

ABOUT US

Hi,

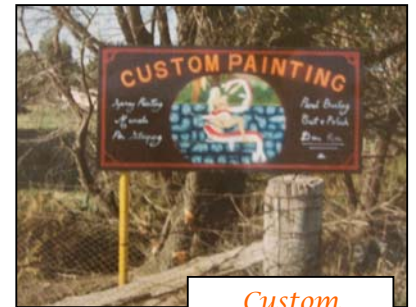
Firstly we'd like to say thankyou for wanting to learn a bit about us. Andrew and I meet in 1980 at a place called Walhalla, an old gold mining town (a beautiful place, great riding) we both loved riding bikes.



Walhalla



He wanted some fancy paint work done on his bike and couldn't find anyone to do it, and I could draw, so the rest is history so to speak.



Custom Painting

We started our first business way back on the 2nd of June 1982 it was called "The Bike Shack" It was situated at No 36 Spring Square in Hallam Victoria, and we were open 7 days a week (big mistake, no time to ride).

The Bike Shack 82



That's where we started to acquired our knowledge of Harley Davidson's from a 1927 Flat head to a 1936 Knuckle and a 56 Custom Panhead, and don't forget that old war horse the W.L.A,



(Which we sold for between \$900.00 to \$1,200.00

(Yep, makes you want to cry doesn't it.)



Tools weren't as high tech as they are today as you can see in the photo's, we're long past crawling around on the floor (we've upgraded a little since then.)

We sold accessories, did repairs & paint work, including air brush work.

We were there for about 3 1/2 years and decided to move to Bennett Street in Dandenong, and with the move came a name change to W S & S Custom Cycles, more mechanics, paint work & leather work.

Some time in the 1988 we entered a 3 day bike show at the Melbourne Exhibition building and won a trophy for Australasian Excellences in paint. With a little help from our friends, it wasn't a big job setting up for the show.

At about this time we started fabricating frames & swing arms (as if we didn't have enough to do).

Then came along No 1 son Joel who was of enormous help, by hiding tools down exhaust pipes, so when you started the bike up tools would fly everywhere.

(Sorry Joel it had to be told) needless to say he has since changed his ways & and is now in his final year of his apprenticeship, for Mechanical Engineering at the very tender age of 18 1/2 (Yes he loves bikes too)



Inside The Bike Shack



W S & S Custom Cycles



21 Bennett Street Dandenong



The Bike Show 1988



No 1 son Joel

Then in about October 1991 when I was 7 months pregnant with our second child (a daughter) Andrew decides to visit America for 2 weeks with a view of bringing back some bikes for sale.

So off he goes with no clothes, only air in his bags (he would have more room for bike parts, he's decided) and no idea where this would take him... I might add never been on a plane before, never been to another country... Has no destination and leaves with an empty suit case, I ask you is that guts or what, no wonder the customs officer wanted to lock him up.

He had \$15,000.00 in his pocket and didn't know where he was going AND DIDN'T CARE as long as he got there!

He didn't like L.A at all and after 2 days decided to get out of there. After pulling over to ask for directions from a girl at a bus stop she said it would cost him to find out were to go, so needless to say she got a full lecture on how to practice Aussie niceness!

He proceeded on to the southern states of America and acquired

- 5 Shovel FLH's
- 5 Sportsters
- 3 4/ Speed & 1 5/ Speed gearboxes
- plus some Spare parts

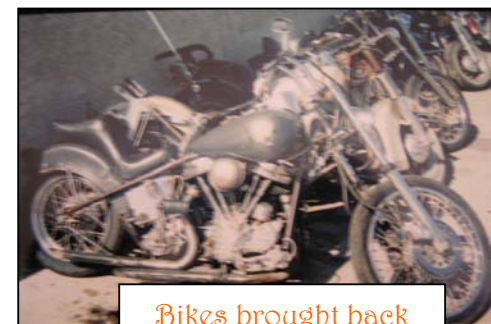
Pregant with Cherie



Saying Goodbye at the Airport!



Bikes From America



Bikes brought back From America



After all this hard work he decided he deserved a few days of R&R so off he went to,you guessed it, to "DISNEYLAND" and brought me back some rather funny photo's of the saucer & cup rides.

