

Arlo Snider

Presented by Kevin Snider at the 2014 Cemetery Walk

My name is Arlo Snider. I was born on January 28, 1921 into a family of seven children. My life was changed on September 28, 1929. My father, brother Les, and a hired man were in a wagon pulled by two Belgian horses, when they were struck by lightning. My father and the horses were killed instantly. Les and the hired man were blown from the wagon, but survived.

In 1935 my mother remarried, and in 1940, we moved to Hartley. My early education was in country school, but I attended high school in Hartley. I was active in sports, especially football. Always one who enjoyed being busy, I found places to work to make some extra money. Nearby farmers often needed help and Elmer Neeble hired me for different jobs. I worked for him as a skate boy when Neebel's Dance Land was used for a roller rink, and sold ice cream at Neebel's Ice Cream Store, located next to the present day fire station. The local movie theater hired me to run the projector for \$2.50 a week, and my sister, Luva, ran the popcorn stand for \$1.00 a week.

I dated Delores Adolph all through high school. Some of my best friends were Warren Jenkins and Louie Remillard. We were all part of the group who got into the cemetery chapel one Halloween. At one point in the evening, Rich McCarty and I were down in the vault. You may have read Joyce Jenkins account of that evening, printed in the Cemetery Chapel brochure. It was quite the topic of conversation around Hartley.

Along with several others, I went to California after high school, and worked for a time at Lockheed. Delores also moved to California to work in a defense plant. On September 4, 1942, I joined the Navy. Delores and I were married on August 29, 1944.

After my discharge on October 29, 1945, I moved back to Hartley and started Snider Brothers' Service Station on Central Avenue with my brother, Les.

In 1955, I started my own full-service station with a new building on the corner of Highway 18 and Central Avenue. The building is gone, but Cenex is presently located on that spot. Later I owned and operated the station now occupied by Stan's Service.

Delores and I had two sons, Craig and Kevin. I did my best to make sure they knew the value of hard work. Craig and his wife were both school teachers, but later Craig bought an independent insurance business in Osage. Kevin presently operates his own business, Snider's Service next to the grocery store on Highway 18.

I was always interested in community service, and spent several terms as a city council member. Like several others featured in this cemetery walk, I was part of the group that started Meadow Brook Golf Course.

In 1980, Delores came down with Guillain-Barre' Syndrome, commonly known as French polio. She had a long and difficult recovery, but we were lucky to have another 20 years together.

After I retired, we went to Arizona for 15 winters. Part of that time, Kevin was living in Arizona and I found work in the same station he was in. When he moved back to Hartley and started his own business, I also worked with him there.

In the winter of 2004, I experienced a hard fall on the ice. The next day I had a headache, so Kevin took me to Emergency at the Spencer Hospital. From there I went to Sioux City by helicopter. In spite of surgery to relieve some of the pressure in my head, I died a short time later, on February 19, 2004.

I am remembered by others for my sense of humor, constant grin, community service, and willingness to help others. Thanks for stopping by.