



A Non-Profit Corporation for Traditional Arts

Notes from Board President, Ron Bohigian

Saturday, May 22nd a memorial was held at the Wolk Garden for our dear friend and **FFS boardmember Jim Ross**. I first met Jim at the Wednesday night Basque jam about eight years ago. Jim was sitting there right next to wife **Lynn**, she with her autoharp, he with his guitar. When it came around to Jim and Lynn, they'd call a song that they'd sing together. Megan told me this about Jim. "When I was just learning the repertoire, Jim would hear the name of a tune called and immediately give me cues about chords and keys. It helped me a lot so that's what I do for others, too."



I knew less then than I know now. I'm always catching up on our folklore history. Jim was FFS treasurer and Lynn was the Chief Jam Maker, always selling her jam to benefit folklore causes. I had the pleasure and honor of working with Jim ever since **Linda Guerrero** got me to serve on the board. Jim's memorial last Saturday was actually the first big event that Megan and I have attended since the COVID outbreak. It's obvious that the largely mature attendees were vaccinated so we were able to forego the masks, shook hands, and gave lots of hugs. I expect that in a month or so, we'll be able to get back to the Basque playing together. For Jim, I think we'll want to play *Hobb Dye* and *Saint Anne's Reel*. I hope to see Lynn there so we can also sing *Railroading on the Great Divide*. Jim, we'll miss you.

On a lesser note, our **Sixth Annual Kings River Jamcamp** (May 6-9) was a great time. Fifteen of us braved the wilds of car camping, affording us the opportunity to play lots of music. Two years ago, our **FFS Treasurer Larry Cusick** suggested a jamcamp rule: **don't play the same tune twice during the four days of music**. The rule has now been adopted. Hope to see you there next year.

Get better wishes for Kelly O'Neill. Kelly is receiving treatments for Lymphoma and is optimistic for a full recovery. Lots of us are looking forward to jamming again with Kelly and hoping that he'll sing that song about a "pistol-packin' momma". Just "lay that pistol down!"

Continued next page

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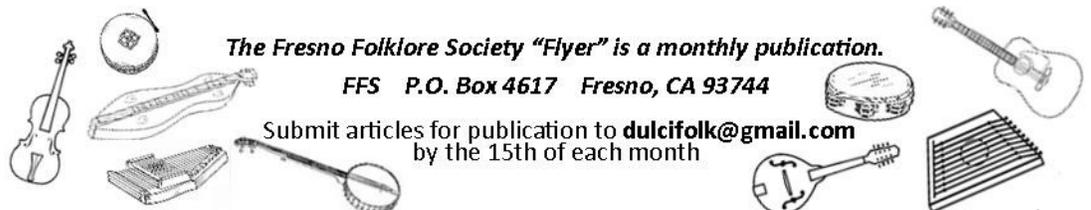
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FFS P.O. Box 4617 Fresno, CA 93744

Submit articles for publication to **dulcifolk@gmail.com** by the 15th of each month



President's Notes continued:

The FFS board has an opening. We're looking for an energetic person, who might also have experience with Twitter, Facebook, and YouTube, this to complement our newly designed website at **FresnoFolklore.net** . Contact me at rjbohig@gmail.com for this exciting career opportunity as an FFS unpaid volunteer!

Stay well and healthy. Go for a walk and eat lots of veggies.

