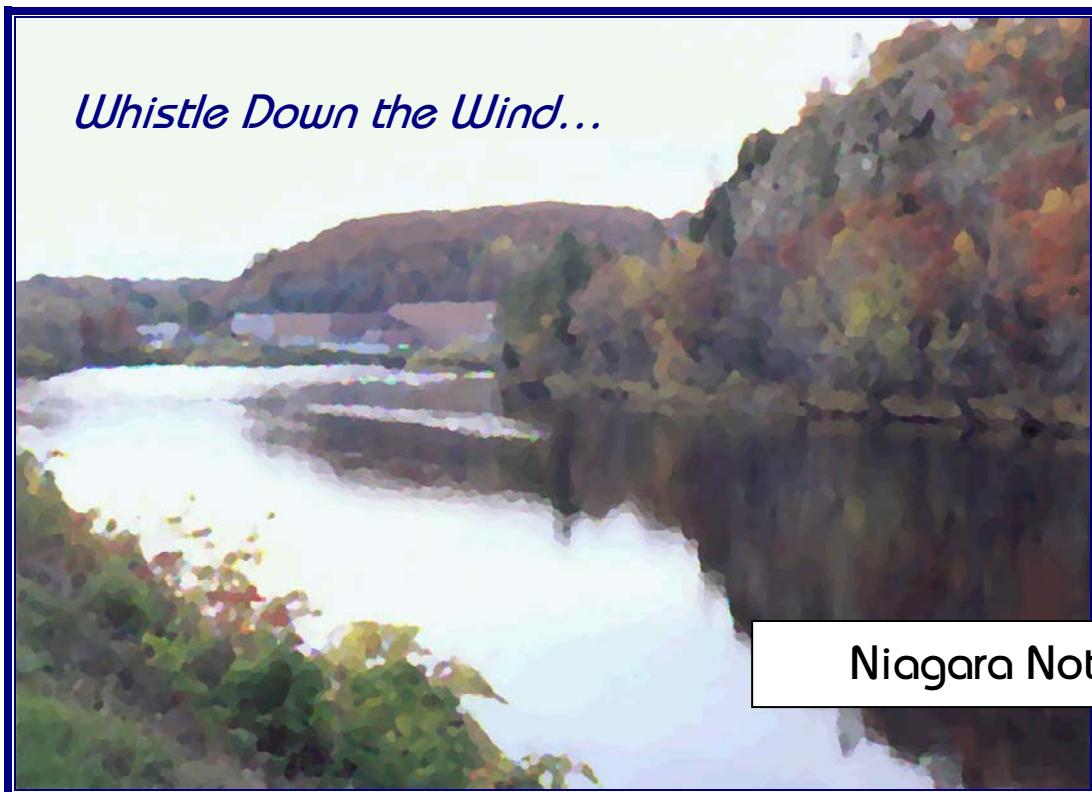




Niagara Area Historical Society _____ Niagara, Wisconsin

The Kimberly-Clark Years... 1898 to 1972...

Whistle Down the Wind...



Niagara Notes

NHS Class of 1963

Mike McCarthy...

NIAGARA NOTES

By
Mike McCarthy



1963

Michael J. McCarthy

NHS Class of 1963

Park City, Utah

NIAGARA NOTES

by Mike McCarthy

How does one start a story? I suppose the beginning is a good point and the beginning for me, without getting too technical, was on May 3, 1945 in the Iron Mountain, Michigan hospital. The census would find that my father was Donald McCarthy and my mother was Ruth (Meilahn) McCarthy. My older sister is Jane (who married Jim Heisenfeldt) and my younger brother is Tom. Our family home was at 1856 River Street from my parents' wedding until 1998.

THE PARENT'S STORY

My father was born in 1908 in Escanaba, Michigan, where his grandfather had been, I am told, the sheriff. My dad once told me that his grandfather would wake up at night screaming because of all the fights he had while enforcing the law. The old sheriff also had a drawer full of blackjack and brass knuckles to motivate lawbreakers. I don't think some tough lumberjack from Hermansville would voluntarily leave the bar when asked, and I doubt if the sheriff spent much time trying to reason with anyone he was arresting. After serving as sheriff, he served as the truant officer for the Escanaba schools.

