seoul games and starred the Michael Jackson. Redgum's role was to production manage and the Americans would provide Michael himself, for \$5 million to say just five words. Production manage literally means organising the airport hire, the hire of two jumbo jets and selection of three thousand extras for non-speaking parts. Production went extremely well, the jets landed safely and the extras, who needed to be of Asian extraction, all turned up and performed well. The only hitch we had was Michael Jackson who needed to recite his lines four times at great expense. The overall budget was in excess of \$10 million and the commercial shoot was finished two days before Brisbane airport was officially opened. This type of work did nothing less than enhance our reputation worldwide.

In the 1990's we were beset with a recession we had to have, so said my good friend Paul Keating, and Redgum reverted to a family business.

I took a new job as CEO of the Queensland Council of P&C Association on a two-year contract working directly with the Minister for Education. This job was more dangerous than being at war with the Navy. Most of my time was spent sorting out physical brawls between parents and teachers across Queensland and arbitrating an outcome that also involved the Queensland Teachers Union and local police.

It was a pleasure to move on to a job that was more civilised, and I took up a scholarship with the Australian Institute of Management in Brisbane. I spent almost a year studying workplace skills to certificate level and effective negotiation to diploma level. I also achieved the title AFAIM, Associate Fellow of the Australian Institute of Management and landed a very special job sponsored by AIM and funded by the Australian government.

AIM landed a grant for \$100,000 in early 1993 and appointed me CEO of the South West Economic Development Network (SWEDN). This was amid the trauma of very high unemployment and my task was simple, lower the current rate of unemployment in the Inala/Richlands region of Brisbane from the current 53%, the highest in Australia, to a rate as low as possible but under 40%. I had three years to achieve this goal.



Working with a management committee of three we very quickly went about setting the parameters and defining the players. The prime groups were the unemployed, the employers and the politicians at all levels of government. Our chief challenge was to find out why Inala and Richlands had such high unemployment yet lived next door to the biggest industrial and commercial centre in Brisbane. The only thing that separated them was Ipswich motorway and a class status in population.

I got the groups together by fostering breakfast meetings on a regular basis. Business were eager to participate and used the meetings to network. Politicians flocked to the breakfast with the opportunity to mingle with business executives and in the end, we had some three hundred and fifty financial members and the monthly breakfast meetings attracted over three hundred guests. Business flourished and from this I learned the biggest problem facing the corporate sector was employment. They constantly had vacancies. I learned from the unemployed for whom I had arranged many seminars, school visits and events that even though they were geographically close to Darra there was no regular transport. And I put pressure on the politicians to overcome their electoral issues and run considerably more bus transport so we could solve this problem.

After three years I had lowered the unemployment rate to twenty six percent, businesses were happy, and the politicians were talking to each other. I had also raised just over \$12 million dollars in Federal grants by running two trade/employment expo's, each attracting over twenty thousand visitors and a three week trade train journey to Cairns and return where Microsoft, IBM, Telstra and other tech companies looking for employees displayed their wares. This train was manned with qualified unemployed technicians who themselves were later gainfully employed.

In 1996 the country had recovered from the recession and I went back to producing documentaries and building personal computers for video editors across Australia. I contracted to TPG building specialised computers and studied various forms of software and other applications right through until I retired in 2015.

Even though, at the time, I had over twenty years of experience in the video production industry and a mammoth production list, documentaries and commercials, I felt the time was right to pass on that knowledge to others, so I decided to teach video production. In the commercial world it was simply a matter of hanging out your shingle, designing courses and hiring venues. When these courses are being delivered to large corporates your credentials are your next job. Get it wrong and the work dries up. For the public sector, TAFE and Schools and government departments it's essential to have appropriate qualifications. Having worked in these sectors for many years it wasn't difficult to find an avenue or a venue where I could get what I needed without spending another four years at University or TAFE.

As luck would have it TAFE were offering the opportunity for mature people to RPL (Recognition of Prior Learning) to complete qualifications quickly, so I submitted an application and was accepted. It worked out opportune and I in fact qualified for complete RPL without undertaken any further study. A panel of assessors were assembled at Mt Gravatt TAFE. I was seeking an Advanced Diploma of Screen and Media, normally a four-year course, but there was no one senior enough in Queensland to lead the panel and a qualified person was shipped in from New South Wales.

After an hour and a half of verbal examination and scrutiny of all my professional documentation I became a qualified trainer in Queensland.

Within weeks I had three offers of senior training positions with mouth-watering salaries, but they were all full-time. I opted for several part-time positions so I could continue my other work.

