

EDITORIAL

SEPTEMBER, 1974

Okay, so what's been happening in and out of the club over the past month?? S'pose we'd better mention that the weather, at times, has greatly improved, being warm and sunny, as a change from the usual rain and cold.

Speeding seems to be the "in" thing recently, as Keith Anderson was apprehended at Seymour the morning they left for the trip to Queensland. While we're on the subject of speeding, Greg Smith also fell afoul of the law, also at Seymour, whilst doing 80mph with a pillion passenger. Lets' hope he doesn't drive his trains that fast!!

While on the subject of THAT trip, it appears females weren't welcome, due to the fact that a certain person considered them incapable of sustaining the planned speeds. That, to us, sounds not good – as all states DO have speed limits to which we are supposed to adhere at all times.

We hear tell that big Daddy is sick of the sight of cold sausages. Wonder why?

Lots of things apparently happened on the Cowes camping weekend. Bob Hodge has taken to sleeping on bridges – MOST uncomfortable, as well as being not very private, to say the least.

And what did Geoff Harrison get up to at Phillip Island? Could be interesting to find out. And why did Gary O turn up on the Sunday to find out?

We'd love to hear the cock 'n' bull story that Linda put over to get her money back at the Cowes Motel.

Is it true that THAT trip up North became an utter shambles, with everyone going in different directions? Thought it was supposed to have been VERY carefully and exactly planned??

Who are the swingers in the club, and how many are there?

A word to anyone who wants to grow a beard – chook dung is wonderful!

Change of address: "Searchlight" is now at 7 Jeanette St, Clayton.

Memo to Mick Fagan: - Kate is off honey, forever.

P.S Mick Fagan is uniformed!!!

Me 'n' Him or Me 'n' Her.

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TARA VALLEY

Sunday, 7th July 1974

After commenting on the overcast conditions, a handful of motorcyclists left eh KBCP at about 9.05am, with the intended destination of Tara Valley in Gippsland.

Our first stop was at Hallam, just outside Dandenong, and while there the bikes were filled up while we commented on the unusual black, not grey, things that were in the sky ahead of us. As we roared off from the service station at Hallam, I had assumed temporary leadership of the group, as my toes were in front of Darren's hands – only by two or three inches though, as I was in the side car. Behind were 10 bikes,

comprising 2 Yami 650's, a beautiful BMW, an assortment of Honda's, and a Suzi 250 and a 750 Suzi – the only bike worth riding. (My opinions differ – typist)

No sooner had we left Hallam that we found out what the unusual black tings in the sky contained. We did a little bit of trail riding to the South Gippsland Highway and from there we followed the Highway around to Korumburra. I found out that sitting in the chair was no fun and games. When negotiating a left hand turn at speed of 100kmh, I noticed another thing in the sky, this time only a few inches above my helmet. It would remain there for approx 5 to 10 seconds and after we straightened up, it would disappear. Most peculiar! I never did ask Darren what it was. (It was an arse, dummy! – Ed)

At Korumburra we made a bee line for a cafe across the street from the service station for a welcome cup of coffee, which warmed our insides. Mind you, though, the skins were numb from the cold water and penetrating wind. I was surprised to see that the girl who was riding the Honda 100 had kept up to Darren's cracking pace of 100kmh. (You think that's fast? – typist) The bikes were filled and then much to my disgust the Suzi water bottle rider said he had had enough of the 40 to 50kmh crosswinds, headwinds, tailwinds and rain, and was heading back to Melbourne. Without further ado, we each went our separate ways, leaving nine bikes to complete the run.

Between Korumburra and Yarram we had beautiful weather. For this leg of the journey I changed vehicles again and I was now riding pillion on Lloyd's 350/4...a good bike that does its job with a minimum of fuss – even if the rear springs bottom when two-up! It was raining all the way with very strong cross winds. A couple of times we almost scraped the foot pegs just to keep on the road, it was so bad. Darren kept our confidence up by reminding us he was carrying a gallon of coffee on board his outfit.

Yarram, oh wonderful Yarram! No joke, I could smell lunch being cooked 10 kilometres away. We eventually arrived there! After we finally pulled up outside the cafe, I jumped off the 350/4, but somebody should have warned me – my knees had gone numb and I almost landed on the footpath because of the lack of circulation.

