



The sign on the back says – “THIS IS AN UNMARKED GARBAGE TRUCK”

The dent is from a drunk driver in an FC Sedan running into me.

M.R.B. Form No. 276. STATE OF VICTORIA MOTOR CAR ACT 1958

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION OF MOTOR CAR

This is to certify that the Motor Car described hereunder has (subject to receipt of annual fee at the rate per power-weight unit indicated below) been registered as of the date set out hereunder and for the period ending on the date set out hereunder.

R. H. ARNOLD *CLUS* **AUTHORISED**

WARNING
This Certificate shall have no effect until the imprint of the CASH REGISTER appears hereon (see over)

NAME AND ADDRESS OF REGISTERED OWNER
MR. KIME, PETER J.
F3+20 LAWN CRES.
BRAYBROOK 3019

DESCRIPTION OF MOTOR CAR

Type	Plate	Class	Make	Reg. No.	Colour
59	HOLD	P VAN	3	GXX129	BGE
Wheels	Engine Number	Year	Period Ending		
P 4	L609756 B33579	30 SEP 69			
Cap. (H.P.W.)	Wt. (H.P.)	P.W.U.	Rate	Annual Fee	
8	29	21 1/2	4.60	25.20	
			0.75	31.50	

Name and Address of Proprietor (if any)

AMENDMENTS— (OFFICE USE ONLY)

READ ENCLOSED INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE COMPLETING THE FOLLOWING

1 NAME OF INSURANCE COMPANY (AUTHORISED INSURER)	CLUS	3 INSURANCE PAYMENT HEREWITH	\$ 23.15
2 NUMBER OF CERTIFICATE OF INSURANCE WHICH IS FORWARDED HEREWITH		4 REGISTRATION FEE	25.20
		5 TOTAL	58.35

* Load capacity (as approved by Chief Commissioner of Police).
† Maximum permissible weight of motor car and load (subject to the restrictions contained in Section 33 of the Motor Car Act 1958).

This is the amended Registration Certificate after I put a new motor in. Rego and Insurance went up because of a HP increase.

It was registered as a Commercial, used to get away with parking in loading zones.

I still have the original sales invoice and RWC Certificate.

(Have that for most of the vehicles I have owned, no I am not a hoarder, I just like to keep stuff.)

191,724 FC's were built from May 1958 to Jan 1960, they were then replaced with the FB.

From the age of 6 to 22 most of my life was spent in a Housing Commission Flat in Braybrook. (I was born in Newcastle NSW but arrived in Melbourne at the tender age of 6.)

At the age of 16, while doing an apprenticeship as a Fitter and Turner I became interested in some mode of motorized transport. I brought my 1st motorbike then and when it was going I spent hours in a vacant paddock next door going around and around in circles or I would cross over Ballarat Road and ride around in circles in a track behind the Besters Sweet Factory in Evans St. Occasionally I would head down to the Marybinong river and follow the river until I got to where the Whitten Bridge is now. The Braybrook Motor Cycle Club had a track there and again I would ride around and around in circles.

When I was 17 I started wishing 17 and 9 months would arrive so that I could get my learners permit to ride a motorcycle. While waiting I found out if I was quite I could sneak my elder brothers motor scooter out and ride until midnight then sneak it back home. This worked well until my Dad was looking out the window of the kitchen (we were in the 2nd floor of the flat) went go into the punishment here, but I was threatened with all sorts of hell and pestilence.

Finally I got my permit and brought a bike and rode it to work and everywhere, I couldn't believe the freedom it gave me. I hardly had my bum of it. About this time I met a lovely young lady called Pat (now my wife.) She suffered going on the back of the bike but I could see she would be happier to be in a car. I then started car hunting. The 1st car I came across was an MG TD over in Coburg. It was for sale at \$500, and I could just afford it. I mentioned it to my Dad and as he didn't drive he thought I was very selfish buying a 2 seat car, how was I going to take Mum, Dad and my younger brother out for picnics. I still had a couple of motorbikes and I was going to scrambles meetings on a regular

basis with my mate so the idea of a panel van came up. I could carry the bikes in the back or tow a trailer and if Mum, Dad and my younger brother want to go on a picnic they could sit in the back. Problem solved.

