

Polly Quick of ICF International shared this memory, 13 March 2013.

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I don't know who first got me to their [Dave and Vera-Mae's] house—I came as an interloper from Harvard, who was talked into a California archaeology PhD thesis by Tom Jackson and Mike Moratto. But I found myself at the Parker Street house and I think Malcolm Margolin was there that first day, must have been soon after he and Vera-Mae dreamed up News for Native California.

One outgrowth of that meeting was an invitation to a monthly meeting of archaeologists at Parker Street. I was the odd duck, not really an archaeologist—I identify as a social anthropologist—but included in the fraternity even though I never arrived with a new neat stone or bone tool to show around. It was a great way to meet the local practitioners.

Another outgrowth was invitations to various parties there, both pre- and post-hot tub. I asked Vera-Mae her secret for such great parties. She said she made a point of speaking with each guest, letting her or him know that Vera-Mae was glad she or he was there.

Yet another outgrowth was hearing about a job at Sonoma State, to cover Millie Dykeman's courses during her sabbatical. Annie King and I picked up some of those courses, I probably taught a few of you here, and I found that I really enjoyed teaching. Annie eventually became an administrator at the Lab, after Dave got it going.

When I took over Mike Moratto's contract with Redwood National Park in the mid-70s, I attended a meeting at which I was introduced to Milton Marks of the Northwest Indian Cemetery Protective Association. Milton really became my first Native American mentor. He suggested that we convene a meeting of representatives of all the Yurok and Tolowa families with ties to park lands. And he suggested that I invite Dave Fredrickson. Dave and Vera-Mae came and, in addition to being in the room during our formal discussions, they held the usual informal gathering in their motel room—in both places modeling appropriate behavior for me.

In the early 80s, Dave invited me, along with others, to do salvage archaeology for one of the Smiths, whose congregation had a cemetery along the Russian River (or was it the Napa?), affected by stream bank erosion. Again, modeling appropriate behavior for our relationships with Native Americans.

At some point, I remember a party up at UC Berkeley, where Dave's band was playing as a group of Anthros and archaeologists got together. He did find a way to fit the music in!

Eventually, as a lot of us did, I drifted away to other pursuits and jobs, but always had fond thoughts of Dave and Vera-Mae. Tom Jackson and I once, Sonia Tamez and I another time – made the effort to call on Dave after his retirement and take him out to lunch – after his famous food habits had been modified by his heart event. Like others toward the end, I received one of the archaeological reports he thought I should have.

We miss them both.