Next was the vital leg of the trip. This is what we had travelled almost 240 kilometres to see. All I can say is that I couldn't see past my visor and if I let go of my grip on the 350/4 to clean it, I'm sure I wouldn't be telling this tale of high adventure to you now. I can say the corner markers worked well, as we eventually arrived at what is commonly known as the Tara Valley National Park. It is a place very hard to describe – a car park and a picnic shelter with a roof that leaked is the closest I can get. We parked our bikes and found there were some hot embers in the fireplace. Darren broke out the gallon of coffee. Never in my whole life have I been so grateful for a cup of coffee. I tasted awful but felt as though I had drunk a dozen "Bloody Mary's". It was pure execy. (I presume you mean ecstasy – Ed) We were able, with a combined effort, to obtain a flicker of flame from the hot coals. Two guys were mad enough to go on the short walk there and got wet for their troubles. Darren put forward a motion to go to Traralgon via Bulga National Park, instead of going back to Leongatha via Boolarra. The motion was varied, so Darren repacked the coffee, we donned our already wet leathers and got going.

Our next stop was Bulla National Park to see the suspension bridge, but alas, there was a ranger there to collect 20c from each of us. We soon gave Bulga Park a miss, with not one of us going to see the bridge. The ranger didn't mind in the least. He had his radiator going and his radio blaring – he was comfortable! About 10 kilometres down the track we struck bitumen again. The cross winds were bad again coming down the mountain range on the Traralgon side. Once on the Princes Highway the bike seemed to know it was going home and preformed that way.

We stopped at Morwell for more petrol. There was only one thing on our minds at that moment, and that was to get home into some dry clothes. Everybody had arrived at Dandenong by 6.15 and all had completed the trip. Not one person had fallen off or dropped their bike. A record, don't you think? (No, I don't, as there has been many club runs without drops!! – typist!)

You cannot imagine the change in the bikes' appearances between 9am that morning and 6.30pm that night, from being immaculate in every way and then being covered in mud and grime. I was glad to get back to the

city to Russell St and into some warm dry clothes. Darren had said that this trip, would be one to remember, and I certainly will. Only a madman or a mad keen motorcyclist goes on trips like that. I don't know which I am!

Russell McMennemin,

Dinged Suzi 750.

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Dear Sirs,

Some notes to assist in the filling in of this year's taxation return.

Yours faithfully,

Jock Strap.

H.M. INSPECTOR OF TAXES

NOTICE OF INCREASE IN TAX PAYMENT, EFFECTIVE, 1ST JULY, 1973.

TO ALL TAX PAYERS

Gentlemen,

The only thing the present Government has not taxed is your "John Thomas". Mainly this is due to the fact that for 98% of the time your "John Thomas" is out of work. The other 2%, it is in a hole, and moreover, it has two dependants, both of whom are nuts.

Accordingly, beginning 1st July, 1974, your "John Thomas" will be taxed according to its size. For this purpose the "John Thomas" chart as below should be used in order to determine your own particular category.

Please insert this information on Page2, Section v, Line 3 of your inland.

Yours faithfully,

Jock Strapp,
COMMISSIONER FOR TAXATION

"JOHN THOMAS CHART":

- 10 – 12 inches – luxury tax
- 8 – 10 inches – pole tax
- 6 – 8 inches – privilege tax
- 4 – 6 inches – nuisance tax.

NOTE:

Anyone under 4 inches qualifies for a refund. Males exceeding 12 inches should file under Capital Gains. Please do not request an extension.

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It used to be embarrassing to make the thing behave.

It stood up every morning and always watched him shave.
But now he's getting older, he really gets the blues,
To see it hanging down his leg, and watch him clean his shoes!

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BENDIGO POTTERY

Sunday 28th July.

After leaving home in miserable weather, I was enthusiastically welcomed to a club run, as I had not been on one for a long time.

At approx 9.35am we departed from the car park with Darren leading and Big Daddy rear rider again. As we proceeded up the Tullamarine Freeway, some of the club was closely followed by the fuzz...just near the airport, one of the new club followers run out of petrol and by the time we got going, we were about 15 minutes behind the others.

From there we proceeded with great haste to the township of Bendigo. We stopped for lunch in the Golden Fleece Service station and also filled up with petrol there.

From here we rode in slow formation to the pottery plant. It was one of the most interesting pottery tours I have ever been on, and after some of the club purchased some pottery, we went back to Bendigo.

At Bendigo, some people in cars left to go straight home. The weather was really great with dry and firm roads where we could let the machines go. We proceeded to the Elphinstone – Kyneton road and then to Gisborne with the weather getting worse. Form Gisborne across the hills to the Western Highway and so to Melbourne, because of the races at Calder.

