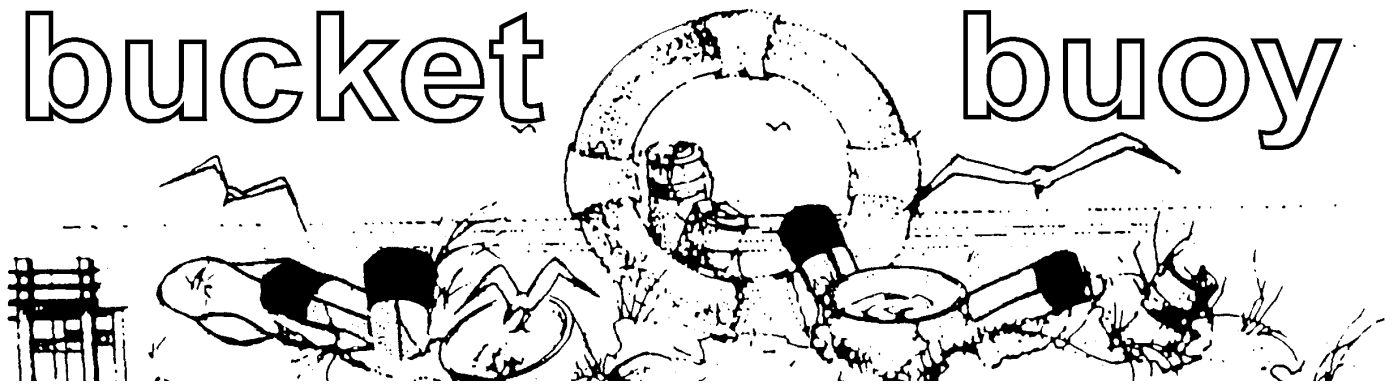


bucket buoy



Dear Fellow Lifeguards:

May 29, 1999

This is it. The first weekly *Bucket & Buoy* of the summer. As you notice we are back to the legal size page. Although I wanted to stick with the smaller size, there always seems to be too much material for that size paper. You might have also noticed that we are trying a format that justifies all text on both sides. (Makes us look like a grown-up newsletter.)

Last year we put out 17 editions. We need help! Feel free to send us material at our e-mail address. Your photos can now be scanned in so we can use them. Same for art works. Don't be shy. This is a newsletter for lifeguards by lifeguards. Reggie can only come up with a finite number of stories (although talking to him you might not believe that.) Unless you want to read the same stories over and over, I suggest you get out your, pen/typewriter/computer and write, write, write!



The workcrew at the 1998 Jones Beach Triathlon

A EULOGY FOR HOWIE

On May 8, 1999, at Field 6 about 50 lifeguards and former lifeguards gathered to pay their final respects to Howie Havemeyer. Howie, a former Field Six lifeguard passed away on April 28, 1999. Jay Lieberfarb, one of Howie's closest friends gave the following eulogy.

"Howie was a man of few words. A man of deep sensitivities. A man of great strength of character. A man of great physical strength. A man of great compassion for the underdog. A man of great courage. A man who assumed his responsibilities. A man of great wit. A man of great artistic ability and appreciation of the arts. A man who gave and received respect. A man with many good friends. A man who was humble and proud.

Howie said to me once "If you get back a part of what you put into your life that is good you're lucky." Howie put a lot of good into his life and he got back a lot of good. Howie spoke straight from the shoulder and expected the same honesty in return. Howie was a role model to many especially his son and daughter. Howie was forever finding and taking great photographs, often of beach scenes, and the less elegant parts of New York City. Howie was a man of nature. Howie was a man of the people.

Howie was always sensitive to and supportive of oppressed people, people struggling with life and at times that included all of us. So Howie was there for everyone to help them as best he could. Howie was always there to support a good idea, person, or action when it was being attacked by ignorance and evil.

I was told that Havemeyer in English translates to harbor-master and it is not surprising that Howie comes from a family of harbormasters. He loved the waters, he cared for people and he helped all of us one way or another, once or many

times, navigate ourselves, keeping us on track and smooth as we sailed emotionally through rough waters entering and leaving our live's ports and harbors. Whenever one of us reached out to him he would never let you down, always there to listen and to help you with whatever was bothering you.

Howie came to Field Six as a seventeen year old lifeguard and stayed for many years; years that were filled with the fun, laughs and excitement that he recounted with me and some of you so many times. Years filled with good lifeguard friends, big rescues with the old sandbars, great rides, beautiful water, skies and sunsets.

Howie was a great lifeguard and though he succeeded well in all his other working endeavors as a teacher, carpenter, bartender, businessman, when all was said and done he was still a Jones Beach Lifeguard.

For all things in life Howie had a gift that allowed him to see the humor and the irony in man and his actions.

During the lifeguard strike of 1971 Howie was part of the leadership whose steady hand, powerful spirit and important words helped maintain our bow into the waves until we rode the wave to victory.

Howie loved soul and blues music and at one period of time in the West Bank Café where we worked in Greenwich Village he was always bringing in street musicians and they would jam till the sun came up. In those years during the summer we had the beach during the day and the Village at night. I think those were some of Howie's happiest years when he, Ginnie and Michael lived in a haunted house on Barrow Street.

Howie loved all aspects of lifeguarding but his soul was in the boat and he was a great boatman. Howie maintained a deep spiritual relationship with the beach and the ocean since becoming a lifeguard and spent countless hours at the beach working, walking, playing, meditating and just loving it.

This memorial service where we join Howie with the ocean he loved so is a natural continuation of his life and his everlasting spirit. Please join me in a moment of silence after which we will return Howie in a lifeguard boat to the ocean he loved so well. Thank you."



As the fog lifts Jay & friends bid Howie good-bye

HELPING THE HAWK

by Peter Clark

As many of you may or may not know, last September, while on an annual outing, one of our own had an unfortunate mishap. While surfing in Cape Hatteras with fellow lifeguard friends, Josh Friedman (aka 'Knifehawk'), fell off his surfboard into water much shallower than he had been expecting. The sandbar laying two feet under water is what

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