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Pacifica

*Carl McCarthy ~ This devoted family man gave Pacifica its National Historic Landmark site*

Written by Jean Bartlett, January, 2019  
(A Pacifica Historical Society Project)



**Carl McCarthy, 1920.**

### **McCARTHY, CARL (1898-1981)**

For the August, 2018 [article](#), "*Ohlone-Portolá Heritage Trail ~ A Journey of Many Stories (Recognizing Pacifica's Role)*," I interviewed Pat Kremer, the daughter of two very famous Pacificans, Grace and Carl McCarthy. (Link to Grace's biography [here](#).) Carl had devoted his retirement years to bringing national recognition to Pacifica's Sweeney Ridge, where on November 4, 1769, Spanish explorer Captain Gaspar de Portolá and the men of his expedition – generously aided by the people of the Ohlone village Pruristac (located at today's Sanchez Adobe site) – climbed up Sweeney Ridge and beheld the San Francisco Bay. This marked the European discovery. Pat discussed her father and his retirement project.

*"With all the work my father did to create the Discovery Site," Pat said, "up until he embarked on the project, he did not previously have any particular passion for history. I think he was fundamentally inspired because something of such historical significance happened within the borders of Pacifica's city limits. He was a real promoter for*

*Pacifica – recall 'scenic Pacifica' was his brainchild – and the Portolá story was something that could help put Pacifica 'on the map.' Once he decided to focus on this topic, it just grew and grew for him: he created the slide show which he showed to innumerable clubs and organizations around the Bay Area; he did commemorative hikes the first Saturday of each November; he was behind the effort to get the site recognized and to have that recognition include the purchase of some land; he made various postcards; he recruited Judge Jose deLarios to narrate his slideshow (on tape) and to make a film strip in English and Spanish for schools. My dad was fearless and tireless about contacting people he needed to talk to, to get information from them or to convince them to help him. Retirement gave him the time he needed to get these things done and he succeeded. The site is now a National Historic Landmark."*

In November of 1983, the Portolá Expedition Foundation unveiled a granite monument commemorating Pacifican Carl Patrick McCarthy's efforts for the preservation of Sweeney Ridge. It reads:

*In memory of Carl Patrick McCarthy whose dedicated efforts for national recognition of the Portolá expedition's discovery of San Francisco Bay in 1769 included personally bringing 11,863 visitors to this Discovery Site and presenting the expedition's history in pictures to 9,345 between 1966 and his death October 15, 1981.*



(Pacifica Tribune photo, 1971)

Grace and Carl McCarthy pose at Sweeney Ridge.



(Pacifica Tribune photo, circa 1968)

Carl McCarthy's local newspaper reports:  
"McCarthy, who originated the slogan, 'Scenic Pacifica,' illustrates his point. He ordered personalized license plates for his new Chevelle, purchased from Ed Cordero Chevrolet, to create a permanent 'Scenic Pacifica' moving display."



Carl Patrick McCarthy was born on December 15, 1898 in Grangeville, Idaho to Minnie May (Newsham) McCarthy, 1871-1945, and Charles Florence McCarthy, 1868-1952. He was one of six children. Their ages, as reported here, have been taken from the 1910 United States Federal Census: Charles Ashton, 14; Ruth Hazel, 12; Carl Patrick, 11; Marie Minnie, 9; Kathleen, 8; and Florence Elizabeth, 2. At that point the family lived in Pullman, Whitman County, Washington. They moved there around the time of Carl's fifth birthday. His father was an English teacher and Carl's daughter Pat reported that with all those mouths to feed, Carl's mom took in laundry to help make ends meet. Carl's father was a loyal Mason and his mother was active in Eastern Star. Carl's dad also served as a Methodist minister – though for how long is unknown. However, he can be found listed in the September 10, 1898 edition of the *Pullman Herald*. He was attending the 25th annual session of the Columbia River Conference of the Pullman ME (Methodist Episcopal) Church, and was appointed minister of Grangeville.



Clockwise from bottom right: Carl, Kathleen, Marie, Ruth and Charles Ashton, photo circa 1904.



April of 1908, Carl strikes a pose as a "local agent" of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

When Carl was 9, he earned his first feature in the *Pullman Herald*.

