

"Where the Truth never gets in the way of a Good Story..... this is for entertainment purposes only."



Hartwell Seniors Round 2026: Low Numbers, High Drama, and a 44-Year-Old 'Spring Chicken'

What we lacked in total grid numbers at the 2026 Hartwell Seniors Round, we more than made up for in sheer noise, endless paddock banter, and an alarming volume of creaking knee joints. While the turnout wasn't quite the bumper crowd we had originally envisioned, every single rider who rolled through the gates left with a massive grin wrapped right around their helmet.

The revamped race program received unanimous ticks across the board, serving up non-stop track time and seamless race flows. In a daring attempt to inject some fresh energy into the weekend, the committee had opened the doors to a slightly younger demographic. The grand outcome of this revolutionary youth movement? Exactly one 44-year-old entrant showed up, single-handedly lowering the average grid age by about twenty minutes. The poor bloke was naturally treated like a junior development rider for the entire weekend, complete with unsolicited advice from the 60+ veterans on how to stretch properly so he wouldn't throw his back out putting his tyre warmers on.

According to the official timing—and the heavily embellished tales told around the pits afterwards—the racing was as tight as it gets. Lap times were allegedly breaking sound barriers, even if half the grid was riding strictly on muscle memory and sheer optimism.

Off-track, Saturday night at the local pub was where the real championship battles unfolded. A rowdy rabble from the 400 crowd staged a full-blown hostile takeover of the pool table. What started as a casual game quickly devolved into a high-stakes, borderline-inappropriate tournament. Cue-chalk was flying, questionable shots were being called with absolute authority, and the noise levels had the locals wondering if a

second race meeting had broken out in the middle of the bistro. Rumour has it a few trick shots were executed with such aggressive spin that they were nearly referred to race control for a technical inspection.

When the dust settled on Sunday afternoon, the feedback was crystal clear: the Seniors Round remains an absolute cracker of a meeting. A massive thanks goes out to the committee for piecing together a top-tier program, the marshals for making everyone feel like world champions on their cool-down laps, and every rider who proved that age is just a number—even if Monday morning required a very long ice bath and a heavy application of Deep Heat.

Until next time, keep the shiny side up, check your oil, and remember:

Old motorcycle racers never die, they just take three business days to get out of bed on a Monday morning.

The Hartwell Motorcycle Club



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