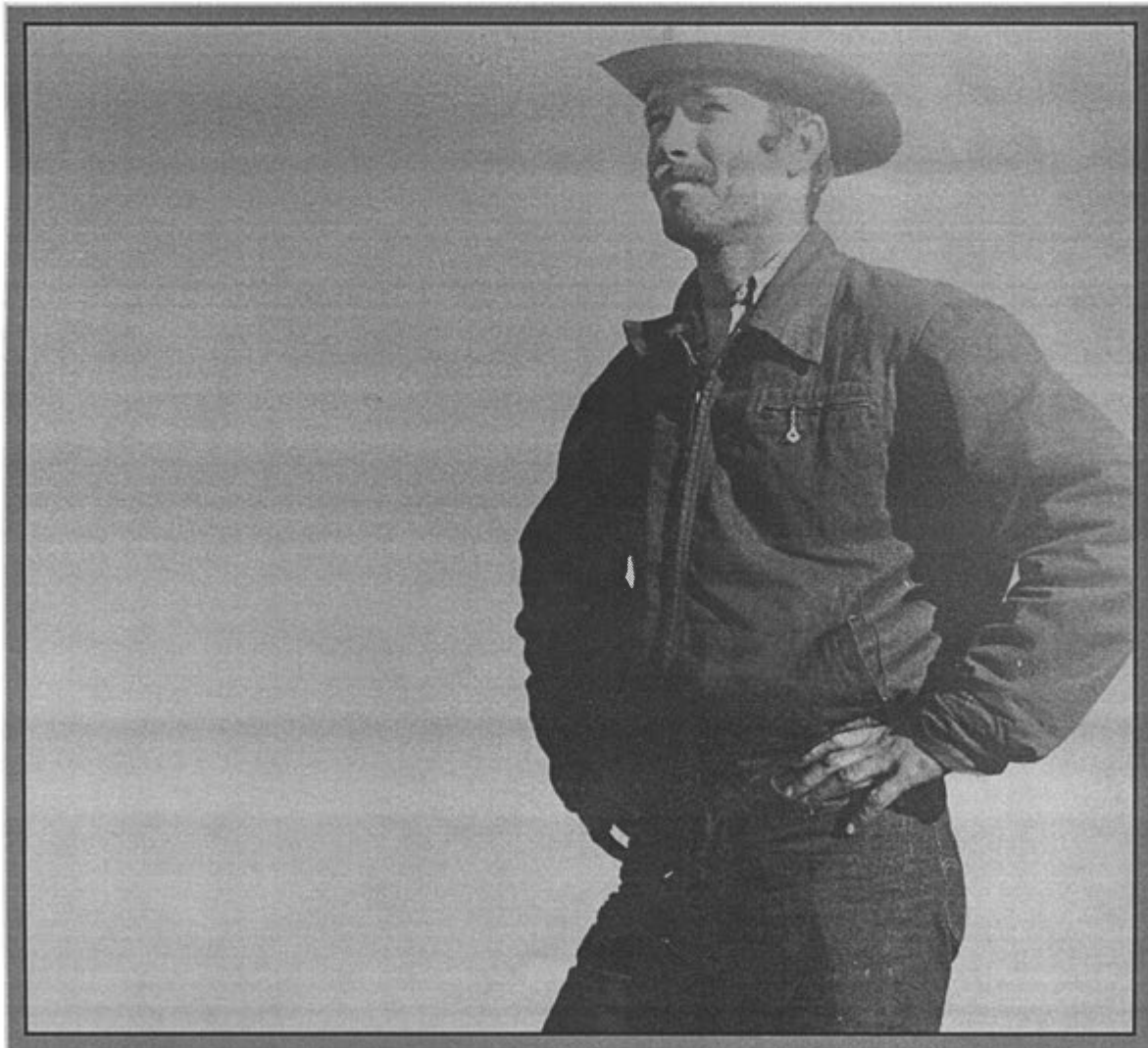


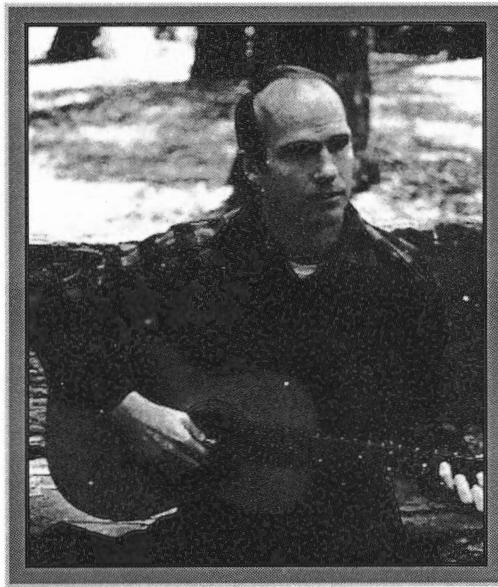
**Dave Fredrickson**  
**August 11, 1927- August 28, 2012**