#### **Pullman Lad Goes After Prize. April 11, 1908.**

*"Carl McCarthy, the enterprising lad who is local agent for the sale of the Saturday Evening Post, is making a great record in a contest that is now on, and stands an excellent chance of winning one of the big prizes. At the last report, Carl headed the list for boy agents in towns of the class of Pullman, having his nearest competitor beaten by eleven copies. This special contest closes in June, and all the weekly sales up to the closing date count toward the prize. The winner in the contest will be given a trip, with all expenses paid for himself and four boy friends, to the great 101 Ranch at Bliss, Okla., or in lieu of the trip, can have \$250. There are also 19 other prizes, and with the lead he has, Carl is pretty sure to win one of the good ones. If you are not already a reader of the 'Post,' see Carl and have him deliver it to you each week, at least until the close of the contest."*

In March of 1980, Carl commented on his relationship with the *Saturday Evening Post* in a journal he wrote to his grandchildren. His wife Grace was a steadfast encourager to get him to complete that journal.

"I sold the *Saturday Evening Post* magazine from the time I was eight years old," Carl wrote in 1980, "150 to 200 copies per week, then 500 per week in the final campaign of a national contest I won. A man came from Philadelphia to present my prize. I bought Mother a washing machine with the prize money."

On November 1, 1912, Carl – along with his sisters Ruth and Marie – was in another contest that headlined in the *Pullman Herald*. "The garden growing and fruit canning contest conducted among the school children of this city, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, ended last week with an exhibit of the vegetables and canned fruit and the awarding of the prizes." The *Pullman Herald* went on to



report that "nearly every resident of Pullman inspected the display" at the vacant store room next to the Palace Hotel. Both of Carl's sisters were Grand Prize Winners in the Girls Division. Marie McCarthy took third place and won a \$7.50 prize hat. Ruth took sixth place and received a \$5 dress pattern. Under the Single Variety Prize Winners, Carl's Burbank Potatoes merited the fountain pen prize.

On March 21, 1919, Carl made *Pullman Herald* headlines again. His free throw, after the whistle, placed Pullman High School in the Semi-Finals of State High School Basketball Championship Washington.

*"A foul had been committed and Pullman was to have a free throw," W.M. Goodyear typed. "McCarthy picked up the ball, glanced over his shoulder at the score board which showed Walla Walla, 17, Pullman 16. It was up to him to tie the score and make the magnificent second half rally of his teammates accomplish results. The air was electric with excitement, the silence was tense. The tall center measured the distance as coolly as if trying a practice shot. Up went his arm and the ball curved through the air and dropped cleanly through the hoop. ...With unerring aim, McCarthy (who landed two more successful free throws) – converted that throw into the point which led to victory."*

Following high school, Carl attended Washington State University in Pullman. He secured a varsity letter in basketball and was affiliated with the Sigma Nu Fraternity. In 1924, he received his Bachelor of Arts in Economic Science and History. And all through college he worked – just as he had always done. That *Saturday Evening Post* childhood job took him into high school. When he was 15, he took on a summer job picking cherries along the Snake River. At 18, he worked at a shipyard in Tacoma. First he worked as a laborer; then, having joined the Teamsters Union, he worked as a truck driver. When he started college, he worked as a dishwasher to help earn his board. Following his first year of college, he spent the summer working at a cannery in Port Walter, Baranof Island, Alaska. One summer job he hauled water and homesteaded with a buddy, 30 miles north of Great Falls, Montana. College work also included repairing typewriters. However, during each school year, he always had to be careful that his pay scale did not rise higher than his athletic scholarship allowed. He thought about dropping out of college during the summer he worked for Standard Oil in Bellingham, WA. It was what he called his first "real paycheck" job and he liked that paycheck. But he stayed the course. He and his sister Marie helped each other financially through college.

Carl learned the value of a dollar at an early age and highlighted various lessons on money in his journal.

"My mother kept the books regarding my jobs, but insisted on my accountability," Carl's notes begin. "Once when I was watching a merry-go-round, a man gave me a nickel to ride. But I took the money home. Once some big kids helped count my *Saturday Evening Post* money and I was short when I got home. Never again! I always had money to buy candy and share with the other kids when I was selling the *Post*. I once passed up a customer who had suffered a fire. He complained. It taught me a good lesson: it is not up to me to decide what people can afford."