Remembering Jim

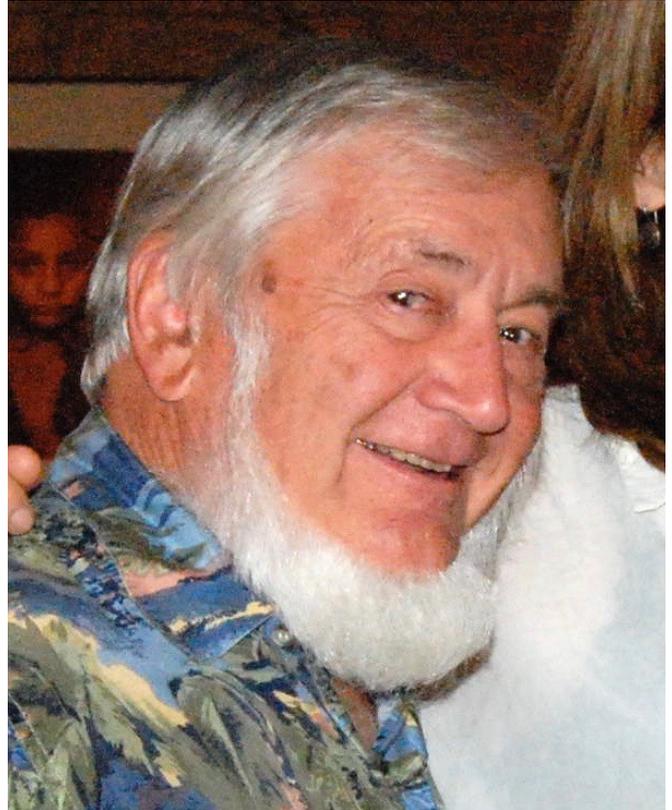
What a gentle and kind person **Jim Ross** was. Jim and Lynn—it's almost impossible to say one name one without the other. The world could learn a lot about love and kindness from the example demonstrated by their quiet manner. If you were paying attention, you felt their commitment to each other.

In 1973, I met Jim and Lynn at Sweet's Mill in Richard Trojan's pottery class. Along the path from the dining pavilion to Balkan Camp, there was a wall of clay, good for pottery. Edith Byxbe used to use that clay for sculpture. Virgil Byxbe enjoyed having different kinds of activities at camp, in addition to the music party. The pottery weekend wasn't the folk festival, but I think the Rosses caught the vibe. Like many others, they seemed to like the values and the people in the folk community.

Jim and Lynn were among the folks on hand, for the meeting at my parents' house, in order to officially declare ourselves the Fresno Folklore Society (FFS), on May 16, 1980. Jim didn't hesitate to get involved and served as the FFS treasurer for decades until very recently. Prior to forming the FFS, the Rosses and I had started an official folk club on the Fresno State campus. We might have been the only members of the club and none of us were university students! As a new club, we had access to student activity funds and hosted concerts with Clifton Chenier, Hank Bradley, Jodie Stecher, and others. In the club meetings, I had someone to share my fascination with oldtime music, and they listened! Not only did they listen, when my father held a summer folk institute, at CSUF, especially for teachers to learn how to use music in the classroom, Lynn attended. She began using the autoharp in her kindergarten class. Jim and his son, Tim, came to me for guitar and mandolin lessons—and haircuts. I had honed my barber skills on members of my family. I always enjoyed it, so a lesson and a haircut was common for a while.

Within both the FFS and the Sweet's Mill tribe, Jim's energy, dedication, and service to his chosen community was remarkable. Jim served on the Sweet's Mill board, as well. Many a wandering folk performer can attest to the helpfulness and generosity they received when Jim and Lynn hosted them for concerts. Through the decades, Jim and Lynn were regulars at the Basque's Wednesday night music jam, and everyone knew which two chairs belonged to the guitar and autoharp couple. It seems you never saw one without the other—running their homemade jam concession to benefit their Musicians' Fund. It seemed they were companions, whatever they did.

We cannot replace Jim, but we can offer Lynn our sincere support and love, as she navigates a life without his presence. I'm sure I speak for many in the Mill and FFS community when I say, we love you, Lynn, and we wish to help you in any way we can. Thank you, Jim, for the quiet, and excellent example of how to live our lives. **(Evo Bluestein)**



Harvest Home: A Festival of Traditional Americana Music — — — Save the Date!

The River Center's American roots music festival is back again at the historic Riverview Ranch **Saturday, October 2nd noon-6:30** with a line-up of local and regional bands, The outdoor festival is one of the Parties for the Parkway and is a fundraiser for the San Joaquin River Parkway and Conservation

Trust.

The event features the best in (mostly) acoustic traditional music with performers not often featured in local venues: The Sharecroppers (bluegrass), Lark (American and Celtic trad), Los Peripherals (Latin American) Arkansas Sheiks reunion (old-time), Red Dog Ash (original bluegrass), and Glen Delpit and the Subterraneans (bluesy



Americana dance music). Larry Cusick will call a family square dance. Food trucks will be on site. Sound by Kinney Live Audio.