No I'm not showing those.

He made it back in time for the birth of our daughter and so did the bikes, while he was at the pier collecting his bikes I was in labour watching the shop (talk about hard labour).

After we collected the bikes we decided there wasn't enough room to move so we moved, (again) to

Factory 1/336 Frankston- Dandenong Road, Dandenong.

(Sorry we don't have photo's, we weren't there long enough)

It was 8th April 1992 we had been in the new shop for about 11 days when Andrew came home, it was about 11.30am in the morning (I will never forget it) his face was so serious, I asked him what was wrong and he said " We've been robbed". The night before while he had taken my Mum, Me & Cherie into the Alfred Hospital to see my Father who had to have a kidney transplant.

We had been robbed by some low life spineless piece's of shit, they know who they are, and now so do we.

There is justice in this life, and now we're just waiting to see.

(Will keep you posted).



They took all the bike's plus 2 customers bike's, all the gear boxes and other parts.... and probably sold them for nothing, like you would expect a couple of morons to do!

Now the sad part of the tale starts....

Because we had only been in the shop for a few days we weren't covered for insurance (cos we were unsecured. No bars on the windows) not that it made any difference (they came through the roof)

So we packed up everything into an old ambulance and made a couple of trips home.

By law we didn't have to pay for the customers bike's to be replaced, but we felt that it wasn't right, so for our conscience sake, we decided to reimburse them.



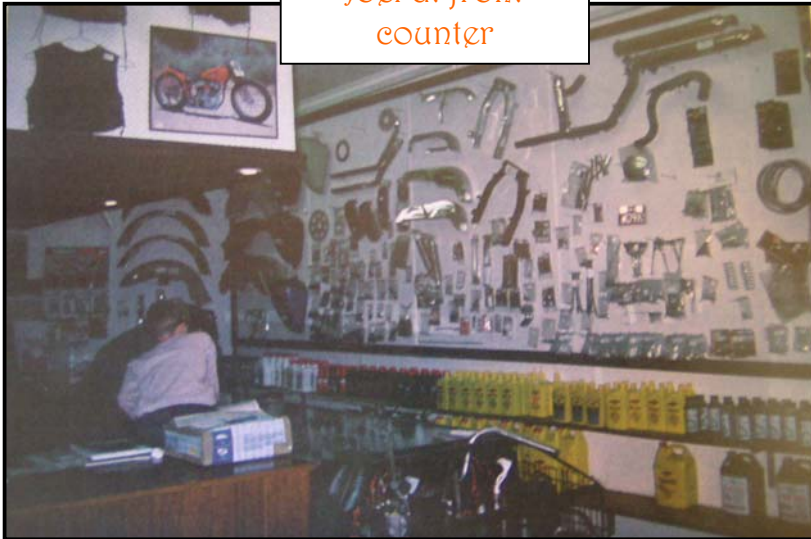
For 2 1/2 years we worked from home and I would have to say that was the hardest "time in our lives".

it's a wonder Andrew and I are still together. Have you ever seen a lathe in the entry? & a mill in a rumpus room? (no) Well we have, and the room still has the scars to prove it, there are pit marks in all the window's (from all the grinding) and burn marks on the floors (from welding). If your ever up this way, ask to see it, the bar is in the same room so its a good talking point.

About 2 1/2 years later after much heartache & stress we reopened a shop at 1045 Burwood Highway in Ferntree gully, We had a big neon eagle in the front, it's wings would flap up & down.

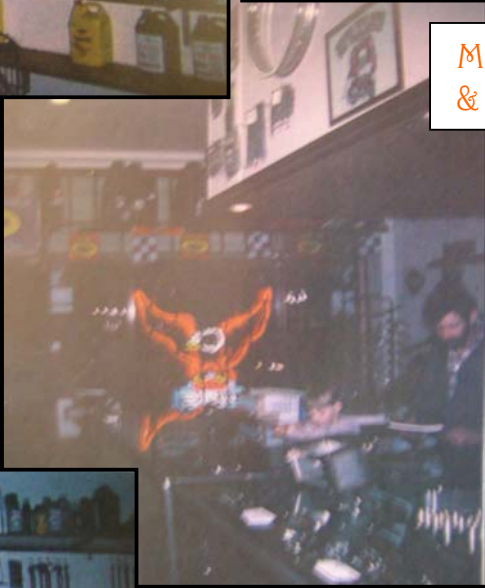
It was a small shop compared to Frankston but I Suppose it was easy to manage because of it's size