Carl ready to ride. Circa, 1909.

As a kid, Carl found he had a knack for fixing things which later served him well when he and Grace built their "Shamrock Shack" in the Sharp Park neighborhood of today's Pacifica. "I provided the unskilled labor," Grace made clear in her own journal to her grandchildren. But Carl's natural building skills took off when he started riding bikes. He would buy bikes from the "second-hand man," fix them and sometimes sell them back to the "man" for a profit. He did a lot of bike riding as a kid, so he needed to know repairs. He thought nothing of riding the 10 miles to Moscow, Idaho, and the 10 miles back. By seventh grade he was also learning how to work with a hammer and do some building. One of his high school projects was a spice cabinet. He also made his own skis out of maple. "Very heavy!"

As a young man, Carl fell in love with golf and it was golf that earned him his only traffic ticket.

"It was in 1928. I told San Francisco Judge O'Brien, I was a little late to meet my golf foursome at Lincoln Park. He asked what I took on the first hole. 'Five,' I told him. And he said, 'I'll double it – ten dollars!'"

Golf also provided the reason behind why Carl was in Yosemite when he met his future wife, Grace Lockhart.

That was in the summer of 1928. Grace, almost 20 and an English major at the University of Illinois at Urbana–Champaign (UIUC), was attending a "Yosemite-held" meeting of the Mortar Board National Honor Society as the UIUC representative. She was accompanied by her chaperone, her mom Kittie Lockhart.

The event was organized and run by Marion Hickey who was the wife of Carl's best friend, Vern Hickey. Vern asked Carl if he could come along to keep him company and play golf. Carl was also very good friends with Marion and when she told him she had arranged a "blind date" for Carl over dinner at Camp Curry, Carl was not at all hesitant to go. The newly-met couple went on a few walks together and Carl asked Grace to go to a dance. Then he realized he didn't have enough money to go to the dance so he asked Grace to go on a moonlight walk instead.

"After walking in the moonlight," Carl wrote in his journal, "I asked her why she might not come back to California and fall in love."

It was a job that had brought Carl to California. In 1926 he was working for U.S. Radiator in Seattle when he was offered a transfer to San Francisco. So he headed to California and moved into a boarding house on Buchanan Street. He was still living with his fellow "Buchanan Street Gangsters" when he met Grace. Grace did take Carl up on his offer to come to California and fall in love. With her mom again serving as chaperone, Grace visited during the summer. And Carl and Grace's mom got along great; always did. As to the couple that introduced Carl and Grace, Marion and Vern Hickey, they remained lifelong friends, later becoming godparents to the McCarthy's two children.



**Carl, Grace, and Vern Hickey at the "Del Monte Clubhouse, Pebble Beach, 1929." Carl and Vern met as classmates at WSU. Vern would go on to head up athletics at UC Davis and serve as Mayor of Davis.**

While Carl and Grace were not campers, they always enjoyed hiking in the wilderness – something they would later share with their two children. Along with having their deep love of nature in common, their hikes really underscored their friendship.

One time Carl hid off the Four-Mile Trail coming down from Glacier Point in Yosemite. His plan was to jump out at Grace as she walked by.

"She somehow got past me. Then I saw a bear and was really concerned until Grace and I reunited!"

Then there was their 1934 "Angels Landing, Zion National Park" story. Angels Landing is a 1,488-foot tall narrow rock formation protruding out of Cathedral Mountain. It is sometimes referred to as "an island in the sky."

"There is a ridge – privately dubbed 'Fraidy Cat Point' – that leads to Angel's Landing, which I reached but Grace did not," Carl wrote. "Having just hiked to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, Grace was feeling pretty confident. So the Ranger just smiled quietly as he told us he thought we would find this hike, 'interesting.' The gravel trail quickly grew steeper and then turned into footprints hacked into stone with stout iron railing. Then it became a narrow trail across the ridge with a sheer drop of 1,000 feet to the river on both sides, curving around the points. Along with that, some of the railing was broken and missing. Being afraid of heights anyway, Grace sat motionless despite my encouragement from ahead."

