

# Class of 65 Newsletter

## Bulletin d'Information—Classe de 65

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April/avril 2023

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### Editor's Corner/Coin du rédacteur

This will be the second and last edition from the sunny south this year as we look forward to heading home in a couple of weeks. There are a number of important items to report this time, sadly headed up by the passing of two classmates. On a more positive note I will report on a honour to be bestowed upon our recently departed classmate, **Jim Carruthers**. It is also time to select a new nominee for the Class Professor in Leadership award. There are a number of letters to acknowledge and last, but not least, another thought provoking blog from **Gord Forbes**.

### 6655 Cecil Lukenbill (1943-2023)

I received the following from Linda Lukenbill, "*Before his passing away on February 22, Cec asked me to make sure I let you know of his death.*"

*Cec was diagnosed with Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis over six years ago. The typical life expectancy with this disease is three to five years. It is a disease for which there is no cure, and any available treatments only slow the progress of the disease. They aren't a cure. So Cec surviving for over six years was certainly a blessing.*

*Cec had a full and interesting life, and in preparation for his ultimate demise, he wrote his own obituary."*

This brave and humorous obituary follows:

LUKENBILL, Cecil Charles (Cec)

July 21, 1943 - February 22, 2023

I am writing my own obituary to save my darling wife Linda this onerous task. I am dying of Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis, an insidious progressive disease that destroys the lungs. In my particular case, the doctors know neither the cause of the disease nor exactly how it will advance, only that it is fatal. I am too old for a lung transplant and am now on supplemental oxygen. When first diagnosed, I was given three to five years



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### Cec Lukenbill –Obituary

to live. After 3 ½ years I was put on oxygen full-time and advised to get my affairs in order; it was at this time I decided to write my own obit. As of early 2023, I am well into my 6th year! I tire easily from any physical exertion, but my mind is still very active.

My earliest memories are of growing up in the idyllic hamlet of Midnapore in the 1950's where everybody knew everybody. I am the oldest child of Durward (Luke) and Violet Lukenbill, and brother to Arlene and Jay. Dad ran the B.A./Gulf service station and Mom was a caring housewife. How quaint! I grew up a little grease monkey and rebuilt my '46 Chevy several times in my teens. From grade nine, I attended Providence High School in Midnapore and was taught mainly by Catholic nuns who, in those days, dressed like Zorro! Not being Catholic I feared the worst but decided that any friend of Zorro could be a friend of mine, and the next four years of my learning and growth were some of the best of my whole life! During my last year I joined the Navy Reserve at HMCS Tecumseh, mainly to dress up in a spiffy uniform and drink beer in the Seaman's Mess one evening a week. There I learned about the Canadian Military College system and that I could possibly fly airplanes in the Navy. The selection process was lengthy and arduous but, in 1961, I was eventually accepted into Royal Roads Military College in beautiful Victoria, BC for my first two years and the Royal Military College of Canada in Kingston, ON for my final two years. I was granted a B.Sc. in Math and Physics which included the fundamentals of most Engineering disciplines and a generous dose of the Humanities. I was now ready to start my Navy flying career.

My first wife, Janet Kateley (who I met in High School), and her infant son, Gregory (from her first marriage) were living in the Kingston area when I graduated. We got married in Calgary that summer and I adopted Greg. After a year of RCAF flying schools, we arrived at the RCN airbase at HMCS Shearwater outside Halifax, NS where I flew Grumman Tracker aircraft looking for Soviet submarines. Never did find any, but our crew did find a U.S. Navy sub, one of which they would periodically send north unannounced to see if we were still awake! My Navy career ended in Calgary after a couple years as a Recruiting Officer (flying a desk). Although brief, I am proud of my flying days. As far as I know, not one Soviet submarine made it into Halifax Harbour while I was on patrol!