By the time we reached the cafe the rain had started again. The run finished there with some members going on to Darren's for coffee and the warmth of the air-conditioner.

The run was well attended with approx 40 motorcycles, and was without any breakdowns. A good day being had by all.

P.S: The President should not ride a motorcycle with bald tyres, as it is not setting a good example. Also, he shouldn't walk around like a mad monster from outer space, scaring little children!!

Why is Murphy selling his motorcycle?

- (1) Wife very bruised?
- (2) No licence?
- (3) Getting older?
- (4) Wants to spend Sundays doing other things? (Ed's bit)

Chris Thorn,
Kwaka Kidd.

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LAKE HINDMARSH

September, 1974

Members will note that the weekend closest to the Melbourne Show Day Public Holiday has been made a camping weekend. This is so that you can take one days leave and thus have a four day weekend.

The run on Show Day, Thursday 26th September, is to Lal Lal Falls, near Ballarat. Anybody intending to camp at Lake Hindmarsh can travel to Ballarat with the club on Thursday morning and then continue on to Jeparit in the afternoon. This is what I will be doing. So see your boss now and arrange to take Friday 27th as leave.

If not taking the intervening Friday as leave, Lake Hindmarsh is still close enough for a normal camping weekend. The camp site will be at the Four Mile Beach, situated that many miles from Jeparit along the main road to Nhill, and is well sign – posted. The itinerary is notated as “limited facilities” – this means there are no hot showers. A modern shower/toilet block has recently been erected, but the water is not heated.

Following recent heavy rains, the Lake is full, making the most ideal camping conditions for years.

The recently formed Nhill Motorcycle Club seem likely to join us, and we are at present writing to see if they can plan anything for Saturday night.

Neville

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FOR SALE

For anyone wishing to buy camping gear, but finds themselves a little short on brass – I have two second hand tents for sale.

They are both in lightweight Japara canvas and require the use of a ground sheet, but have the advantage of being small and light for motorcycling travelling.

Sizes are for two persons plus gear, and for one person plus gear. Both are complete with poles, pegs, ropes and rope adjusters.

Price of each is \$15

Also for sale, a pair green Belstaff trousers. Would fit anyone 5’10” or less. (They’re a little short for me.) Price \$10.

If you are interested in any of the above gear, contact Les Leahy at the monthly meeting, or on a club run.

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VACMA WEEKEND ! MALDON, 3+4/8/74

The members who attended this camping weekend feel that the Committee should be criticised for their attitude towards VACMA’s invitation. It was decided not to make this weekend an official run, because it was believed that VACMA allowed alcohol on their runs. Instead, it was left up to the individual members to decide if they wanted to accept VACMA’s invitation.

Accepting that there may have been grounds for caution in accepting the invitation, we feel that VACMA’s invitation should have been properly advertised to all members. The itinerary said see the magazine, the magazine said see Mick Fagan. This information was a bit useless, with Mick being in W.A. Unless members were to have taken the initiative and enquired around, they probably wouldn’t even have known who the invitation came from.

After attending the weekend, we can inform everybody that VACMA’s behaviour is little different to, (in fact, it is probably better than!) ours. Their use of alcohol was entirely responsible and only a negligible amount was consumed early on Sunday morning. Everybody was quite sober Saturday night, nobody drank excessively, and there was none of the foul language that we frequently experience on our camping weekends.

VACMA operates under a system of common sense. They do not believe in being strictly regimented through a constitution as we are. In theory, they can get as rotten as they like, but common sense restricts this.

Three people set off after Friday night’s meeting (Les, Katrina and Ned) and ended up meeting tow people at Castlemaine (Brian and Gary) who had left earlier in the night. This gave five MSCAV members who camped out for the weekend. The weather conditions were wet and cold, so on reaching Maldon, we hunted around for shelter rather than pitch tents. We eventually found a shed at the recreation reserve and bedded down on a hay covered floor.

Saturday morning we awoke to blue skies and sunshine, a welcome sight after the precious night’s heavy rain. We packed up early and set off to locate the official camping area. After much deliberation, we pitched camp on the most likely looking spot which turned out to be the right one.

The rest of the morning was spent wandering around town looking at the many extremely old buildings, and wandering through the many artist-come-antique shops. These shops have been set up by people wanting to get away from the rat race of the city. They specialize in such things as pottery, iron sculpture, hand-spun wool and hand crafted leather goods.