Preston motors had a car yard on the cnr of Ballarat Rd and Mitchell St (opposite the Ashley Pub). A mechanic mate checked it out and although it was blowing a small amount of smoke said it was OK for the price. I brought it and was quite happy with the car, Pat and myself went everywhere in it, including a couple of trips up to Newcastle to visit my Grandmother. Occasionally we would stuff my mates bike in the back and take him to the scrambles at Xmas Hills, Barrabool or Sunbury. The 3 of us always fitted snugly across the bench seat, we weren't giants by any means so it was cosy.

The car performed admirably and never gave too much trouble. It wasn't until taking off at the traffic lights one day I looked in the rear view mirror and could not see the car behind me, there was grey smoke every where. I got to work at Wiltshire File Co. on Sunshine rd, and checked my oil level. It was nearly empty. This brought about a norm of filling up with oil and checking the petrol. Being a lowly apprentice a new motor was out of the question. About then I started pumping petrol at nights (when I wasn't at Night School or taking Pat on a date) as well as weekends at the Ampol Service Station on the Cnr of Ballarat Rd and Whittaker St Maidstone (conveniently Pat lived at the bottom of Whittaker St.) Working there allowed me to save up some money to get a motor. As I would have to wait about 6 months before I could afford the motor I realized I would be spending a fortune on oil. Luckily just up from me was a company called Leroc Oil (on cnr Ballarat Rd and Evans St). They recycled oil and I could get a 5 gallon drum of 30 – 50 oil for half the price I could get it from the Service Station. I then became a 2 weekly visitor, they would fill up the drum and I would tire it down in the back of the van with a funnel on top. I had to top up the oil every 2nd or 3rd day. Pat and myself still managed to cover a lot of miles, using the throttle gently so as not to produce a smoke screen. We went on a rally once with Pats Brother in law and backing off down the hills smoked out people behind us and they could not see where they were going. Everyone said it was time to put the car off the road or do the motor up. The proprietor of the Ampol Station said he could get a reasonably good motor cheap and offered me a good price to do it, he need the car for 1 week. It was back to the motorcycle and not going out much.

While putting the engine in I decided to put extractors on the motor as well as twin 2" side pipes. The muffler was a 2 into 2 Hama muffler, it had the best exhaust crackle I have ever heard. (With the windows open and backing off as I went through the Tottenham tunnel was a thrill I had every day going to work.)The problem was I kept hitting the gutter every time I parked it, so the side pipes came off and I ran twin 2" pipes out the rear. About this time I noticed the rust starting to appear at the bottom of the doors, around the headlights and found that if I hit the cross members with a screw driver it went straight through. A friend had an FC Van for sale, it didn't have a motor in it but did have a body with less rust than mine. The plan was to swap motors and interior over to the new van. I talked the Ampol proprietor into let me park it behind the garage and so I could strip it. After 1 year he told me to get rid of it or it would be towed away. The only part I got out of that was the bench seat, we stuck it in the back of my FC so the drunks would have a place to sit. Never did get a chance to swap bodies over, so kept the FC as it was. We continued driving it for another couple of years, no smoke but left rust particles on the road. I only had one accident in that car, a drunk came at me on the wrong side of the road (FC Sedan) and as I tried to avoid him he hit me in the left end of the van. Luckily the police office had a partnership in a panel shop about where High Point Shopping Centre is now and did a good job at a reasonable rate. By the time the FC start to eat itself to death with rust I was now almost a Tradesman and on better money than \$12.00 per week I thought it time to trade up to a newer car (not new new but second hand and a bit younger than the FC). I still thought a panel van was the way to so in 1970 I traded up to a HR Holden Panel Van.

That will be another story.