My Armed Forces Recruiting experience got me interested in the Human Resources profession which led to my immediate hiring as an Employment Officer with the City of Calgary, Human Resources Department. Over the next dozen years, I learned from my bosses and took specialty programs at the University of Calgary, the University of Michigan, McGill University, and the Banff School of Advanced Management while managing the Employment, Compensation, Organization Development and Training Divisions. During this period, my first marriage came to an end and I met and married Linda Johnson who became my soulmate for life, a loving second mother for my three kids and a favourite grandmother to 13 grandchildren. I was next head-hunted to join Genstar Corporation in Calgary as their Manager of Management Development. In those days, Genstar was a large Canadian conglomerate of 20,000 employees in over 20 different companies in a wide range of industries across North America, with Executive offices in San Francisco where my



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### Lukenbill Obit (Concluded)

V.P. was. My initial needs analysis determined that their primary development interests were in Human Resource Management and Finance (for non-financial managers). I contracted with three senior consultants from Montreal, Calgary and Seattle to help develop and deliver four-day seminars for Genstar executives across western Canada, and the east and west coasts of the U.S. With the economic recession in the early 80's, I was laid off and Linda and I toured the South Pacific for six months. On return I started the entrepreneurial phase of my career. Alone or with a partner, I owned and managed the MiniMaid Housecleaning franchises in Calgary and area (cleaning 1000 houses/month), an interest in a small gas filtration business and an upscale funky Hair Salon. By the mid 90's I was back at the City of Calgary for a few years as a Human Resources Consultant and extended that into private consulting for my ex-boss at the U of C and a variety of corporate and public organizations for the rest of my working days. My final major assignment was a very interesting three-month project at CNRL's large oilsands mining and upgrading operation north of Fort McMurray. I developed a Manpower Planning schema on large spreadsheets to assist Business Unit V.P.s in their transition from the plant construction phase to full operational production.

I am survived on this magnificent planet by my darling wife Linda; my brother Jay and family in Ottawa; my ex-wife Janet and son Gregory in Victoria; daughter Jade and youngest son Rod in Calgary; and thirteen perfect grandchildren: Cheyenne, twins Keilah and Alana, and twins Nathaniel and Olivia (Greg); Andrea, Emma and Maia (Jade); and Joshua, Fiona, Jessica, Jenna, and Julia (Rod). I have dearly loved each of these unique and fascinating young people. I am also survived by my sister-in-law and friend, Sherry Johnson, and Gilda Valli, my Grade 11 teacher and life-long friend who, in her 90's, is still offering her good advice for my well-being. I want to conclude by acknowledging the many friends I still have from BSAM, the Retired City Management lunch group, and my Trico fitness and golfing group. A final word to my golfing buddies: anthropogenic climate change is real!

I have a particular fondness for the staff and Board of Oxford House Foundation of Canada on which I had the honour to serve and Chair for a good number of years. Oxford provides post-treatment independent group housing for individuals recovering from alcohol and drug abuse. We now have 28 homes in safe residential neighbourhoods in Alberta. In lieu of flowers, a donation to Oxford House Canada would be welcome. ([www.oxfordhouse.ca](http://www.oxfordhouse.ca))

I do not believe in an afterlife so this is indeed farewell. To my sweetheart Linda and our large family and my many friends, I hope you find mostly peace and happiness in every day of the rest of your lives.



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### Obituary 6694 Larry Tolton

Lawrence James Tolton (6694) RRM/RMC. Larry was born in Winnipeg and grew up on the family farm near Brandon in Kenton Manitoba. He left the prairie after being accepted to Royal Roads in 1960. He graduated RMC class of '66 and left the College as an RCAF Radio Officer where he completed his training in Winnipeg and was posted to Summerside (No. 415) and Comox (No. 407).

Larry left the Canadian Armed Forces in 1970 to pursue a career in engineering and eventually computer system designs where he witnessed the beginnings of the computer age with punch cards and retired in 2003 from a successful internet company.

Larry remained on the west coast and lived in the Vancouver area for much of his professional life finally settling down in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico.

### 6604 Jim Carruthers to be Remembered on RMC Wall of Honour

When our classmate and friend **6604 Jim Carruthers** passed away I reflected on the impacts he had made during his lifetime and felt that they needed to be recognised in some way and inclusion on the RMC Wall of Honour struck me as being the most appropriate way to gain that recognition.

