



Jane Robinson Hartge

JUN 11, 1919 - JAN 13, 2015



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Hamlin & Hilbish
Funeral Directors

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Jane Robinson Hartge

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JANE ROBINSON HARTGE: Sailor, Author, World Traveler, Homemaker

Jane Robinson Hartge died peacefully Tuesday, January 13, 2015, in Eustis, Florida, with her family beside her.

Born June 11, 1919 in Cincinnati, Ohio to Charles Milton Robinson and Agnes Ladson Robinson, Jane spent a long lifetime happily centered on family and boating.

At age 13, Jane began writing maritime articles for the Miami Herald, reporting on the comings and goings of yachts large and small. Three years later she sailed with her father on his yacht to Venezuela and back through the Caribbean, keeping a journal that would later inspire her book, "The Way They Were: With Cachalot to the Caribbees." Without her father, when Jane was 19, she skippered his 40' schooner Windstark from Florida to Maryland. The crew of four included her 17-year-old sister Mardi.

In 1941 she married Chesapeake Bay boatbuilder and designer Ernest "Capt. Dick" Hartge, and started their family in Galesville, Maryland.

While her husband was designing and building boats, Jane began her own business, renting out a small fleet of sailboats. Following their move south in 1961, Jane and Capt. Dick created a similar fleet on Lake Eustis, Florida, sparking a great sailing tradition that continues today as Lake Eustis Sailing Club.

In her later years, she enjoyed writing of her life experiences. She was known until the end of her years for her astounding memory, with the tiniest details, especially of boats and boatyards, available instantly and completely.



Obituary

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Over her life she traveled, mostly by sea, to Europe, Canada, South and Central America, and her beloved Man O' War Cay, Abaco, Bahamas. She encouraged travel and exploration in all of her children and grandchildren.

She was predeceased by her husband Capt. Dick in 1979. She is survived by daughters Maryland Hartge Cole, Catonsville, MD; Alice Hartge Wilson, Martinsburg, WV; C.W. Totch Hartge, Easton, MD; and Suzanna Vance Hartge, Grand Island, FL; as well as 12 grandchildren, and 10 great grandchildren.

In lieu of remembrances, please donate to the charity of your choice.

There will a Celebration of Life Sunday, January 18, 2015, at the Lake Eustis Sailing Club at 5 p.m., 1310 North County Road 452, Eustis, FL.

Burial will be later this year at St. Mary's City, MD.

Condolences, memories and photos may be shared on the tribute wall.




Events

Jane Robinson Hartge

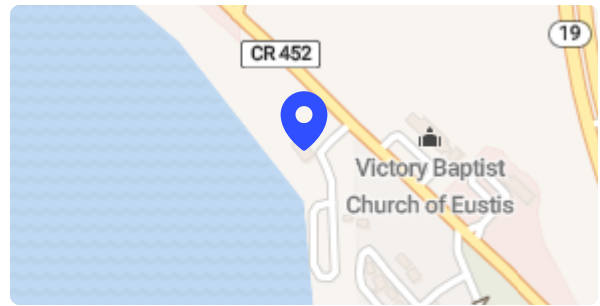
JUN 11, 1919 - JAN 13, 2015

Celebration of Life

 **Sunday**, January 18, 2015

 5:00 PM ET

 **Lake Eustis Sailing Club**
1310 North County Road 452, Eustis FL 32726





Tribute Wall

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CM

Christina Milburn posted:

I was heartbroken when I googled Mrs. Janes name to see if I could find out anything new about her and seen her obituary, I worked with her for almost a year when taking care of her at her home in Eustis, She was like a grandmother to me. I worked several nights a week with her and we would spend the whole time talking up a storm never a dull moment with her, she always had a smile and I loved the way she would sit on the porch just staring out at the water like she was dreaming of a better time. She taught me so much, she always had a story to tell, I loved listening to her talk. She had so much love for her family. You will forever be remembered in my heart and I am thankful for the time I had with you.

