

Dick “Pappy” Garrett
September 23, 1928 – February 21, 2024

Dick Grew up in Torrance, California with his brother, Dave, who was 8 years his junior. Dick swam and played water polo at Leuzinger High School where he was voted MVP. He earned his AA at Compton College and then his BS and Masters degree at Long Beach State (Majored in psychology and art).

He had a long and significant teaching career, he started as an art teacher at Torrance High School, moved to Alaska, Orange County, Barstow, and Compton Junior College before settling in at Cuesta College in San Luis Obispo where he worked for 30 years both teaching and serving as the Dean of Students.

Dick worked as a Los Angeles County recurrent lifeguard for 47 years from 1947 to 1994. In his rookie year in 1947, Dick was part of the first 12 man county lifeguard crew to lifeguard Zuma Beach.

His first love was lifeguarding at Torrance beach. While teaching at Cuesta College in San Luis Obispo, he would drive down to Torrance every weekend, living in a trailer first at his mother’s house in Torrance and later in a trailer park in Hermosa so he could work as a beach lifeguard in Torrance.

Dick was an avid artist and painted a number of murals around San Luis Obispo. He used his art skills for numerous projects for the Los Angeles County Lifeguards and he created the logo for the LACOLA Trust Fund.

Dick assisted with the creation of the Lifeguard Alumni association and during the inaugural alumni luncheon at the Hermosa Kiwanis he along with Wally Millican and Steve Wood BBQ’d the lunch for all the alumni. He also painted a banner of the names of deceased lifeguards who led the way for future lifeguards. He dedicated the lunch “IN MEMORY OF THOSE GALLANT RED KNIGHTS WHO HAVE GONE DOWN TO THE SEA”.

Two of Dick’s best friends growing up and throughout his life were Bill and Bob Meistrell. They surfed and traveled together throughout their lives.

He loved Motorcycle Racing and competed in the Baja 500 in Mexico about 40 times with his brother, Dave.

He loved to BBQ and cooked at Mo’s BBQ in San Luis Obispo every Thursday night for many years. He created his own homemade BBQ sauce, and he would bring samples of it when he came to the South Bay to give to the lifeguards.

Dick loved to travel and made friends throughout the world on various lifeguard teams in Germany and Australia. When International Lifeguard teams visited L.A. County Dick would act as a host and tour guide to make sure all their needs were met.

As an animal psychologist, he was fascinated by the book and film, “Born Free” and he became friends with George Adamson and spent six months in Kenya, tracking lions and leopards.

Dick had quite the imagination and loved a good fire, even in 95-degree weather. He kept himself in great shape and until recently he rode his bicycle 10 miles a day, followed by a sauna at the San Luis Obispo Country Club.

He could never come to terms with losing his driver’s license and rumor has it he would often steal a neighbor’s car just to go joy riding around San Luis Obispo. The only thing that could distract him from his inability to drive was his love for Costco hotdogs or a double Carl’s Jr. burger – hold the fries.

Dick was a mentor to lifeguards young and old. He left an indelible impact on the Los Angeles County Lifeguards, and he will be sorely missed.



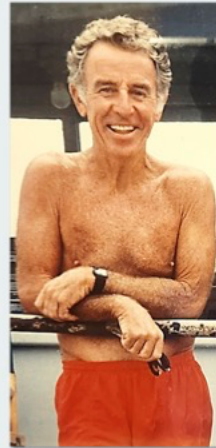
*Pappy and his
brother, Dave
with nieces
July 2023*

*Pappy and his sister,
Sharon
July 2023*



*Dick and Helene
July 2018*

A Life Remembered



*Richard "Pappy" Garrett
9/23/1928 – 2/21/2024
95 Years Young*

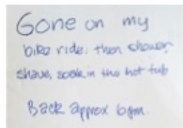
Sunday, May 19, 2024
Torrance Beach, California

Opening:

- Gary Crum
- Wally Millican
- Paul McNamara

Remembrances:

Please feel free to come forward and recall your memories of Pappy "Dick" Garrett.



Special thanks to Gary Crum, Wally Millican, Dave Story, and the Lifeguard Alumni who organized this farewell celebration for our friend, Pappy Garrett. Dick's only wish was that you got a deal on the refreshments — thanks Coach!

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot, face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

~ Alfred Lord Tennyson ~