By late afternoon, approx 25 VACMA people had accumulated at Maldon. Because of the worsening skies, it was decided to spend the rest of the afternoon in the local, playing pool and idle chattering. An adjournment was made for tea and then it was back to the pub until stumps. Then it was back to the campsite and a warm raging fire.

Sunday saw a visit from the Bendigo MCC and a contingent form the MSCAV on a day run. Following a barbeque lunch, a visit to Mt Tarrengower. Those who were willing to brave being blown away by gale force winds got a magnificent view of the surrounding countryside from the PMG tower. Next, it was on the Carmen’s Tunnel, and a trek into her pitch black confines.

It was refreshing to spend a weekend mixing with a completely different group of motorcyclists. As with rallies, it is a good opportunity for the exchange of ideas and experiences. So next time somebody extends to us the courtesy of an invitation, surely we can do them justice and attend in reasonable numbers. After all, isn’t one of the aims of our club to foster friendship in the motorcycle field?

Neville & Katrina.

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JUST OUR LUCK

Both crews of the first two Viking long boats in the small bay sat ramrod straight, cars held steady in an even line, while the men in the third boat loosed wearily and dispiritedly over their oars, which dragged loosely.

“Sons of Odin” shouted the chief of the raiding party, “Yonder lies the Saxon village! We in the first boat will loot! The second boat will burn the village! And the third..”

“Oh no!” muttered an oarsman in the third boat, “Don’t tell me we’re raping again!!”

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There were three blokes and one girl on a desert island. After one week, the girl got astounded with what she was doing, so she killed herself. After another week, the fellas got astounded with what they were doing, so they buried her. After another week, they got astounded with what they were doing, so they dug her up again!

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WE MADE IT TO MALDON

This is not a recollection of the details of a trip and weekend camp out. Although I do hope that one of the others who were there tells you about the night in the showgrounds hay shed, about Gary's (Honda 450) school bag pannier, about gel igniting boulder, about, oh, lots of things you missed out on.

No, I'm simply writing to say that after this weekend at Maldon I'm impressed.

I'm impressed because five people made a trip and met three other people (complete strangers, having nothing in common save two wheels) and these people set up a campsite and everyone lugged and carted logs for a fire and more strangers arrived. And before a weekend was over, motorcyclists from tow clubs (who have never met before) were helping each other out, sharing cooking equipment and even sharing food. Yes sir, I was impressed.

Times were, when a nucleus of MSCAV die-hards would turn up, come hell or high water, for weekend camps; some of them you'd never ever see on a Sunday run. Well, that nucleus has nearly disappeared, what with some going overseas, some getting married, some just not riding anymore.

So to those who are fairly new in the club, I say this; forget the hang-ups of the week, forget petty dislikes about what does or doesn't happen on a Sunday run, strap a pack on your bike and make it to a weekend camp out. It's a whole other scene.

Just ask someone who went to Maldon!

Les Leahy.

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MICHELTON VINYARD

Sunday, 11th August.

About 30 members met at the car park, fully prepared with their extra petrol for the run if no petrol stations were open – for this was the week of the great petrol (and beer) shortage in Victoria, due to the Transport Workers' strike.

We left the car park at about 10.30am and set out via the Tullamarine Freeway to the Hume Highway, with Ned leading and Big Daddy as rear rider.

The Hume Highway was as usual an interesting experience with all the cars on automatic drive. We stopped in Seymour for petrol and coffee before completing the remaining 10 miles to Mitchelton, named because Thomas Mitchelton crossed the Goulburn River there on his way to Melbourne, while discovering the way to the coast, but as Seymour was shorter distance, Mitchelton was never populated.

The vineyard itself, with its beautifully designed architectural buildings was very impressive, as was the 90c at the gate to enter. We had three choices of restaurants from the 70c for tomato soup to the cook-your-own-style steak, or as we chose, to eat beside their swimming pool and participate in the frog gathering and jumping contest.

In the main building they had a market place where you could buy your Ball & Welsh gifts at very high prices. At 2.30pm we went on the tour of the actual vineyard, where we saw a deserted laboratory and a deserted plant painted purple and green, and then to the cellars where we inspected some of the wines, past a chapel of sorts, where you can pray to the earth-no-one entered this room, wonder why? (Where were you, Howard?) And then on to the wine tasting and where I remarked that the wine tasted as if it had been made yesterday. The wines were in my opinion of very poor quality. Note: The Mitchelton Vineyards went into liquidation on the 20th August 1974.

