



*Shacks Shots Fld. 2 - Taking a well deserved break*

## RICHARD'S FIRST ROW

by Billy Burke (Conclusion)

The party moved to Kirk's house where awaited Bar-B-Que and more refreshments. The re-union was roaring along. Kathy Uckert was deemed possessor of best hiney, the rescues of 7/5/87 approached 500 (but went no higher, I swear), and Rich Zakar, in a narrow victory over Tom Levine, was declared least ravaged by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. All was well.

Then the phone rang. It was O'Mahoney, himself feeling no pain somewhere in the canyons of lower Manhattan. Shalvoy's coming into the Battery tonight, I was told. We gotta be there for him...He's all alone...Billy, remember, *the brothers take care of the brothers*. That did it! Paddy-O was knighting Rich with the order of brotherhood normally reserved for firefighters or police officers. I had no choice. He was right after all. Wasn't Shalvoy's effort as noble as any I'd known in my decade and a half with the FDNY? How could I not be there for him? But how could I leave such a once in a lifetime gathering of idiots? Kathy Uckert offered to accompany me.

The ride to Manhattan was quick and smooth. In no time we found ourselves crossing the Williamsburg Bridge. The Williamsburg, all steel and bolts, is a poor sister to the Brooklyn. Still the outer roadway affords a fine view of the East River from Delancy Street north to the Queensboro.

Any experienced guard will tell you spotting is 9/10ths of the lifeguard game. Not for nothing is Kathy Uckert considered one of the finest in the JBLC. From the span of the old bridge at 50 miles per hour, Kathy spotted Rich and his tiny Boston Whaler chase boat making their way down the dark river. Will the record show that I was skeptical that those little boats were indeed our quarry, that I several times required reassurance? I hope not. Some liberties with the traffic laws later, and the brief visit could officially be declared to have entered its third day.

Of course, Rich found someone to safeguard the Asay for the night. Of course, a small crowd gathered. Of course, he was hungry and tired. Of course, he could have my bed to sleep in.

The brown waxy lumps were gone. It was Oscar Meyer time. The Korean grocer was amazed. How often does one man buy sixty dollars worth of food, much less finish a three liter bottle of spring water while waiting to check out?

The night was warm and humid. But the air conditioning would assure good rest for Rich. Kathy would have the couch. Bill would sleep on the floor. Avoiding dehydration, Rich made several nocturnal trips to the fridge for water. You don't know buff until a man capable of a 300 mile row appears in the buff illuminated by your refrigerator light. It was a wonder Kathy got any sleep at all.

Sunday AM found us back at the Battery returning rower to vessel. We bid him adieu. He assured us Fld. 6 was reachable by that afternoon. Apparently the gods disagreed. It was late evening before the Asay appeared through the haze west of CM.

It was dark before the weary boatman maneuvered perpendicular to the beach for a last approach. State vehicle headlights illuminated a respectable shorebreak and thoughts ran to a wipeout and possible injury. Then a large man waded out through the surf. With one great hand, the Lion steadied both boat and rower. A cheering crowd formed in tight semi-circle around the two men, nearly blocking out the light. A soft, lovely woman stepped from the circle into the surf and shadows. Mrs. Shalvoy kissed her husband. Richard was home.

**10th ANNUAL JB-RM  
VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT  
STARTING AUG. 27 - 10:00 AM at RM5  
Contact Ron Rodgers or Ken Bunting at 669-0449  
Ext 252 or Ron at Home at 516-957-1851**

## TOMMY TUBES ONLINE

by Tom Meehan

Long Beach Biathlon: The Jones Beach Lifeguard representatives: Mike Trunkes (WE2), Greg Solnick (RM2), Tim Lynch (RM2), Tim Foxen (Fld.1), Ed Costigan (CM), Regan Casey (SunkMd), Tom Meehan (WE2), Jorge Aguilera (WBHO), Dave Foxen (Fld.1), Rick Tuffini (SunkMd), Mark Davy, John McShane, Jen Gualtiere (EBHO), Alicia Regan (WBHO), Tom Darnaud (RM5), Tom Ohlert (EBHO) and Casey Murphy (RM2),.

On July 25th the Jones Beach Lifeguards competed in the 20th Annual Long Beach Biathlon. A well representation of guards from Robert Moses, Sunken Meadow, and Jones Beach competed in this 3 mile run - 300yd. swim. These individuals were lead by our JB Lifeguard (6 member) Team (Trunkes, Solnick, Lynch, T.Foxen, Costigan, and Mr. no-show). Though our team placed 2nd, their efforts lead the way for our contingency to place well among the age groupers. I want to thank all of you that participated in this event for contributing your efforts, encouragement and demonstrating our broad athleticism in the Corps.



*Jay Lieberfarb, catching times on the 10 man relay*

**FOR SALE: Rip Curl Shorty Wet-suit - Excellent condition - Size XS - \$35 Contact Frank Orlando at Fld. 6 Ext 618**  
**FOR SALE: Ocean Champion LG Bathing suits - From original Ocean pattern with old JBLC Logo - Sizes 30-40 - 144 Available - Contact Bob Adler at WEII (week-ends) Ext 601or 516-921-8551 weekdays**

## THE COMICS

A Catholic Priest and a Nun were out having a round of golf. The priest stepped up to the tee and took a mighty swing. He missed the ball entirely and said, "Damm it, I missed." Sister Marie told him to watch his language. At the next swing he missed again, "Damm it, I missed."

"Father," she says, "I am not going to play with you if you keep swearing." The priest promises to do better. At the next tee he misses again, usual reply, "Damm it, I missed."

Sister Marie is really mad now and says, "Father, God is going to strike you dead if you keep swearing like that."

At the next tee, the priest misses, swears, "Damm it, I missed." Out of the sky comes a gigantic bolt of lighting, which strikes Sister Marie dead in her tracks. Then the skies open up and a big booming voice says, "Damm it, I missed."

**THE VERY VERY LAST  
SHOP STEWARDS MEETING  
(of this summer, of course)  
SATURDAY, SEP. 4, 1999 - 3:30 pm**