



William C. McCarthy

May 22, 1911 - June 28, 2007

William C. McCarthy, Jr., 96, of North Tonawanda, Thursday (June 28, 2007) at home. Mr. McCarthy was born in North Tonawanda on May 22, 1911, to William C. and Lucia (Pane) McCarthy, Sr. William was a life long resident of North Tonawanda, CO-owner of McCarthy's Market with his brother, the late Thomas. William later worked as an Auditor for the New York State Department of Taxation. He was a member of Ascension R. C. Church, Eldridge Bicycle Club, over 55 year member of Live Hose Company #4, 2nd oldest member of the N.T. Firemen's Benevolent, the Carousel Society, and one of the last members of the "NTHS Crash Class of '29". William is predeceased by his wife Mary C. (Cerra) McCarthy who died in 1999.

William is survived by his daughters Raphaelle "Rae" (Charles) Proefrock, Elaine Kurasiewicz, sisters Angeline (Joseph) Gunta, Mary (the late William) Pane, and the late Thomas (Martha) McCarthy, and the late Rose (Frank) Puscuzzi, grandfather of Charles (Renee) and Gregory Proefrock, Andrea (Richard), Jeffrey (Lilian), Jeremy, and Jason (Stephanie) Nordland, great grandfather of 9 also surviving are several nieces and nephews.

Friends may call Saturday from 4-8 P.M. and Sunday from 2-4 and 7-9 P.M. at the Wattengel Funeral Home, 307 Oliver St. North Tonawanda. Mass of Christian Burial will be said Monday at 10 A.M. from Ascension R. C. Church. If desired memorials may be made to the Carousel Society. Entombment Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

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Tribute Wall

“ What I learned from Papa

Dad, or “Papa” as he has been called for the last 40 years since his first grandchild was born, taught us many life lessons. Sometimes it was through direct instruction in a skill, at other times it was by example.

One of the first lessons I learned was how to laugh with another person. Papa would always play silly gags or tell silly jokes, that I often didn’t think were really funny. But he laughed so hard at his own jokes that you could not help but laugh with him. Each Sunday morning while Mom cooked, Dad would sit Elaine and me on his knee and read the comics to us. He loved “Dagwood” and especially the “Katzenjammer Kids”. I thought they were both silly, but we laughed every Sunday morning.

Dad was the best math teacher around. He made each problem so simple and clear. He also taught me handwriting. I held the paper and pencil just right, and drew hundreds of ovals in the Palmer Method. His handwriting was always beautiful. I could never rival it. He taught us Shakespeare, often reciting sonnets he had learned in Grammar School – especially “Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable, Elaine the Lilly Maid of Astolon.” I think he created Elaine’s personality just by the many recitations of these lines we heard. Often Dad taught us by the “sink or swim method”. When he bought my first Schwinn, 2-wheeler, he gave me directions, then put me on the bike and said, “You steer and pedal, I’ll hold on the back”. We headed down the block. Near the end of the block I realized I could no longer hear him and looked back. He was halfway back, just watching. That’s when I fell off the bike!

When I learned to drive his ’47 stick shift Chevy, he also gave instruction on the use of the clutch and balancing between the clutch and the accelerator. “This is an automobile, not a rabbit”, he said. Then he made me drive east on Wheatfield Street between Bryant and Payne. Of course the light was red at Payne Ave., and I had to hold the clutch just right to stay in place- My first day out! We learned many lessons in the store. Growing up in a family business was the most wonderful experience. I learned to rotate

product, make change, and that the customer was always right. I gained experience talking with people from all walks of life.

Dad taught us to like people. He liked everyone, and almost never said a negative comment about anyone. The occasions were so few that I can remember them vividly. He and Mom also taught us to appreciate our Italian heritage, but to be an American and give back to our community. Mom worked many years for the YWCA and the Parent-Teacher Association. Dad loved the Live Hose Company, of which he was a member for 56 years.

We learned to work hard and do our very best. Not that Dad ever said that to us directly, but he was always so proud of our accomplishments, that he inspired us to do more.

In these last two years, Papa taught me a most wonderful lesson-how to accept help with grace and dignity. For a man who had never been ill a day in his first 94 years, to all of a sudden be reliant on others in so many ways, he never complained or questioned why. He was so appreciative of even the smallest things we did for him, that he made it easy to care for him.

I hope I always remember these lessons and pass them on to my children and grandchildren.

Rae - July 01, 2007 at 12:00 AM

JS

“ *Dear Family of Bill McCarthy,
Dear Barb and Phil,*

My condolences on your deep sorrow at the loss Bill. He was a friend of mine from the Department of Tax and Finance. He was always a gentleman: he dressed that way and acted that way. He liked to ask me how things were on West River Parkway, where I live, because he has relatives living just down the street. One thing he loved to talk about was the McCarthy Market, and how his Italian family came to have an Irish name. I am sorry that I will not be in town and cannot visit at the funeral home. My prayers to you and your family. Eternal rest grant unto him, Oh Lord.

*Peace,
John K Sanborn*

John K. Sanborn - June 30, 2007 at 12:00 AM

CC

“ *Dear Rae and Family,
I remember your Dad well from the Market on Oliver Street. My Mom shopped there often. You were blessed to have him for so long. My sincerest sympathy.*

Carol Carney - June 30, 2007 at 12:00 AM