

New Jersey Driver Wins Grand Prix In Thrilling Finish at Watkins Glen

By BILL HACKMAN

Democrat and Chronicle
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Watkins Glen — Two thrilling finishes, three minor accidents and a new event record marked yesterday's sixth running of the Grand Prix sports-car races near here.

The final punch of the three races—Seneca Cup, Queen Catherine Cup and Grand Prix—was reserved for the closing seconds of the big and final race. Walter E. Hansgen of Westfield, N. J., and George Harris III of Geneca had dueled for 18 of the 22 4.6-mile laps. With only four laps to go, Hansgen began having trouble with his Jaguar XK20, and the Harris Allard '2 was away for its first lead of the race.

Hansgen then discovered one of his fuel tanks was empty, switched to the second and was off after Harris. On the final lap the lead changed twice, with Harris again ahead on Homestretch Curve and the finish line just around the corner up ahead. But Hansgen pushed his Jaguar to 150 mph, zoomed past Harris and slammed around the corner to gain the checkered flag.

Average Time of 76.1 Mph

Hansgen's time for the 101.2 miles was 1:20:23.5. His average time was 76.1 mph.

In the Seneca Cup Race that opened the day's events, George B. Weaver was off to a start that indicated another win for him. He already had claimed the Seneca Cup twice in previous years. But on the sixth lap, while in the lead, his Maserati burned out a rod and Phil Cade of Winchester, Mass., took over in another Maserati. Cade wasn't headed all the way to Homestretch Turn of the final, 11th lap. At his heels was Dr. M. R. J. Wyllie of Allison Park, Pa., piloting a Jaguar XK120.

Wyllie rode abreast Cade around the corner and gunned to victory only a few hundred yards ahead in a blanket finish. His time of 42:04:7—an average of 72.3 mph for the 50.6 miles—set a new Seneca Cup record.

A duel between two OSCAs featured the Queen Catherine race of 101.2 miles. Henry Wessells III of Ardmore, a., pushed into the lead on the second lap



IT'S GRAND—Walter E. Hansgen of Westfield, N. J., tells member of pit crew "I was never sure of winning" at end of Watkins Glen's Grand Prix race yesterday.

but was overtaken on the ninth by George Moffett of Mt. Kisko. The latter hung to the lead for six laps and Wessells took over the pace-setting duties in the 16th lap. Moffett forged ahead in the 19th and wasn't headed, although the final lap developed into a no-contest when Wessells dropped far behind, still finishing second ahead of the lapped field.

Rides Corner, Overturns

It was in this race that Bill Cole of Philadelphia brought the crowds at Homestretch Turn to their feet. His Singer rode the outside of the corner, went off the shoulder and overturned.

Cole was held in his seat by his safety belt, but was confined to the cockpit until course guards could right it. He suffered only bruises.

In the Grand Prix, Jack Caruso of Greenwood, R. I., rode his Jaguar XK120 off a curve and over a bank, but he was able to keep his car under control and put it back in the race.

The caution flag was up only once on the course, and that was when Lt. John A. Baker of Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md., piled up his Sunbeam Talbot at a corner at the end of the stretch that started the course. He had passed

several cars on the inside and had too much speed at the corner, especially when another car skidded in front of him. Baker was not injured.

Allen's Fuel Line Breaks

Fred F. Allen of Pittsford ran into bad luck on the ninth lap of the Queen Catherine event when the fuel line on his MG Special broke. He coasted into the pits, got a quick repair job and was back in the race, eventually finishing 20th.

Glowing skies and a stiff wind greeted the running of the Glen's Grand Prix races over a new course, but the rain held off until after the last event. The course was about square in shape, over country roads that had been graded and blacktopped only within the past month. Oil working up through the blacktop at the curves and corners created a hazard until maintenance crews made repairs following the second race.

The crowd was estimated at various sizes by officials of the Watkins Glen Grand Prix Corporation. President Henry Valent placed it at 40,000; Arthur H. Richards Jr. of Press Relations estimated it at 120,000. Certainly the turnout was great, with cars from Ontario and Quebec prominent, together with cars from many nearby states.

Valent explained his estimate by saying that, for the first time in the Grand Prix races, it was possible to tour the course and make a fair estimate. He continued, however, by saying that certainly the attendance was no more than a quarter under that of previous events.

