

AUSSIE TRIPLES RALLY REPORT 2022

The weekend of 19-21 August saw the gathering of 56 pre-1976 BSA and Triumph machines and their riders at the 2022 Aussie Triples Rally in Evans Head, on the lovely North Coast of New South Wales. We were blessed with perfect weather, scenic rides, and some really “groovy” highway riding! For those who haven’t had the chance to ride on highways covered in long grooves running down the road for miles, I guess for traction purposes in the wet up there, the bikes get up a constant wobble—not scary but you had to be prepared to let the bike go where it wanted, and relax.

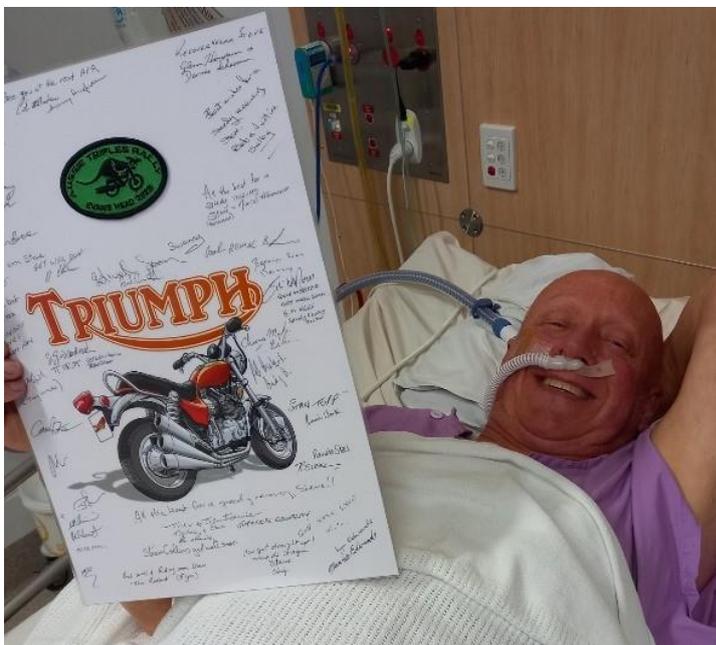
Our Friday ride took us south beyond Maclean to the Brushgrove pub for lunch, travelling along the Clarence River through gorgeous little villages like Chatsworth—places us southerners, and no doubt many northerners, have never seen or even heard of. Our ride to lunch took an hour and a half, and many riders were more than ready to jump off their bike for a leg-stretch when they arrived. On Friday evening we enjoyed ourselves at the terrific camp kitchen at the Reflections Holiday Park, where most of us were staying. It was great to catch up with the 10 or so TMRA members at the rally, as well as quite a few others who have attended our Southern Triples rallies, who’d arrived from South Australia, Queensland, ACT and of course New South Wales. We should especially mention Steve Collins, who made his third trek to Aussie Triples from WA riding his T160—a mammoth ride no matter how you look at it. Check out a few of our photos, including members Chris Collins with his ’74 T150V, Lindsay Goard and his beautiful “I just picked it off a colour chart” green ’75 T150V and Tony Eklom with his beautifully chrome-tanked “I assembled it myself when new” 1975 T160

Saturday’s Rotary barbecue breakfast was a very sociable start to the day, with all the bikes assembling in the bowlo car park. I’ve always thought a highlight of this rally is the gentle, then not so gentle, then almost raucous warming up of 170-odd cylinders before we make a mass exit towards our destination—in this case morning tea in Brunswick Heads then lunch at the Riverview Hotel Murwillumbah, beside the Tweed River, via scenic routes like the Hinterland Way and Coolamon Scenic Drive. On only one or two occasions did riders (substantial numbers, it has to be said!) take a wrong turn, but in general mistakes were quickly rectified and everything worked out pretty well.

Bike judging took place during the lunch break, and it transpired later in the day that Steve Cramp convincingly won the Best Hurricane award. However, on

our return trip from Murwillumbah Steve's bike took a dive when the front tyre deflated rapidly. Steve had felt the bike start to wobble but thought it might have been the aforementioned groovy road that was the culprit. He says he wiped off some speed but then hit the dirt, and maybe even the egg-slicer barrier and post. While Steve will be okay, he suffered three fractured and one cracked vertebrae and spleen and leg issues as well—and he'll be in a brace for some three months. Luckily Steve, from South Australia, has a daughter in Ipswich so he has family reasonably close by—and of course Col and Nancy McAndrew, rally organisers and TMRA members (as Steve is) have been of great assistance.

There is always a presentation dinner and auction on the Saturday night of Aussie Triples rallies (this one raised almost \$3,000 for a cystic fibrosis charity), and I was able to win the bidding for a Hurricane poster which happened to have plenty of room for signatures, so everyone still at the function signed the



poster; we added a rally patch and, after laminating by Nancy, Col delivered it to Steve in hospital. We riders often joke about accidents by saying “At least the bike is okay!” Steve's injuries were just a bit too serious to joke about but at least, I'm happy to say, the bike was in fact okay—just a barely noticeable bit of pedal and consequent alloy damage on the left-hand side. Amazing!

At time of writing Steve has left hospital, is mobile but wearing a back brace, and will soon be staying with his daughter in Ipswich.

Yet another lovely day dawned on Sunday, and all the bikes showed up for the usual main-street bike display. I'm sure the locals must be terrified by the arrival of all these hoodlums on noisy bikes, but I think once we take our helmets off they all feel much more at ease! Following our display we headed off on a short 100km round trip, getting back to camp for a farewell barbie and a chance to say thanks to Col and Nancy, and their band of helpers, for running such a fantastic event. I'm sure we'll all look forward to heading back to Evans

Head next year. Of course Col went out in a blaze of glory in his role as tail-end-charlie. A flat tyre on his T160 meant the marshals, despite getting a quick message from someone zooming past that “I’m the last rider,” still were inclined to remain at their station for some time waiting for the never-to-show Col—but in the end they all decided discretion was the better part of valour and headed off home!

We hope to see many members in Bathurst for our rally and AGM in September; and if you’re a non-member reading this you’re still welcome to attend if you’re interested in old Triumphs.

Trev

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