**Memorial and Celebration of Life**  
**October 6, 2012**



**Craneway Pavilion Conference Center**  
**Richmond, California**





**WELCOME**

**Songs For Dave, by Dave's Friends**

**INTRODUCTION**

**AND**

**WORDS FROM THE DAUGHTERS**

**Sari, Reva and Niomi**

**ABOUT DAVE**

**Richard Hughes**

**DAVE AND ARCHAEOLOGY**

**Tom Origer and Greg White**

**DAVE AND MUSIC**

**Scott Hambly and John Cooke**

**OPPORTUNITY FOR SHARING**

**All are Invited To Participate**

**CLOSING SONGS**

**"I'll Fly Away"**

**Musical Friends**

**"Will It Do?"**

**Richard Brandenburg**



**4:00-7:30**

**REFRESHMENTS, SOCIALIZING AND INFORMAL MUSIC**



**David Allen Fredrickson**

**Aug. 11, 1927 – Aug. 28, 2012**

**Respected Archaeologist and Old-Time Musician**

Dave Fredrickson, a life-long resident of the Bay Area, died peacefully on August 28 in the company of loved ones. Dave was born in Berkeley and moved to Redwood City in 1932, but spent most of his non-school time with his mother's extended family on their farm in the San Joaquin Valley. In 1944 he enrolled at the University of California, Berkeley, where he continued until enlisting in the Navy near the end of World War II. Dave had a lifelong interest and love for what he called "old-time" and cowboy songs, and after his Navy discharge taught himself to play the guitar and sing. On returning to U.C. Berkeley after the war, Dave took an interest in archaeology and spent several summers on excavations at central California Valley sites. He entered graduate studies at Berkeley, but in 1952 walked away from it all and took jobs driving cab, driving a truck, giving guitar lessons, playing music, modelling, and other odd jobs. In 1954 he married the love of his life, Vera-Mae, and together they raised three daughters, Reva, Sari and Niomi.

Dave returned to archaeology in 1960, and was involved in directing excavations at archaeological sites throughout California. After some years, he knew he would like to teach, but had only a B.A. degree. He subsequently applied, and was accepted, to the program at U.C. Davis, completing his M.A. degree in 1966 and Ph.D. degree in 1973. In 1967, Dave was hired as Assistant Professor in the Anthropology Department at Sonoma State College, was promoted to Associate Professor in 1973, and attained the rank of Full Professor in 1976. He retired with Professor Emeritus status in 1992. At Sonoma State Dave was the architect of the archaeology program that began with a very small group of student volunteers. He took the program from a modest beginning in 1973 to a full-fledged Archaeological Studies Center with a national reputation that has provided scores of students with the experience and training necessary to move on to professional careers in cultural resources management and academia. Dave was particularly committed to including Native Americans in all aspects of his archaeological work, and developed close personal relationships with many of the individuals with whom he worked. He was at the forefront of breaking down unproductive stereotypes and helped pave the way for more cooperation, mutual respect, and beneficial relationships between Native California peoples and archaeologists.

In recognition of these efforts Dave received (among other awards), a Certificate of Recognition from YA-KA-AMA Indian Education and Development, Healdsburg (1979), the Exceptional Merit Service Award from Sonoma State University (1984), Presidential Award for Outstanding Contributions in the Service of Archaeology from the Society for California Archaeology (1985), the Brainerd Jones Preservation Award from the Sonoma County Historical Society (1988), and

the Award for Excellence in Cultural Resources Management from the Society for American Archaeology (1998). In recognition of his contributions the Anthropological Collections Facility at Sonoma State University was named in his honor (2004).

But there was much more to Dave than professional academic accomplishments and awards. He was probably the most beloved figure in California archaeology. His non-judgmental, nurturing approach to students (and people in general), his honesty and integrity, were felt by all of his many students and in the wider archaeological community. Dave was also an intensely devoted and loving father and husband who always cherished being with family and friends. His three daughters and his wife Vera-Mae were the center of his world. In the early days he often brought one or more of his young daughters with him on archaeological excavations and was able to incorporate family and music into his life. Dave also was an accomplished quilt-maker and spent many hours making quilts for his daughters and close friends. In later years he particularly enjoyed trips with Vera-Mae to the family property at Wildwood in the Santa Cruz Mountains where he chopped wood and worked with members of his extended family on many projects, including building a house.