The Grand Prix president said drivers liked the new course, pointing out that it was sportier and faster in many ways. The course was changed this year following a fatality in the 1952 Grand Prix that ran through Watkins Glen.

Seneca Cup

Won by Wyllie; 2nd, Cade, 42:05:3; 3rd, Joseph Aldini, Jaguar XK120, of Londonville, 42:41:8; 4th, George Constantine, Jaguar XK120 of Southbridge, Mass.; 43:11:8; 5th, Cameron Argetsinger, Jaguar XK120, of Burdett, 44:03:2; 6th, Donald Vitale, Jaguar XK120, of Waterbury, Conn.; 7th, Harry Herrmann, Porsche; 8th, Charles Limbacher, MG TD, of Nutley, N. J.; 9th, Richard Matthews, MG TD; 10th, William Klink, MG TC; 11th, Harley Gooding, MG TD, of Canton, Ohio.

Queen Catherine Cup

Won by Moffett; 2nd, Wessells, 1:24:37; 3rd, David Ash, MG Special, of Stony Point, 1:30:18; 4th, W. M. Wonder, MG TD, of Flushing, L. I., 1:32:16; 5th, Duncan Black, Lester MG, of Baltimore, 1:33:12; 6th, Lake Underwood, MG TD, of East Orange, N. J.; 7th, Reginald Ogilvie, MG TC; 8th, Harry Herrmann, Porsche, of Waterbury, Conn.; 9th, Jim Keeley, MG TD, of Newark, N. J.; 10th, Robert Holbert, MG TD, of Warrington, Pa.; 11th, Edward Licht, MG Mark II, of Binghamton; 12th, Robert Krinsky, Porsche, of Yonkers; 13th, Austin W. Davis, MG TD, of Brookfield, Ohio; 14th, James S. Miller, MG TC, of New York City, N. Y.; 15th, Harry Heim, Crosley, of Bayville, L. I.; 16th, Richard Gent, Cisitalia, of Cleveland; 17th, Howard Hanna, Porsche, of Larchmont, Pa.; 18th, Sheldon Morrill, Bandini; 20th, Fred Allen, MG Special, of Pittsford; 21st, James T. Carson, Siata.

Grand Prix

Won by Hansgen; 2nd, Harris, 1:20:24.6; 3rd, Hal Ullrich, Excalibur J, 1:23:31.9; 4th, Travers McKenna, Jaguar XK120, of Bronxville; 5th, Harry Grey, Jaguar XK120, of Manhasset, N. Y.; 6th, I. Otto Linton, Siata, of Exton, Pa.; 7th, Clifford McIntire, Norris Special, of Lattrobe, Pa.; 8th, Richard Perrin, Jaguar XK 120, of Putnam, Conn.; 9th, Thomas Hoan, Jaguar XK120, of Hamilton, Ontario; 10th, Robert Bucher, Jaguar XK 120, of Binghamton; 11th, Donald Vitale, Jaguar XK120, of Waterbury, Conn.; 12th, George Constantine, Jaguar XK120, of Southbridge, Mass.; 13th, Gordon MacKenzie, Jaguar XK120, of Millbrook; 14th, John P. Mull, Jaguar XK120, of Malvern, Pa.; 15th, Peter Sachs, Jaguar XK120, of Beaver Falls, Pa.; 16th, Donald Croft, Jaguar XK120, of Skaneateles.

Class winners in Grand Prix: B—Harris, 1st; John Negeley, Chrysler Allard, of New Cumberland, Pa., 2nd; C—Hansgen, 1st; McKenna, 2nd; D—Ullrich, 1st; McIntire, 2nd; E—Linton, 1st.

In the Pink

With PAUL PINCKNEY

Democrat and Chronicle Sports Editor

WITHOUT so much as a beg-your-pardon, the International Boxing Club figuratively has slapped the face of Norman Rothschild, the highly successful Syracuse fist-fighting promoter, by giving him an unfortunate date.

It probably was the faux pas of 1953 in the smelly little racket which hard-bitten fans know as professional boxing. The prestige blow which Rothschild suffered happened long before champion Kid Gavilan was handed a controversial split decision over Carmen Basilio, the Canastota challenger, in Friday night's pleasing world welterweight title battle in War Memorial Auditorium.

