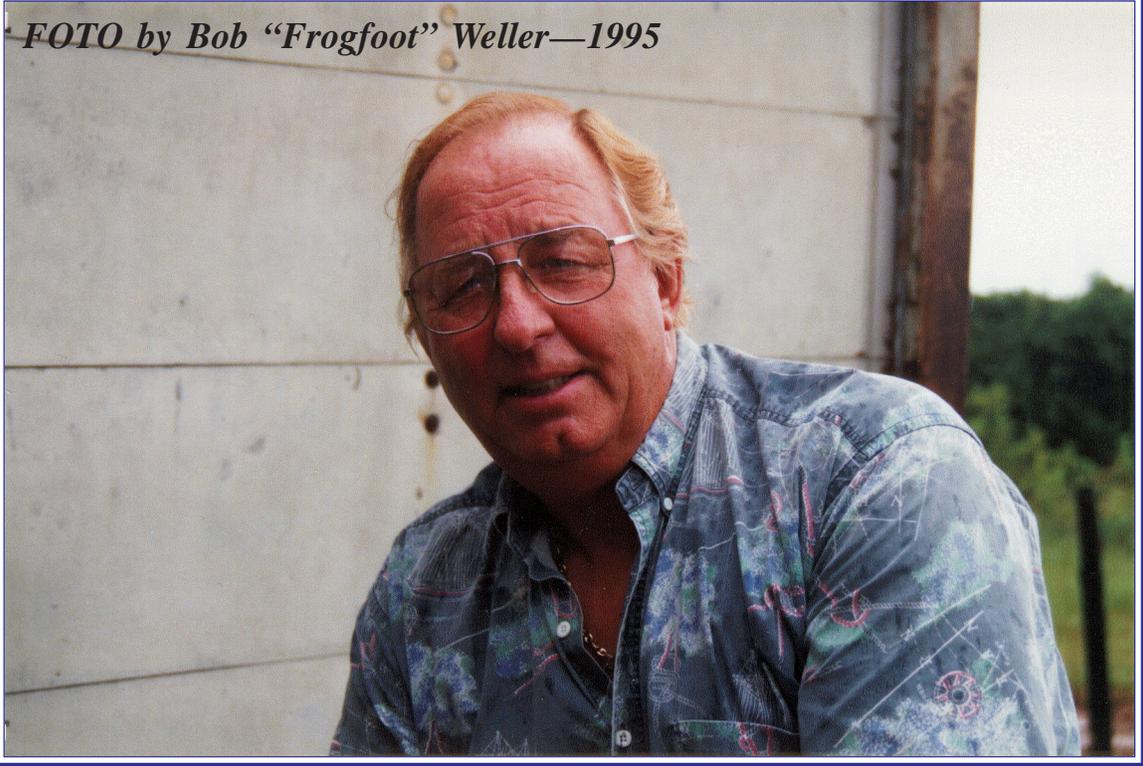


*FOTO by Bob “Frogfoot” Weller—1995*



**ARTHUR HARTMAN**  
**15 Feb. 1929—24 Dec. 2015**

**Arthur Hartman**, age 86 of Galena, Mo., passed away Thursday December 24, 2015 at Cox Medical Center in Branson, Mo. He was born February 15, 1929 in St. Louis, Mo., the son of the late Bessie Lee (*nee* Hodge) Hartman Lucas and Arthur Joseph Hartman.

He is survived by his wife Paula (*nee* Harvey) Hartman; son, Arthur J. (Judith Stewart) Hartman of Corona, CA; daughter, Kathleen (Bill) Stevenson of St. Louis; and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

In addition to his parents, he is preceded in death by his step-father, Ralph Lucas; daughters Darlene (the late Phil) Revel and Patricia (the late Don) Goddard; and a brother Clifford J. Lucas.

As a young man living in St. Louis, he was a steamfitter and was the owner of two auto parts stores. He was also a YMCA scuba instructor, assisted area law enforcement departments with underwater search and recovery, and was the owner/operator of two dive shops in the St. Louis area before moving to the Florida Keys in 1966, where he operated ARTO (Atlantic Research and Technology of Oceanography), which took him globally pursuing his passion of being a “Treasure Finder” as an underwater archaeologist.

Funeral services [were held] at 10:00 a.m. on Tuesday, January 5, 2016 at Vineyard Funeral Home in Festus. Interment in Lebanon Baptist Cemetery of Bloomsdale, MO. Memorials to his memory are preferred to the Shriners Hospitals for Children. —The family’s memorial, published in the *News-Leader* on Jan. 1, 2016.