My dad's father (John McCarthy) moved to Loretto, Michigan where he worked in the office of the iron ore mine near Norway. My dad, after graduation from Vulcan High School in 1926, worked underground in the same mine.

My dad also told me about traveling around the Upper Peninsula in the 1920's for high school basketball games. A trip of any distance was an adventure during a UP winter in the 1920's. The roads were poor, there were constant flat tires, and starting the car with a crank could lead to broken arms if the engine kicked back unexpectedly. Vulcan also had a football team and scrimmaged with the 1925 (I think) Iron Mountain team that finished their season undefeated and not scored upon. Dad said the Vulcan team stuffed leaves into their cardboard helmets for added protection and Vulcan could move the ball against the Mountaineers second team. I was told by some of the players that dad drop kicked a field goal against Iron Mountain in the scrimmage and so, I guess, they were scored on. Dad always bragged that he finished ninth in his class—of course, there were only nine kids in his class.

My father also related how he saw the first car come to town and how every kid in town ran to see this contraption. For most of his childhood, the horse and wagon were the main means of transportation. His generation saw an astounding amount of change and some of his high school friends ended up teaching in Niagara.

One Vulcan High School product was Mr. Pedo, the Niagara junior high math teacher. I was the standard issue smart aleck kid and my father warned me not to fool around with Mr. Pedo. We all thought Mr. Pedo did not participate in serious corporal punishment and we took behavior risks we would not take with the more infamous swatters. My dad told me that Mr. Pedo was tenacious and once he got his dander up, there would be hell to pay. He told me how Mr. Pedo once got into a fight with a much larger boy in high school and the fight lasted three hours. Mr. Pedo would have to be dead before he would lose. I thought my father was giving me sound advice and I did not fool around with Mr. Pedo, but others did not have my dad's counsel.

During my freshman or sophomore year, I was in a mixed study hall for all the musically challenged kids who were not in band. One of the "hoods" was fooling around behind me and Mr. Pedo told him to knock it off. The older boy kept it up and suddenly Mr. Pedo took off his glasses and headed to our corner of the room. I was sure my life was going to end as he headed in our direction. Mr. Pedo jacked the kid up and the hood nearly passed out. Later, Mr. Pedo stayed after school to help this young man so he could pass his entrance test for the Navy. Mr. Pedo's action toward this student was typical of the support we received from most of our teachers. It seemed that this generation of teachers was greatly affected by two events, the economic depression that started in 1928 and World War II.

Shortly after the depression started, the Norway mine closed and my father lost his job. Dad went to Milwaukee where he worked for room and board at the Milwaukee Athletic Club. The club membership was the wealthy social strata of Milwaukee and Dad told stories of eating chicken necks and working as a waiter. Once, he said, he did not use the required small brush and silver pan to remove breadcrumbs. When he went through the doors to the kitchen, the headwaiter kicked him in the rear end so hard that he was lifted off the ground. My dad was 6' 3". There is no motivation like an empty stomach and the threat of losing one's job. After a short time in Milwaukee, my grandfather helped dad get a job in the Niagara mill.

I assume Dad was happy to have a job and he did not argue when they told him to move into the Kimlark Inn hotel. He spoke of the fun the young men had in the hotel and he remained friends with many of them throughout his life. Later, dad was trained as a machinist and he spent the remainder of his career on the machine that ground the large rolls that press the paper. In the late forties, he was also a founding member of the Niagara Credit Union where he served as treasurer until his death in 1980.

While living in the hotel, working in the mill, and learning five-card stud poker, an English teacher from Keewauskum, Wisconsin, arrived on her first teaching assignment. Ruth Meilhan was barely older than her students after graduating from what was then Whitewater State Teachers College. Her ancestors were from the wave of German Lutheran immigrants that came to Southern Wisconsin in the 1850's. They were hard working farmers and when we visited her father in Mayville, Wisconsin, in the 1950's, the main Lutheran service was still in German.

Like all parents, my folks never fully explained their courtship. My father was in his early thirties by the time they met and they were later secretly married. I understand that my mother would have lost her teaching job because jobs were scarce and no family needed two people working when many families had no one working. Later they were married in a full ceremony in Southern Wisconsin. The whole thing must have been a great scam.

