



Köli



American
folk art
album

This folk album was created
by the author of the Uff-Da book.
The characters are fictitious and
could be any rural neighborhood
that had been isolated far too long
in the 1920s.

Their world was as large as could
be reached by horse and buggy. This
led to much suspicion of city folks
and people of other faiths.

In retrospect it is easy to judge
but it is part of the early culture.
We honor them faults and all.

The paintings are originals by
the author for this book.

Paintings photographed in color by
author now reproduced in black and
white

Personal photo by Caylor studios

Title by Esther Sjolinder

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by the author of the up-to-date book.
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Impressions, a new and soft
stamped cover as
Emily Lewis, 75, no. 111
Grand Forks, N.D.



The fire is burning bright and they have settled down with the knitting and the Dacorah poster no noise from the telephone or TV to mar the tranquility. Some folks had a phonograph that spun out songs by Sir Harry Lauder or the raucous saga of Uncle Josh on the telephone or if they wanted X-rated there was a rib tickler about Uncle Josh putting up the stove.



Long dresses were the fashion
hiding these tantalizing ankles
He has spied one!!



His wife wore long dresses and black
stockings as modesty decreed
She caught him taking a sly glance at
a pretty ankle.
Uff-da... doesn't he know he's too old
for such foolishness, hasn't she worked
her fingers to the bone etc etc, and given
him twelve children, fee da.



Mandy came home from the city
with some shocking manners, she had
cut off her long braids and now she
paints her fingernails. It's the work of
the devil for sure. She even gets lett-
ers from her boyfriend sealed
with tamper proof wax. When he
came to visit he wore yellow shoes!!
She will come to no good they clucked.



Gyda pious replenished the earth
with fifteen children. She tried to
read the good book but with all the
distractions she never made it through
the begats



Mrs Nasveese kept track of everybody in the area. She kept a perpetual calander in her head and could count faster on her fingers when a baby arrived when her family erred it was premature -- tut. tut.



The Reverend Freeman Wrath had them walking a tight rope. There were many rules and wee un to you if you didnt come and listen for over two hours while he preached finding a word in this pocket and then the other one till the hard benches gave them "träd smak" (treetaste)

The mind can absorb only as long as the seat can endure. The people had him on a pedestal. The house and the mortals had to be in apple pie order when he made an unannouked call.

when the house was a mess the women said "The preacher must be coming today."



The ministers wife was expected to attend every Hoot and Holler in addition to be a model wife and mother in a manse that had no indoor plumbing. As far as the children were concerned she became philosophical she said 'If there is no bad there is no good either.



Ophelia had been dreamy eyed
over the ministers' son, now she is
not so sure about him since he
came from the city with new ideas.
He is so stuck up. why! he even
manicures his nails! such goings
on. She had never heard of this
before.



The ministers son was expected
to be lily pure. He wasn't dry behind
the ears and is rebellious. They
wanted him to be a preacher but he
wanted to be a model.. uff-da!
An unheard of vocation that he
had learned about in the city
He has two hairs on his chest
and is busy showing them off,
no one is impressed



The basket weaver used swamp
grasses and willow branches
for his craft.



The protestants had little tolerance
or understanding of the few Catholics
in the area, why did they fast and have
beads? The Slovaks spoke a fractured
English, this woman is "so church going".



The tramp came and mended the
boilers and pots and pans with riv-
ets and solder. He claimed to be
a Swedish prince. No one bothered
to find out. a tramp was a tramp.
He was the news bearer but in his
long shaggy coat he also carried
vermin from home to home.



Frank Olson loved his vile corn
cob pipe to the dismay of the women
folks. He found it a hazard when
filling the Model T. Ford, he tried it - once.



Lars the hired man could not cater to anyone that couldn't 'snake norsk'. He would pick choke-cherries in the fall so he could have some vine and and yelly.



Johnny knew all the correct answers
in catechism class. He will be confirmed
on Sunday now he can wear long pants
and be rid of the hated tan knickers
and he may even get a watch. His brother did.



The ritzy relative didn't like outdoor plumbing so she didn't stay long
She hated "tete myolk" which was like stringy yogurt, and she knew a polite sip meant the whole glass.



They had fewer hunting rules and
game was still plentiful, some hunters
had buck fever the year around.
He lost an ear in a careless moment.
A prankster made a stuffed moose
and chuckled when he heard shots
in the vicinity.



The hunter does penance for his excellent marksmanship, he has to clean them himself but his dog gives him moral support.



Dr Mendom looked aristocratic and was proud of his profile maybe he had seen a Barrymore movie though doubt if he had any spare time with all the night calls to bring all the babies into the world. poor thing, they still called him a horse doctor.

He courted Miss Algae but she couldn't understand why babies didn't come in daytime



Miss Algae never forgot she was Miss Cupola in 1928 and didn't let anyone else forget it either. She had a whirl with the doctor but he found her too vain and married the nurse instead Hope Springs eternal, but how far can you go in a horse and buggy?