Accordingly, with input from a number of other classmates I drafted a paper outlining his many contributions and forwarded it to the Wall of Honour Committee for their consideration. In the event, I was informed that Jim had been given serious consideration for inclusion in 2022 but had fallen just short. However, the submission was retained for consideration in a subsequent year. I was very pleased therefore to recently receive confirmation that Jim was to be honoured by inclusion in 2023 to the Wall of Honour. I am advised that the Wall of Honour Ceremony will be held on Saturday, 6 Sep 23. More details to follow.

The following is an extract of the submission that outlines his contributions.

Commissioned into the Royal Canadian Navy, Jim spent his early years at sea, honing his practical engineering skills after which he pursued higher education, gaining his Doctorate in Electrical Engineering. Bringing both his technical skills and academic knowledge into play Jim became the driving force and champion behind the development and introduction of the **SHipboard INtegrated Processing and Data System (SHINPADS)** into the RCN. This revolutionary approach to systems integration in warships is still being used in ships of the Canadian Navy and other major navies of the world, including that of the United States.

Jim retired from the Navy in 1982 with the rank of Captain (Navy) and went to work for Norpak Corporation, a small Ottawa-based electronics firm that was on the verge of bankruptcy. He was soon appointed CEO and through dint of effort and expertise managed to dramatically turn the fortunes of the company around. Under his leadership, the company became, and remains (under a different name), a recognised international



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### Carruthers Nomination (Continued)

centre of excellence for television closed captioning technology.

He left Norpak in 2006 to begin a new life advocating in support of two institutions close to his heart, RMC and the Navy.

From 2015 to April 2016, he was President of the RMC Foundation and between 2012 and 2017, served first as President of the Ottawa Branch of the Naval Association of Canada (NAC), and, then as its national President.

In 2001 Jim provided a substantial endowment to the RMC Foundation and largely because of that the RMC Class of 65 is acknowledged as one of the most active and generous graduating classes. Through his leadership and active involvement, the Class established three highly successful award programs: the Teaching Excellence Awards (TEA) at RMC Kingston and at RMC St Jean; and, the Professor in Leadership Program. (*See Annex B*).

On his own initiative, Jim provided funding to the RMC Kingston Rowing Club to buy new boats which are named after his three daughters. He annually purchased and presented naval swords to the top naval cadets in the graduating class. From 2001 to 2012 he provided scholarships for four RETP cadets annually and funding assistance to new cadets from his old home town of Drumheller.

In recognition of his generosity and commitment to supporting the Canadian Military Colleges, the RMC Club made him an Honorary Life member, hence the H before his College Number .

As he worked with the NAC, Jim recognised the need for an important maritime nation like Canada to have a new organization for serious debate on naval issues, and to be the go-to source for media and academia for expert opinion on maritime matters. The model would be the US Naval Institute. When his attempt to amalgamate the former - Naval Officers Association of Canada (NOAC) with the maritime affairs arm of the Navy League of Canada (NLOC) did not succeed, Jim focused his sights on the NOAC itself. He joined the Board of the Ottawa Branch, and in due course was elected Branch President. He campaigned for the Branch to throw off its old ways of thinking about itself and to take steps to re-make it a more effective advocate for the Navy.

Recognising the Branch did not have the power to make the fundamental changes he was seeking for the organisation, Jim sought, and gained election as President of the National NOAC which gave him the platform to make real changes. The "O" was dropped from NOAC and the association opened up to anyone with an interest in things maritime in general and the RCN in particular. Jim worked on establishing a firm financial footing for the NAC and expanded the annual general meeting into an opportunity for serious debates on the naval issues of the day. Another initiative was to launch an annual Battle of the Atlantic Gala, held at the National War Museum in Ottawa and attended by politicians and other senior authorities. These initiatives have been instrumental in helping to educate the Canadian public and decision makers on the need for a capable and efficient RCN.

The legacy of Jim's brilliance, vision and enterprise for radically changing people's perspective -his genius - continues in today's Naval Association of Canada.

In 2015 he was awarded the Admiral's Medal established conjunction with the 75th anniversary of the Naval Service of Canada. The Admiral's Medal is bestowed upon individual Canadians to recognize the advancement of maritime affairs in Canada.