The resulting bitterness may prompt the Central New York city restaurateur to join hands with Angelo Rose, who holds the dormant Rochester pro boxing license, in promoting bouts here this winter. A Rose-Rothschild organization, with a financial boost from television, might wipe out the acrimony which cropped up a few years ago when ill-advised matchmakers answered the New York-tuned call of the wild. Those were sordid deals—the kind of deal on which local ring devotees hurriedly turned their backs.

"I'm pretty sick at heart to make a definite statement at this time," a dejected, drawn Rothschild said. "You know we had a very tough time selling the high-priced seats (they were scaled from \$5 to \$20) for this title fight. I guess it was a mistake all right. There were a lot of our regulars who, because of one reason or another, didn't appear Friday night.

"I first got myself into an awful jam by accepting the bout on a Jewish holiday (Yom Kippur), and although I was just about ostracized by the Hebrews in Syracuse and surrounding towns, I couldn't help myself. If it had been strictly a Syracuse operation, I never would have taken the date.

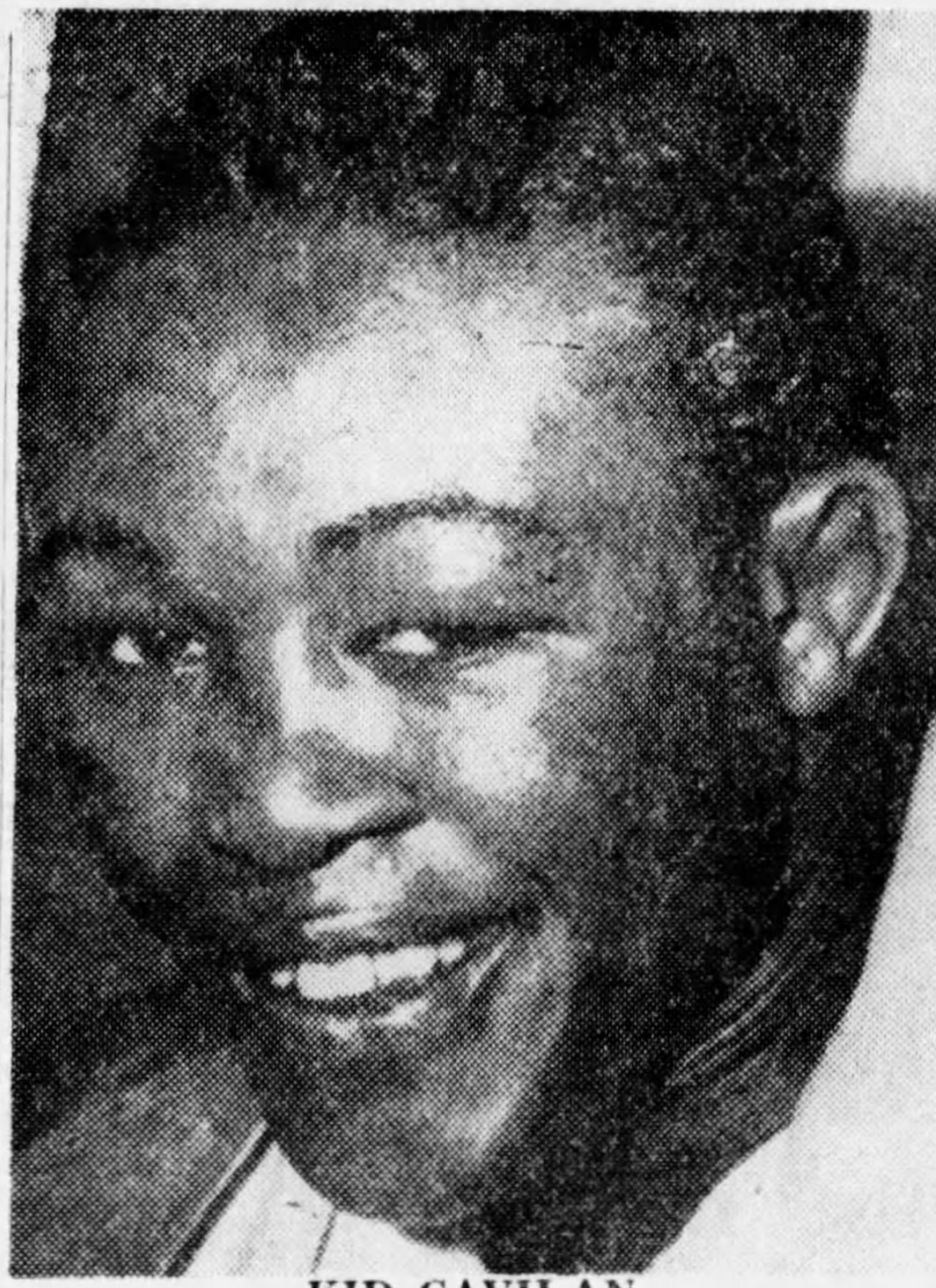
"There was no choice," Norm added, solemnly, "because the IBC, which joined me in the promotion, insisted on the date. They gave me one of those 'take-it-or-leave-it' ultimatums. I only wish I had to do it all over again. It seemed to me, though, that it would be Basilio's only chance for a shot at the title. You can bet he deserved it. Didn't he fool most everybody in the house? Why, he should be the new champion, I think. How can anybody win fights by not punching enough to score points? Gavilan is a great champion, of course, but I think Basilio won that fight."