Joel at front counter



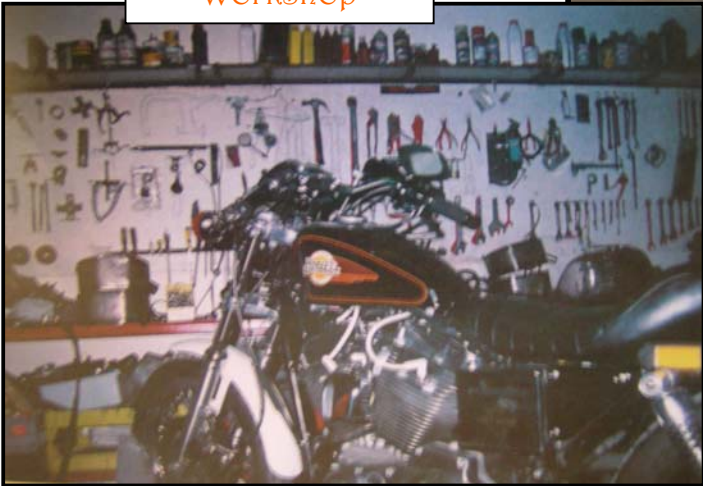
Front half of Shop

My Brother, Bob & Joel at Counter



Spare Parts Wall

Back of Workshop



more paint & mechanic work and by this stage getting heavily into framing & manufacturing, Which I might add takes up alot of room.

Actually we're lucky to have photos of the shop, because I didn't think to take any, a friend gave me these.



Working in the shed



In the Work Shop/shed



Andrew & I in Shed



We stayed there for a couple of years and by this stage we'd out grown it, so the decision had to be made where to go next: another factory or shop, or set up for good, so after much deliberation, we decided to head for home.

We moved into a 6 1/2 metre x 20 metre tin shed (and half the house).



Bar/Store Room



Bar/Store Room



Bar Room/ Office

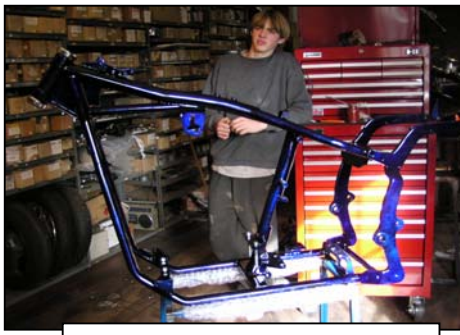


Cherie



Bar Room/ Assembly room

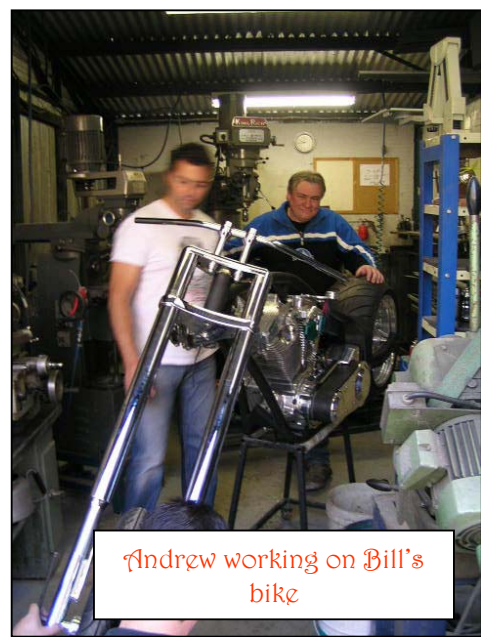
Boy Andrew's lucky, I don't know many good women who would put up with that. Joel & Andrew were obviously in heaven (not Cherie, she objected to bike parts in her room).