**SALVAGE DIVER PROFILE:**  
**Art Hartman, “Jack of all Trades”**  
**by Bob “Frogfoot” Weller\***

“...Art [was] a master of all trades, the kind of person it takes to get the job done. He is a welder, a carpenter, a mechanic, an electronics expert who developed a workable line of magnetometers and other underwater metal detectors, but most of all ... he’s a treasure “finder!” If you spend even a few minutes on board his 84-foot salvage vessel *Dare*, you will begin to understand what it takes to remain on a remote wreck site salvaging for months at a time. There are three main engines, two electric generators, electric and pneumatic winches, radar, loran, radios, fathometers, small boat engines, compressors, and ... the list goes on. Art maintains the whole kit and caboodle himself.”

“The *Dare* has recovered some fabulous treasures since Art bought it at auction. Most notable are the recoveries from *Nuestra Señora de las Maravillas* off the Bahamas. Teaming up with Marex, his group has uncovered a number of gold and silver bars, gold and silver coins, a collection of jewelry fit for a queen, arms and armament, and a few bronze cannon along the way as well. While working “Corrigan’s Beach”, the site of the 1715 *capitana, Nuestra Señora de la Regla*, he came up with gold disks and gold coins, thousands of silver coins, and an array of artifacts that would make any salvager green with envy.”

“Art’s adventures have taken him like a posse that mounts up and rides off in all directions. That’s because treasure is everywhere you care to look. He became fast friends with the recent president of Mexico after donating a museum full of artifacts to that country. And Art has close friends in Cuba, friends that have taken him on dives within the shadow of Morro Castle. Being able to dive for treasure in Mexico and Cuba may some day be a blessing, in view of the attitude that state bureaucrats have taken towards treasure salvagers.”

“On a dive in the entrance to Havana Harbor, Art described his descent down sixty-five feet of inky blackness, pulling himself to the bottom by a chain that held a channel buoy strained against the inrushing tide. Within fifteen feet of the bottom, the water suddenly cleared, and he could see thirty to forty feet in all directions. In front of him lay a ballast mound heaped with intact Spanish olive jars and black bottles, testimony to what salvagers are all aware of ... the bottom of Havana Harbor is literally covered with old shipwrecks...” \*Excerpt from an article by Bob Weller in *PLVS VLTRA Newsletter*, 3rd-Quarter, 1995 [when he and Art were both alive and actively diving on shipwrecks.]

“...Art Hartman started his underwater career in the St. Louis, Missouri, area in 1952, diving and raising sunken boats and motors. Somewhere along the way he became involved in working up one of the first decompression tables for hard-hat divers. He met up with Roy Volker in 1955 while deer hunting and encouraged Roy to come to one of his classes he was teaching on SCUBA at the local YMCA. Once Roy got underwater he was bitten by the bug. By 1956 they both decided to head for Florida and do some serious salvage diving on Spanish galleons...”

“...Art remained in the Florida keys and opened a dive shop, continuing to work the 1733 fleet shipwrecks and anything else that looked interesting...” \*Excerpt from an article by Bob Weller in *Treasure Quest Magazine*, January-February, 1998 [when he and Art were both alive and actively diving on shipwrecks.]

## MEMORIES OF ART

“June 3, 1998. I was attending a Bob Weller ‘Follow Your Dream’ seminar, and on this particular day we (the other classmates and I) were touring all of the 1715 Fleet locations on the Treasure Coast. At Corrigan’s Beach, we happened to meet Art Hartman (an old friend of Bob’s, but my first meeting). Art was dowsing for gold with his home-made dowsing rod and offered to give us a demonstration. He went around the corner with Bob, and we hid a gold ring in the sand about 50 yards from where we met Art, carefully covering our tracks and any other evidence of where we buried it. We called Bob and Art back, and within 3 minutes Art had found the ring! I think even Bob was amazed. Art explained that he had a unique crystal at the end of his dowsing rod, and that he had to ‘charge’ the crystal at home with a specific electrical amperage in order to attract gold. The ‘charge’ would only last 2 hours. It was a very memorable meeting of a fascinating individual.” —*A memory of Art Hartman, by David S. Crooks*

“Back around 1975, when I was working with Ocean Measurements, Inc., senior engineer **Dan Fieldman** and I were sent to Ft. Pierce to meet with the president of ARTO, **Art Hartman**, to discuss the possibility of ARTO using one of our positioning systems on a project near Egmont Key off Florida’s west coast. In the ten years I had lived in this state I had certainly heard of Art, though Dan had no idea who this man was or what he had been doing. Art was already well-known in the treasure diving field here, though this was the first time that he and I had crossed paths.”

“He was very gentlemanly, as were the divers I had met (from Real-8, e.g.) during that first decade. Each time we met over the following years, I would remind Art of that initial meeting and we would discuss our diving adventures ... mine coming nowhere near as exciting nor as successful as his.”

“The final time we met was at **Mo Molinar**’s services in 2011, but I would have known that broad-beam smile of his anywhere. He told me of his having sold his boat and having moved his “hunting” interests out to the Southwestern U. S. in his search for lost gold. Not just a large man, Art Hartman was a giant in this industry and was respected by all who knew or worked with him.” *Buen Viaje, Amigo. —EJR*