

bucket buoy



Dear Fellow Lifeguards:

July 23, 2006

Well the first tropical depression of the season (or at least the first one to reach us) blew by us Thursday afternoon and anyone who was near the ocean certainly saw the effects. Strong north wind and overhead swell. To quote Arlo Guthrie, "Lord, it couldn't get much finer." By Friday morning the ground swell had left us, but the good memories remained.

The water has finally warmed up and wetsuits are now optional. August can go either way – doldrums and flat water or swell after swell coming from the tropics. If we are lucky it will be swell after swell, but it will probably be a bit of both.

A brief update on the State of the Union – We are still fighting hard up in Albany to get our recognition. NYSCOPBA is being their usual non-responsive selves when it comes to us. We put in another improper practice charge against the State this week. PERB will make sure that they respond to these.

Meanwhile our grievances are still being stalled. The contract says that the State has to meet with us within 10 days of the filing. It has now been 31 days. No answer from NYSCOPBA as to the delay except, "We're looking into it." I have a feeling that PERB is going to be getting another improper practice soon.

We also put in a request for the races in accord to what was decided at last year's shop steward meeting. We have applied for the permit and are waiting for a responsive from the State. So any dates you see right now are tentative **and not in stone!**

last with me forever. LIVESTRONG and rest in peace until we meet again. - Brian Connors - RM 5

Dear Brian: - Thank you for the lovely letter. I know what you are feeling because on August 8th, 30 years ago I too suddenly lost my father. One minute he was there and the next moment a heart attack took him from us.

At that time I was a nine year guard at Jones Beach and suddenly found my world rocked in ways I could have never imagined. If it weren't for my beach friends I don't know how I would have gotten through it. They were there for me, they kept me balanced and they seemed to know exactly the right things to say. I remember their kindness and caring if it were yesterday and I will remember it for the rest of my life.

I wish I had written a letter like you just did back then to thank my brothers and sisters for their thoughtful actions. You put so eloquently into words what I felt then. Thank you for sharing those thoughts with us - Roy



Bob and Steve leading the Juniors in calisthenics



Beryl's floods sure crimp garbage collection (Photo by Coffin)

LETTER TO THE CORPS

Dear Editor: - I want to take this opportunity to express my gratitude and appreciation toward everyone who has shown their heartfelt support for my family and me recently. For those unaware, my father, Dennis, passed away last week after a short but aggressive stint with cancer. He was not just my dad; he was a role model and my best friend. There are times when I still cannot believe he is gone, and I know that the grieving process will last months if not years. However, I am so lucky that I have the beach to help clear my head and take my mind off of things.

It would be extremely difficult to get through any other job at this point in time, but working at the ocean has such a calming and relaxing effect that I do not know what I would do without it. As my dad would say, "it's just another day in paradise."

My father was a lifeguard at Nassau Beach for several years when he was younger, and most if not all of his best friends worked there with him. He used to tell me to enjoy the memories and relationships I formed because it would be the best job I ever had. My last seven years as a Jones Beach lifeguard have been an incredible experience, and I know that many of the friends I have made here will be lifelong.

I especially want to thank the crews of RM 4 and 5 for all they have done. It is very comforting to know that you will always have a family at the beach to help you get through tough times.

Finally, I want to thank my dad for being such a positive influence in my life. We had some terrific times, and the memories will

INTERBEACH RACE SCHEDULE

Thursday, Aug. 17th at Robert Moses 2 (Sunset 7:51 pm) Surf Rescue 5:45 p.m. - 1 Man Line Pull 6:00 p.m. - 2 Man Line Pull 6:15 p.m. - Run Swim Run 6:30 p.m. - Beach Flags (All Age Groups) (Prelim.) 6:45 p.m. (Finals) 7:30 p.m.

Friday, Aug. 18th at East Bathhouse Ocean (Sunset 7:49 pm) Iron Man 5:30 p.m. - Individual Kayak Race 6:00 p.m. - Individual Surfboard Race 6:15 p.m. - 2 Mi. Run (All Age Groups) 6:30 p.m. - 10 Guard Ocean Relay 7:00 p.m.

Saturday, August 19th at East Bathhouse (Sunset 7:48 pm) Surfboat Race 6:00 p.m. - Board Relay 6:15 p.m. - Surf Swim (All Age Groups) 6:30 p.m. - Kayak Relay 6:45 p.m. - 10 Guard Running Relay 7:00 p.m. - Tug of War 7:30 p.m. - Pool Races (All Age Groups) 8:00 p.m. - Pool Relay 8:30 p.m.

PARTY AFTERWARDS- Food, Beer & Music



This is why Field Six is going win it all this year (Photo by Coffin)



Looks like a lifeguard island in a storm tossed sea (Photo by Coffin)

SURGEON GENERAL'S SPEECH

*Partial remarks by Surgeon General Carmona's to USLA - Galveston, 11-4-04
For a full text - WWW.USLA.ORG/PUBLICINFO/LIBRARY/SURGEONGENERALSPEECHUSLA04NOV04.PDF*

Good morning. How are you all? It's wonderful to be with you. I feel like this is a homecoming for me, so thank you so much for inviting me to be with you all at USLA, for all you do and what you've done through all the years, but also for not forgetting this old retired life guard. I'm back among my friends.