In the 1930's, my mother also helped found the Girl Scouts in Niagara. The head of the Girl Scouts of America sent her a letter of thanks in 2000 for the work she did with the Girl Scouts. For a time in the 1950's, she was also a member of the Niagara School Board.

My mother returned to teaching in Kingsford when I was in junior high school. My folks talked about moving to Kingsford and I did everything I could to sabotage their plans. In the end, whining, temper tantrums, and holding my breath paid off and they stayed in Niagara. Every kid in Kingsford wanted to fight with me because my mom taught there and I won more than I lost, but I did not look forward to playing on such a bad basketball team. Later, mother returned for her master's degree at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and became the Niagara High School librarian.

I loved growing up in Niagara. Where else could one hunt, fish, and play sports. Moreover, that was just what the lazy kids did. The rest ran the student government, were in one-act plays, and published the yearbook. When there was extra time, the papers had to be delivered and girls entertained.

Sometime ago, there was a popular book entitled "All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten." Someday, I may write a book and call it "All I Need to Know I Learned in Niagara, Wisconsin." Perhaps the Niagara lessons were not as important as sharing toys and cookies, but the lessons were important to me.

LESSON ONE: DON'T BE A PITCHER IF YOU ARE A CATCHER.

Sports were important in Niagara and they were important to me. The Braves had recently moved to Milwaukee from Boston, and my dad would drive the 1952 Pontiac to the outside of town so we could listen to the baseball games on the radio. The Braves had a great pitching staff that included Warren Spahn. He was left-handed and had a high leg kick and wicked curve. When I was eight or nine, I would throw a tennis ball against the garage for hours practicing the high kick delivery. I was sure I was going to play for the Braves because I struck out all the imaginary players I faced.

Before little league started in Niagara, the kids would field their own teams and provide their own equipment and umpires. The best kids played and the rest watched. Results were what counted and you learned that very early. When I was about eight or nine, the Shattuck team had a "home" game on the softball field at the south end of town. The Shattuck team did not have enough players and they sent me into right field. Since I had only practiced pitching, I prayed that no one would hit a high fly to me.

I ran to my position and God answered my prayers for one inning. In the second inning, my worst fears came true as someone hit a towering fly ball to right field. My only goal was to avoid the ball hitting me in the head. No matter where I moved, the ball followed me like a forehead seeking missile. I would like to say that as I closed my eyes the ball struck my mitt, but I missed it by at least ten feet. The big guys yanked me and I returned to my tennis ball, the garage and the Warren Spahn kick. After all, I reasoned, I was a developing pitcher.

The next year, I tried out for the new little league team and took my Nippy Jones mitt to the mound. I vaguely recall lasting about thirty seconds before they sent me to right field to continue a career of avoiding the descending missiles. Later in high school, I started playing as a catcher and liked the position. A catcher gets to be in every play, tells the pitcher what to do, and no one else wants to be a catcher. I still remember catching Jim Zukowski and my hand being swollen for days afterward. Later, I caught fast pitch softball in the Air Force.

LESSON TWO: DON'T LOOSE YOUR MARBLES; IT COULD BE THE START OF A FLYING CAREER.

In Niagara, one of the rights of spring was the marble season. I always took the old man's Royal Crown whiskey bag and filled it with my cat eyes and steelies. Steelies were the ball bearings from the mill and since my dad was a machinist, I was rich with steelies. Doc Donovan, one of Niagara's dentists and the former village president, had two sons and I inherited Dan Donovan's old clay marbles. One spring day in Miss Bryant's fourth grade, I decided to sneak a peak at the marbles in the blue bag.

Ms. Bryant, as every kid knew, did not spare the rod. She thrived on skinny, wise guy fourth graders. Everyone feared Miss Bryant and anyone who challenged her was in for a whipping. Nevertheless, I was sure I could take a peek at my marbles. So, I lifted my desk top, leaned the cover on my head, and picked up my bag. The bag slipped, the marbles hit the floor, and the desktop came crashing down.

My short life passed before me as Ms. Bryant headed my way. She yanked me out of my chair, grabbed me by my pants, and sent me flying. I think it was at that moment, as I flew through the air, that I knew I wanted to be a jet pilot.

