



Depot Fallout

AFTAC Alumni Association - West Coast Chapter
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www.AFTACWCC.org

A Word From The President

By Allan Pentecost, President

Well, due to the Covid-19 virus pandemic, there is not a lot of new news to report. Please note though that ALL WCC Social Events are temporarily suspended until further notice. Please check with the AFTAC Alumni West Coast Chapter website for updates to events - www.aftacwcc.org -> Events tab.

I hope everyone is staying safe and healthy during these unusual times, and taking all of the precautions that ensure you remain so. I am really looking forward to when we can get together again.

Something to Ponder

By Don King, Fallout Editor

As we continue under this totally unanticipated health threat to our very being, let us reflect on some thoughts of our founders that need to be passed on, undiluted by present-day attempts to obliterate them and their ideals from our history.

A Warning from the Founders

At the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, **Samuel Adams**, who is sometimes called the "father of the revolution," wrote to Richard Henry Lee:

"I thank God that I have lived to see my country independent and free. She may long enjoy her independence and freedom if she will. It depends on her virtue."

John Adams pointed out why the future of the United States depended upon the level of virtue and morality maintained among the people. He said:

"Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious people. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other."

Samuel Adams knew the price of American survival under a Constitutional form of government when he wrote:

"The sum of all is, if we would most truly enjoy the gift of Heaven, let us become a virtuous people; then shall we both deserve and enjoy it. While, on the other hand, if we are universally vicious and debauched in our manners, though the form of our Constitution carries the face of the most exalted freedom, we shall in reality be the most abject slaves."

IN MEMORIAM

Roberta Deannie (Meyer) Ferris

b. 1938, d. 14 March 2017 in Redding, CA

(Thanks to Dave Price, WCC Membership Chairman, for the notice of Deannie's passing and to John Horsch, AFTACAA FL Guru, for her obit.)



Deannie (Meyer) Ferris departed this world peacefully March 14, 2017 at Shasta Regional Medical Center, Redding, CA. surrounded by family and friends. She passed with the same quiet charm that she lived her life.

Born in Roseburg, OR in 1938, she was preceded in death by her parents, Roberta and Robert Laughlin, her brother Terry Laughlin and husbands Rich Meyer and **(Clifford) Bo Ferris**.

Deannie had a life-long interest in the arts. She was a modern dance enthusiast in high school, played the piano, created wonderful line drawings & sculptures, and painted wonderful works in various media. She loved all kinds of brain twisters, especially crossword puzzles. She was well (and widely) read. Her art always had an interesting twist, including trout intertwined with blown up pieces of tires, and fruit from her yard incorporated in mine buckets or ropes, or other sentimental items.

Deannie began her career as a legal secretary in 1961, working for the Trinity County District Attorney. She was a member of the Weaverville Jaycee-ets and was involved in everything from little league baseball, Easter Egg Hunts, Halloween events, and the Big Foot Days Celebration. In 1962, she made an unsuccessful bid for the Trinity County Clerk office. In 1964, her long beautiful legs got her a role with a group of women who performed a can-can dance for the annual Big Foot Days celebration.

In 1965 the family relocated to Redding. Deannie's former boss, Donald Kennedy, along with his partner Lee Lopez, hired her to work in their law firm where she worked for over twenty years. She would later work for Mr. Dugan Barr at his law firm.

Deannie was a Shasta High School Music and Sports Booster. She skillfully balanced family, work and social life throughout the lives of her boys. She kept her dream of being an artist alive, and sowed many seeds along the way. Attending various classes at Shasta College, she studied everything from Auto Mechanics and Woodworking to Glass Blowing and Sculpture. She challenged herself with anatomy and physiology, and even took painting classes. Finally, the staff at Shasta College told her they had nothing left to offer her and she should move on.