Grace, very dejected, crawled back to safety and always reported that she had not made it. Carl, on the other hand, always reported that she had slippery leather soles on that day while he had non-slippery Keds.



**Grace and Carl, August 21, 1936.**



It was on August 22, 1929 that Carl asked Grace to marry him. They were overlooking Donner Lake, which is situated on the eastern slope of Northern California's Sierra Nevada mountain range. Grace said "yes." Over a year later, they married in Urbana, Illinois on Monday, November 24, 1930 at St. John's Episcopal Church. They honeymooned in Chicago and then headed out to San Francisco in their brand new Model A Ford Coupe to their very first home – an apartment at 800 Dolores Street.

Like many companies, U.S. Radiator took a financial hit during the Great Depression and in 1932, Carl – one of the last in his department to keep his job – was furloughed. In June of 1932, he took a commission job selling conversion burners for the San Francisco Division of Pacific Gas and Electric Company (PG&E). The job would lead to a 30-year career.

In Carl's journal he noted that the "smartest" thing he ever did was to "buy the property overlooking the Sharp Park Golf Course in 1936. Though, \$500 for four lots seemed like a lot." But so began the building of the house the couple called, their "Shamrock Shack."

The couple, who in their dating days had talked about one day owning a mountain cabin with a view of the sea, had noticed the



land just east up the hill from the Alister MacKenzie-designed municipal golf course on one of their golf outings. (The seaside golf course opened in 1932.) In this unincorporated coastal area 10 miles south of the couple's apartment in San Francisco, which later became the Sharp Park neighborhood of today's City of Pacifica (Pacifica incorporated in 1957), the couple obtained a building permit on June 16, 1937 for the "big room with the stone fireplace over the garage," Grace wrote. "Pretty fast work for working only weekends and vacation!" daughter Pat chimed in. The following is taken from the notes put together by Grace in 1944.

"Our 'Shamrock Shack' started as a dream during the depths of the Depression and did not begin to materialize until late in 1936," Grace wrote. "Then we found our ideal site on a wooded hillside just fourteen miles from the center of San Francisco, overlooking the Sharp Park Golf Course and having a beautiful view of the Pacific. Plans went through the wringer of strict budgeting and the house was made possible chiefly because my husband, Carl McCarthy, proved to be a skillful amateur builder."



**Grace at the window of their 700-square-foot Shamrock Shack, May, 1939.**

"Constructing the place ourselves was unintentional. The contractor we approached was not very interested in going over to the coast for a small job and suggested we do as much as possible, clearing and excavating at least. When this was done, Carl decided it would not be too big a job to make the forms for the concrete basement. Then one thing led to another until it became a matter of pride to complete the house without calling in the overworked professionals. Friends and relatives gave assistance and much good advice.

"The early story is told by the jingle we put in our 1937 Christmas card."

*"'Twas the year before this that we bought at Sharp Park,  
For to build a golf shanty did seem just a lark;  
So in April we turned the first spade full of earth  
And by May we both knew what our muscles were worth.  
All through June and July we built forms with a vim,  
And in August cheered loudly when concrete went in.  
This September we started to saw and to nail;  
In October put on a fine roof that can't fail.  
The stone fireplace has taken much work and cement,  
But we finished in time for old Santa's descent."*

"Carl dedicated an entire two weeks' vacation to the making of that fireplace. Building around a heatilator unit was foolproof, but beginners make slow masons. We could fit and place only about two feet of rocks a day and the plain arch over the fireplace opening took a whole day of sorting and choosing.

"Constructing your own place during leisure hours is a matter of years. Measuring and fitting everything seemed to take countless hours. Windows, doors and cabinet making were difficult jobs for the amateur, and finishing was an endless process. The plumbing and electrical installations offered the most difficulties, and the painstaking work was carefully watched because of strict county building codes.

"Except for the finishing, our budget demanded that we use secondhand materials, so we went to the salvage yards and bought weathered beams and well-dried timber, but the results are good and our house is full of stories: our entrance door was from an old-time San Francisco mansion; the hardwood floors from a Barbary Coast nightclub; and the three large curved plate glass windows from the old Claus Spreckels Building went through the 1906 fire. There were also things from less romantic backgrounds, like the salty old redwood from an icehouse."