After a crash landing, Ms. Bryant gave my marbles to the other kids and a few reluctantly gave them back. As you suspect, only the kids smaller than me gave them up and I still carry a grudge towards the people who kept my marbles. Teachers in those days enforced discipline with a strong hand and when they were done, your parents finished the task. Although I think some teachers picked on a few students, I never got a whipping I did not deserve.

Most of the male teachers had served in World War II and their sense of service and patriotism undoubtedly affected my spending three decades in the military. For example, Mr. Kinziger, who taught American History, biology, and driver's education, was one who had a powerful and lasting effect on me. He would tell Marine Corp "war stories,"

and my ears immediately perked up. Besides, if he were talking about the marines, he would not ask me any questions.

Who knows why we end up spending our lives as we do, but a short flight launched by Ms. Bryant and “war stories” from teachers certainly played a part in my life’s decisions. Our cold winters also had an impact on our experiences.

LESSON THREE: PLAYING IN THE SNOW CAN BE FUN

My two earliest memories involve the snow. The first is my grandfather McCarthy walking me to kindergarten in the winter. The second is playing in the snow. To this day, I enjoy the snow and playing in the cold—as long as there is not too much of either.

My favorite winter sport in grade school was ski jumping. The neighborhood kids started skiing in the backyard by building a very small hill and riding it with long, wooden skis held to your snow boots by a single leather strap. The next step was building a jump behind Don Raboin’s house where we may have gone 20 feet in the air. Later, Santa Claus would deliver a pair of real “jumpers” with three grooves on the bottom and cable bindings to hold your boots and skis together.

When you were ready for the semi-big time, you headed for Wodenka’s hill on the other side of town. This was more serious and it was also a long walk from Shattuck. I clearly remember climbing the hill and trying out my first pair of ski boots and jumping skis. When my mother had to move from our house, I found an old scrap book that had my ribbon from the ski tournament at Wodenka’s hill.

The next step up the ski jumping ladder was more serious and not many kids made the transition. I was probably in fifth grade when I first rode the Niagara jump and every Sunday we would travel to a different town for a ski jumping tournament. Later, I rode the intermediate jump near the pit in Iron Mountain, but I was doomed to mediocrity because I rode hills; I did not jump them.

I remember that we had two very talented jumpers. One was Jaren Smith and the other was Jim Yunowich. I saw Jaren jump Pine Mountain when he was sixteen and he always won all the tournaments when I was in grade school. Jim was my age and he won everything in his age bracket. I am convinced that both had the talent to be world-class ski jumpers.

In my day, the girls did not ride the jumps, but I was surrounded, and periodically tormented, by my older sister Jane’s best friends, Margie Brown and Cleo Pilon. In the early fifties, no one had electric clothes dryers and the clothes were hung outside or in the basement. Every back yard had metal poles with drying lines stranded between the pipes. Apparently, Cleo decided to lick something off of the pipe and found her tongue super glued to the post. My mother heated water and, eventually, freed Cleo and her tongue from our pole. None of us tried that again since we were sure that our tongue would remain on the pole until spring.

Another winter pastime was hunting rabbits in the woods behind Shattuck School. My dad was not a hunter or fisherman, so I would go out with Ray Pilon, the best fisherman I ever met. Ray and I would track rabbits in the snow and eventually run them down. Usually, the rabbit ran around in circles while we blasted away with our bolt-action .22 rifles. Almost always, the rabbit lived another day. Sometimes we would set up snares made with picture hanging wire, but we quit when the foxes kept getting our trapped rabbits.

When I was in seventh grade, my father took me to visit to some men ice fishing near Escanaba. The ice fishing shacks looked like stove pipes emerging from the ice. There were a few hearty souls who were sitting on coolers near a series of holes chopped by hand. However, our hosts did it right. They had a small shack, a nice stove, and a flickering black and white television. Nearby, was a bottle of something they did not share with me. I think these were actually a series of men's lodges like the Masons or the Knights of Columbus. After drinking too many sodas or beers, the men just stepped outside to do what had to be done. It was on that cold afternoon that I discovered that all men are not created equally. Later in high school, three men from Niagara drowned in that area when their car fell through the ice and into the cold, winter water.