Second only to his family, Dave had a real love of music. He became an accomplished artist in the Berkeley music community, and in 1961 completed an album (Songs of the West) for Folkways Records. He was the organizer of a Berkeley-based music group the Crabgrass (or Crabgrassers) recording an album (Out West-Berkeley) for Arhoolie Records in 1964. Dave's last album, a cd entitled Four Cords, was completed in 2005. Throughout his life Dave looked forward to playing music, whether it was around a campfire, at music festivals, at local musical venues such as the Freight and Salvage in Berkeley, or at post-banquet gatherings at the Society for California Archaeology conferences. Dave and Vera-Mae were known for their legendary music parties at their home on Parker Street in Berkeley where many of the major and lesser known folk musicians in the Bay Area played at one time or another.

Dave is survived by his three daughters Reva Fredrickson (Tim Fitzgerald), Sari Fredrickson (Peter Banks), and Niomi Wilson (Janet Wilson), his brother Clifton Fredrickson and sister Janet Ryan; and three granddaughters, Amanda Banks (Peter Zeitz), Molly Heylin (John Heylin), and Ivey Fredrickson-Recanzone; his great-granddaughter, Zora Zeitz; and numerous nieces, nephews, and "fictive kin." He was preceded in death last July by his wife of 56 years, Vera-Mae Fredrickson.

Dave had a generous, gentle spirit and incredible personal integrity. He was greatly loved as a mentor, colleague and friend and his passing will be mourned by many.

## Stories And Comments About Dave



The best father I ever had...

TIMOTHY FITZGERALD, SON-IN-LAW

Dave was the best man I ever knew. He was courteous and respectful of everyone he met, admired and respected by all. Although kind and generous, Dave had standards that he hoped you would meet, and we all did our darneest to do just that.

PETER BANKS, SON-IN-LAW

I remember him as fair-minded, kind hearted and gentle spirited.

PATTY HURST, NIECE

Dave was the kindest, gentlest man I ever knew. He will be missed.

MATT WIDMER, NEPHEW

One of the earliest memories of my uncle Dave was when I learned he was featured in a news story in a magazine called New West. I got my very own copy of the magazine, and the next time I saw him I asked him to autograph it for me. I remember he looked taken aback at that request, but he dutifully signed it for me, right under the picture of him in his vest, blue jeans and hat. I knew was he was famous, then, but he was still \*my\* uncle. It was some years before I read through the entire story, learning more about Dave and his work in 15 minutes than I ever had by being around him. Over the years, I never did learn much about his work, though I worked with him on many projects at the family place at Wildwood. Dave had such a way about him, gentle, caring, interested, that working with him was a treat, whether it was digging, chopping wood, or building a house. Whenever he and Vera-Mae showed up for a visit, I was ready to help with anything he needed. Much later I realized how lucky I was to have such unfettered access to Dave, and to be able to spend so much time with him.

Every time I was around him could be called a happy memory.

TJ FREDRICKSON, NEPHEW

We'll always remember... his music and his eagerly having leftover spaghetti for breakfast! ...

ART FREED

...Dave was a very special friend for both of us. I think of him as a mentor who taught silently by example. Warmth, and gentle kindness is what comes to mind when we think of Dave.

PATRICK AND ELIZABETH CARMICHAEL

Dave was one of my 5 angels, and the only male of the bunch. His grace and dignity were unmatched, and I'll treasure the times, music and notes we shared. It's a measure of his greatness that my previous sentence here could've been written by scores of others. He was -- is -- the best!...

CRIS (& BETH) LOWGREN

I just wanted to say that your father was an incredibly important influence in my life. I'm also one of the many people he married...

TERRY JONES



Dave was important to both of us. In fact, we met at your parents' home at one of their "after Thanksgiving" parties. Dave was always the voice of calm and reason, and we shared some very special moments throughout the years.

DEBORAH & LARRY HANKS

What a wonderful man. I met your parents first in 1968 or '69 through John, when I was living in Berkeley. I never forgot them and always hoped to see them again. I finally did when I went to a party at your house in the late 80's. It was as if no time had passed! They were so welcoming and SO MUCH FUN! And the party, and friends and music were even a new treat! I loved hearing your father play and sing the beautiful old songs he knew, and your mother and I enjoyed being the only two people there that weren't playing music! Not to mention seeing all their wonderful books! ...

LISA VAN DER SLUIS

I too will miss Dave, and I agree with his nephew that, for me, every meeting with Dave was a happy one and somehow left me feeling renewed. He had the rare quality of presence -- maybe not so much in this last stretch -- but I recall in earlier days that when he was with you he was truly with you. He always seemed a little surprised at how his life had unfolded, and he never seemed to take life for granted. Maybe that's what kept him so generous with his stories and curious about others' stories. Dave and Vera Mae were so generous to me; I will never forget the pleasure of staying with them in the Fall of 1999 when I was in a training program in devotion that created such shimmering beauty. I won't be able to be with you for the gathering (I live in Toronto) but if you send me the date, I will light a candle, play some of those great ballads he recorded and hoist one in his honour. Warm thoughts to all across the many miles.