**In April of 1940, the lagoon flooded, and the "Badlands" eroded after topsoil was taken for Sharp Park Golf Course.**

"Our original idea was to have a little place for relaxation and entertaining, so we had one room 16 feet by 22 feet, with a streamlined kitchenette and tiny bathroom. A stairway led to the basement, which included our garage, a store room, and a tiny guest room. We enjoyed weekends at the completed 'Shack' for about a year before we realized it was so livable, it should be enlarged into a year-round.

"Building the house in sections had advantages. Life went serenely on in the first part until the new part was well along and it was necessary to start ripping to make connections. Since the additions were an afterthought, it was a jigsaw puzzle to make our new ideas fit the old pattern. As he had done with the first part, Carl made simplicity and comfort his constant yardsticks, and we were pleasantly surprised with the attractive result."



In 1941, Carl and Grace began adding a dining room and a master bedroom, and additionally bought four adjoining lots to the north. They also moved from their apartment in San Francisco to their Shamrock Shack full time. They decided their apartment in San Francisco was better suited for needed wartime housing.



**Carl at work on the roof of the addition.**

"Our addition was practically the same size as the original home," Grace went on to write. "It included a 14 by 16 foot bedroom, a 10 by 12 foot dining room, and a tiny nursery eight feet square, as well as many closets, a connecting hallway, and a front balcony. (Note: subsequent additions added two more bedrooms and a second bathroom.) Making a permanent home of the place also meant installing a gas furnace and various labor-saving devices."

"Homes, like clothes, may be anything from tailor-made to hand-me-downs," Grace wrote in summary. "This 'house that Carl built' is an achievement that took perseverance and ingenuity, and it gives us constant satisfaction as well as a roof and four walls."



**Shamrock Shack, 1943, with a wartime "Victory Garden" in front of lettuce, peas, carrots and potatoes.**

In January of 1943, Carl and Grace's first child, John, came along. In early 1947, the couple completed a northeast bedroom and bath. And in April of that year, with just the right amount of new room in their home, their daughter Patty arrived. In 1949, Grace's parents built a home next door. In 1950, Grace and Carl added "the last bedroom, John's, and the nursery Patty had occupied became a den," Grace wrote. "We finished our home in 1952. Shamrock Shack was now three bedrooms and two baths – 1,434 sq. ft. of living space."

All this time and throughout his career, Carl commuted 17 miles every day to his San Francisco job with PG&E. Following his initial work as a conversion burner salesman, he sold commercial heating and commercial lighting for PG&E. In 1936, he was appointed Dealer Sales Promotion Representative. By 1952/1953 – which is when the family posed for the photograph below – he had advanced from Field Supervisor to Domestic Supervisor. He was also serving as the Secretary-Treasurer of the San Francisco Unit, Northern California Electrical Bureau. In addition, he served on the Board of Directors of the Flushing & Heating Club. But always, his daughter noted, while he was very pleased he could provide a good life for his family, he was most proud of his wife's and his children's accomplishments.

His wife wrote that Carl "worked hard to set up this Christmas card photograph." He borrowed the referee shirt from a Mt. Davidson Masonic Lodge brother. He had a fellow Lions Club member take the professional photograph. He used his Washington State University letterman's blanket and Grace wore her University of Illinois Torch scarf (junior honorary for activities). The Hickeys gave John a WSU sweater. Patty wore a wreath and a Santa made by Grace's mom Kittie, and well-used hiking binoculars had their place at the table. Apparently the hardest part was posing their cat Silver. Silver topped the list for both Grace and Carl as their favorite pet ever.



**Family Christmas photo, 1952, "Time Out For Cheer:" Carl, Grace, John, Silver and Patty.**





### *Silver's 21st Birthday*

Silver McCarthy, one of the oldest, and friendliest, cats in town, recently celebrated his 21st birthday with his people, Mayor Grace and Carl McCarthy of Sharp Park. Silver took up residence with the McCartlys

and their children Pat and John when he was a tiny kitten and has lived on Eastlake Avenue ever since. He had a quiet birthday party, ate a lamb chop and went to sleep.