Finally, Jim was a recognised leader within the Class of 1965. He and his wife Gail generously hosted large ex-cadet gatherings at his home. He organised regular lunches for Ottawa-based classmates at the Naval Mess in downtown Ottawa and was instrumental in organising an annual joint Ottawa/Montreal luncheon gathering for classmates from the two regions at a halfway point in Hawkesbury. In recognition of this leadership role, in 2010 Jim was honoured with the title of Honourary Class President.



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### Class of 65 Leadership Teaching Research Chair

I have been advised that the machinery is underway to nominate candidates to renew the subject Class of 65 funded position that has been so ably filled by the initial recipient Dr. Christian Leuprecht . Future editions will update this process as it unfolds.

### The 1.7 Percent Myth by 6533 Gord Forbes

We are in a climate change crisis. It is not just the damage we are doing to the environment but is apparent disinterest or denial by so many people.

One of the favourite arguments from people who don't think we should be doing anything about climate change in Canada are those who say that Canada only produces 1.7% of the world's greenhouse gases that are the primary cause of climate change. But this is a myth; an excuse for non-action.

If we look at that number of 1.7% more critically, we discover that that is nothing to be proud about. The truth is that we punch well above our weight when it comes to the production of greenhouse gases. The reality is that we are a country of less than 40 million in a world of 8 billion, or only 0.5% of the world's population. If look at it that way you can see that we produce over 3 times the world's average for greenhouse gases. That is not something to be proud of nor is it an excuse for non-action.

One can make the argument that because of our larger distances and cold climate, we probably can justify a larger climate footprint. But there is no justification for the large number that is now found. Perhaps a decimal point or two higher than the world average, say 0.6 or 0.7% could be justified, but not by 3 times which is now the situation.

*"Don't find fault, find a remedy."*

Henry Ford

As a technologically advances and innovative country, we should be exploiting our advantages to discover and advance better ways to improve our ability to improve our environmental footprint. We should be exploiting the huge possibilities for hydroelectric power that this country offers. We must, at the same time, look to more environmentally friendly ways to build the infrastructure for such projects. Canada, probably more than any other country, has the capability to become the first and maybe only country to become an all-electric society with a minimum of environmental impact. And with the resulting technology and expertise, we can probably export that expertise to the rest of the world.

Am I being a dreamer? Possibly. But we can try.



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### The 1.7 Percent Myth (Concluded)

*“Don't worry about people stealing an idea. If it's original, you will have to ram it down their throats.”*  
- Howard Aiken

What kind of world do you want to leave future generations? I am reminded of my experience as a young boy. I grew up in Hamilton Ontario in the 1950s. Hamilton harbour, which receive all of the effluent from the city, the steel companies and the heavy industries was referred to as the world's largest and most beautiful septic tank. I also visited relatives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania who lived on the southern edge of the city. From their hilltop house you could see downtown, or at least you could see the heavy smog hanging over it. After playing outside, I often had to take three baths in a day. Both of these places of heavy pollution have now been cleaned up to the extent that it is now safe to swim in Hamilton harbour, and these days, downtown Pittsburgh is smog free and quite clean. If these and many jurisdictions can do that, why can't we tackle climate change with the same fervour?

*“Because we don't think about future generations, they will never forget us.”*  
- Henrik Tikkanen

### Letters

Many thanks for the many letters of concern I received about my health. I am pleased to report that I have not suffered any further problems and now feel 100%.

**Yvan Gagnon** had the following additional news—We are now in the middle of the Drake passage between South America and Antarctica; it is windy and we had to delay the passage for a day due to the weather. Nice big waves, strong winds and lots of rain at the moment... and the visit to the Falkland Island was cancelled!

It is weird that we can communicate from where I am and in this weather.

Have a good time in Florida and I hope to see the classmates sometimes next summer.

**6474 Jean Guertin:** Just finished reading your latest newsletter. I admit that I read them religiously (is today Sunday?) and it struck me today when I read the many contributions lauding your time and effort that I have not done that myself and should have.

Now here is my confession: I have long questioned deserving recognition with this group since I left the ranks after my first year at CMR. I had for many years secreted away that time of my life until 'Sherlock' (Georges) Wilson tracked me down on the internet (some obscure photo of me on a golf course). I came home one day to find a message on my phone that questioned if I was the same Jean Guertin that had played on the CMR hockey team. That led to me being on your mailing list.

