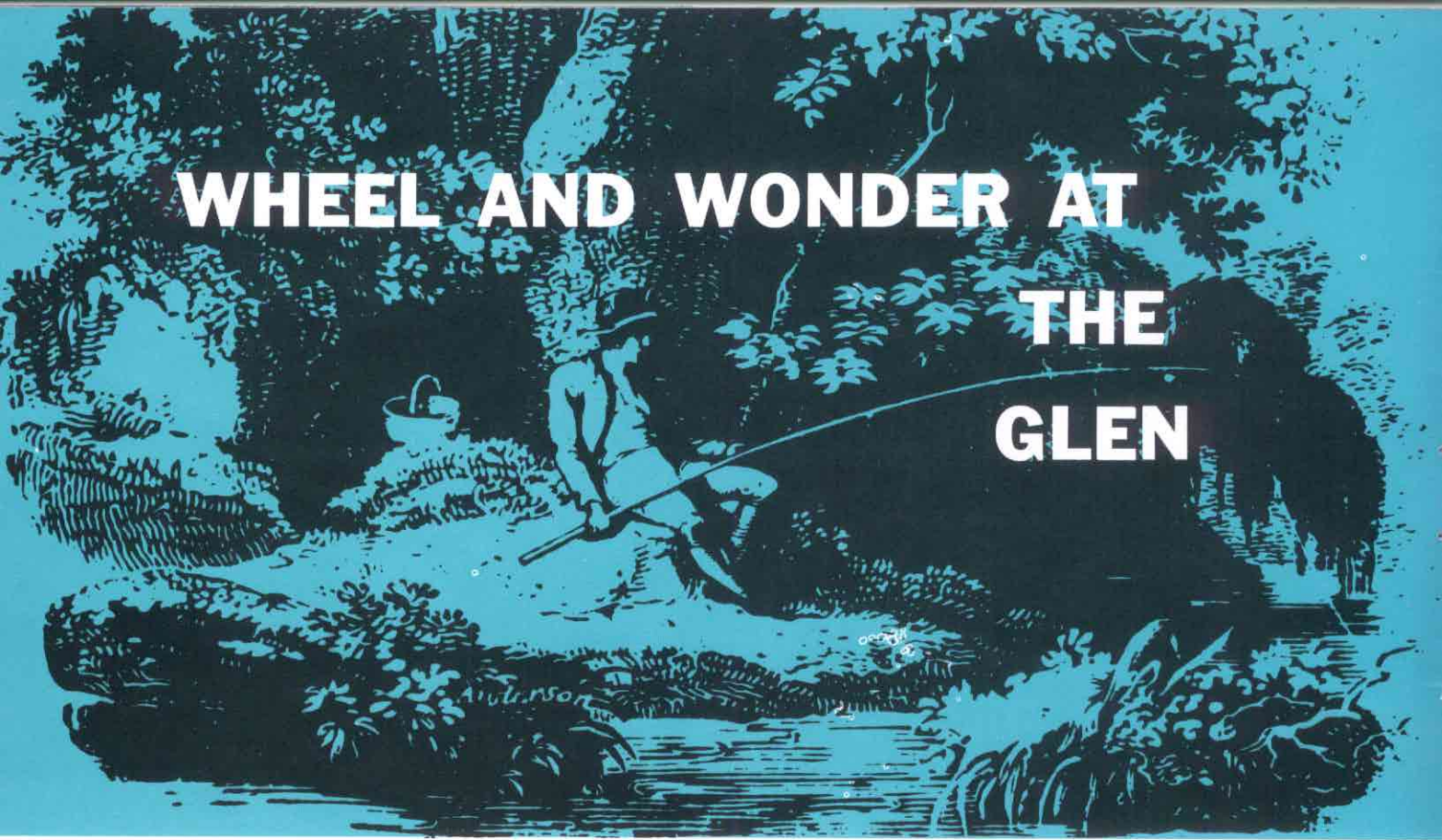


WHEEL AND WONDER AT THE GLEN



Each September a mood of motor madness descends on the quiet restfulness of the village of Watkins Glen in historic old Schuyler County, New York. It is the kind of madness that can only be generated by the presence of sleek, powerful sports cars and 100,000 people who talk in terms of piston displacement, carburetors and suspension systems.

The compelling attraction of one of America's finest sports car weekends has brought the cars and the people to Watkins Glen for the past 11 years. They arrive for the International Grand Prix and overnight swell the village to 33 times its normal size.

Such rapid change is not usually the case in the Glen.

Geologists say it took 350,000 years, more or less, to beget that maze of shale and rock formation, now known as Watkins Glen. This slow motion drama produced one of the world's richest salt deposits beneath the clear, almost saltless waters, at the south end of Seneca Lake. Time and glacier, say the geologists, have chiseled amphitheaters, grottoes and twisting waterfalls through the stone and rock sculpturing scenery that has been referred to as "the Switzerland of America."

The first inhabitants of the Glen tell quite a different story of the creation of the area. It was all a matter of a dog who learned to curse.

At first, only the Cuyahuga Indians who grew the "three sisters," corn, bean and squash, occupied the

Watkins Glen is tucked in the southern tip of Seneca Lake.





Fifteen Corvettes competed in the Glen Trophy event.

Seneca-Catherine valley. The red farmers knew but one domesticated animal: the dog.

In the course of events, the dog became acquainted with the white man and because the dog was able to speak, he picked up the curse words of the whites.