Tickets are \$25 and are available on-line through: www.riverparkway.org. Fresno Folklore Society and California Bluegrass Association members may purchase discounted tickets at \$20 by entering FFS or CBA in the code during check out. Kids 12 and under are free when accompanied by a ticketed adult. A limited number of tickets will also be available at the door. As with the first two festivals volunteers are needed and receive free entry. Please contact Karana Hattersley-Drayton at karanadrayton@comcast.net if you are interested in helping out this year.

Bluegrass In The Park

Bluegrass in the Park 2021! Volunteer staff is still waiting on the final word from the concert sponsors, BUT it is looking good for a shortened concert series starting in July. For any breaking news please check in on the Clovis Bluegrass in the Park Facebook page:

www.facebook.com/Bluegrass-in-the-Park-Clovis.

(Karana Hattersley-Drayton)



Gilly Girls

ANN LAMB



I remember singing and dancing around the house as a child, a la Isadora Duncan, although I had never heard of her. Old sheer curtains, sometimes hand-dyed with odd colors, were used as filmy dance scarves. I sang in church choir and in A Capella Choir at Fresno State. When I went to work at UCSB, I spent every Friday night line dancing to lots of styles of international music. Some of my employment history included working with young children where songs, movement, and art were delightful parts of that job. Hanging out with Sue Wirt and Sherron Brown brought FFS to my attention as they spoke of the music community and the friendly folk who spent time together. I've enjoyed the Santa Fe Basque jams on Wednesdays for many years and have worked at Pat Wolk's garden events and other FFS venues for the past eighteen years. Clovis

Botanical Gardens' Twilight Thursdays and Friday night Bluegrass In the Park are something I looked forward to as well. When the Kenny Hall DVD came out, I obtained copies for the locals to buy, and purchased MelBay Kenny Hall's Music Books for Evo's string band class as well as others, switching them to spiral bound for ease of use. Even though I do not play an instrument, I love to sing and enjoy many genres of music and dance. Most Saturday mornings I can be found helping at Wings. I am also known as the "birdhouse lady" and the "disappearer" of extraneous things.

Too Early to Dance



Evo's student Lisa assisting in teaching folk music to 4th graders

It's too early to revive my dance program in the schools. Students have only recently returned to school and only half are allowed in the classroom at once. The other half works remotely from home and then they trade places—coming to school while the first half works from home. We're all wearing masks except the ones at home.

I returned to Manchester Gate Elementary this week, with a hands-on classroom music program, hoping they would enjoy a chance to learn about folk music and "get off the screen." The principal and I decided on 3rd through 5th grade. I see each class twice for the week, so the ones watching at home will get to work

with me in the classroom for the second visit.



The technology is ever changing. Since they all have smart boards (digital blackboards—which have been white for many years) I prepared a pdf of songs and musical information, sent to all the teachers in advance. We're not avoiding technology completely! It's quite useful. In fifty minutes, they sang, played autoharp (Sparrowharp), dulcimer and a first mandolin chord for a one-chord song. We talk about rhythm and even play spoons if we have time. Then we end with

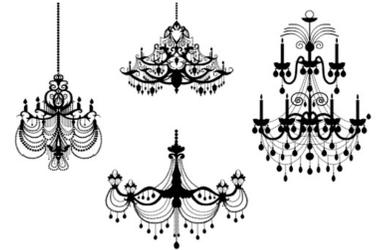


a little stringband session—all in fifty minutes. Lucy, my private student has assisted for part of the week.