We left the vineyard at about 3.20pm and began our way home via Heathcote, but due to a river flooding the roadway, we had to turn back, with Ned and Bruce having to see if BM's were amphibious, which they were. We then travelled home via Seymour petrol station and on down the delightful Hume Highway where baffles fly off, to Charlie Cord's home, where his wife had prepared coffee and a very appetising spread for us all, which was greatly appreciated by all. Then at about 6.30pm we all departed for home.

Linda.

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MITCHELTON VINEYARD

A most enjoyable time was had by all on the club run to Mitchelton Vineyard.

We were taken on a conducted tour of the winery by a hostess, through white cloisters. It was interesting to note that, unlike the traditional winery, we found that the floor was fully tiles, with the roof being covered with green tiles and the immense hall bathed in a most attractive light issuing from lights shaped like great balloons.

Next came the enormous cellars, which, I am told, are notable for having been built with 100 years old handmade bricks.

We observed the bottling, labelling and champagne making sections through glass inspection windows.

There was even a pure white chapel, in which a shaft of light illuminated a variety of symbols of the good life: - a bowl of earth, crystal of water, a bunch of grapes and a loaf of bread.

Continuing on, we arrived at the tasting room through tow great doors. Here we found all the products of Mitchelton on display, the next door was the Major's Crossing cellar bistro, where meals were available.

After the wine tasting, we crammed into the lift and returned to the surface and the trip back to Melbourne.

Roger Holt.

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THE BIKE CYCLE

There are now over 250,000 motor bikes registered in Australia, with new registrations running at more than 200 a day. Most are imported, with over 70 per cent coming from Japan.

Sales of motor bikes in Australia have tended to move in a twenty year cycle. as a result, a "motor bike cycle" has emerged.

RATIO – BIKES – POPULATION

YEAR	1923	1933	1943	1953	1963	1973
RATIO	1.50	1.70	1.140	1.50	1.160	1.50

In the early 1950's there was a motorbike for every 50 people, in 1960 it changed to 1 for every 160 people and by 1973 it was again 1 for every 50 people.

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MOONDARRA – 25/8/74

About a dozen bikes left KBCP at 10.00 after a general discussion on who should go leader and rear rider. It was eventually decided that Gary O should go leader, Big Daddy as rear rider and Les Leahy as patrol. The late riders were met at Hallam and from there we made our way to Moe.

Further along the highway a large tank obstructing the entire road was rapidly overtaken on the gravel by Gary, the following riders, not quite as confident, squeezed past on the bitumen. At one stage there were four BMs in a row, namely Gary, David Swallow, Sam Jones and myself. The only hold up was one two stroke which had plug problems and was soon rectified by the budding mechanics.

Lunch was consumed at Moe. The late-comers had to settle for cold pies and cans of drink (ugh). Formaldehyde was seen trying out a 550/4, could be his next bike if the look of pure ecstasy on his face was any indication.

After about an hour we continued on to Moondarra. Everything was going well until some of the riders had mistaken a group of local bikies as corner markers and went the wrong way. Formaldehyde, myself and a few others took the correct road only to be caught up with by Gary who had realised the error. Leading to the Reservoir was a nice stretch of dirt which in all appearances put Gary right in his element as all that could be seen was a cloud of dust as he faded in the distance.

Upon reaching our destination we rode down to the reservoir and stopped on a bridge overlooking a Weir. A car with two worried looking occupants approached the bridge only to see a mass of leather clad "bikies" and their large machines they must have had thoughts of us carrying chains etc, as they really looked apprehensive. Big Daddy "laid" his bike down (very gently) much to the amusement of on-lookers. I was taken back to the rest of the party in style on the back of a certain "big bright green pleasure machine".

As was expected out came the Frisbee. A nearby car was repeatedly bombarded by the Frisbee (unintentionally) at least three times and the owner and his family weren't amused and hastily packed their belongings and left. Big Daddy (must have been getting over JC's party) was doing somersaults, but stopped when he almost rolled into the "loo".

We departed at 3pm after hearing a few suggestions on which way to go home, some suggested Matlock but it wasn't met with much enthusiasm. We filled up at Moe, and while at the service station Dennis McKenzie managed to spray himself and nearby bikes with petrol, only Dennis could do that.

We went home along back roads through Bunyip where quite a few "fun corners" were negotiated with great gusto. There was a mix up at Pakenham when Gary's BM was seen outside a milk bar. Gary doesn't know how close he came to having 20 odd motorcyclists follow him into the shop. After a while we sorted ourselves out and Big Daddy lead to Dandenong where we dispersed.