The unwritten Indian language contains no swear words and the Great Spirit became angry over the dog's use of foul expressions. Dark clouds, torrential rains and jagged bolts of lightning were dispatched from the Great Spirit's hands. These bolts were aimed at the mountain-side and a mighty cleft was made to form Watkins Glen. Gradually the Great Spirit's wrath abated, but from this time forward a dog can only wag his tail and bark sounds no one understands. So goes the Indian legend.

Readers are free to accept either the Indian or the geological version of the making of the Glen. The story of the arrival of sports cars in Watkins Glen is well documented, however, and there is no argument as to how the Grand Prix weekend came to pass.

The idea of bringing wheels to the wonder of the Glen was conceived in the mind of a young man, Cameron R. Argetsinger of Youngstown, Ohio. The Argetsinger family had spent much time in the Finger Lakes area and by the time young Argetsinger was a Cornell law student he was a man with a plan. In 1947, Argetsinger and newswriter Arthur H. Richards, Jr., presented the Grand Prix idea to the Watkins Glen Chamber of Commerce.

So enthusiastic was their response to the idea that a "Committee of One Hundred" was formed. The committee included citizens from every walk of life in Watkins Glen. Volunteers were recruited from the fire and police departments, from the municipal employees organization, from veterans and other groups. It combined to make the greatest program of community cooperation ever manifested at Watkins Glen.

The original course was laid out for the first event in 1948. It was 6.6 miles of roadway, beginning at the Watkins Glen Courthouse on the main street and stretching out high over Seneca Lake. New York Central trains were stopped on the day of the event in order to allow the sports cars to cross the tracks without delays.

WHAT
DID
EVERYONE
SEE?

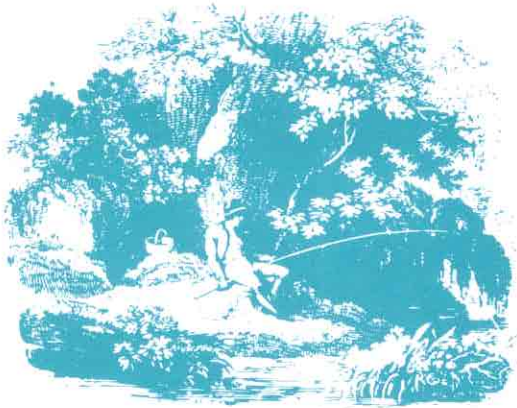




Vintages in the Concours de'Elegance.

Nearly every type of automobile known can be seen.

Lt. L. D. Morrisett, Jr., and his wife cut down time by sleeping beside their Corvette.



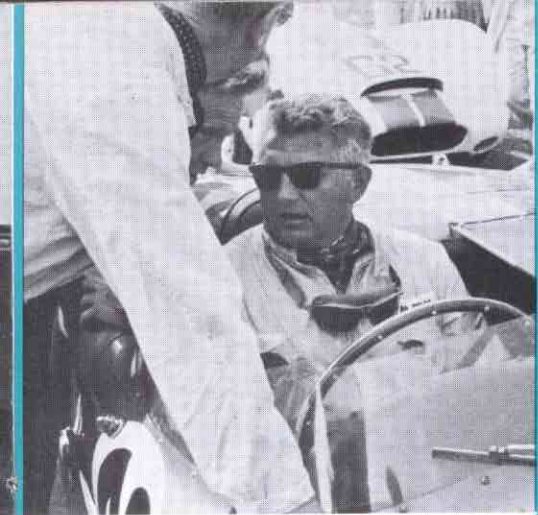
The circuit's 35 corners and varied surfaces—cement, macadam, dirt and oiled gravel—demanded skillful driving and competent equipment.

The first event was staged for an audience of under 10,000. If anyone had predicted then that 100,000 people would gather at Watkins Glen within ten years, he would have been possessed with extraordinary foresight.

The new course, built in 1956, has been removed from the congestion of the village streets. It is laid with an entirely new asphalt surface. The roadway has been widened. Provisions have been made for escape roads and safety precautions were improved all along the course. The circuit combines a 120-degree angle corner, 90-degree

Many use the Watkins Glen State Park as a campsite.





The Aston-Martin entry is unloaded in the dawn hours.

Others load up on ham and eggs.

Driver George Constantine checks with mechanic.

turns, a 1.3-mile downhill straightaway, one mile of "up and down dale", a very fast 20-degree orchard bend and a right angle corner approximately 500 feet from the start and finish line to challenge the most experienced drivers and the most powerful cars entered in competition anywhere.

The track, the drivers, and the marques draw the people. Whether they stay in one of the Glen's hotels or motels or camp nearby in trailer or tent, the spectators come in droves. They begin jamming the roadways into the Glen in the early, dawn-streaked hours and by starting time, the bleachers opposite the start-finish line and the fence outside of the track are packed with

enthusiasts. Homemade bleachers are constructed in the early hours and from 12 to 36 fans perch atop them throughout the event.

With the people come what may well be the most unusual and beautiful collection of marques seen anywhere in America. Ancient vintages, classics, experimental cars, sports cars and nearly every type of automobile known can be seen on village streets in September. All share the sheen of impeccable condition.

Excitement is high in Watkins Glen in September as each street becomes a colorful panorama of motordom. Unlike the dog in the Indian myth, it seems that sports cars make noises people can understand.