Joel, 1st gear Apprentice



Bar Room/ Store Room/
Assembly Room



Andrew working on Bill's
bike

About 1 year later we needed to expand again and with that expansion came a name we thought of while up in Queensland

" ATTITUDE MOTORCYCLES ENGINEERING".

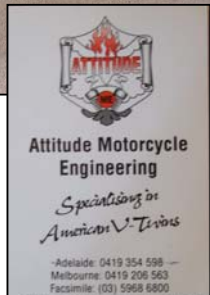
By this time we were full on with making forward controls, oil tanks, risers, standard Frames, etc about then I think was when the wide back tyre craze started to take off, so the timing was good for us.

We then decided to build a permanent workshop, to the horror of our 2 Neighbours (They obviously didn't know us very well, and didn't want to) (They had only been there about 18 months)

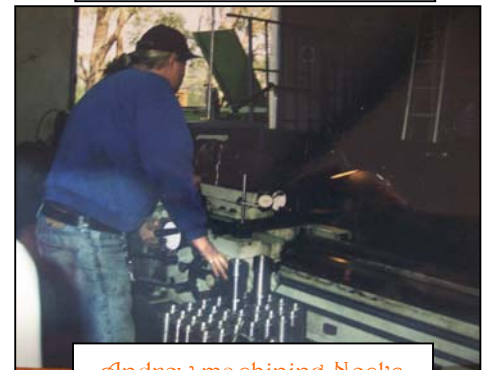
They made life very difficult for us, objecting to the council (who I may say were on our side). we had letters from all our other neighbours who were more than happy for us to go ahead, so after much discussion and getting to know our local Councilor's really well,

we went to arbitration (court),

One Neighbour turned up dressed entirely in black (She looked liked the wicked witch from the north), and the other, all in red (The Scarlet Woman) they had 12 objection ranging from Our business name (They reckon it sounds ominous)



Andrew welding Oil Tanks



Andrew machining Necks

Joel & Shadow



To having 2 rottweiler pups (Big deal they would have licked you to death)

Building a fence with barb wire on top

They said "it sounds more like a concentration camp" (why didn't I think of that)(it was to keep the dogs in)(and those nosey buggers out).

The area will be devalued

(we think, not we've improved on the property).

We'll make the brown tree frog extinct (can't say I've ever seen one). No native animals will come and visit anymore.

(We still get echidna's , the occasional wallaby and heaps of rosella, king parrots, galah, Cockatoos and other birds (its bird haven up here)).Putting up security lights (we changed the globe, after it being out for about 2 years)

(that was before they arrived on the scene) do I sound bitter? damn right!

The neighbourhood is no longer safe

(Probably safer because there's always someone here).

I think these poor miss guided people didn't understand that we love the area we live in, and that's why we brought the bush block & built our house (and I mean built with our own hands) 19 years ago.

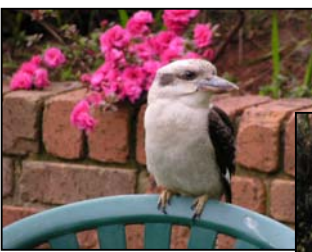
So we're not going to do anything to wreck it.

Friendly!



Cherie & Lady

Our Native Visitors...



Puffing Billy



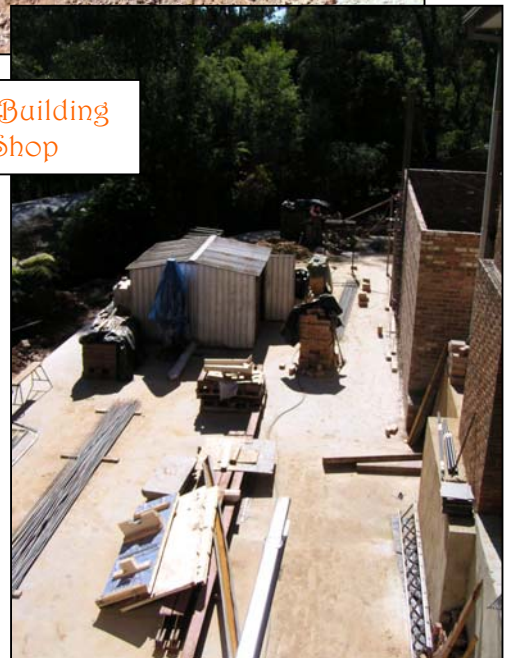
Wrights Forrest



Emerald Lake



Joel & Andrew Digging out the Dirt for the new work shop



Andrew & his Dad Building the New Work Shop



One of the tree stumps we pulled out



We have Emerald lake on one side and Puffing Billy on the other (You must of heard of him) if not, look it up on the internet) & we finish with Wright Forrest round the corner.