This is a school that has had my folk dance program for over twenty-five years. This week's music program ties into the dance program, which we plan to revive next year. **(Evo Bluestein)**

CHANDELIERS AND OTHER LIGHTS

At the end of March, I took a friend to hunt up a new chandelier for her dining room as the previous one had given up the ghost and had never provided much light anyway. After going to three stores, we found one that she liked and bought it. What a difference it made—you could see! That started me thinking about the fact that my own dining room had a very dim light (the original one from when the house was built in 1925). So, off I went to the store and found one similar to the one my friend has, but slightly smaller. I had Greg Lane come over to install it (he is an electrician). What a difference it made—I could see! I also realized, while shopping for the chandelier, that I could use a new porch light that would be easier to use (changing the light bulb on the one I had was a real chore). So, I also purchased a new porch light which he also installed—easy to change the bulb now. While he was here, doing the others, I thought about the fact that the overhead light in my bedroom had burnt out about 30 years ago. At the time, I had a waterbed and it was too difficult to try to change the bulb. Even after I switched my bed for a very light Sleep Number bed, I didn't think about doing anything about it. A few months ago, when putting on my socks, I had two pair of one blue and one black and realized that was due to the fact there was insufficient light in there. Aha! I would have Greg take off the light cover and change the bulb. What a difference it made—I could see! Isn't it amazing what we are willing to put up with for such a long time. A week later, Ann Lamb replaced her porch light for the same reason and then, while visiting a friend in Aptos, found that she had very recently replaced the overhead lights in her dining and living rooms. On another note, my beautiful stemmed Waterford crystal glass that I have been using for my morning orange juice has broken. Alas, the glass, is gone. **(Sue Wirt)**



A Cat's Tail—

It's like being at a party
when I play with my catties,
you wouldn't think a light and string
could make a critter go so batty.

But with reckless abandon
they pounce after a sprint,
then cop a squat and look away
to tell you they are spent.

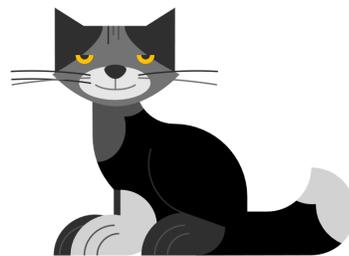
Then begins the grooming
and out comes the brush,
the fur rolls off, the kneading hurts
and then they turn to mush.

With contented purrrrring
and perhaps a little drool,
they settle down in your lap;
work you like a tool.

I wouldn't trade this time of life
for the richest vein of gold,
they make me smile, keep me sane
and slow my growing old.

We never want them to leave,
the thought just breaks our heart.
But when it is time to say goodbye,
from you they will rake a part.

But pay close attention
for in another they will return,
and once again, you will see your friend,
and that is what I've learned.



*Ed note: This poem, submitted by **Ann Lamb**, is dedicated to the author's Togger "Baby Teeth". The poem is by **Greg Lane**, the brother of long time FFS friends, **Kathleen Lane and David Lane** (deceased). If you attended Jim Ross' Celebration of Life Party, you heard Kathleen sing. Greg told the poem to Ann while he was painting her living room and gave permission to include it here. It is appreciated.*

CHILI RELLENO CASSEROLE

Many years ago, a friend shared a recipe with me for chili relleno casserole. I have modified it a little as I found the original one a little runny. Over the intervening years, it has made appearances at a couple of potlucks and has been prepared for meals at friends' homes. Here it is. It is really good.

Ingredients:

1½ pounds of shredded jack & cheddar cheese (this comes already shredded in 2 lb bags)

2 7-oz cans of Ortega green chilis

2 tsp salt

3 eggs

½ cup of flour

1 ½ cups of milk

Wash and split the peppers into 2 or 3 pieces (removing any remaining seeds), and lay them in the bottom of a greased (canola oil) 13 x 9 inch baking dish (spread them out a little). Put a layer of the shredded cheese on top, then continue to layer the peppers and the cheese until used up. Combine the salt, eggs, flour, and milk (I use a blender) and pour over the layers in the dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Individuals may want to top their servings with sour cream or salsa, or both. Bon appetit. **(Sue Wirt)**



NEW Fresno Folklore Society Webpage

Check out the NEW! Web page for the Fresno Folklore Society at the address below. It's very easy to use and reflects many hours of hard work by board members Larry Cusick and Mike Reilly. Many thanks to both of them.