*Tribune Photo*

←(In 1972, the McCarthy's beloved pet Silver, got his own story in the *Pacifica Tribune*.)

In January of 1972, the *Trail Blazer* – which was published by the San Mateo County Council, Boy Scouts of America – wrote an article acknowledging both Grace (then Mayor of Pacifica) and Carl, for their respective work with the Portolá Expedition Foundation, additionally singling out Grace's work with Scouts. She had served as a Girl Scout Executive in San Francisco, a Den Mother in Pacifica and was the recipient of the Scouter's Key Award. They also recognized the couple's son John, an Eagle Scout, who received his Eagle award in 1956. The Scout paper then quoted Mrs. McCarthy on her husband Carl's service to the troops.

"Carl is one of those people who refused to sign up for the troop committee, but he went on all the 5, 10 and 20 mile hikes with the boys."



"My father didn't need a lot of recognition to feel good about himself," Pat said. "He did his 'leadership' by being the man in the back who set up things but didn't need to be the president or the boss. He was not reticent to take a leadership role, but often he thought an organization would be stronger if others had the high profile jobs.

When Carl retired from PG&E, 32 years after he first walked through their door, his local paper, the *Pacifica Tribune*, made it clear how the "man in the back" got the job done.

**Wednesday, December 23, 1964, *Pacifica Tribune*:**

### **Carl McCarthy Honored:**

#### ***Man Who Built "Shamrock Shack" Retires After Distinguished Career***

*Since 1937, Carl McCarthy has commuted between Pacifica and San Francisco.*

*During that time, he's used all kinds of roads—including the old Coast Highway, which had a slight tendency to fall into the ocean now and then, and the legendary "Hog Ranch Road" which never was a boulevard. When they both were impassable, it was necessary to curve down Sharp Park Road to Eastlake Avenue.*

**SO THERE IS** A bit of gentle irony in the fact that after all this, Carl McCarthy is retiring from his executive post with PG&E—and from daily commuting—almost precisely the same time the new freeway in Pacifica is opening.



*Actually, the McCarthys didn't move here permanently until 1941. It took four years of weekend commuting down to the Coastsides to get what they called "Shamrock Shack" going.*

*Shamrock Shack is now the comfortable, spacious home in which the McCarthy family lives—built from the ground up by Carl. They found the spot during junkets down to play golf at Sharp Park and picked up four view lots for \$125 each from Ray Higgins.*

**ACTUALLY, GOLF** has played a key role in their lives. It not only brought them to Pacifica, it brought the McCarthys together. In 1928, young Carl McCarthy went along with a friend from college days at Washington State – Vern Hickey – to Yosemite. Hickey was going there so his wife could attend a Mortar Board convention. Bachelor Carl made the trip to play golf with Vern.

Another delegate to the convention (Mortar Board is a university activities honorary) was Grace Lockhart from Illinois. Hickey, now athletic director at the University of California at Davis, recalled last week how he introduced the two. They were married two years later.

**SYMBOLICALLY**, Hickey presented Carl a new set of golf clubs as a retirement gift. Carl said he planned to resume golfing as "soon as I can find time."

For retirement for Carl McCarthy does not mean loafing. He plans to travel and continue his interest in community and public affairs, both in San Francisco, San Mateo County and Pacifica.

For 32 years he has been with PG&E, retiring at the end of this month as sales supervisor of all dealers in the San Francisco area.

**THEY THREW A** retirement party for Carl last Thursday night at the PSEA Clubhouse on Bayshore and it turned out to be one of the largest affairs the company has staged. More than 200 persons turned out not only from PG&E but from numerous other fields. A big delegation from Pacifica—including Grace's fellow councilmen and other city officials—swelled the audience.

PG&E Division Manager Harry Lee noted the turnout represented Carl's spheres of influence—in all fields, business, government, sports. Commercial Manager Larry Greer recalled Carl's career as an outstanding basketball player at Washington State, where he was a Stigma Nu, vice president of the sophomore class, and a graduate in economics.

**CARL WENT TO** work for Ford Motor Co. as a motor records clerk, starting to learn the business of putting Fords together from the ground up. Later he switched to U.S. Radiator Corp., in sales, and it was this firm which transferred him from Washington to SF.

