



Howard J. Hartmann, Jr.

October 31, 2017

Howard J. Hartmann, Jr., 90 of Woodstock passed away Sunday, October 29, 2017 at Shenandoah Memorial Hospital. Burial will be private. A Memorial Service will be held at a later date and time. Howard was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was the son of the late Howard and Ada Hartmann, also of Pittsburgh. He was a proud veteran who served in the U.S. Army during WWII. He was a graduate of Denison University, where he met his future and loving wife Martha (Marcie) of 67 years. He was a member of the Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Woodstock. He was a Mason from Lodge 546 in Pittsburgh, PA. He is survived by his wife, Martha; 3 sons, Andrew of NY, Jeffrey and Christopher, both of Woodstock; and one daughter, Suzanne of MD; a sister, Virginia Lubker of FL; 3 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. He was preceded in death by a grandson Nathaniel Hartmann. Memorial donations can be made to Emmanuel Episcopal Church.

Tribute Wall

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“ Yesterday, as I was preparing for a trip, I got a phone call from my Godfather's son, Jeff, saying his father died last week. When I was seven, Mr. Hartmann took me on my first plane ride, a Mohawk Airlines Electra, from Jamestown, NY, to Washington, DC. So, it was ironic, I'd be going flying when I heard of his death. The Electra was the civilian version, of the P-3 that I would fly in the Navy. Normally, Presbyterians don't get Godfathers. But, I was baptized by my Uncle David, an Episcopalian. The Hartmanns were Episcopalians, Mr. Hartmann sold old fashion office furniture with my Dad, Mr. Hartmann had been part of a national fraternity with my Dad, and the families socialized as young salesmen in Pittsburgh. The Dawsons, with seven kids, and Hartmanns, with four kids, had a family friendship that was like a Blue Angel Show - we were separated geographically, but, always returned together, as if never apart. One reunion was based on chicken pox - one family had a child with chicken pox, and so the parents thought it would be a good idea to put chicken pox in the rear-view mirror for all the kids! The Hartmanns moved to Annapolis when DC was dug up to build the Interstate highways. And like the "Blue Angels," our families flew back together when Brother Bill and I attended the Naval Academy. While a member of the Plebe lacrosse and Varsity lightweight football teams, I didn't play, so Mr. Hartmann showed up for a football practice to watch me run the next opponent's offense. In the last two decades, the Hartmanns lived in the Shenandoah Valley, and I tried to make regular visit. Niki and I previewed "Your a Good Man Charlie Brown" with the Hartmanns prior to our debut at a family reunion. Godfather, I'll miss you.

Charles F. Dawson - November 08, 2017 at 12:00 AM

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“*Marcie, we were so distressed to learn of Howard's death. Please know we are lifting you and your family up in prayer for comfort and peace. I didn't know Howard well, but he was always warm, kind, and a true gentleman to me. That is how I will always remember him.*

Elizabeth Cottrell - November 02, 2017 at 12:00 AM