<https://www.fresnofolklore.net/>

Fresno Folklore Society

Home	About	Membership	Events	Artists	Newsletter	Contact
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Welcome to Fresno Folklore Society's newly designed website. One of our organizations objectives is to keep you up to date and encourage your joining with this community, a community that is dedicated to promoting the arts in our daily lives. As we are gratefully emerging from over a year of pandemic restrictions, you'll see at this site, invitations to you to come to many wonderful events. The Fresno Folklore Society was first formed in 1980 when it was incorporated, but actually FFS' predecessor was the Fresno Folk Club which dates back to the 1960's. Our aim is to make it bigger and better than ever before.

CALLING ALL JAM LOVERS

I happened to visit with Lynn Ross to buy some jam and she told me that her fig connection was no longer available. Sad Face. If you have access to or actually have a jam-worthy fig tree, please contact Lynn Ross at (559) 439-7534 to let her know. The jams are sold to benefit the Musicians' Fund. Some things that have been helped through this fund are assistance with funeral arrangements, transportation for instructors to the California Autoharp Gathering, musical instruments, etc. Most of us like fig jam and the combinations that Lynn thinks up are quite tasty. **(Sue Wirt)**





<https://youtu.be/y4MirujWAVM>

Go to the link above for an enlightening video on FFS member Nancy Waitdlow's efforts for the homeless in Fresno. *(Starts at 13:27 in the video)*

Thanks to Karen Starceвич for submitting this excellent story.



More wisdom from Maria Glover



If a drummer comes out of retirement will there be repercussions?



Bounty Paper Towels has introduced a drone which will retrieve a TV remote from anywhere in your house. It's the "Clicker Picker Upper."

CARDS AND LETTERS WELCOME

Alan Hubbart has been under the weather for a couple of weeks. It would be a wonderful gesture to send him some cards and letters to make him feel connected to a group of people that he cherishes. As he cannot see well enough to read them, please send them to his daughter's address and she will read them to him over the phone. Address them to: Alan Hubbart, 15325 Thionett Plc, Moorpark CA 93021. We all know how much he would appreciate it. **(Sue Wirt)**



FFS Board Opening!!!

We are in need of a **New Board Member** (to be appointed to fill a remaining term) who can manage FFS social media pages including FaceBook, Twitter, and Youtube channel. This position even comes with a title: **Social Media Manager.**

Please e-mail Ron Bohigian at rbohig@gmail.com if you are interested or

would like to discuss. Don't know a lot about media pages? Consider it a learning experience.



The Galway Hornpipe By Kevin Hall

Some years ago -- okay, decades -- local Irish musicians were all sharing a copy of Ciaran Carson's book *Last Night's Fun*, passing it from one to the next like the reel it's named for. All of the memoir's chapters bear the title of a tune, the naming of which is an art form all its own: *Boil the Breakfast Early*, *The Happy Days of Youth*, *Hurler on the Ditch* and so on. In each Carson joyfully, unsparingly explores the traditional music scene's dynamics at every level, from seisiun protocols to hangover-enhanced existential questioning of one's life choices.

The book is too close to my personal experience for me to offer a reliable opinion as to its appeal to a general audience, but as an honest record of the culture within a culture, that circle of musicians jamming away at the kitchen table or huddled around a small round one in a pub, where the craic in between and after the tunes is as integral to the playing as rounds of Guinness, Carson's book resonated with all of us who read it, so he can be relied on as an honest chronicler at the very least.

But we all write our own chapters, have our own tunes to tell. These personal epiphanies of a sense of deeper understanding and connection through music with friends and strangers alike come unexpectedly; sometimes it's in just a few bars of music when everything melds, or in a break with everyone enjoying a good laugh.

One of my strongest such experiences was neither. It came in a small pub in Dublin back in 1978. It was a pat on my shoulder, a kind word and a simple hornpipe that hit me. Three years earlier at age 16 I'd started learning tunes on the mandolin from Kenny Hall and Valerie (Kim) Keogh. The summer after high school I worked two jobs and started saving; bought a lovely Orpheum tenor banjo from Lee Guinn, and the following May left for a three-month stay with cousins in Cork and travels with friends.

The last tune I learned from Kenny before leaving was *The Galway Hornpipe*. I'm pretty sure he said he had a six part version, but I only had the standard two from him by the time I left. Val had gone over months earlier and was hanging out in Dublin; the third in our trio, Chris Flanagan, arrived in Cork a few weeks after me and we headed up to the capital to join her there.