In 1994, she commuted weekly from Redding to Oakland to achieve her dream of obtaining a degree in art. The California College of the Arts 'stretched' her in ways she could not have imagined. She was introduced to people and techniques she had only dreamed of. She graduated from the California College of Arts in 1996 having achieved a Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree (with Distinction). She said to have graduated from the California College of the Arts was second only to successfully sending her boys into the world.

April 1, 1999, Rich Meyer passed away after a 41 year marriage. A conspiracy of their respective children brought Mr. **Bo Ferris** (USAF retired) and Deannie together. Married February 2001, Bo and Deannie traveled and lived life as large as anybody could. They bought a motorhome and wore its wheels off. Bo passed in June 2009.

Bo's passing was a profound event, yet she remained a strong independent woman. Surviving an incredibly impossible heart surgery in May 2010, she recovered and continued with her Art work, participating in many local and national shows. She even had the honor of displaying a piece in the distinguished De Young Museum in San Francisco, CA. Deannie taught many art classes and has been a force in many local artists' development. She continued to teach until her health became too much an issue for her to perform to her high standard.

She is survived by sons, Daniel, Kirk (Laura), Robert (Brenda), and her grandchildren Sibylla; Audra and Ashlie; and Sarah, Carlie and James; also four great-grand sons, one great-grand daughter, and one - pending arrival.

A memorial service was held at the Northern California Veterans Cemetery Chapel on April 7, 2017 at 9:30 AM followed by a luncheon and display of her art at the First United Methodist Church in Redding at 12:00 PM.

Donations in memory of Deannie Meyer, Artist, may be made to the Shasta County Arts Council, Old City Hall, 1313 Market St., Redding, CA 96001 or to the First United Methodist Church, Arts Council, 1825 East St., Redding, CA 96001.

<https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/redding/obituary.aspx?n=roberta-d-ferris-meyer&pid=184743406&fhid=11265>

Published in Redding Record Searchlight on Mar. 29, 2017.

(You can see both Deannie Ferris & her deceased husband, Clifford "Bo" Ferris, entries on the www.AFTACWCC.org website "Departed" page.

All Are Equal at the Foot Of The Cross

By Don King, Fallout Editor

Many of us are familiar with this reality and hear it frequently in church. I encountered it in a quite different way. Prior to joining the USAF in June of 1955, my childhood and two years of work after high school did not prepare me for the moment that I got off the bus at Samson AFB to begin my basic training. It was immediately made clear to me that I was at the absolute bottom of a military hierarchy that would shape events and behavior for the next five years and beyond. I finished there in September and was transferred to Lowry. The first Sunday there I dressed in my class A's and went to the chapel for services. Communion was to be celebrated by going down the aisle and kneeling at the railing to receive the elements. I walked down and knelt next to the person on my left. After partaking of the elements and meditating, people starting getting back up to return to their seats. As I did so, I took note of the person next to me, and it was an officer with a star on each epaulet! It was the base commander! For that short time, there was no rank at the rail. We were Christian brothers as we will be in heaven!

In remembrance of the many people who have appeared in these newsletters in memoriam, their passing is but a blink in eternity. We will be reunited with our AFTAC Christian comrades!

Where We Fit in 16th Air Force

By Don King, Fallout Editor



[9th Reconnaissance Wing](#)

[55th Wing](#)

[67th Cyberspace Wing](#)

[70th Intelligence, Surveillance, and Reconnaissance Wing](#)

[319th Reconnaissance Wing](#)

[363d Intelligence, Surveillance, and Reconnaissance Wing](#)

[480th Intelligence, Surveillance, and Reconnaissance Wing](#)

[557th Weather Wing](#)

[688th Cyberspace Wing](#)

[AFTAC](#)

The [Air Force Technical Applications Center](#) at Patrick Air Force Base, Florida, is a wing-equivalent center that provides national authorities quality technical measurements to monitor nuclear treaty compliance, and develops advanced proliferation detection technologies to preserve our nation's security. The center comprises two groups, seven squadrons, 10 detachments, and six operating locations to monitor nuclear event detection and compliance.