October 4 at 8:14 PM

CH

Corliss Hartge posted:

I think there was nothing more inspiring than to watch Jane and Dick sailing Spirit together on the West River after dinner. I know it is a comfort to you knowing they are together again. Corliss and all of the Klinzing Family

February 5 at 12:49 PM



Tribute Wall

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ER

Edna-Wynne Raley posted:

Aunt Jane.....hum.....multiple aunts (and uncles and each and every one of them unique (quirky)), but Aunt Jane.....Ok, I'll start at the beginning.....when around her, you knew you wouldn't get away with anything and that she expected the same from you as she did her own kids, to some you'd think, 'who wants to go to a house that is like being in my own house and disciplined or put to work while there'. However, to me, it meant that she loved us and had the same expectations of us, as she did her own kids. I'm not sure who said it, momma or A. Jane, but whoever did, the other readily agreed....."I didn't have 3 or 4 kids, I had 7!" Again, I took this as unconditional love. We could drop in and out anytime and expect to be included in any and all things, chores, meals, "go clean the houseboat on the dock", or 'Suzanna/Totch are getting ready for a boat ride, quick go run jump in the boat to go with them'. Moving on, as teenagers, we cousins would travel from house to house(state to state), and walk in expected (sometimes for weeks at a time) and unexpected and never be made to feel as an intruder. Random thought, we would be expected to clean the dinner table, wash up and invariably end up having a water fight with dish water (what joy it was when someone invented those pull out hoses in kitchen sinks so we could squirt thru inside open windows)....Neither A. Jane or momma complained and we now realize it was their way of getting their floors and counters washed....free labor.As our adulthood progressed, our entrance was always met with her stopping whatever she was doing to come greet us and usually come sit on the 'little velvet couch' to just talk and catch up.I do want to relay one story. Prior to daddy & momma passing, MT had given them a book to write their memories to certain questions. This book was found after momma died and one of the questions was; " What games did you play as a child", momma's answer was, "one time as young girls at Rosecroft, Jane & I were playing cowboys and Indians and I was her horse, she tied me up to a tree and left me there, and there I stayed until I was missed at the evening dinner table!"Now on to the last years, just 1 ½ years ago, I had found some old papers (all the way back to the civil war) of the Robinson side of our family. I was in Florida and visiting A. Jane, who at that time was curled up in her bed, unable to get around much. I began sharing my findings and was amazed at her knowledge of everything I had! Newspaper articles of our great grandfather's doings, working in DC with the various government agencies, I'd relay pictures I found, and she'd tell me what and where they were before I had time to read the writing on the backs of them! She was on the mark for every one of them!My last memory is just the best.....going to see her in her care 'facility' in Eustis this past November. As I entered the dining hall and as I neared her, she threw her hands up and yelled, "It's Mary Tod's sister, this is Mary Tod's sister.....later in the conversation, she would be explaining something to her 'current boyfriend', "you know this is Mary Tod's sister, who's with the Chesapeake Bay and does so much for the Bay...." We all laugh and this will be my new forever name amongst the 7 of us from now on! Maryland, Alice, Totch, Mary Tod, Suzanna and Preston's sister....Edna Wynne!

January 14 at 7:18 PM



Tribute Wall

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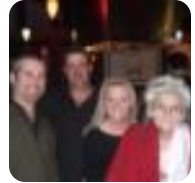
Jackie Vanderput-Gandre lit a candle in honor of Jane .

January 17 at 6:08 AM



Will Wilson shared an album called **New Album Name**.

January 17 at 6:01 AM





Tribute Wall

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Will Wilson posted:

Big Ginny lived in a generation before hers. Aunt Jane and Jane Robinson Hartge are how she is known by most, but to me she will always be Big Ginny, my grandmother. I was so fortunate to spend an amazing few weeks, just her and I on Man-O-War when I was 17. Those who know me know that I was pretty mixed up at that time. She did not discriminate against my long died hair and flamboyant clothes though. Instead, we spent hours each day talking about history, the history of our family which was so important to her. I loved her stories and even though I hadn't met many of the protagonists, I understood the importance and loved the stories. On a particularly windy day, with unfavourable winds for my returns, I set out on Alice's beloved Yippee for Hopetown. Most would have discouraged me from my adventure, thinking different weather would make for a better trip, but Big Ginny waved me off with a smile. I had an exhilarating sail over, making my way into the white water to a delightful broad reach to the harbour but the return trip was challenging to say the least. That night after dinner, I recounted my tale of keeping a luff and skirting the reef to avoid capsizes and she was overjoyed at my seafaring adventure on a tiny traditional craft. Two years ago, Mom and I went to Eustis to spend some time with Big Ginny. True to form, she corrected Rob and I about where we had seen each other in the late nineties; Rob and I were wrong and she was right. Some days she woke up not knowing where she was, but family history was still etched in stone! Mom and I brought her to dinner at a Japanese steak house with a big group of family. She didn't say or eat much that night and slept VERY well, but something she said to me the next day gave me some insight into who she was. "How many people LIVE like that?" she asked in her seemingly disapproving tone. When we were young and all the cousins were together, we were loud and boisterous, normal kids for our generation, but Big Ginny was part of the generation before hers. She grew up on the inter-coastal waterway and in the Caribbean being schooled by her parents. Skipper was truly a 19th century gentleman and was very much her idol. Tup was full of sass and taught Big Ginny what it was to be a lady. She had very little time to be a kid and so little time for our childish shenanigans. My time with just the two of us is something I have always treasured, and since there was not a group of cousins to make so much noise, this time allowed us to bond in her way as well. I am so fortunate to have had this connection with my amazing grandmother. She is gone now and I know that she has joined Captain Dick on an eternal maritime adventure that will reunite her with all of the Hartges and Robinsons who have passed as well. Every time I see a kingfisher I will remember my Big Ginny and Captain Dick. She will live on in so many memories for so many reasons, fair weather and farewell Big Ginny.

January 14 at 7:18 PM



Tribute Wall

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EB

Emmy Ferran Baker posted:

I've always regretted that your family moved to Eustis the year I graduated from EHS. I knew three of you, Alice, Totch, and Suzanna, just barely, and I thought that your whole family was so special. I think we had some family connection via my aunt Jeanne Ferran. Jane's obituary was a wonderful read, and I'd love to know the other volumes of her story! I shall be at your celebration of her life on Sunday and will introduce myself. Emmy Ferran Baker

January 16 at 4:12 PM

AD

Ann Davis posted:

I was blessed to know Jane while helping her when she was at home on Lake Eustis. What a great spirit and story teller. I will always smile and think of her and her family when I look across Lake Eustis. My best and Peace be with you. Love Ann Davis

January 16 at 2:08 PM

MW

Michelle Wilson posted:

I will always remember a wonderful afternoon sitting in the porch at Alices' Galesville house listening to many stories of Big's life . The twins were 2 and a bit, Jay was 6 they we're all playing in the water when Jay took off off on the kayak and paddled almost out of sight . He was very used to kayaks and very sure of himself. We were not in the least bit concerned. Big Ginny, watching Jay turned to us and said.. "Some might say..... What is that boy doing way out there in the middle of the river on his own..... And I say.... He is the grandson of Capt'n Dick Hartge ... That is what he is doing !"...

January 15 at 8:04 PM

BC

Bob Cole posted:

It's going to take the rest of my life to figure out who Jane Hartge really was, because she was impossible to categorize. She was hard-working, whether it was renting out skiffs or wearing out a whole series of typewriters with her memoirs - but she knew how to sit still and enjoy the view of the lake. She was a woman of spirit, yet she was also shy. Most of all, she taught the rest of us to enjoy life, to love one another, and to count our blessings. I miss her terribly, so I am grateful for the family she left behind, in part because they all have a bit of Jane in them. But it wouldn't be possible for any of them to have ALL of Jane in them. Goodbye, Jane.

January 14 at 7:18 PM



Media

Jane Robinson Hartge

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Will Wilson shared a photo to the **New Album Name** album.

January 17 at 6:01 AM



The night at the Japanese steak house.



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Jane by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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