

Dale Lux

Written by Steve Lux, presented by Hugh Johnson

I was born August 5, 1927 in Hartley to W. T. “Bill” and Edna Schierholz Lux. My grandparents were Ed and Adella Schierholz and Matt and Hedwig Lux. I had four sisters, LaVonne, Adella, Joyce, and Janet. I attended school in Moneta through the eighth grade. Then my dad needed help on the farm, and he knew that was my first love.

One of my most memorable moments was when I planted corn with the horses and it started to snow. By the time I went from one end of the field to the other, I couldn't see the marker anymore. I soon rented 80 acres of my own with the help of my dad.

Soon after I started farming on my own, I met Darlene Bobolz who lived only ½ mile across the section. We were engaged at Christmas of 1950. I was drafted into the army and was supposed to leave in March of 1951. The snow was so deep none of us could get to Primghar, so they took us in April. I did my basic training at Fort Leonardwood, Missouri, then was stationed in Germany, and got home in April of 1953.

Darlene and I were married on May 24, 1953, Steve was born in April 5, 1954, and Kelly on April 27, 1957. Our first home was five miles south of Hartley. It was so cold in the winter that the water glass in the upstairs bedroom would get ice on it. We then moved ¾ mile south where we lived until my parents built a new home in Hartley. At that time we moved to the “old home place” where we had indoor plumbing and hot water. I think Darlene enjoyed that as much as anything. The outhouse had not been a fun place to visit.

As the boys turned to men they started doing their own things. First all of us farmed together, then they became interested in the restaurant business. Darlene and I enjoyed helping Steve at the Sanborn Country Club. Kelly moved to the Orange City area working, and eventually he ended up cooking too.

We celebrated our 25th anniversary in 1979 with a hog roast at the farm and a party at the Cedar Cabin in Ashton with family and friends. I always did enjoy a good party.

Not long after our 25th Anniversary, I got to do the one thing I dreamt about doing my whole life. I bought and broke a team of Belgium horses, Jack and Simon. We went to parades, nursing homes, mowed ditches and sowed oats. Later I got a younger team and broke them myself too. They were named Duke and Dan.

I always told Steve, "I know when they are broke. It's when they do their business while walking down the road with the harness on and pulling something."

The highlight of our year was at Christmas time. For several years, we opened our home to people who wanted sleigh rides for their families. Darlene would have baked goods, hot cocoa, coffee and apple cider for all who came. The last year we had 176 people that shared our "old fashioned sleigh ride."

In the late 70s, Irv Riedeman and I along with a lot of other volunteers started the Hartley Threshing Bee. We really enjoyed that. We cut oats with the horses and guys from town and around the country shocked the oats. Several other horse owners brought their teams when it was time to harvest. Many of the younger generation had never seen this before and it sure opened their eyes. One year, Darlene and I were King and Queen of the Threshing Bee. Also the Chamber of Commerce acknowledged me for promoting Hartley. I was very proud and honored.

One year the local Kiwanis had a corn and bean yield contests. I was the lucky winner of the bean division.

Sounds like I didn't do anything but work. However, we did travel to California twice to visit Darlene's relatives and made several trips to Wyoming to visit friends. One time we went to Colorado, New Mexico, Texas and states in between. I also enjoyed many army reunions with my "buddies" in Kentucky.

We celebrated our 40th anniversary in 93 with an open house and dance. The kids did most of the work for that so we really enjoyed it. Nine days later, I had a heart attack and landed in Sioux City for several days.

In September of 2000, I got sick again and had to have a farm sale. We moved into Hartley. In December I went to the nursing home, and nineteen months later, I went to my parents again. It was on my grandson's birthday. At that time I have five grandchildren and one great-granddaughter. I suppose there are several more by now.

I always told Steve I wanted to be taken to the cemetery with my horses. Something tells me he made my wishes complete.