AFTAC operates and maintains the U.S. Atomic Energy Detection System, using scientific means to obtain and evaluate technical data on nuclear treaty monitoring and compliance to signatory foreign government nations.

We've come a long way since an airplane was sent out to see if they could collect and analyze samples from a nuclear event! They didn't know where to put us inside the normal federal government as far as chain of command went. We clearly belonged to the army air force, but where? Who was to have direct control and authority? We surely didn't fit into the Air Force/Group/Squadron concept, and our obvious mission didn't match up with any existing units. I'm sure that a lot of arguing and not-in-my-unit discussions were held. And, of course, no one was supposed to even know about us and our limited capabilities at the time! I'm sure that the president and his cabinet wrestled with how to handle this highly strategic top secret capability. Well, they decided to have us report directly to Air Force Headquarters where we remained for many years under different meaningless numbers and names. And the best that they have come up with is wing-equivalent! Have a good laugh my buddies! We still puzzle them!

CyberWar — What if...?

Bill Scott
Former AFTAC SEO

Warfighting has moved well beyond the realms of land, sea and air, and is now being waged daily in cyberspace. Over the past few decades, military units engaged primarily in computer network defense (CND) have focused on keeping low-level hackers and nation-state bad actors from penetrating critical U.S. systems. Cyber-warriors now cautiously launch limited computer network attacks (CNA), because leaders are concerned about the unintended consequences of offensive cyber operations. For example, what if a cyber attack on a sophisticated hacker cell in North Korea went astray and seriously disrupted or destroyed an ally's banking system?

Today, U.S. cyberwar methods and capabilities are highly classified, but one can extrapolate from what is known and make some educated guesses. We know that cyber attacks on Iran's nuclear facilities seriously damaged dozens of centrifuges. Sources imply—but never confirm—that adversaries' electrical power grids and oil or natural gas pipelines have been disrupted by "cyber" means. Undoubtedly, other cyberwar engagements have been undertaken with results known only to those holding high-level clearances.

If we look farther into the future, what breakthrough technologies might be used to wage cyberwar? As an old fiction-writer, I ask: What if a number of notional weapon systems evolve from high giggle-factor ideas to real-world capabilities? Could the targets of "cyberwar" gravitate from silicon chips and software to synapses, dendrites and other biological systems? These might include:

Tailored electromagnetic and electrostatic signals or waveforms that disrupt the electrical activity of a human heart. These would enable remotely triggering heart attacks and strokes to literally decapitate the leadership of rogue nations and terrorist cartels. Such a capability was demonstrated in a university laboratory more than 10 years ago.

Nano-scale "Smart Dust" devices programmed to operate cooperatively. What if super-small "Hunter-Bot" and "Killer-Bot" swarms were scattered from a drone or aircraft, programmed to search for the DNA of a suicide bomber in a specific community? Once Hunters located the bomber's family via DNA match, "Killer-Bots" would be cleared in hot. If family members were to inhale these invisible 'bots, the bio-cyber weapons might alter the behavior of a bomber's wife, children, siblings or parents. Their subsequent shocking actions—considered outrageous and abhorrent to a particular culture—would bring great shame on the suicide bomber's memory. Or a wannabe suicide bomber might be 'bot-programmed to leave his explosive vest in the attic and just keep driving the cab, when his handlers give the "GO" order. Thus, Smart Dust could be a powerful cyber tool for deterring terrorist strikes.

Perhaps the ultimate cyber attack would be inserting false images in a target's brain. Imagine a battlefield general officer, who *thinks* he sees an object with his eyes, but the object isn't really there. It only exists as an image in his brain, an image created by tailored signals that bypass the optic train and are registered directly into a section of the brain processing information transmitted from the eyes.