In the summer, we would play in the woods and sometimes sneak onto Mr. Scholz's farm to raid his private trout pond. The family house and barn were near the river and the pond was on the other side of the highway. We would dig some worms and sneak through the woods to get to the pond. It was all a huge game since we were afraid of the cows, Mr. Scholz, and the consequences of getting caught. After five minutes on the pond, however, we were usually jumping in the water or had our line wrapped around the bushes. I don't think anyone ever caught a single fish and Mr. Scholz never caught us. I don't even think there were fish in the pond, but who cared. In the winter, the ice covered all the ponds and the skating season started.

I was not much of a skater, but I used to hang around the ice rink because that is where the action seemed to be on winter evenings. If you had an older brother you may have had hockey skates, but since I had an older sister, I inherited her old figure skates. Every year, the village produced a large skate carnival where all the kids participated and everyone sat in the snow watching. Several of the girls were quite good and they were invited to travel to skating events.

The cold winters were also warmed by the large family living next door. The Pilons had ten children and there was non-stop action in their house. It was great and I am not sure they did not think I was one of theirs as Ray and I grew up together. Mrs. Pilon always made fresh bread and, in retrospect, they had to watch every cent to raise their family. Mr. Pilon was a true outdoors man and he would return with fish, deer, and other game to feed his family. I still remember him slaughtering a chicken and watching the chicken run around the back yard. That taught me that food does not come from the freezer. Another time, he brought home a large turtle that he butchered. There were many good lessons in that yard and in that house.

LESSON FOUR: ECONOMICS 101—BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SIGN UP FOR.

Every kid likes money—or at least the things money buys, and I was no different. Cutting grass, shoveling snow, and peddling papers were what most of us did to earn money. I did all three to finance my ambitions and good times.

Someone once said that if you are going to hire someone, hire the person who had a paper route because that person did something everyday they did not want to do. To which I add—especially if it is a morning route in Northern Wisconsin. Everyone, however, seemed to get up early in Niagara.

My dad would get up at 5:00AM and stoke the coal furnace. He had to be at work at 6:00AM and we would come down the stairs about 6:30AM. When I was very young, Wagner's dairy would deliver milk to your house. The Durand boys and Sam Chartier would place the milk by your door and by the time we brought the milk inside, it had started to freeze and the cream had expanded and popped the seal.

Later, I had a Milwaukee Journal route on Mondays through Saturdays and the papers were dropped at our house about 6:00AM. The paper cost 30 cents per week and I had to collect payment every Saturday. Most people were fantastic and many of the women would feed me cookies as I collected. A side benefit was picking up stuff from the trash that was set outside on Thursdays. Sometimes, I would slide exotic magazines like "True Detective" into my paper bag for later studying. I learned more about economics and people from my paper route than I did in all the schooling that followed.

Another economics lesson was when I committed to shovel snow at a house with a three-car garage across from Casa Nova's grocery. I got paid \$2.00 if the snow was one inch or one yard. At the time, the minimum wage was approximately \$1.10. When the snow only fell an inch or so in the early winter, I would run down to shovel the snow before it melted and collect my money. I thought I was some kind of businessman. Then the snow came for real and it did not stop. I don't want to think what I got paid per hour or shovel load of snow, but I learned a great lesson and I have never signed up for a similar deal again. I would like to think they knew they were teaching me a lesson.

LESSON FIVE: IT PAYS TO READ DAISY MILKS' LITERATURE ASSIGNMENTS.

I was the same age as Don Raboin's brother, Tom. While in grade school, we would often play ball and run around the field behind the Raboin's house. One day, we were in the field throwing sticks and rocks when Don pointed out to us that we were making a mess. Now, Don was one of the big kids and could have enforced the new rules anyway he wished. However, he had Daisy Milks for his English teacher and he had read Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer."

Ms. Milks taught English to about ten generations of Niagara kids. Most of us could have cared less about grammar, but she soldiered on. Her books, clothes, and manners were old fashioned and so was her work ethic. We were all better off because of her.

