

Reporter was pure professional, no pretension

You would always hear Gary McCarthy coming before you saw him.

There would be a trademark rattle of change in his pocket, a huge bellowed "hello" to the first person he saw in the newsroom and a patented answer to the stock inquiry about how he was doing today.



Gary McCarthy

"Livin' the dream, brotha, livin' the dream."

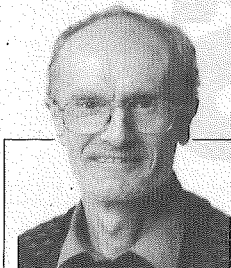
When Gary blew into the newsroom (and believe me, that is the right verb), everything stopped while he held court on the latest news of the day: the rumours about the OHL and the general state of the world, or his golf game, which sometimes amounted to the same thing.

When he left the newsroom, it was always a gentler, kinder, funnier, lighter and more humane place in his wake.

Our world at *The Mississauga News* and those of innumerable other places Gary touched — including the Ontario Hockey League and the *CBC* — is a little less gentle and kind this week because of his death last Thursday of lung cancer.

Gary was the kind of freelance reporter you dream about as an assignment editor.

He could, and would, do anything and do it well, on short notice and with élan and skill.



John Stewart
News Editor

No job was beneath him. The more something didn't look like a story at all, the harder Gary worked to make sure that it was — the true mark of the pro.

Slipping into a Gary McCarthy story was like pulling on an old pair of slippers and wrapping yourself in a Perry Como cardigan while Bing Crosby crooned in the background. He had a comfortable style that didn't feel like any style at all.

Gary had a long, outstanding career with the *CBC* in a wide variety of roles that began with the late-night sportscast.

Michael Enright, the voluble host of *The Sunday Edition*, was Gary's boss in the mid-80s when Enright headed *CBC Radio News*. "He hated second-rate work. If there was some system or practice going wrong, and at *CBC* there always is, he would work tirelessly to correct it."

He developed a special sophistication in cov-

ering elections. The coverage would inevitably go off without a glitch. "He was funny, full of charm, outgoing and terribly generous," recalls Enright. "He was like the kid in Grade 13 you always admired and wanted to be like."

When the Memorial Cup came to Mississauga in 2011, Gary's star shone brightest.

"All he had to do was walk into the room and all the 'important' people would come to him," recalls *The News*' page editor Katharine Sealey. "While everyone else struggled to get a few seconds with someone for a quick quote, the VIPs were coming to him to give the

inside info without so much as a prompt."

Gary was a pro without pretension.

They could have had a huge funeral for Gary McCarthy because most everyone who knew him would have come, just to hear all his stories told once again — even if it couldn't be from Gary himself.

But he wanted "no big fanfare, no big service," says his son.

That just wasn't Gary's style.

His style was class, with a tinkle of change and a twinkle of the eye on the side.

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