Cheryl

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J.C.'S TURN

J.C. was celebrating his 24th, but rumour has it he only got sticky fingers. Anyhow, things started pretty slow. Gary O bombed out pretty early on his two glasses of coke, even though there was plenty of non-alcoholic cider to be had.

About 11 o'clock, things started to liven up when I was noticed that Wild Bill was in attendance, despite the fact that he was floating on cloud nine. Towards midnight, that party looked as if it might turn into a really SWINGING turn: Gary Penhall was down for the weekend, and he was doing his thing with Mim, much to the disgust of Claw.

Mr. Taylor was there with his wife, but they left early to try their re-fixed water bed out. At this stage of the party, it was noticed that J.C. was missing, but he was found in the bathroom washing his sticky fingers. Nashy and Bob Hodge had their own little party going outside, and they even had their own portable urinal, in

the form of a Ducati. Higgysy was getting on quite well with Kate, but, as the old saying goes “The key was turned in the lock”. Paul Price made the scene with his bird, very nice, too.

Canary turned up for about five minutes and had to leave due to “sniffleitius”. Anyhow, by this time most party goers were really into it, in more ways than one. J.C’s sister is into more months that one also. (Figure that one out!) A certain group of ladies at the turn decided to have a comparison of “Spunky” male bums, but due to censorship laws, the results of the afore said comparison are unprintable. Speaking of competitions: there was a certain \$2 bet in the wind, or ‘in” something anyway. Rumour had it that the \$2 cheque was paid to C. Bowers & Co to help pay for his clinic bills.

If anyone is interested, Claw and Friggysy are after a publisher for their book they have written: “Confessions in the Sauna”. Big Daddy was unsighted until later on when he was noticed dancing with some buxom bird. Lil was pretty hard up for a dance so she decided to ask Nashy; the only trouble was she had to hold him up all night. Margaret was getting very exited (?-typist) with the owner of the portable urinal, but otherwise she behaved herself well all night – but we don't know what happened in the morning. By the way, Cecil wants to know who urinated on his radish patch. The dirty bastards. Note: We had them for Sunday lunch.

Summary of the Party: Sunday morning, lots of people had furry tongues, but for different reasons. Many thanks to Mrs Raeck for putting on the supper and for putting up with Claw blowing in her linen cupboard. P.S The secret of the turn?? Friggysy loves Erica!

Writer, Well Swung.

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MALE BEHAVIOUR IN THE MEN’S ROOM

1. FRIVOLOUS MAN: Plays the stream up and down and across the urinal, and attempts to squirt on flies. This type never grows up.
2. DISGRUNTED MAN: Stands for a while waiting and then gives up and walks away mumbling to himself.
3. SNEAKY MAN: Emits gas silently while waiting, acts innocently knowing the man in the next booth will get the blame
4. PERSONALITY MAN: Tells a dirty joke while leaking – has his comrades in stitches.
5. SLOPPY MAN: Telltale wet drops always below the fly. Never misses his shoes – usually walks away with fly open, a dribbler.
6. METHODICAL MAN: Uses the same booth consistently, and the same number of steps for the approach. Is as dexterous with the fly buttons as the average man with a zipper.
7. CHILDISH MAN: Guides the stream directly into the water at the bottom of the urinal. Likes the bubbling sound it makes.
8. PATIENT MAN: Stands for an incredible time waiting. Sometimes reads a paper while waiting, holding it with free hand.
9. EXCITABLE MAN: Underwear has twisted around – cannot find hole, so rips pants.
10. SOCIALBE MAN: Joins friends whether he “has to” or not. Figures it costs nothing anyway.
11. CROSS-EYED MAN: Looks into urinal on the left, leaks into one in the centre and flushes the one on the right.
12. TIMID MAN: Cannot urinate, if anyone is watching. Flushes urinal and comes back later.
13. NOSEY MANE: Attempts to see how the other fellow is fixed in the adjoining urinal, as to size etc.
14. INDIFFERENT MAN: All urinals being occupied, leaks in sink.
15. CLEVER MAN: Uses no hands, shows off by adjusting necktie while he leaks, and looks around of r admiring glances.
16. FAT MAN: Uses the touch system because he cannot see over his belly. Hits the bowl sometimes, but more often the wall or the floor.
17. THE BRAGGART: Opens three buttons when one would suffice.
18. THE FASTIDIOUS MAN: Washes hands before, uses dainty thumb and forefinger, washes hands afterwards.
19. FEMINE MAN: Sits down for the job.

UNDER WHICH CATEGORY DO YOU COME???