

Cannonball McCarthy

by: FRED DICKINSON

The Cannonball Rally isn't your ordinary sporty car get together...in fact, it is so out of the ordinary that the last time the green light was pushed was in 1975... that's how long it takes for the practically guaranteed public outcry to quiet down from the "What if's"!

This year, forty-two high performance vehicles rendezvoused, singly punching time clocks, at a secret location in Darrien, Connecticut, and subsequently hammered throttles to the boards bent on a super speed run to the Porofino Inn, in Redondo Beach, California!

Normally, we at Popular Performance Boat Magazine would not concern ourselves with the doings of asphalt speed demons, but the entry list included Sandy Satullo & Sons, in a new Pontiac, and Bushmills Grand Prix winner, Charlie McCarthy.

Satullo, of *Copper Kettle* fame, was not available for comment when we arrived at the finish line, but it was learned that the Pontiac had crossed the U.S. in 36 hours and 49 minutes!

McCarthy and a crew of three fared slightly better finishing the ordeal in 36 hours and 19 minutes, "We averaged 80.69 miles per hour for the trip and that includes stopping for fuel every 650 miles and spending about an hour and a half in traffic court in Ohio!"

McCarthy said each of the four drivers were stopped by lawmen once and they each took four turns rotating between driving, navigating and sleep-

ing. Top speed for the brand new Mercedes Turbo 300 Diesel sedan was 120 miles per hour and the secret

gering or encroaching upon the rights of others—or one's own personal safety.



for McCarthy's relatively quick times versus relatively slow top ultimate speed was due to a 22 gallon fuel cell mounted in the trunk, stretching the time between time consuming fuel stops.

"When we stopped for fuel the driver would take one tank and the navigator the other...and we always left the change with the station operator!"

McCarthy said, with a twinkle in his eye, that the main purpose for the run is to prove that it is possible, with the right skills and equipment to travel the U.S. Interstate Highway system at high touring speeds without endan-

The only modification to the car, other than the fuel cell, was a set of high intensity inboard, or high beams, and a set of high speed driving lamps mounted below the front fender.

"That car belongs to a friend of mine named Richard Abedon, who wanted to go along so badly that he volunteered his new Mercedes...and I accepted his offer in good faith. But, at the last minute, logistic requirements forced Richard to stay home!"

The devilish smile reappears as McCarthy says, "A deal is a deal! You promised a car! And here we are!"