The target could no longer tell the difference between what's actually occurring in the real world and what his brain registers as a false image. Instead of two F-35 fighters and a pair of M1A2 tanks attacking his dug-in force, a targeted combat leader might *believe* he's seeing hundreds of fighters and armored vehicles attacking. The panicked general thinks he's facing an overwhelming force and orders a rapid retreat. His troops only see two jets and two tanks, and wonder whether their general is hallucinating or going crazy. That cyber-targeted battlefield commander would quickly lose the confidence of subordinates and cease to be an effective leader.

Such notional cyber weapons might be mere fantasy today, but clearly would be invaluable for creating fear and doubt among enemy forces. Until they manifest as real-world weapons, these concepts might still serve as deterrents, even if they only “manifest” in fictional books, TV shows and movies.

Sounds wild, but history is filled with examples demonstrating the power of fiction and entertainment to shape perceptions that, in turn, affect behavior. Proactively employed as one element of a combined psychological and cyber warfare campaign, fictional stories and movies can sow distrust and fear within an adversary’s forces.

In fact, perception-shaping is adroitly employed in Hollywood to create often-negative impressions of technology, military services, intelligence agencies and national security space operations. Properly structured, these powerful tools could create alternative, highly positive perceptions, as well.

What if some of these notional cyber and psyop weapons and tactics are already fielded? If they are, who is controlling them? And who are the unsuspecting targets?

William B. Scott is the former Rocky Mountain Bureau Chief for *Aviation Week & Space Technology* magazine, author of *The Permit*, a techno-thriller novel based on the murder of his eldest son, and coauthor of *License to Kill: The Murder of Erik Scott*; *Space Wars: The First Six Hours of World War III*; *Counterspace: The Next Hours of World War III*, and *Inside The Stealth Bomber: The B-2 Story*. A Flight Test Engineer graduate of the U.S. Air Force Test Pilot School, he has logged approximately 2,000 flight hours on 81 types of aircraft. He holds a BS degree in Electrical Engineering.

IN MEMORIAM

ROSE LEE DUNN

b. 3-Jan-1928 in Shamrock, OK; d. 18-Jul-2020 in North Highlands, CA

(As received by Email from daughter-in-law, Rae Howard, by Bob Fitzgerald)



I’ve had to make a few calls to extended family and friends and a few things stand out about my mother-in-law: she was always spunky as hell, she was the cornerstone of the immediate and extended family, glue for beloved friends. She fiercely loved her sisters and spoke of them with great joy and admiration. Her sister Norma lived next door for 20 years, not all of them peaceful but loving nonetheless. No matter your guilt or consequence you could always find shelter and love at her home. Pots of coffee were always at the ready for the wayward neighbor to come in and chat away. More than one call came in the middle of the night with a Dunn at the ready to help.

This simple girl from Shamrock, Oklahoma born of Nixie Pearl McNabb and Charles Everett Workman, both southern immigrants from Missouri heading the call of the oil fields, was the matriarch of the family. Her motto was “you know right from wrong; do right”. I can’t tell you how many times I heard this phrase and I agree Rosie, whole heartedly.

She loved her traditions, especially Christmas. After going through some of her belongings I came across a picture of my husband dressed in a Santa suit, because in her household, handing out presents was not complete without dressing for the job! She had a full shed dedicated to just Christmas decorations, and when I say it was full, I’m not kidding. Year round I had reminders of her joy in the family coming together at Christmas, many decorations never made it to the shed and many closets were used for overflow.

She has been indulging in a daily Pepsi habit since 1945, the year before she graduated from Shamrock High School. She played defense for the basketball team with her best life-long friend Iris. Iris was tall and Rose not so much, people about town called them Mutt and Jeff. Rose thought this was hilarious. After Rose and Iris graduated from high school and secretarial school, Iris became married to Lucky and Lucky was friends with Jim. How fortunate is it to find a thoughtful kind man to marry and keep as your own and have his best friend married to your best friend. A score indeed!