Did I compliment your dedication to this 'newsletter' work/hobby, yet? You are the 'tailor' that gathers the patches of a time and persons past and present and the 'weaver' of memories and experiences that I believe ignites the neurons of a warm spot in our brains.



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### Letters (Continued)

Well, I still don't think I should part of this group but I am part of a group who are 80+ or -. And we empathize with our experiences and ailments.

Glad you survived your scary heart trauma in Florida. Makes me think...have complained of some dizziness to my wife lately??? Nah, it won't happen to me....Question, your insurance covered everything and they are OK with you staying in the US?

Loved the 'Driver's license experience story. Yeah, exactly like mine in November. I couldn't wait to get to the Service Ontario office to renew in case they found the examiner had made a mistake. So, I'm good for two more years on the road. Being able to get around in my car is important to us...freedom.

And Richard Wright wondered if others had suffered strokes and mentioned the effect on self-confidence...Well, yes, I unfortunately suffered an 'eye stroke' which has taken away the proper sight of my left eye. This diminished sight most certainly affects my confidence with much of what I do...just never sure...(remember, I just renewed my Driver's license...whew!). And, Richard, I suffer from deafness in both ears. Can't see properly, can't hear well...socialization is a challenge. But, avoiding getting out there (in between all the doctor appointments...while also enjoying the benefits of stage 4 cancer and 5 stents in my arteries) is a no, no for me. Bring on the golf course, bring on my bicycle (Oh, did I tell you my story of crashing my bicycle a few months ago going downhill at top speed, sliding headfirst along the pavement, trying to avoid damaging my , good eyeball, calling my wife to tell her to come pick me up that I was bleeding to death on the road, walking into the hospital/clinic emergency room, having the doctor ask me what I was doing there that I should be in an ambulance on the way to the Niagara Falls hospital and that it would take an hour+ to get an ambulance. Well, they did X-rays and some stitching, actually, a lot, packed me off in an ambulance, C-scanned me etc. and so on...convinced them to release me after 10 hours of patching. Lucky? No broken bones, no head injury...no brains...ah, no helmet).

Well, I have also taken up playing darts, cribbage, euchre with the old folks in the area. The activities are loud and I really can't hear what most people are saying most of the time, but I know how to smile, nod and let them believe I know what is going on. Nobody has challenged me yet. Ol' timers are kind...or maybe...?

Last words...Nigel Hilliard wondered if anyone would be interested in what he had to write about his life.

The answer may be a) Michael, you need not include this in your newsletter but please accept the acknowledgment to your work. b) If this is printed and my ramblings are read by anyone of the subscribers then his life stories and those of others will be interesting to many of us. I think...





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### Letters (Concluded)

**6539 Nigel Hilliard:** That was quite the health experience you had after getting down to Florida. Glad all is well. I too had exposure to the Florida health system after arriving in the sunshine state in late Dec.

I started to lose my vision in my right eye and get floaters. I got to a retina specialist and it was diagnosed as both a torn and detached retina with surgery being the only alternative. I called my optometrist at home and she said not to come back but to get it done immediately. Within two hours of being diagnosed I saw an eye surgeon in St Petes who confirmed the bad news. The next morning I was admitted to a nearby surgical clinic and this eye doctor who turns out to be the gold standard for eye surgeons in Florida performed the reattachment and inserted a gas bubble in my eye to keep the retina in place. Bottom line is that within less than 24 hours my condition was diagnosed by two independent retina specialists and the surgery was performed. I was impressed.

This was just under six weeks ago and now I am going thru the healing process which could take 2-3 months. I thought the detached retina was caused by my kick boxing lessons LOL but the doctor said it was a combination of old age and bad luck. This growing old is a bitch but as they say it beats the alternative. Anyhow needless to say I currently have limited vision in my right eye and cannot fly but I am cleared to golf..

### Closing Notes

Thanks as always to this edition's contributors. It is always of interest to hear what classmate's have done and/or are doing with their lives.



**Solitary Sunrise Fisherman**