When he started with PG&E, part of his job was selling gas heat to a generation raised on coal and wood stoves. He worked in commercial heating and lighting both in addition to his later general sales promotion responsibilities.

Along the way, he has been president of the Plumbing and Heating Club of Northern California, an official of the Electric Club of SF, honorary member of the Refrigeration Contractor's Association, PCEA Convention stage manager for four years, PCGA properties committee chairman three years, secretary-treasurer of the SF Gas Appliance Society seven years, and the same duties with the Northern California Electrical Bureau for 14 years.

**HE ALSO FOUND** time for various civic activities, notably serving as vice foreman of the 1960 San Mateo County Grand Jury, a task which took some 500 hours. He was also a member of the 1964 Special Study Committee of the San Mateo County Fair, headed up a United Crusade team seven years and served on the Membership Committee of the SF Chamber of Commerce.

He also was a member of the Olympic Club's championship basketball team in 1928, president of the SF 35 Club in 1939, president of the West O' Twin Peaks Lions Club in 1948, master of the Mt. Davidson Masonic Lodge in 1953, and served as co-chairman of the Washington State Bay Area Alumni Association.

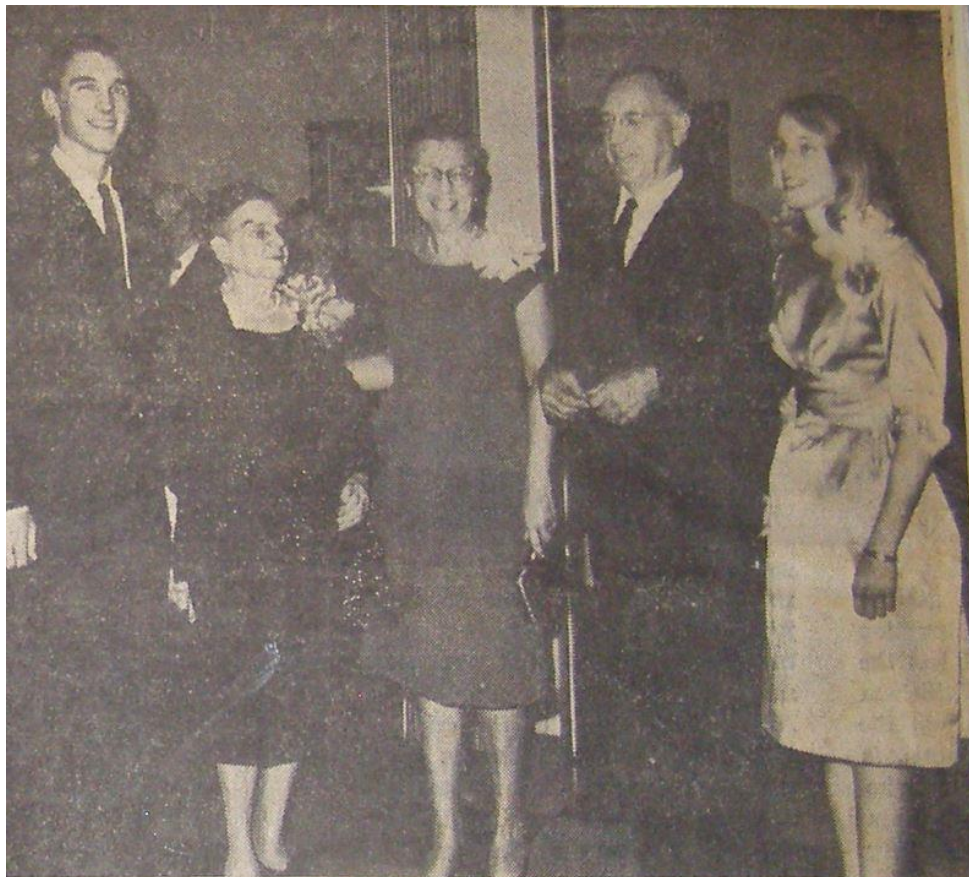
**AMONG MANY FRIENDS** and associates present Thursday night were: a Superior Court judge; a former phone company vice president; Vern Hickey, UC Davis athletic director; and another college and basketball chum, Pete Kramer, now dean of boys at Mt. Diablo High School.