Dr. Mendon was a doctor and was proud of his profile. Miss Payne was a nurse and she had her eye on the doctor but he didn't notice her till one time he was sick and she bent the needle in his arm. He thought she'd do better spearing his roasts.



Old Sol, was a peddler.
He was in love with old Ida. She
has never been married and is
still hesitating. She can't see
any sense of bagels and gefelde
fish and he won't eat lutefisk and
lefsa and who wants all that
chicken soup all the time, and
what would she do with all those
hams and bacon in the smokehouse
Decisions - Decisions.



Did i say the right thing at the
quitting bee this afternoon?



Lars Milquetoast was the
strongman in the area but
he wouldn't hurt a butterfly.
He wasn't popular with the
girls. They said he was
like a lumpy mattress.



Melody Keyes the music teacher
tried in vain to bring some culture
and gracious living to the area.
They were too busy to smell the
flowers.



The grocers were generous and would include a bag of candy for the children, they could be lemon drops, peppermints or raspberry confections. He was also the source of the gaudy frosted calendars they received at Christmas. If in good graces there would be one in every room. The homely ones hung in the outhouse.



The country store had every
thing from cowbells to lutefisk
The customers sampled anything
in reach from barrels and boxes.
cloth was measured arms
length and to the nose, it works!
Butter and eggs were used as
trade - some good some awful.



Karl slept on a straw mattress
and he could wheez out "Turkey
in the straw" on his fiddle
when he hits a sour note old
Jige howled in protest



The Svendsons are alone on the farm. They bundle up and brave the cold while they thaw out the pump and do their chores knowing the coffee is bubbling on the back of the range.



No time was wasted knitting was done while herding cows. The women would pull their long apron up to form a basket for the yarn and they knit without looking and didn't miss a stitch.



Teckla Mismatch was the dainty
and sweet milliner that could create
anything from a fruit basket to a
bird's nest for milady to wear. Every-
thing is becoming to beauty so they
looked good on her.



Miss Darling was popular with
the men folks, but the women avoid-
ed her like the plague. She was no raving
beauty but she had no qualms about
showing off her pretty ankles. You had to
have something!!



This transient laborer came from a different culture to help during harvest. He couldn't figure out these Scandinavians, their customs and the strange food. He didn't know what lefså was so he stuffed it in his pocket until he got outside: then he whipped it out and said "what the ---- is this?"



The town lusk was everybody's friend, he seldom had any coins and he didn't care.

He had his pockets picked while while having his fortune told at the county fair; he brushed it off, he wasn't going on a trip anyway



I Smell lute fisk...-uff-da!!



The mean little boy came from
the city and has made many enemies
in the animal kingdom.

He couldn't figure out why he wasn't
allowed to use the sling shot on the sheep
back, gander and the cluck hens. They
abused him, did it they?



The mail carrier was very obliging
with the rural folks and did many
favors. A pinch of snuss and some
purple language took him through
many snowdrifts.

He blushes and smiles when he
reads the post cards from the swains.



Every girl and boy had to wear a patriotic Middy blouse with stars and stripes on the collar. The women-also had to have an Empress Eugenie hat, it was black, three cornered, felt with a plume. They all looked like they were going to cross the Delaware



Mrs Prouder was a cozy soul with a soft lap that would encompass the small fry where they would gurgle and coo in contentment.

She is pleased as punch today. She won a blue ribbon at the county fair with her Krum Katke confection.

Her son won the greased pig contest, but he sprained his ankle.



Fifty year wed Olaf and Elsa have
donned their plug hat and plumes
to go to the church celebration in their
honor. The plumes were a nuisance in
the pews, the people leaned like the
tower of pisa in order to peek around
them. The plug hats were rumored to
have on occasion been a handy re-
pository for the family cat.



He was a bachelor but not by choice.
The girls didn't like him when he
came in from the trap lines or
maybe it was his spirited horses
at fault.

Today he is in shock, he's had
a runaway and his wagon is
wrapped around a tree.



A pinch of snuss and some
glug the fiddlers could be sure
to keep the barn dance or house
party lively. Accordian and banjo
musicians were in demand also.

have chicken or dinner again. After
a month of it they were happy with
some milk mush called 'grotte'



Chicken dinners didn't come
from freezer or markets, you would
have to lure the strutting rooster
with a can of oats and be your
own executioner. Disagreeable but
worth the effort.



The huge rumbling threshing machine looked like a fiery dragon when it came in the the early morning dawn. The children were terrified but wouldn't miss the show. The crew knew they would have chicken for dinner again. After a month of it they were happy with some milk mush called "grotte".



A county fair was a hot three day affair. This event is over and they are gathering their blue ribbons, stale cakes, wilted flowers, dyspeptic live stock and barnyard creaks.