CATHERINE MARRION

Your father was the most wonderful man; so many people loved him, in so many walks of life. Like so many others do, I remember Dave as one of the most significant people in my life...

LEANNE HINTON

He will always be remembered by anyone fortunate enough to have met him and been a part of his life.

LAWANDA ULTAN

...He was a much-loved teacher and great archaeologist...

RICHARD AMBRO, PH.D.

He was one of the genuinely nicest and most loved people I have ever known...

PETER HALT

He led a full, creative and ethical life. I was glad to be able to help document his contributions...

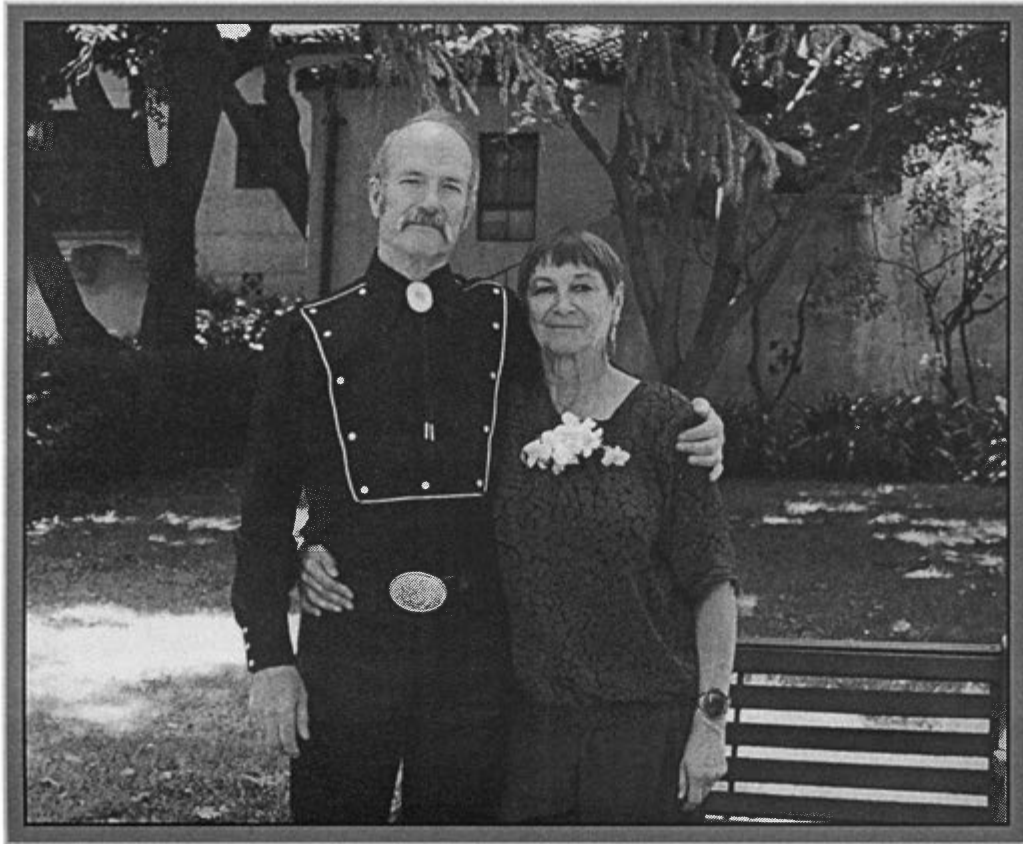
TONY PLATT

If it weren't for your father I would not be where I am today; so, I am ever grateful and honored to have been one of the lucky recipient's of his kindness and knowledge.

SARA ATCHLEY THOMAS

Your father was a great man and I am grateful to have met him. He was a great mentor to me and hundreds of other people. ...

JEFF FENTRESS



This is the last chapter in the wonderful story of Vera-Mae and Dave - but it will never be quite over - their presence has always been so powerful that they will continue to be with us in so many ways. I feel very lucky to have shared so many good times with them. I can hardly think of them separately, so I especially appreciate it when you say, "Dave joined Vera-Mae"...

HELEN MCCARTHY

The seasons they do turn, turn. "Dave and Vera-Mae" is now complete. What a privilege to have been a part of that phenomenon! Your cousin put it well: "Every time I was with Dave can be called a happy time..."

