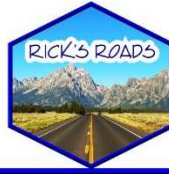




The Flyin' Solo VanLife on the Highways and Byways of North America

RICK'S ROADS

Ride Along and Enjoy the People, Places, and Who Knows What



BLOG POST: 2025.05.18
Watkins Glen Again



This visit to Watkins Glen State Park was short, and so will this post be. There were just a couple of spots I wanted to see (and snap), and, thanks to a high school girl, I did not have to go all the way to either the upper or lower entrances.

It was late in the day because of glass, and the rain had locked back onto my signal between Corning and here. It had paused as I pulled up to WGSP entrance gate. A teenage girl in a blue shirt was tending the gatehouse and stepped out to meet me.

GooGirl had sent me to a place I did not expect. This was where I came last year to spend a night at the Six Nations Campground. The Lower Entrance that I thought I'd be arriving at was on the main drag on the outskirts of downtown. I had not even come all the way down the hill yet to get here.

So, I greeted the girl with a statement that was really a question: "I think my GPS sent me to the wrong place. I don't want the campground, I just wanted to go to The Gorge."



She smiled, glad to inform me, “Oh, you can get to The Gorge from here.”

And she just stood there, with a little smirk on her face. I caught on.

“And you’ll tell me how after I pay you \$10?”

“Yup.” Smile.

I wanted to say something like, “your boyfriend must hate that,” but I just handed her the sawbuck and smiled.

She promptly and cheerfully gave me directions and a receipt.

It was surprisingly easy. I parked at the farthest end of the lot, and that just so happened to be the closest spot to the trail that would leave me over the suspension bridge, down a flight of steps, and smack dab in the middle of The Gorge, right where the most dramatic scenery is.

The rain had just recently stopped here, and the old Civilian Conservation Corps paths were muddy and puddly. Some of the puddles went the width of the path and were ten-plus feet long. No choice but to step right through. I was happy for my new HOKA shoes that the puddles were shallow.

