

**FOR SALE: Body Glove 3/2 Full Wetsuit, Size M, Excel. Condition, \$50 - Victory 3/2 Full Wetsuit, Size M, Excel. Condition, \$50 - Contact Paul Butler at RM 4 or 516-889-1198**

**FOR SALE: Giant Tickets (pre-season) Vs. Jacksonville, (Sat. 8-21 7:00) - Vs. New York Jets (Sat. 8-28 8:00) - Face Value \$45.00 Per Ticket (2) - Section 115, Giant side of field 25th row off the field. Call 826-3675 (T. Hirten WBHO)**

**HELP WANTED: Needed 2 Lifeguards for a private party in E. Hampton -8/14/99 Pay \$25.00 an hour (About 6 hours of work) - Contact Val Nellen at 785-1600 X 640**



*Shack Shots, RM2, 7/25/99 -All smiles for these guys*

**SHOP STEWARDS MEETING  
SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1999, 3:30 PM**

## ON THE ROW WITH RICH

by Billy Burke (Part 1)(Part 2 Next week))

Rich Shalvoy is called Rick by the media, and by many in the JBLC. But to the senior guards at RM and to all at RM3, he is known as Rich or Richard when one seeks to convey respect.

In August 1997, I was visiting my Mom in Ridge. Late in the day, I phoned Wildwood State Park in hopes of arranging a 20 minute rendezvous. 96 hours later, in the dark shore break of Jones Beach Field 6, the "rendezvous" ended. I call it my four days with Richard.

Rich has circumnavigated Long Island twice in his fund raising efforts on behalf of breast cancer research. But at the time of my phone call, he was in the fifth day of his inaugural trip and nothing could yet be taken for granted. Indeed, that first trip was done on the thinnest of shoestrings. Its' eventual success was due in no small part to the support of a diverse group of individuals who lent their time, talent and positions to the cause, many of them current or former lifeguards.

Getting through to the lifeguard shack at Wildwood after hours is for most, not so easy. But a reference to Park Supervisor Bob Nellen (We worked together at the Bay in '76) had me connected in no time. I inquired of the whereabouts of Rich Shalvoy. The WW guards were gracious. Yes, Shalvoy was here and of course I could visit.

Rich was his usual vivacious and ebullient self. Where, I thought, where does he get his energy? I was about to find out. Tomorrow's row would take him all the way to Manhattan. Might I, in my "real life" capacity, determine the East River tide and speed schedule? No problem. We climbed the hill to the Park Office, Rich carrying a large duffel bag. The WW guards convinced the Park workers to allow me use of the phone for a long distance call.

Marine Co. One is my best bet I thought. I found the number and dialed. From the duffel bag Rich began pulling large, lumpy packages of something wrapped in brown waxy paper. Then a large jar of mayo appeared, joined thereafter by one of mustard and two loaves of bread. On the other end of the line, the phone was ringing. Rich was piling cold cuts upon the bread. One ring: one inch of bologna, two rings: two inches of bologna, three rings: an inch of turkey breast on the sandwich next to the first. Rich caught my stare. No thanks, I mouthed, I've just eaten dinner. He chuckled and returned to his Bumsteadian business. By eight rings Rich had arranged four sandwiches, each piled high with cold cuts. Feast enough for three at least.

"Marine One." A not unfamiliar voice distracted me. I turned to concentrate on the conversation and began my spiel: "Hello, this is Lt. Burke of Engine 34. I was wondering if..." Billy, it's Greg Woods and don't give me that Lieutenant stuff." (Greg's brother Kevin, lifeguard Field 2, and I worked together at the Bay in '76.) "What can I do for you, brother?" "Greg, I'm at Wildwood with Shalvoy. He needs the East River tide and speed chart from Little Brother Island to the Battery for tomorrow night."

"Shalvoy? Let me speak to that man." I turned to hand the phone off. "Rich, it's Greg Woods. He wants to say hello..." My eyes opened wide. The feast was diminished by two sandwiches and the others were clearly not long for this world.

Five knots and incoming was the bad news from Greg. Rich was undeterred. Job one was finding a chase boat for tomorrow's journey. Rich wondered if I would drive him to Danford's restaurant in Port Jefferson. Surely someone there would have both a boat and the time to ride shotgun with a local hero. The twenty minute rendezvous was entering its third hour.

The road to Danford's runs, for me, past my brother Jimmy's house in Port Jeff. Village. So it was that Rich found himself surrounded by a small army of children (and parents) posing for photos, answering questions, and generally holding court 'neath the street lamp. Meanwhile, Jimmy (Town of Oyster Bay Guard '77-81) was busy imploring any of his boatmen friends to drop everything for a day and provide support for the crazy man they'd been reading about in Newsday. One fella agreed.

Exhausted, but energized, we drove back to Bob Nellen's house at Wildwood where rumor has it, Rich polished off several lobsters prior to laying himself down to sleep. Tomorrow would be "Brief Visit" Day Two. The road back to Jimmy's house ran, for me, through Tara's Saloon...

The boatsman was Lou Edwards, a local attorney. The vessel, a red speedboat. The crew, Jimmy and I. By nine we were stocked up with beer, food, and beer. By ten, we had located Rich just off Belle Terre Beach. A Day-School had spotted him. The children ran along the beach waving and cheering. The Brothers Burke were glad they "cut school" to help. (To be continued next week)



*Shalvoy, getting his starting push from his supporters*

## THE COMICS

John complained to his co-worker that he didn't know what to get his wife for her birthday. "She already has everything she wants, and anyway, she can buy herself whatever she likes."

"Here's an idea," said the co-worker. "Make up your own gift certificate that says, 'Thirty minutes of great loving, any way you want it.' I guarantee she'll be enchanted."

The next day, John's co-worker asked, "Well? Did you take my suggestion?" "Yes," said John. "Did she like it?"

"Oh, yes! She jumped up, kissed me on the forehead and ran out the door, yelling, 'See you in 30 minutes!'"

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Psychiatrist's Secretary: "There's a man in the waiting room who claims to be invisible."

Psychiatrist: "Tell him I can't see him right now."

### Answers to GUESS THE CORP FACTS:

- (M) - Michael (26), James (23), Robert (17), (F) - Jennifer (5), Kelly (3)
- Casey (4) - Stephen, Brooke, Regan, Mark. 5 names with 3.
- 10 - D. Angermaier (2), L. Hahn (2), S. Casey (2), R. Burkley, J. Dirico, M. Doyle, P. Lundwall, F. McShane, P. O'Mahoney & E. Peters all have one
- Merrick 14, Wantagh 14, Long Beach 13, W. Islip 13, Rockville Centre 11, Babylon 10, Bellmore 10, Manhasset 10.
- 31 total - 3's Mills, Konop, Crane, Kevins, McLoughlin. 28 with two.
- 3 Married couples, 1 engaged (that we know of)
- Duh...Reggie Jones 55 yrs. Started 1944 - 8. Ray Ross 48 yrs. Started 1951