The three of us were all hitting the road the next day, planning to hitchhike and hostel our way around the west. But that first night, reunited in a big city at our new friend Jerry Keogh's local, where pairs and threes of working class men and young artist types chatted and nursed their pints, we were insanely happy in our little booth, a true Dublin snug as described best by Joyce, excited by our coming adventure.

Chris and I played tunes and they reverberated in that small space, the fiddle and banjo notes bouncing brightly off a bank of small, wood-framed windows like a tiled wall before settling on bodies and furniture. We were beginners playing simple tunes, but as Kenny showed us all, play it straight and play it well and the music shines through. And the Irish are a generous people, a generosity that extends to appreciating the enthusiasm of their American relatives' love of the music.

So when Chris went up to the bar to buy another round and Val asked me to play one, I tried my two-part Galway. It's fun, dragging its anchor on the rarely used low C#, which involves the pinkie finger on the G string of an Irish tenor banjo, mandolin or fiddle, and repeats the pattern on the D string in the B part. Like all hornpipes, it evokes for me a sense of 18th century sailing ships, if not pirates, or 19th century vaudeville dancehall numbers, but unlike most tunes in this bouncy, 2/4-signature sub-subgenre, it's best played slowly.

Something flowed for the next couple of minutes. I played it through twice -- keeping it simple, hitting a few triplets, holding the rhythm steady -- and just tried to feel the tune, one that happens to resonate particularly well off a banjo head.

The half empty room rang a bit like the banjo itself, though I played softly and the instrument is open backed. Done, I thought the footsteps right behind me were Chris returning from the bar, so I jumped a little when a heavy hand rested on my right shoulder. I looked up into the face of a gray-haired man wearing a coat and cap, not unlike the face I now see in mirrors.

"That was the nicest bit of music I've heard in a long time," he said with a smile and solid Dublin accent. He patted me once and headed out. That brief touch flashed down my right arm like a spark, as internally warming as the Vitamin G we'd been imbibing (hat tip to Kenny).

I hadn't reached Stan Poss's Irish lit class at Fresno State yet, so I was ignorantly -- blissfully so -- living my own little part of *The Dubliners* and experiencing first hand Joyce's *Young Artist* drawing aside of "the veil shrouding the mystery of the world," an epiphany -- an ordinary moment suddenly imbued with translucent layers of meaning and breadth of connection, a sense of deep belonging that offers a glimpse at the "true nature of things."

Can a simple tune do that much? Sure it can. And in this case, just once, but that's all it takes.

Grateful for Your Support of Our Fresno Folklore Society

A HUGE THANK YOU to all of our paid members below. Your dues promote music in our community. Folklore Society membership runs from July 1 to the end of June. You can mail us a check or pay through PayPal on our website at fresnofolklore.org. When you do your dues, you'll be at least as famous as these people shown below.

Alan Hubbart	Jim & Lynn Ross	Shelley Fetterman
Allen & Debra Church	Joan Rubenstein	Sherron Brown & Michael Hill
Allen Lintvedt	Joel Patrick	Stan Allen
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Would you like to become a member of the Fresno Folklore Society?

The Fresno Folklore Society (FFS) is a non-profit community-based organization. It sponsors traditional music, dancing, and other traditional art forms. FFS hosts potlucks and jam sessions; it encourages and promotes new musicians through classes, recording opportunities and other support. FFS members share visions and concerns for a peaceful and just world and actively support efforts to create an eco-friendly environment.

Membership Levels: \$20.00 individual; \$30.00 family; \$50.00 corporate sponsor

Membership information: 559-222-9801

NEW MEMBER? Yes No

RENEWING? Yes No

RENEWING AFTER LAPSE? Yes No

Number of family Members: _____ The monthly copy of the Society Flyer is delivered only by email to the address below.

Current e-mail: _____ Phone: _____

Name(s): _____

Street Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Individual: _____ Family: _____ Corporate Sponsor: _____ Affiliated member: _____

What are your special folklore interests? _____

For more information visit our website at www.fresnofolklore.org

Membership payments and donations can be mailed to: FFS P.O. Box 4617 Fresno, CA 93744