WILLA MARTEN

Like everyone else my age, I've known thousands of people over the years. Dave and Vera Mae Fredrickson occupied two spots in my all-time Top Ten Great Human Beings...and now they are gone...

MICHAEL STEPHENS

But to have the blessing of Dave and Vera-Mae in your life for so long (and mine for not as long) is indeed a treasure.

LOWELL LEVINGER

My sharing with Dave and Vera-Mae was of short duration, the love and interest they showed will last forever. Thank you Dave and Vera-Mae.

JAY RECANZONE

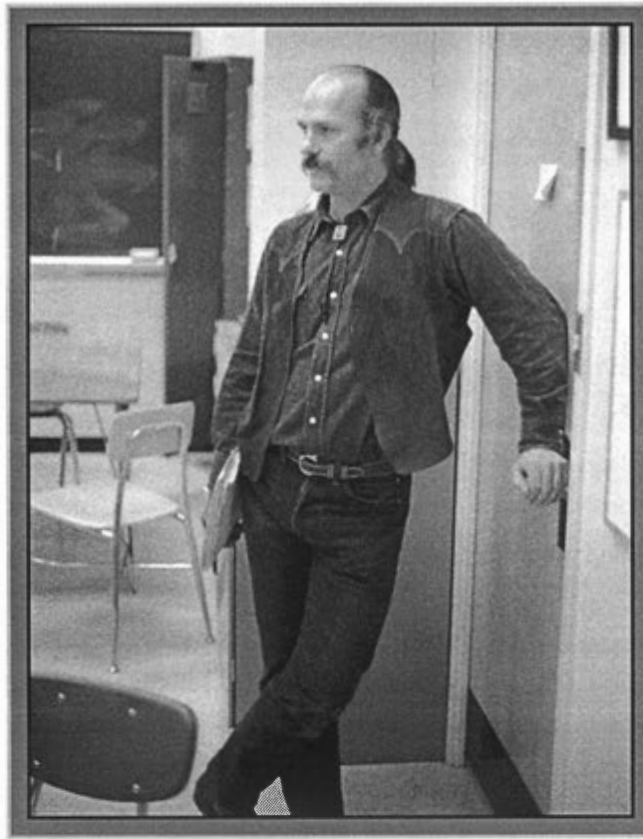
What a wonderful person to have known.

SANDY ROTHMAN

Of course I anticipated this news, but tears come nevertheless. I owed much to Dave, including his warm personal support. ...Be proud of what your father gave to all who knew him.

JEFFREY DICKEMANN





I am extremely saddened to hear of the passing of Dave. He was one of my first college professors when I was at SSU in 1970. .. We all loved your father very much both as a teacher and friend. I am simply at a loss of words to describe how sad I am... my fondest memories are of Dave and Richard singing together... the song that I remember the most was, "Stand by Your Man." Your father was a brilliant, kind, talented and caring person and I will never forget him. It was a pleasure to have known him and I look back on those times with great fondness. I lost my father when I was 17 and can well imagine how you must feel. He was in some ways a father figure for me as a result of that. I am glad though that you had many good years with him before things became so difficult. .. Dave will live on in your family and in the hearts of so many friends...

SUE GEARY

...It is so interesting to me how news of a person's death can trigger such sweet and crystal clear memories. I am suddenly 14, back in the Costanoan dirt along the creek bank in Danville marking "CCO-30" on a plastic bag of obsidian flakes under Dave's watchful eye. I am in our dining room on Danvilla Court, as one by one Dave's interesting crew emerges fresh from our shower to one of Mom's grand feasts and conversations. I am back in that same creekside dirt after Dave's team leaves . . . hunting with 14 year old focus . . . I still have the 3 small dinged-up obsidian points I found. Precious swag and talismans to some other world and time. And now, talismans to that world and time and that wonderful quiet character...