Most people who move up here don't leave. (except for those 2, happy to say they're moved on... (with no help from us I might add)).

2 of our neighbours have being here longer than we, and the rest nearly as long as us, it's truly a God given place, just lovely. Except winter it gets a bit wet (Old saying around Emerald, it rains for 9 months of the year and drips out of the trees for the other 3) Finally after six years (of wasted time) WE WON THE CASE, YES USS... (Hope they read this one day)

So now we're in the middle of building a new work shop and our accountant advised us, yes..... you guessed it, another name change (Well just the bit on the end, oh, and add LTD PTY not to bad eh). So we'll see were the good LORD takes us from here. (We're a work in progress)

Now a little something to leave you with.....

The longer I live, the more I realise the impact of ATTITUDE on life.

ATTITUDE to me is more important than facts.

It's more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than success, than what other people think, say or do.

It's more important than appearance, giftedness or skill.

It will make or break a company,.....a club,....a church,.....a HOME.

The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day regarding our ATTITUDE we will embrace for that day.

We cannot change our past.....

We cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way.

We cannot change the inevitable.

The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have,
And that is our ATTITUDE....

I am convinced that life is 10% of what happens to me and
90% how I react to it.

And so it is with you, my friend....

WE ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR ATTITUDES

Well you know all about us now, so maybe one day, we'll get to meet you!

Cheers

Chris and Andrew & The Crew from Attitude

“In God we trust”

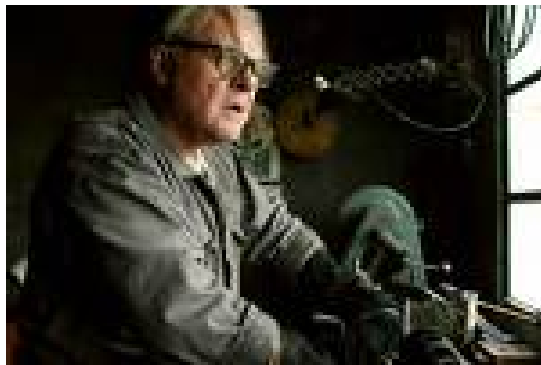
A Great movie that shows this is "The World's Fastest Indian"

Staring Anthony Hopkins. A MUST SEE MOVIE

By the way it's a true story (See next page)



The World's Fastest Indian



MOVIE REVIEW

If you think all people over 60 years of age give up on their dreams, then you haven't heard about Burt Munro. "The World's Fastest Indian" stars Anthony Hopkins as this remarkable New Zealander who broke the land-speed world record while in his late 60s.

It's an inspiring movie.

Filmmaker Roger Donaldson, whose love for this project shows through in every scene, selected Hopkins to play Burt Munro. I understand that one of Munro's sons broke down in tears after seeing how much Hopkins resembled his late father.

He spent many years rebuilding a 1920 Indian Scout motorcycle and cannot be dissuaded from believing he's the one to set a new speed record on this trusty vehicle. Living in a rundown garage which also serves as his workshop, Burt takes the neighbors' scoffing in his stride. And he clearly enjoys the visits from a young boy (who idolizes him) and wants to learn as much as he can, about what Burt is up to.

Burt shows genuine interest in each individual he comes across.

It's easy to see why people go out of their way to assist him.

After reaching his destination, he faces bureaucratic obstacles that would surely discourage anyone else. But again, Burt's personality and dedication (plus the kindness of strangers) save the day.

Ironically, "The World's Fastest Indian" moves along rather slowly, but it's a joy to see this senior speedster, Burt Munro zoom across the Bonneville salt flats into history, so who's complaining?





Scrap Book Page



"In God we trust"