Her undying Pepsi and Spam consumption along with her confounding physical hardiness, I harbor a belief that her body would better serve our country by being studied rather than buried. She was the very last of all of her 8 siblings to get to the final journey. She didn't drink alcohol and didn't smoke but she loved her convenience foods, salty snacks and Little Debbie cakes. I would comment about the quality of her diet to my beloved husband Larry and he would say "oh, it used to be so much worse". Even so, her driving days ended just 5 months before she passed at 92 and 1/2 years old and quite frankly I believe this had more to do with the COVID-19 restrictions than anything else.

One of her greatest accomplishments, from the enthusiastic description of it, was her learning to drive at age 40. Just before her 91st birthday she took her written driving test and aced it to everyone's surprise and horror. Her plan was to retake the test at 95 if her eyes would just hold out. She was independent, resolute and proud, I never saw her knocked off her throne. She was one tough bird.

She took the Sacramento Bee for all the 64 years she lived in North Highlands. She engaged in politics regularly and liked being up to date on her news. She loved the Wednesday paper, the sale adds that accompanied it and planned her outings accordingly. She knew her neighbors and kept in touch until they died. She was like that-a community keeper.

The year 1956, when she purchased her home, was the same year she brought her son Larry from the hospital as the last on base delivery at McClellan Air Force Base. She was a loyal member of the wives club of the **1155th squadron** and was proud of her husband's top secret work repairing the NORAD communication systems around the world. She didn't actually know what he did until chatting with other attendees at an **1155th reunion** after the Berlin Wall fell in 1990 when his work became de-classified and he had long been retired.

Rose was lucky if nothing else, but she experienced her hardships. Her beautiful boy Gus died before the Rose was lucky if nothing else, but she experienced her hardships. Her beautiful boy Gus died before the age of 1 in 1952. Jim, that wonderful lifelong partner she called Mr. Grumpy passed at the young age of 66 in 1992. Her handsome, popular, intelligent baby boy Jimmy born in 1953 died at the age of 59 in 2012. The family had struggles but she kept everyone close and together even when some would decide to abandon. She is survived by her only grandchild Mikayla and her Son Larry and of course me; her daughter in law Rae.

My last memory of Rosie was her toddling behind her walker, Pepsi bottle in hand, Spam sandwich on the seat (midnight snacks were a thing for her) moving with determination and a spunkiness that I always admired towards her bed chamber. Her son tucked her into bed, positioned her Pepsi and Spam sandwich strategically, kissed her goodnight, and said he loved her. The next morning we found her at 7 am, peaceful and gone. That day was July 18th, 2020. Her death certificate says she died of cardiac arrest.

She will be put to rest on top of her lifelong partner sweet Mr. Grumpy, next to her son Jimmy and sister Velma with her beloved Pepsi bottle at the East Lawn Mortuary. Her two kitties, Lucky and Pumpkin, will migrate into our own family to live out their days.

Her services, because we are in the deep-end of a pandemic, will be filmed with Larry, Mikayla and myself only. We would like to offend everyone equally - no favorites. The video will be uploaded on YouTube and on East Lawn's Memorial site, please add your stories and comments we would love to hear from you.

Here is a link to the above as published by East Lawn Cemetery: <https://www.eastlawn.com/obituary/rose-lee-dunn/>

Note: Rose was an active Life member of the AFTAC Alumni Association – West Coast Chapter. Please refer to www.AFTACWCC.org where additional photos are available from the "Albums" page and where this information has also been published on the "Departed" page. Bob Fitzgerald, WCC Webmaster

In the Next Issue:

The Bird That Nearly Didn't Fly

EVENTS CALENDAR

(By Bob Fitzgerald, WCC Webmaster)

Our quarterly WCC General Business Meetings are usually held the 2nd Monday of March, June, September & December at 7:00 PM at the Lionsgate Restaurant in McClellan Park. The meetings usually last an hour or less. All AFTAC alumni are welcome and encouraged to attend.