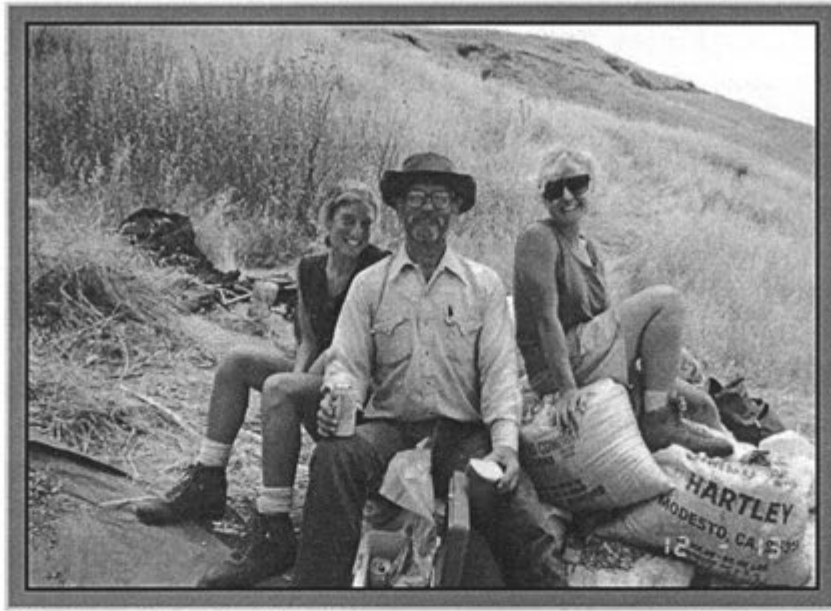
JOEL HAGEN

I attended Sonoma State in the mid 1970's and had a wonderful experience learning from your father. He was a great teacher, an excellent archaeologist, a skilled diplomat and just an all-around honorable human being. He inspired me to reach and that's what I did when I left Sonoma State. I moved back to Texas, got a masters in Mayan archaeology and recently segued into archaeology related media projects: a documentary and book (Chocolate: Pathway to the Gods), and yet to finish a second documentary called Agave is Life.

But looking back on my career I can say my best experiences, and the most valuable were the years I spent as a student with your dad. This is because he had such a keen sense of respect and awareness for native Californians and he was determined to instill that in his students. When I came to Texas that kind of focus was not possible because most of the cohesive native Texan groups had long since dispersed. It was only then did I realize I realize how lucky I had been to start my career in California—a unique place archaeologically and ethnographically—and to have your dad as a guide. So, I just wanted you to know that he meant a lot to me. And also, I thought your mother was equally wonderful and vibrant. They were a force and will surely be missed by many students, colleagues and friends.

MEREDITH DREISS





I met Dave in the early 1970s when I was a shy young graduate with about a year's worth of archaeological experience (State Parks) under my belt. I made an appointment to see him and told him that I was between jobs, that I'd heard there were volunteer opportunities at the Anthro Lab (the future ASC), and that I was eager to learn and to help wherever I could. I was touched by his warmth and kindness... Soon I was being hired for paid jobs. Within two years Dave asked me if I would be co-director with Richard Stradford for a big Caltrans project, the Suscol bypass project. I was absolutely amazed. Here I was—not even one of his students—with 3 years of archaeology experience and he was handing me an opportunity to be a project lead. It would take my regular employer (State Parks) another 10 years to consider me for such a position. Dave basically launched my archaeological career.

My shyness and insecurity always worked against me, but Dave could see my abilities and see that I only needed confidence to realize those abilities. Years of therapy didn't touch what Dave gave me in terms of boosting my confidence and self-esteem. Dave accepted people exactly where they were, without judgment, and gave them what they needed to become what they were capable of becoming. He personally touched so many lives. How he could do all that he did and remain so humble is truly remarkable. Dave understood, like no one else, how important interpersonal relationships are to being a successful archaeologist (or a successful anything), and he knew how to cultivate those relationships. Not through techniques, but by just being a genuine caring human being, willing to listen, willing to stand in another's shoes, willing to negotiate without all the egoistic baggage that most of us bring (and it's hard NOT to bring!) to the table. If we could all think about what Dave gave us and give just a fraction of that back --to even one person--what a better world this would be!

RAE SCHWADERER

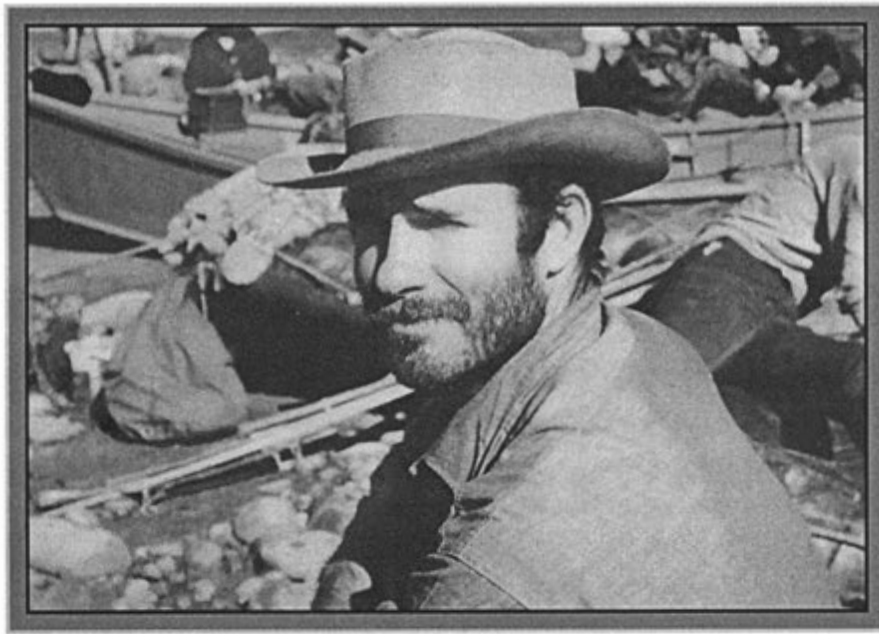
...Dave was the most important influence in my professional life and, in my opinion, the consummate mentor that anyone could have... I have many fond memories of his undergraduate teaching and the archaeological work I later did "under the auspices of Dr. David Fredrickson." Most importantly during that period was the guidance I received from Dave and the lessons that he taught me about respect for Native American tribes and the importance of working with them as partners. Two of my experiences stand out.