While Tom Raboin and I were throwing sticks and making a mess, Don came onto the field and started a contest to see who could pick up the most sticks. Tom was faster so he zipped around getting the smaller sticks and rocks. I was bigger, so I went for size and volume. We competed until supper and my pile was large while Tom's was dense. Don, the judge, looked at both piles and I was sure I was the victor. In the fifties, bigger was always better. Ever look at a '57 Cadillac?

I still recall Don complimenting us on our piles and declaring the contest a draw. Remember that Tom Sawyer got others to paint his fence by making it look like fun. Don got us to clean up the field by making it a game. I still think I won, but thanks for the lesson.

LESSON SIX: TRY TO BE A ROLE MODEL; SOME KID MIGHT BE WATCHING.

Another good memory is how nice many of the big kids were to me. When I was in grade school, our neighbor in the back street, Bob Brown, was a starter on the basketball team. I would go over to his house and he would walk to school with me. That was a big deal for a sixth grader. In junior high school, I was the batboy so I could get the broken bats and torn balls. The high school jocks were always nice to me. One of them was Jim Heisenfeldt. Jim is now my brother-in-law and he is still nice to me. There are many others who I looked up to and I am glad I did.

I am convinced that role models are important and many times people are role models and don't know it. The positive role models were the Smith brothers in Boy Scouts and several members of the sports teams. It seemed there were always parents who found the time to coach us and to drive us from one town to the next. Some, like Sam Chartier, helped us simply because it was the right thing to do.

The only award I ever wanted in school was the Kimberly-Clark Athletic Scholarship Award. While growing up, I would review the names and wonder what happened to previous winners who had left Niagara. I also knew every winner who had stayed in the area. They were role models whether they sought the role or not. I won the award in 1963, but I know I would not have been in the top five the year before.

LESSON SEVEN: IF YOU FIND YOURSELF IN FIGHT, HIT THEM AS HARD AS YOU CAN.

This is a lesson I learned on the steps of the old grade school and relearned in Vietnam and several other conflicts around the planet. When I was in about the fifth grade, one of my grade school chums got into a fight with a younger, but bigger kid. I jumped in to help my friend. Next thing I knew, I was getting beat up for my friend who was watching the whole scene from the sidelines. Later in high school, a new kid came to town and had

to fight one of the locals. The local let him up several times and, in the end, the new kid pulled a “Pedo” and beat the dickens out of the Niagara kid. No one bothered the new kid after that fight.

Several years later, many kids from my generation in Niagara served in Vietnam. There has been a lot said and written about the Vietnam War, but many young men from Niagara served their country a long way from home. In the end, I believe the schoolyard lesson applied to every fight from the schoolyard to Vietnam. If you get in a fight, whether it is during recess or in the desert, hit the enemy with everything you have and get it over with. You had also better think about the consequences of the fight before the fur starts flying.

I got to revisit this lesson several times over the course of my thirty-year career in the military. While at Wisconsin, I joined the ROTC program with the goal of becoming a pilot in the military and, eventually, a commercial airline pilot. I happen to make the military a career while Ron Knutson, who lived in the street behind us, served as a military pilot and is still flying as a pilot for a major airline. Ron’s dad also flew in the Air Force reserve.

After college, I went to pilot training in Alabama and ended up flying the C-130 turbo prop transport in Vietnam for three years. Towards the end of the war, I returned and flew B-52’s bombers from Thailand and Guam into Vietnam.

When the Vietnam War ended, the Air Force placed the B-52’s on nuclear alert. While on alert, we would live in a confined area and we had to launch our airplanes towards a target in a very short time. As you can expect, security was tight around the airplanes loaded with nuclear weapons. Every morning at 8:00AM, we would go to the flight line and preflight our airplane. One day, the guard turned out to be a boy from the Petter’s family in Niagara. Small world.

Niagara has had several war heroes. One of them is Dale Larson. Dale was awarded the Silver Star for heroism and the Purple Heart when he was a marine in World War II. He was also wounded in combat as a soldier in the Korean War. Silver Stars are a very high award for heroism and bravery in combat. There are many other veterans who I do not know, but the important point is that young people left Niagara and served their country and they served it well.

One of the defining passages for young men of the fifties and sixties was service in the military. It was a given that young men were drafted or joined the military. A few years later, they would return as adults. Sam Chartier came back and married Lois; Bud Garvaglia came back and married Carrie. Their returning to Niagara was a defining moment for them and for the village.