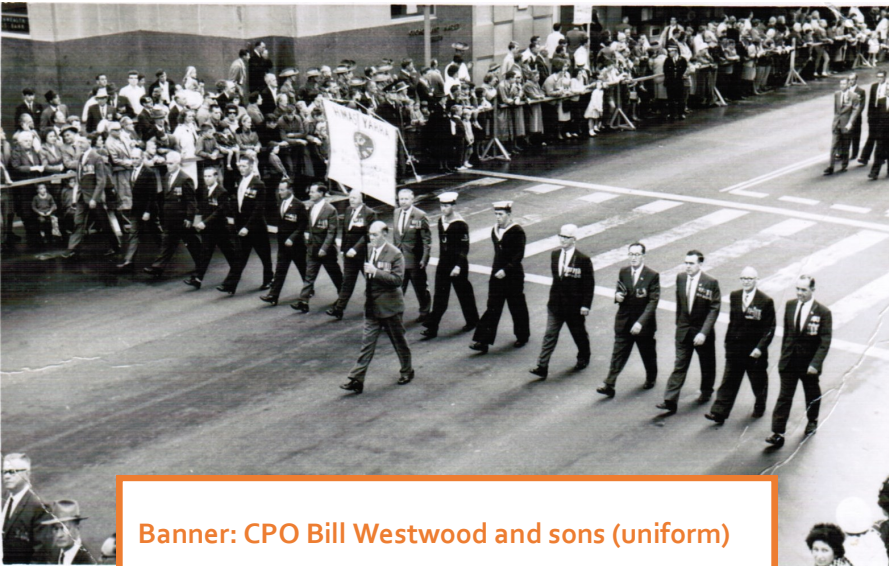


During this time, I immersed with the community and from 1996 to 2010 I served on the board of Brisbane YMCA as a director whilst during this period I was also President of the YMCA at Camira. From 1996 until 2016 I was the Chairman (CAC)* of four Correctional Centres and one Youth Correctional Centre and for most of this period my good mate Kevin Schneidewin was my Deputy Chair. Our role in these organisations was commissioned by the Prisons Minister of Queensland State Parliament and our job was to liaise directly with the surrounding communities who often opposed the building of prisons in their suburbs. This was achieved most successfully by using the resources of the prisons, the inmates, to produce a range of products for consumption at no cost to those communities, churches and other charity organisations. *(CAC Community Advisory Committee)

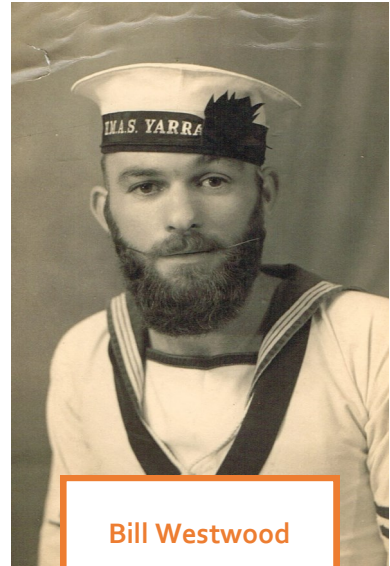
I have also participated in many other community groups. I had the pleasure of leading Queensland Movie Makers for seventeen years as President or Vice President. This organisation was formed in 1937 and boasts many illustrious leaders over the years including a Brisbane Lord Mayor and a Cabinet Minister. It still meets at Mt Gravatt Men's Shed. I created Parramatta Movie Club in 1963 when I was eighteen and led that organisation for four years. I also created BRAVA, Brisbane Regional Amateur Video Association in 1985 meeting at the Redgum Studios. BRAVA still exists today with a change of name to Brisbane Video Makers Inc. and meets in a Brisbane suburb.

Westwood, J. S. *My Life and Times – born Sydney 1945*, v5.0. (2020). As part of the series, "Stories from the Shed", Mount Gravatt Men's Shed, www.mtgravattmensshed.org.au

I am a Veteran and regularly attend ANZAC and Remembrance Day commemorations each year. I support the ADF and Veterans. I'm a member of the HMAS Yarra association, a ship which my father, my brother and I all served at different times.



**Banner: CPO Bill Westwood and sons (uniform)
LSRP Richard Westwood & OS John Westwood**



**Bill Westwood
February 1942**

I have a certificate, a National Volunteer Award that was presented personally to me by Prime Minister, Julie Gillard, for outstanding service to the Australian community over five decades. I hold that with pride.

Except for a few medical issues I wouldn't change my life for quids. I really do appreciate ALL my friends, my family and my adventures that have shaped my life and continue to do so.



JOHN WESTWOOD. Member, Mt Gravatt Men's Shed

15 April 2020

Westwood, J. S. *My Life and Times – born Sydney 1945*, v5.0. (2020). As part of the series, "Stories from the Shed", Mount Gravatt Men's Shed, www.mtgravattmensshed.org.au

The John Stancell Westwood

My Life and Times - Born Sydney 1945

Categories

Life summary # *Story-teller's cultural background*: Australian

Urban/Rural # Sport/Recreation/Work # Successes # Triumphs

Coming of age # Travel

Westwood, J. S. *My Life and Times – born Sydney 1945*, v5.0. (2020). As part of the series, “*Stories from the Shed*”, Mount Gravatt Men’s Shed, www.mtgravattmensshed.org.au

This print version, and the online version, of this publication have been published under an open access model. Users are entitled to use, reproduce, disseminate, or display the open access version of this publication for non-commercial purposes provided that: the original authorship is properly and fully attributed; the Mount Gravatt Men’s Shed website at www.mtgravattmensshed.org.au is attributed as the original place of publication with the correct citation details given; if this publication were subsequently reproduced or disseminated not in its entirety but only in part or as a derivative work this must be clearly indicated. For commercial re-use permissions, please contact: secretary@mtgravattmensshed.org.au

Funded by



This publication is from the series: ‘*Stories from the Shed*’, as part of a project funded by the Mount Gravatt Men’s Shed, and the *Queensland Department of Communities, Disability Services and Seniors*, via an Age-Friendly grant 2019-2020, and is aimed at developing connections between people and groups in the community.

PO Box 239

Mansfield Qld 4122

Phone: 07 3343 2216

Email: secretary@mtgravattmensshed.org.au

Web: www.mtgravattmensshed.org.au

Patrons: Right Rev. Dr Doug Stevens

Professor Grant Devilly

Dr Brian Kable



ABN 43684456315; Established 2009; AMSA Registration 100071; QMSA Registration 13

Westwood, J. S. *My Life and Times – born Sydney 1945*, v5.0. (2020). As part of the series, “*Stories from the Shed*”, Mount Gravatt Men’s Shed, www.mtgravattmensshed.org.au