Around 1977, Dave gave me an assignment in Yurok territory near Eureka as an archaeologist to work with and learn from Milton Marks, Yurok elder, a close friend of Dave's, and the Director of the Northwest Indian Cemetery Protective Association. Thanks to Dave's direction and support, the experience of accompanying Milton in a variety of situations and conferring with tribal members on sensitive issues of cultural and religious importance laid the foundation on which I've conducted Native American consultations and collaborations throughout my career.

Dave also taught me through examples, a significant one which occurred in the mid-1970s during excavation of a prehistoric site in Danville, one of my first under Dave's direction. We were in the process of removing human remains due to project construction, and unexpectedly a young Native American man descended on the site extremely upset that we were "digging up his people" or words to that effect. Dave quickly engaged this young man, showed respect for his concerns and explained what we were doing. Within a short time, he joined us in the excavation for the rest of the afternoon. I was very impressed how Dave immediately perceived the situation, and grateful to have had the opportunity to watch his art of communication in such a sensitive setting.

I will miss Dave greatly. I will always have a profound appreciation for what he meant to me.

RICHARD STRADFORD



I've always imagined that Dave and Vera-Mae Fredrickson would host my memorial in their home on Parker Street in Berkeley. As they were my parents' age, I don't know if this expresses my innate optimism or pessimism—probably both. So many memorable events in my life took place in their historic wood-shingled craftsman home. Not just crazy parties and transcendental conversations, but also very personal disasters and triumphs. I've always wanted to write a screen play situated in their living room, with the same people moving in and out over the decades. I can envision it from my memories, but if I had the kind of talent to deliver, I wouldn't be an SSU manager today.

As a Berkeley undergraduate, I lived in a flat across the street from Dave and Vera-Mae. During the People's Park troubles, the National Guard secured the city for a radius of a few miles from campus, where the main disturbances centered. During that occupation, my friend Fern, who lived on the same floor, decided to set up a Kool-Aid stand to serve the troops and passing demonstrators. I don't remember if the Kool-Aid contained any special ingredients, but Fern did, dressed in her mom's over-the-top satin robe. Six-year-old Niomi Fredrickson was her only customer. The two spent the day coloring. Niomi said: "you should meet my mom." Vera-Mae counseled Fern to flounce about with somewhat less than her totally open self around all those guardsmen lest she wind up in trouble. And shortly thereafter, Fern and I visited Vera Mae. I don't remember if Dave was there or not. Fern is brilliant; she and Vera Mae soared, I listened, as usual, and learned much.

The following year, Fern and I moved two doors down from the Fredrickson's into a large house with many roommates in the free, open style of the times. The Fredricksons came to our parties and we went to theirs. I was an Anthropology major by then, but as I never said anything, it was never discussed. I remember our Christmas party, where their guest hung his draft card decorated with green and red stars on the tree.

Eventually, I spent two summers in England working at Winchester. Then after I graduated from UC and couldn't find a job to save my life, I went back and worked for the York Archaeological Trust. There I met Adrian and actually learned how to dig. On a visit back in an odd twist, Adrian and I ended up on Parker Street in my old place; we visited Dave and Vera-Mae; they took the English archaeologist under their wing and helped us find our first archaeology job in California with Bob Orlins.