The tortured side show stone man gets out of his prison and walks. The giraffe has a feast on a ladies bonnet and the children are scrounging for loose change.



Every one is relaxing or being
being groomed for Sunday.
The whizzbang book and cards
will have to go when the preacher
comes unexpected. They had a
little hypocrisy game going and
sometimes bent with human
frailities.



The country school had all eight grades, much trivia on the blackboard, one and two finger signals announcing personal problems.

Drying out by the furnace was a chance to avoid a recitation of "The boy stood on the burning deck a boring poem."

The naughty word sex was only found in the big dictionary in the back of the room. It was an interesting corner.



Plain Jane had a mild flirtation
with another resident of the
home. An ice cream treat and a
few choice words has her all aflutter.
You are never too old to yearn.



Chores had to be done twice a day. Milk was separated from the cream, no matter if some spilled, there was always a cat around to lick up the spills. During milking time the cats would sit on their haunches and have milk squirted into their mouths.



The postoffice was the gossip and social center. Prunes as well as chicks were ordered from the catalog. The noisy chicks had a way of arriving during a cold spell. Many small creatures were revived by the stove.



In the animal kingdom the sheep buck was the clown, what a personality old "pella" had! He would watch till someone stooped to pick up wood, then he would charge, or he would watch when they were carrying pails of milk. He liked the rear approach and they spent a lot of time walking backwards. The gander would play his game by the half moon house where he would hiss till hunger drove him away. If you tried to escape he would grab hem of the dress and and flap his hard wings.



Shocking time in the fall separated
the men from the boys, it was hot and
humid and a drink from the stone
jug was welcome as was coffee time
especially if there was a new hired girl
to bring it to you.



Polish weddings added some
flair to the area with their long
celebrations. They paid to dance
with the bride, this was her dowry,
if the dancer had two left feet
a simple whirl would do.



Before the advent of vacuum cleaners
house cleaning time was a disaster.
After the heater was taken to the shed,
The chimney was cleaned, ceiling and walls
were papered, curtains were stretched on a
prickly frame, woolen quilts were washed
in a tub outdoors, and mattresses were
draped over chairs in the sunshine.
Such pollution when woolen rugs were
hung over the line and beaten hard.



The peddler came twice a year
and knew all the needs and weak-
nesses of the rural folks, there were
long Johns for the men and large
pink unmentionables for the lad-
ies. He joked while he flaunted them
in the air while the ladies blushed.
At least they were remembered



The Model, T. Ford would bounce on the grassy rock laden road. It was quite a novelty even if it breezed along at fifteen miles an hour. They could expect at least two flat tires on the way to the glorious fourth of July celebration. They would be late for the races and the political fluff.



There were no mortician so the victim would lie in state in the parlor with the casket propped on two tall cans.

Letters edged in black were sent to relatives, giving them pre-warning so they could head for the fainting couch.

A silver plaque with "at rest" engraved on it was given to the survivor at gravesight.

last and least we come to Aunt Emily, a complex character that had her fingers in many pies.

Deprived of an education the library became her teacher

Not endowed with beauty a sense of humor covered like pagliacci when remarks like -- How did you have four beautiful children? or when a clod on viewing the latest arrival said "He looks like you but he'll grow out of it," fortunately for him he did.

She has now become the Uff-da lady after her book

with that title sold several thousand copies. She didn't mind she knew they had read the book

She has spooked around for over sixty years and is trying to get some recognition with her folk art. She has painted a record of life in rural America around the turn of the century; inside and out.

Tho her art is considered primitive and naive they have historical and often hysterical value as they have a story often depicting human frailties.

Art is like planting a tree late in life, so often you will not see the fruit as time increased the value.

She hasn't resorted to cut off her ear as Van Gogh did in his frustration many years ago. So many were overlooked, even the skilled artists had many lean years

The album is a satire of human nature and we alternately roast and toast those we love.

Emily Wilhelmina Duske Olson Lunde was born in northern Minnesota and with a handle like that you had to have a sense of humor. One nurse winced and said "I'll take Vanilla." Have fun!





lost and found we can
to Aunt Emily's
after that had my fingers
in many ways
department of an education
the history of the
department
My education with Emily
a sense of about twenty
like people who work
like - how do you
about the history of the
a sense of about twenty
arrival of the
you but I don't know
for many years
the history of the
life do not know
with that I like to see
didn't mind she knew the book
she has spoken around for over sixty years
and is trying to get some recognition with her folk
out. She has found a record of the first American
around the turn of the century. It's a bit out
The history of the
they have historical and often historical value
have a story of the
At the time of the
You will not see
She has been
did in history
over the years
The album is a
after that I don't know
Emily's history
northern Minnesota
you had to have a sense of history
and said "I'll take the
have fun!"





