



Stephen Michael Hattman

May 14, 1945 - February 11, 2019

Stephen Michael Hattman, a prolific screenwriter and television producer, was born May 14, 1945 in Mansfield, Ohio and escaped at the first opportunity to attend Harvard where he earned a bachelor's degree in History. His experience as a post-graduate student at Georgetown University convinced him he could avoid gainful employment by enlisting in the Peace Corp for two years and serving in India. While there he learned to speak Hindi, developed a taste for curry, filed stories for the Associated Press and realized his true ambition was to be a writer. Returning to the states, Steve moved to Los Angeles where he was soon steadily employed on hit shows like Diagnosis Murder, Spenser for Hire, A Man called Hawk, Scarecrow and Mrs. King, Harper Valley PTA, The Love Boat and The Magnificent Seven. Steve was always the smartest person in the room, a skilled card player and a sweet swinging seven handicap at his second home, Lakeside Golf Club. Steve was funny. An understatement, indeed. He was one of the most talented and naturally funny humans you will have the delight to come across. Just ask the legions of humans he has come across. Brilliant, clever, ready witted, irreverent, he spoke comedy the way Miles Davis played notes. And he used his comedy for good. He loved to make people smile. And not just smile, but a full-on belly laugh was his real target. However his wit landed on you, he left you feeling good, happy. Through his eyes you saw life's absurdities. He not only changed your mood, but your perspective. And his one and only requirement was you had better be prepared to laugh at yourself. Retiring to

Mount Jackson, Virginia, Steve, the life long Civil War historian was in his element. Surrounded by battlefields and historic architecture, he would happily recount for you what battle was waged here, what Lee and Grant were doing there as precisely and colorfully as if he was reporting from the battlefield himself. One house, where he lived, was occupied by a young surveyor, George Washington, who slept there for a fortnight. (Really) He is survived by his children, William Atkinson Hattman and Susan Turner of Portland, Oregon and the true love of his life, his own blessed angel and devoted companion, Suzanne Porter. Steve believed in the words of one of his favorite authors, Rudyard Kipling, when he said, ""This is a brief life, but in its brevity it offers us some splendid moments, some meaningful adventures."" In Steve's life, he gave us all a full measure of both. Celebration of Life for Stephen will be private.

Tribute Wall

LM

“ Steve and I were Student Council officers together for 2 years, classmates, marching band mates and traveled in different cliques. He with the rich kids from Woodland, his elementary school buddies. He wasn't the only Jewish kid in the class, but he used his leadership skills and humor to get on top of his insecurity of feeling that he was different, knowing how smart he was and talented, played the bass drum in the band, always setting the pace, leading the way. I am struck by the parallels of recent revelations of Stephen Spielberg's life, through the Fabelman's story and Steven's life in television production and screen writing. They were almost the same age, both brilliant, funny and they even resembled each other. My guess is they knew each other. I'd love to hear from his wife or family about Steve in his adult years. We ended up both majoring in history, going off to the Peace Corps, Nigeria for me and India for him and I wish I had been able to discuss his evolution all the way to historical Virginia. I wish I had really known him in high school and realize how much I missed. Leedia Catello Macomber, Marion MA

Leedia Macomber - March 03, 2023 at 12:00 AM

DM

“ Steve and I were neighbors in Mansfield and grew up together, in every class from grade school through 12th. We enjoyed many of the same things and I always remember his Comet Cyclone, a graduation gift from his parents. We spent time together at one of the class reunions and always enjoyed his company. I am saddened for the lost to his family and am sorry we never kept up with each other. Daniel Mainzer

Daniel Mainzer - March 18, 2021 at 12:00 AM

JC

“ Stephen, I'll miss your intelligence, wit and good nature. Jack Chegwidden

Jack Chegwidden - February 27, 2019 at 12:00 AM

BB

“ Steve was a close friend from the time we met in Peace Corps Training in Lexington, KY. We used to sing some wonderful songs he and Pat taught us. We learned Hindi together before venturing out to India, where we spent the second year in the same city laughing a lot all through that great experience. He stayed with us when he returned to the US, and would spend hours watching quiz shows on TV. We didn't know that this was more than a passtime - he was doing research, and eventually he went out to LA and won some money on one of those shows. That was enough to launch his life there, and we kept in touch. I was living in LA during a particularly difficult year in my life when I reconnected with Steve, and he treated me to a fabulous dinner. I remember that he said he didn't need to know any details - that he just hated to see me unhappy, and offered to do what he could to help. I never forgot his kindness to me at that time. Rest in peace, my friend.

Barbara Beizer - February 25, 2019 at 12:00 AM

DL

“ First, my condolences to Steve's family on his passing. Sorry I never got to meet any of you as I only knew him when he was single and worked with me at Peace Corps headquarters back in the '70's. I saw his obituary this morning in the Washington Post and was truly saddened by the news. The obit well captured the spirit and essence of the Steve that I knew. My memories of him are vivid and joyful. It was often that he and several of us at Peace Corps would meet after work for drinks. This was something we all looked forward to with pleasure because we all went home with smiles on our faces. His sharp wit, jokes and funny stories were the center of our conversations. My sides would ache from laughter without fail. I can remember sometimes saying I not sure about doing this much longer as so much laughter made it hard to breathe. He left and moved to LA and we lost touch. But not long ago I contacted one of our bunch to see if she had any information on where to contact him - she didn't. I would have loved to have talked and laughed with him one more time. Steve will always have a fond place in my memory and heart David Lassiter

David Lassiter - February 23, 2019 at 12:00 AM