Anyway, the Syracusans found the fight pretty blah, despite the fact that it turned out to be one of the year's top bouts. There was considerable doubt expressed in some informed Syracuse quarters that the fans would accept the once-over-lightly treatment. Some observers closer to the situation hinted that Rothschild had promoted his last card in Syracuse. But their lines and the present situations there are threadbare cliches and measures of relief probably will be sought and adopted, just as in the past. Fight fans usually find it difficult to keep their thinking straight. Who in the beak-bashing business can?

Neither Basilio nor Rothschild is ready to call it quits. Norm and Carmen would like nothing better than a return match, but they'll have to sit on their hands until the IBC issues another one of its slapstick announcements.

"Rochester looks like a good city to me," the Syracuse promoter said. "Angelo Rose and I probably couldn't get too many good fights, though, unless we go along with the IBC counsel. There just isn't a chance in the world."

When asked to comment on the report of boxing being returned here, Rose said: "It looks as if the deal will go through. I think we can give Rochester good fights. We probably would tie up



KID GAVILAN

... eyes middleweight ranks

with Ray Arcel and his Saturday night television shows."

Angel Lopez, the shrewd little man who manages the welter king, apparently is eager to move Gavilan into the middleweight division.

"That Basilio is a good fighter," Lopez commented late Friday night in the small, backstage room which served as the Keed's quarters. "He hits pretty hard, too. But my boy was too weak. He's 27 now, too old to try to make weight (147 pounds). Why, he took off 8½ pounds in 15 days. Too much. No good. I think he'll be a middleweight from now on. Contract to fight Johnny Bratton? We got no contract. All talk. I'm taking Gavilan to New York to see a doctor. He'll decide."

The sleek Cuban, jabbering in Spanish as Cuban correspondents milled around him, broke away, at the prodding of Lopez, to answer the questions of American writers.

"I no feel good tonight," Gavilan smiled. "Much too weak. He good boy, but me too weak. I fight middleweights now. Look my shirt collar. Neck size 16. Sometimes 16½. Now about 14. Much too weak. He give me good fight. But I ween, I t'ink. T'ank you."

Basilio, the flesh over his left eye ripped and puffed, was the calmest person in his dressing room.

"I'll never quit now," he said. "Not after I got that close. I know I took him. Too bad I didn't follow up that second-round knockdown. But the guy's cute. After I got over those two good shots, he never gave me much of a chance to counter-punch him. I shoulda followed up that big chance, but I just couldn't. That bolo punch? All show. He stung me in the eye a couple times. That's all. Wish I could get another shot at him."

Basilio's co-managers, John DeJohn and Joe Netto, paced nervously.

"Only thing I know," DeJohn shouted, belligerently, "we were robbed of that one. New York officials—phooey! Let that Gavilan go into the middleweight division. Know what? My brother Joey (Syracuse fighter), glass chin and all, will belt 'im out in one punch. Yeah, just let that Gavilan get into the middleweights. Joey'd kill him."