Sharing in honors Thursday were his family, Grace, now vice mayor of Pacifica; his son, John, a Stanford graduate and now doing graduate work at Yale University; his daughter, Patty, a senior at Oceana High School, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Kittie Lockhart, whom Carl introduces as "one of my biggest boosters."

*Now that he has a "little more time," Carl Patrick McCarthy looks forward to many more activities—which he will choose carefully and at his leisure—to add to those contributions he has already made.*

*As for not being able to commute on the new freeway, Carl admits no great sorrow. Actually, he says, it was much easier to get to SF then than now—even on the old roads, much less traffic. Furthermore, the old Coast Highway was down low, "below the fog."*

*In fact, the original main attraction on the Coastsides to the McCarthys was the sunshine on Sharp Park Golf Course. And for 32 years, Carl McCarthy has been a one-man Chamber of Commerce, extolling the virtues of the Coastsides and Pacifica to fog-minded San Franciscans.*



CARL McCARTHY AND FAMILY:  
Honor guests at PG&E retirement  
party, from left, John McCarthy,

Mrs. Kitty Lockhart, Mrs. McCarthy, Carl McCarthy, and Patty McCarthy. (TRIBUNE Photo)



Carl and Grace did enjoy a great deal of traveling together following Carl's Retirement. In 1967, they took their first trip to Europe. It was a "City Planning" field trip and they went to Belgium, Holland, Sweden, England, Spain and France. The couple did a six-island Hawaiian tour with PG&E in 1969. In 1972 they went to Ireland and Spain, and in Spain they particularly visited Pacifica's Sister City – Balaguer. Other trips included: a railroad tour to Copper Canyon in Northern Mexico; a bus tour of Baja California; Alaska by plane, bus, train and cruise ship; and a trip to Polynesia, Australia and New Zealand in 1978.



**Carl with his fellow Washington State alumnus Les Simonds in 1965.**

In 1965, Les Simonds, a fellow alumnus of Washington State – and the contractor who would not travel to Sharp Park in 1937 because his friends' job was too small – persuaded Carl to join the Peninsula Memorial Blood Bank Board of Directors, and the San Mateo County Historical Association. In 1966, Carl joined the newly formed Portolá Expedition Foundation and was its vice president for many years. His close association with Dr. Frank M. Stanger (noted San Mateo County historian), led to Carl's dedication to national recognition for the Portolá Discovery Site on Pacifica's Sweeney Ridge.

"My mother always thought my dad would play golf in retirement, but as it turns out, he didn't want to," Pat said. "His passion became the Portolá Discovery Site and his focus lay there."

In Carl's retirement, his wife ran and won a seat on Pacifica's City Council three times – and she served as mayor three times: 1967, 1971 and 1972. Grace noted that Carl was her best supporter in her three campaigns. "He wrote the flyers, composed the ads, placed key signs, and gave the original encouragement for me to run."



**Carl and Grace raise the banner in one of her Pacifica City Council runs.**

Pat noted that her father was the great encourager of his family and he taught by doing.

"I think he wanted to see us do our best and follow through on what we began. He wanted us to love the out of doors. Although we were not a camping family, our vacations for several years were hiking in Yosemite Park and staying at the High Sierra Camps in the back country. We also went to a lot of other



places in the Eastern Sierra, where we stayed in cabins and did a lot of hiking. He also encouraged our independence. He encouraged my traveling in Europe after my 'semester abroad' was completed. My mother was much more protective of her daughter, while he saw the value of being on one's own."

Carl's memorial service was conducted by his fellow Masonic Masons from the Mt. Davidson chapter. In the Eulogy for Carl Patrick McCarthy, Karl A. Vandebrooke, P.M., said aloud what all of Carl's friends and family already knew:

"There was a sure directness in the way Carl devoted his life. In a very simple way, he gave of the gentleness of his heart to all around him. He had a dream and he pursued it. This brother, with the soft voice and kindly manners, knew the language of the heart; and he spoke it where it would give zest to joy."

"My father also had a very good sense of humor," Pat added with a smile. "He said it was the most important part to keep a marriage together."



**In 1970, Carl and Grace posed at their old familiar meeting ground, Yosemite National Park.**



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