Sam coached many of our youth baseball teams and I always managed to sit next to Lois on the trips. Since I was a friend of Ted Garvaglia, I was in his house next to Marcouiller’s grocery when I saw Bud sitting on the couch in his uniform and with his arm around Carrie. As a result of people like Sam and Bud, I always thought that serving

one's country was a very honorable career choice. Ted Garvaglia must have had the same impressions, since he also made the Air Force a career.

In Vietnam, my first mission was to airlift an artillery company. I expected to see a bunch of men that looked like John Wayne or some movie soldier. Instead, they were mostly younger than me and I was 24. They just looked tired. Later, we flew medical evacuation, returned dead soldiers, and dropped bombs from the C-130. Flying the C-130 was like driving your favorite truck; it was not glamorous, but it was a lot of fun. In the end, I logged over 800 combat hours in Vietnam and never regretted a minute of my time there.

The American military, however, was a mess after Vietnam. The war dragged on for so long that the people and the government ran out of energy. The Vietnamese communists never beat us on the battlefield; they won on the American media front. During the seventies and early eighties, the military was a hollow force, but those of us who stayed in the military eventually produced the most powerful military in the world and we led it to victory in the deserts of the Middle East.

During my military career, I also got to see much of the world as I moved around the United States, Europe, and Japan. I also had four tours in the Pentagon. While in Europe, I worked at a high level in foreign policy and traveled around Africa and Europe. This was exceptionally rewarding because I was involved in preventing conflict.

Today, I am still involved in preventing conflict. After my military career, I accepted a job as the deputy director of the George C. Marshall Center in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany. We are essentially a college that helps to educate civilian and military leaders from the former Soviet Union. I plan to stay here in Germany for a few years and return to our home in Utah where we can be closer to our two children and our grandchild.

My wife, Carol, and I met when I was at the University. We got married in college and have been together for the past 35 years. As Carol says, it only seems longer. Our daughter, Jane, was born in Madison and our son, Paul, was also born in Madison. The difference is that I was in Southeast Asia when Paul was born.

In summary, sometimes I think there are only two phases to your life: growing up and the rest of it. For many reasons, Niagara was a great place to grow up. Life was simple, but it was not too simple. If you were going to act tough, you had better be tough. You had to work to earn a dollar. Niceness was usually rewarded over meanness. After high school, no one cares who was the pitcher and who was the catcher and that, as they say, is a good thing.

Signed: Mike McCarthy

Editors Internet Research

Major General (Retired) Michael J. McCarthy *U.S. Deputy Director*



Major General (retired) Michael J. McCarthy is the United States Deputy Director of the Marshall Center. Maj. Gen. McCarthy is a retired Air Force officer with over thirty years experience in international security affairs, flight operations, and strategic leadership.

Maj. Gen. McCarthy was commissioned in the Air Force through the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Following graduation from the University of Wisconsin, he entered flight training and began his Air Force career as a pilot. During his career, he has flown over 4,500 hours in a variety of aircraft including the B-52, C-130, C-141, and UH-1H while accumulating over 850 combat hours in Vietnam and

Desert Storm. He also commanded an airlift wing at McChord Air Force Base, Washington, and Yokota Air Base, Japan.

In addition to his operational experience, Maj. Gen. McCarthy has had a wide variety of staff assignments. In the Pentagon, Maj. Gen. McCarthy served on the staff of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He has also had assignments at Headquarters Air Force in the Strategy Division and as the Director of Operations and Training. His last assignment was as the Assistant Deputy Chief of Staff for Air and Space Operations. In Europe, he was the Director of Plans and Policy for Headquarters, United States European Command. While there, Maj. Gen. McCarthy served as the military assistant to the presidential envoy to Cyprus and Kosovo.

Maj. Gen. McCarthy holds Bachelors and Masters of Science degrees and is a Distinguished Graduate of the Air Command and Staff College and a graduate of the National War College. He has also completed resident courses in national security at Harvard University and served as a professor at the Air University where he taught leadership and management.

Maj. Gen. McCarthy is a native of Niagara, Wisconsin. He and his wife, Carol, have two children.

Niagara Area Historical Society



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