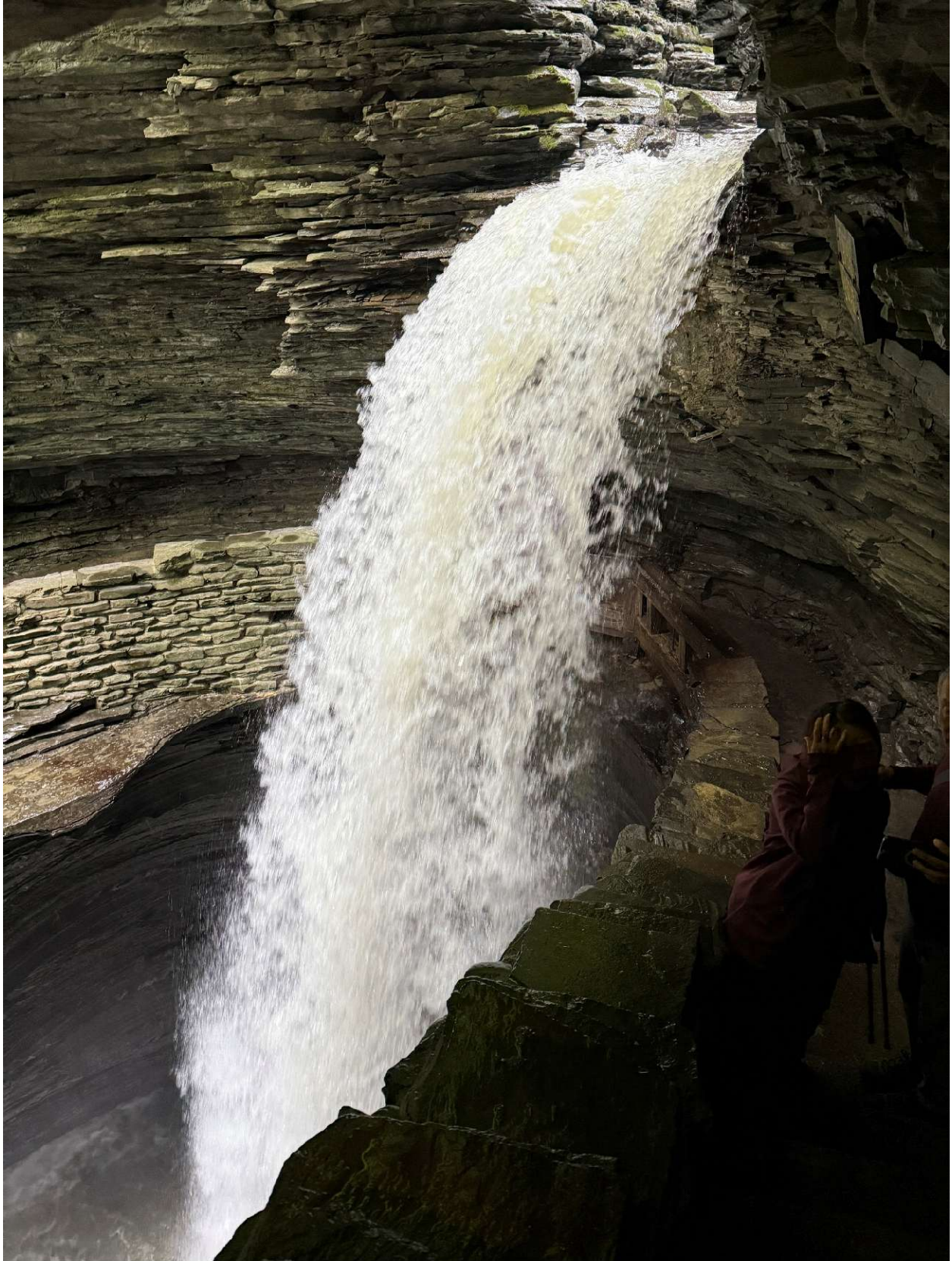
Even the unnamed sections of this gorge are freaking beautiful, and even on a gloomy day. No crisp greens, no vivid shadows, no dry footing. No problem! Still impressive and beautiful. I can’t believe I only discovered this place two years ago.

My coveted scenes today were Cavern Cascade, Central Cascade, and Rainbow Falls. All three were likely to be splashing big. As long as I could keep people out of the shots, I figured I could get some nice photos.