Depending on government orders due to the ongoing Coronavirus pandemic, our next meeting **September 14th** will hopefully be held both in person at the Lions Gate for a limited number of **WCC Officers and online using "Zoom Meetings" * for everyone else.** Always check our www.AFTACWCC.org website "Events" page to confirm the details for this meeting in case of last minute changes. * NOTICE: If you are interested in participating in the September meeting, contact Bob Fitzgerald, Webmaster@AFTACWCC.org for instructions a week or so prior to the meeting date.

UPCOMING SOCIAL EVENTS:

Our annual "WCC PICNIC & BBQ" rescheduled for September 12, 2020 has been cancelled due to the ongoing pandemic. We are now hopeful of holding it next year on Armed Forces Day, **Saturday, May 15, 2021.** Watch our website for updates.

Our annual November "FALL SOCIAL" event has also been cancelled for this year. Next year will hopefully be a better year for everyone, and with a Coronavirus vaccine available so we hope to have our Fall Social event next year on **Saturday, November 13, 2021.** Updates will be posted on our website. **Stay in, stay well, and keep the faith.** 😊bf

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

By Dave Price, Membership Chairman

As of JUN 7, 2020

Total Active Members = 141 Life Members = 138.

Annual membership fee of \$10 is due by 01 Jan each year. Check your mailing label, or check the "WCC Roster" from our website "Forms" page. **Life memberships are available for \$75.** You can use the "Membership Application/Roster Update" form on the last page of this newsletter or the one from our web site "Forms" page to send with your dues. Don't let your membership lapse. **Those alumni who are not current with their membership dues will be dropped from the "active" roster along with our newsletter distribution & email notification lists.** (See our web site "Forms" page, "WCC Roster" link to check your status.

"www.AFTACWCC.org"

Website Quarterly Activity Report for the period 1 Apr 2020 – 30 Jun 2020

Submitted 5-Jul-2020 by Bob Fitzgerald, WCC Webmaster

<u>Visitors</u> <u>This Quarter</u>	<u>Highest</u> <u>Visitors Week</u>	<u>Total</u> <u>Sessions</u>	<u>Most Popular*</u> <u>Page (#Sessions)</u>	<u>Next Most Popular*</u> <u>Page (#Sessions)</u>
3,595	5/18-5/24 (358)	6,722	Departed (405)	Links (378)

Notes: * Does not include our 'Home' page, which almost always is the most popular page.

Visitors: This evaluation shows how many visitors accessed our website. Visitors are uniquely identified on the basis of the IP address and the browser ID. **If a visitor goes to our website more than once a day, only one visitor is counted.**

Sessions: This evaluation shows the number of sessions. A session starts when a visitor accesses our website and ends when he or she leaves it. A session ends automatically after 30 minutes without activity. **If a visitor goes to our website more than once a day, multiple sessions are counted.**



AFTAC ALUMNI ASSOCIATION WEST COAST CHAPTER

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MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / ROSTER UPDATE

Annual membership fee of \$10.⁰⁰ is due by 01 January each year. Check your mailing label for expiration date. Your last newsletter will be the one following your expiration date. Life memberships are available for \$75.⁰⁰.

PLEASE PRINT

Name: _____
Last, First MI Last Rank Held Nickname Name of Spouse

Addr: _____
Street, Apt #, etc. City State Zip Code

() - _____
Home Phone Work Phone Email Addr

Active Duty: _____
Branch of Service From: mm/yyyy - To: mm/yyyy Branch of Service From: mm/yyyy - To: mm/yyyy

AFTAC Dates: _____
From: mm/yyyy - To: mm/yyyy From: mm/yyyy - To: mm/yyyy From: mm/yyyy - To: mm/yyyy

Support Your West Coast Chapter: Please pass a copy of this form to your AFTAC Alumni friends. *[From the Depot Fallout]*

CHECK OUR WEBSITE AT www.AFTACWCC.org FOR THE LATEST WCC NEWS & PHOTOS



== FIRST CLASS MAIL ==



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