So many of us started out as youngsters before there was a JG program and it's such a wonderful program. I think the motto of USLA really fits me and serves me real well: Lifeguards for life. It's very apropos, appropriate for me. I think that once you're a lifeguard, especially for ocean lifeguards, open water lifeguards, that that culture never leaves your blood. And I know over the years even after I wasn't guarding any more and I'd have a little free time to go to the beach with my kids and I'd be sitting there, either my wife or my kids would always say, "Look, he still thinks he's a lifeguard." And you'd have this sense that whether you're on a blanket or walking the beach, it's almost as if it's automatic, the head just starts going in a 180 back and forth scanning no matter what you're doing.

I can remember so many times sitting there and looking up and watching new kids on the tower and watching what they were watching and seeing if they're seeing what I'm seeing, and my wife would always say "Well, can't you get it out of your blood? What's the matter with you?" I'd say, "I can't."

You know, it's just a part of who you are. And even at this age, as a middle age guy who tries to stay in shape, still works hard at that to set an example, even when I'm on the water this morning, I was sitting out there, nobody in the water, but I still found myself scanning, just looking as if I was working.

Being an open water lifeguard is a huge responsibility and an accomplishment for all who have the privilege to serve. There are core competencies that you develop as a young man or woman working as a lifeguard of any type, especially in the open water which is a greater responsibility, that last you for the rest of your life. Every one of those skills that I learned as a young lifeguard, that I took throughout my years of guarding, I still draw on every day and they're more and more important today.

There are many people that I have to give a great deal of thanks to. There's a couple of guards that believe it or not that still are out there, fossils, that are still guarding many, many years later up in Orchard Beach in the Bronx where I worked and the Rockaways. We have still some people that are in to their forty something years. And, you know my first chief out of Rockaways, Carl Martinez, and my second chief, Frank Pia, still are very, very involved in life guarding nationally.

One of the uniquenesses of this, is that you really become part of a legacy because there is a certain fraternity, there is a certain bond, that draws us all together as lifeguards even after many, many years. And it's a very unique fraternity. I was reminded of that this past summer. I was at Stanford for a big discussion group with world leaders and went up to a retreat in Northern California and many, many US and some world leaders were there. And Art Linkletter happened to be there.

Now you youngsters, you probably don't remember him, but Art Linkletter is just one of the most phenomenal men in the world. He's an entertainer; he's been an entertainer for over 75 years. He's 94 years old now. And we had just met for the first time and we exchanged niceties. There was a number of very well known world leaders and national leaders who were sitting in this group out there when I made the presentation.

We were off to the side having a sidebar conversation and the first thing he said to me, "I read your resume." And I thought he was going to ask me about being a doctor or a police officer and there's all these things. And he said to me, "I saw you were a lifeguard." And I said, "Yeah." And he said, "I used to guard down in San Diego in the 20's and 30's." For the next hour we sat and spoke guards' talk. I mean people were looking at us in amazement. And, he said to me, "So, you still swimming?" I said, "Yeah, Art." He said, "Well, I work out every day. I've got a lap pool at home. I swim 500 yards at least, maybe more every day. I walk a couple miles.

I've taught my grandkids and my great-grandkids to swim and some of them are guards. You know, I think in a pinch I could still get out there and do a rescue." 94 years old. And it was great because we

discussed, and then I asked him, you know he last guarded in, I think he told me in San Diego in the 20's and 30's. He said, "Hey, you know one of my good friends. We used to swim and work out together and we were both guards." And I said, "Well, who was that?" And he said, "Well, Ronnie Reagan." And then he tells me Reagan stories about life guarding and it was really an extraordinary discussion. But he said, "You know, life guarding made me the person I am today. It taught me to be disciplined; it taught me I had to stay in physical shape to be able to do the job. It taught me about responsibility, about mentoring, leadership. You know, it really has made me a better person."



Jay & Harv giving dummy instructions to the Juniors - (What I could've done with this caption - You guys owe me big time)

JB JR LG TOURNAMENT

By Kelly Lester - Junior Lifeguard

This past Monday was the 3rd Annual Jones Beach Junior Lifeguard Tournament. 286 Junior Lifeguards ranging in age from 9 to 16 years old from 6 different beaches competed in events analogous to a regular lifeguard competition. These events included the Rescue Relay, Beach Run and the Distance Swim.

The JB Juniors dominated the competition winning most of the awards (thanks, of course, to our wonderful trainers) and with the mainland temperatures reaching into the nineties, there was no better place to spend the day than kicking butt at Jones Beach.

Our next competition is the Regional's this Monday in New Jersey and then the National's, August 9th in Huntington Beach, Ca.

Many thanks to Bob Adler, Scott Reigel, our trainers and all the volunteers for making the competition the success it has been for the past 3 years.



Juniors line up for some Pool Surfboard instruction

THE COMICS

Walking along the beach, a man finds a bottle. He rubs it and a genie appears.

"I'll grant you three wishes," the genie says. "There's just one condition. I'm a lawyer's genie, so for every wish you make, every lawyer in the world gets the same thing, only double."

After thinking a moment the man says, "For my first wish, I'd like \$10 million."

"Lawyers will get \$20 million," the genie reminds him. "What else do you want?"

"I'd love to have a red Porsche," he says. Instantly, the car appears on the beach as two red Porsches appear in every lawyer's garage.

"What's your last wish?", asks the genie.

"Well, I've always wanted to donate a kidney."

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Last night I played a blank tape at full blast. The mime next door went nuts.