Central Cascade



Cavern Cascade



Cavern Cascade



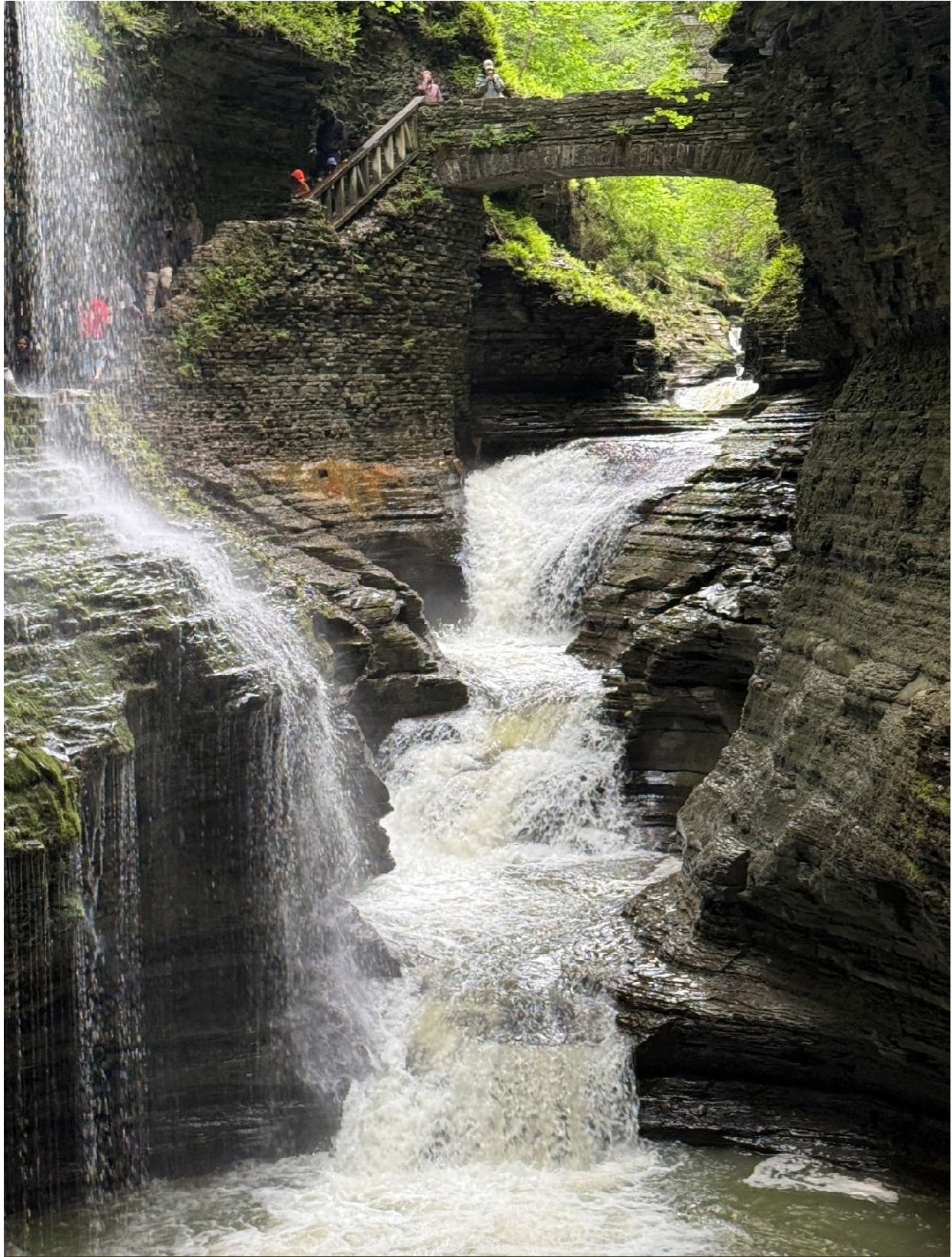
Rainbow Falls



Rainbow Falls



Rainbow Falls



Rainbow Falls

On the way out of town, I discovered that the Watkins Glen Corvette Festival had been going on all weekend. It went by the name, "Corvette Thunder in the Glen." Saturday was basically a day of parking and cruising, while Sunday was the big show:

On Sunday May 18, pre-registered Corvette owners will take over Watkins Glen's Franklin Street, putting their cars on display from noon to 4 p.m. The show will stretch south from Fourth Street to the historic start/finish line of the Original Road-Race Circuit in front of the Schuyler County Courthouse.

At 4 p.m., drivers will start their engines and drive one paced lap of the Old Course. After that, the cars will make their way up to Watkins Glen International for laps on the world-renowned racetrack.

[<https://watkinsglen.com/corvette-thunder-in-the-glen/>]