Time passes, we go back to England, marry, return to California, and end up in Sebastopol to be near my grandma. Despite Adrian's lack of even a bachelor's degree, we managed to secure a contract with Sonoma County for an archaeological survey. We decided to run this agreement through Dave's program at Sonoma State College, completely ignorant of all the potential pitfalls this entailed. We did the survey, wrote the report, and brought it to Dave's office on campus for him to review. He read quietly for a few minutes, looked up and with a sigh of relief said: "You can write!" In our eagerness, we hadn't realized till then what a risk he had taken with us. He had assumed responsibility for this contract; he only knew us socially not as professionals; we weren't his students and in fact didn't even have an adequate formal education to undertake the work we did. He had absolutely no way of knowing that we could run a project, manage a budget, or create a credible paper trail. And yet, he gave us the biggest opportunity of our lives. And as I came to realize later, we were not the only ones Dave took a risk on. He invested in people; he provided opportunities. He took risks so that others could try their wings—and some crashed and he had to pick them up. But that is what Dave was about—giving individuals opportunities to prove themselves (and fixing things if they didn't). This was my DAF moment.

Adrian and I are still at the ASC today, all these years after we brought in that first contract, because we believe it is our responsibility to pass down what Dave taught us about people and chances and opportunities, as well as about archaeology.

MARY PRAETZELLIS



We have an amusing memory of Dave Fredrickson to share with you, those who knew him as well as those were not so fortunate. Sunshine and Dave were running an archaeological investigation of a couple sites in Alexander Valley, near Jintown, on behalf of Caltrans as part of the environmental compliance process. The crew was composed of students and employees of the ASC. One day at lunch, we asked Dave about why he would not eat some foods. He said it all had to do with the chores he'd had growing up. He recounted how as a child growing up on a ranch, one of his responsibilities was to kill and clean chickens for dinners. Dave said he entertained some of the local children by using the beheaded and de-feathered chickens as hand puppets. Someone made a comment about that being his first teaching role. Somehow, that personal anecdote and image of Dave always made me smile. A few years later, when we were contacted and told of a commemorative quilt Dave's friends and former students were planning, and how they were requesting patches depicting some scene from Dave's life, I immediately recalled his story of the plucked chicken hand puppets. I sketched up the design and Sunshine composed and stitched the patch. I hope Dave enjoyed seeing this patch among many others and that it made him smile as often as it did us. Here's Dave entertaining the children with his own unique form of puppet show. Note the entranced little children, the traditional California barn, the tree stump with embedded hatchet, and Dave's enthusiasm as he animates the featherless bipeds.

DAVE BIELING & SUNSHINE PSOTA

I walked onto the Sonoma State College campus the second week of January 1976...I thought I might check out the History department with an idea of taking a class or two. A few weeks before the beginning of the spring semester, the History department was closed; in fact, most of Stevenson was closed and I thought perhaps the library might be open. I walked past what seemed like the only lighted room on the entire second floor and to my surprise, it exhibited activity. Above the open door I saw 'Archaeology Laboratory' and I poked my head in. I observed perhaps a half dozen students working with stuff on counters around the room's perimeter. Students were walking back and forth into an adjoining room and in the middle of the room, sitting at a student desk, was a man wearing a pair of dusty jeans, cowboy boots, a blue denim shirt, and a leather vest. I stood in the doorway and when noticed, I walked in and introduced myself, explaining why I was visiting Sonoma. This was my introduction to Dave Fredrickson. He gave me a tour of the Archaeology Laboratory where some students were sorting bags of shell collected during an excavation the previous summer, an introduction to the fields of anthropology and archaeology, and then spent the next 90 minutes talking with me about my field experiences in geology and geography, and my history interests and training, and how they might fit into a career in anthropology. By the end of our discussion, I had met several students, signed up for volunteer work, had a spring semester course of study worked out, and an appointment to meet with Dave the following week. Most importantly, although at the time I had not yet realized it, this total stranger lit a fire in me that hasn't burned out after 37 years. For many university faculty, 90 minutes is an eternity and Dave gave it to me freely, a kid he did not know and might never see again. It was 90 minutes that literally changed my life...

...Thinking back to those years, it's clear to me that Dave understood the abilities of his students, not merely our technical abilities but our levels of maturity and the degree with which we could be relied upon. As far as I could tell, he never gave anyone more than they could handle successfully and never allowed anyone to rush into failure. When he gave his students opportunities, we were always well prepared. Furthermore, we had each other for encouragement and to use as resources. Failure was simply never an option. Among his students, I dare say he was revered to the extent that none of us would or could let him down. As far as I know, in my 6+ years in the Sonoma program, I never once heard anyone mention to idea of failing at a task. The idea that one could overrun a budget was never an option. Dave would hand you a project, a budget, and ask for a draft report by a certain date. He was available when needed. That was it. Dave imparted to his students an amazing work ethic: Once one took on a responsibility what counted was completing the task. When the budget was gone, the project director finished the work. Anything less would have been unacceptable to Dave and those of us who were with him in the mid-1970s we learned his work ethic. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that it would have been difficult for anyone not to become a better person for having had an association with this remarkable man.

ROGER WERNER