

***Seana Gause of Sonoma County Transportation Authority shared this memory, 28 January 2013***

For me, there is almost no distinction between the musical Dave and the archaeological Dave. They are one in the same. I didn't meet Dave until 1990, on an archaeological field school run through UC Davis. The students were introduced to Dave and it was clear that everyone working at the field school respected him, but further, everyone liked him. He was a larger than life figure that was so approachable. I thought I would be intimidated but he never let anyone feel that way. I remember him being infinitely patient with me as I asked endless questions about what was coming out of the screens and what I was supposed to save. In the evenings at the field school, the campfire was filled with songs from Dave and Vera Mae and anyone else who wanted to join. After that initial introduction, I was sold. I went to Sonoma State for my graduate work just in time to get Dave's very last semester teaching. Music was always a topic before or after the class, and every field experience I had through SSU was digging during the day and music at night whenever Dave was around.

As I was introduced to the SCA annual meetings, I was lucky enough to participate in more than one "music session" with Dave. As was his way, anyone who wanted to could share their music. By this time, I was pretty familiar with the type of music that Dave was into. I had memorized a song that reminded me of Dave and I waited my turn and then sang it for him. Anyone who knows me, knows I am not shy. I am also not much of a singer. This was something different though, because singing the song for Dave was hard, and not just because the room was full of people, many of whom I didn't know. It was hard because it was so important that he like it. I wanted to give back something to Dave for all of himself that he had shared with me. I wanted him to be proud. When I finished singing my cowboy song for Dave, I was rewarded with a bright smile and wet eyes. I don't know if his eyes were wet because it was painful or because he was proud, but I know what I choose to believe.