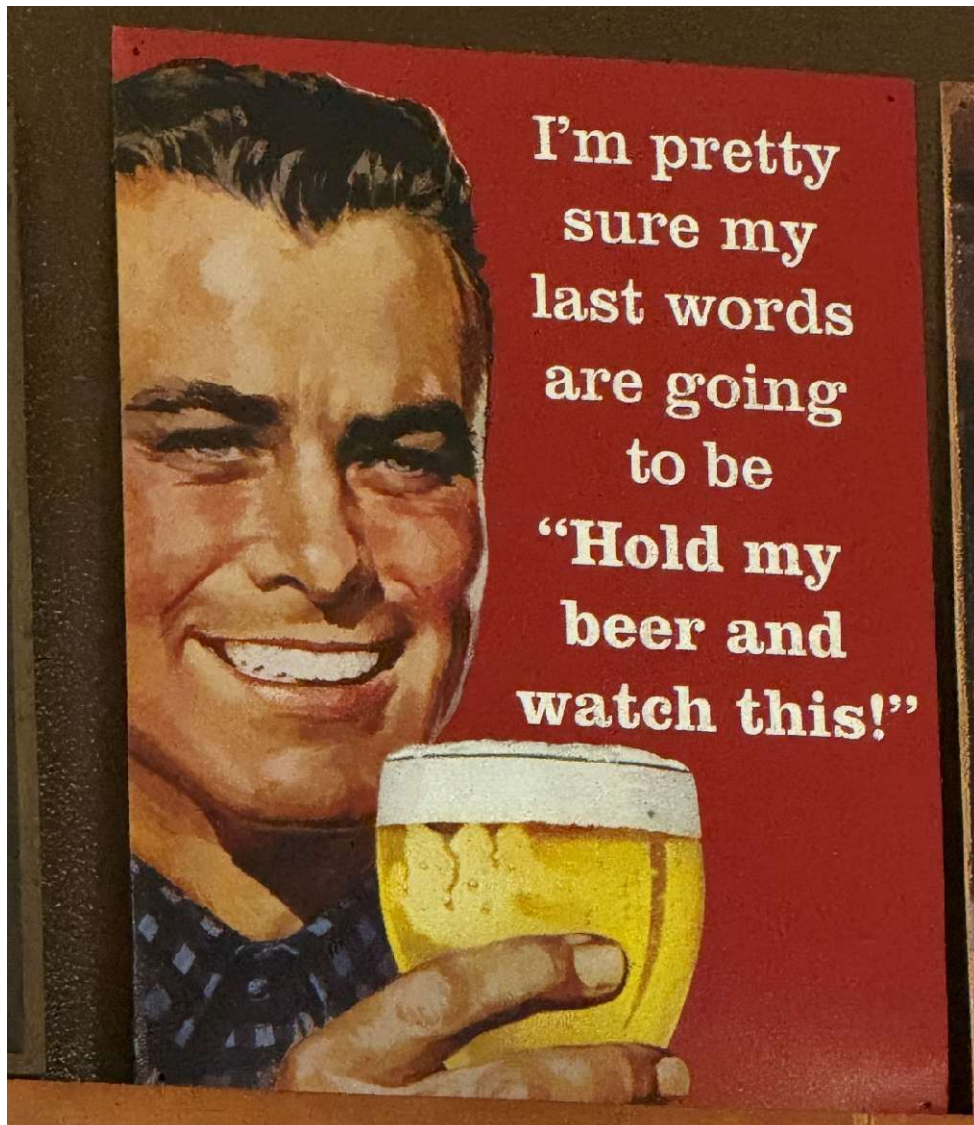
I missed it. Oh well, I hope they all had a good time in the rain.

My Site For The Nite was – anyone? anyone? – yes, another brewery in the Harvest Hosts network: The Grist Iron Brewing Company, a large, nice and pretty new place about a half-hour up the east shore of Seneca Lake, near the town of Burdett.



It was cold and windy when I arrived. I went in and had a couple of IPA's and a soft pretzel with beer cheese. The weather started getting really foul with strong winds and some downpours, so the manager decided to shut this party down at 7:30. I was the last one out *againnn* – only about six of us remained at the time (it was a Sunday night), so it was good call.

The designated parking spot for HH guests was high on the slope with no bushes or trees to be found. With winds howling across the big lake, and no cover to hide behind, Blue Maxx was rocked by some tough gusts during the night, and the drumming on his roof got really loud at times, but we've been through far worse.



Poster on the wall at Grist Iron Brewing Company, Burdett NY