



The Rock Record – December 2020

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The SGS Newsletter is produced by the SGS executive. Letters, announcements, notices, comments, photos, news and information about SGS members, etc. are always welcome. Call an executive member or write to us at:

Saskatchewan Geological Society
P.O. Box 234
Regina, SK S4P 2Z6

SGS e-mail address:

Sask.Geol.Soc@hotmail.com

SGS Website: www.sgshome.ca

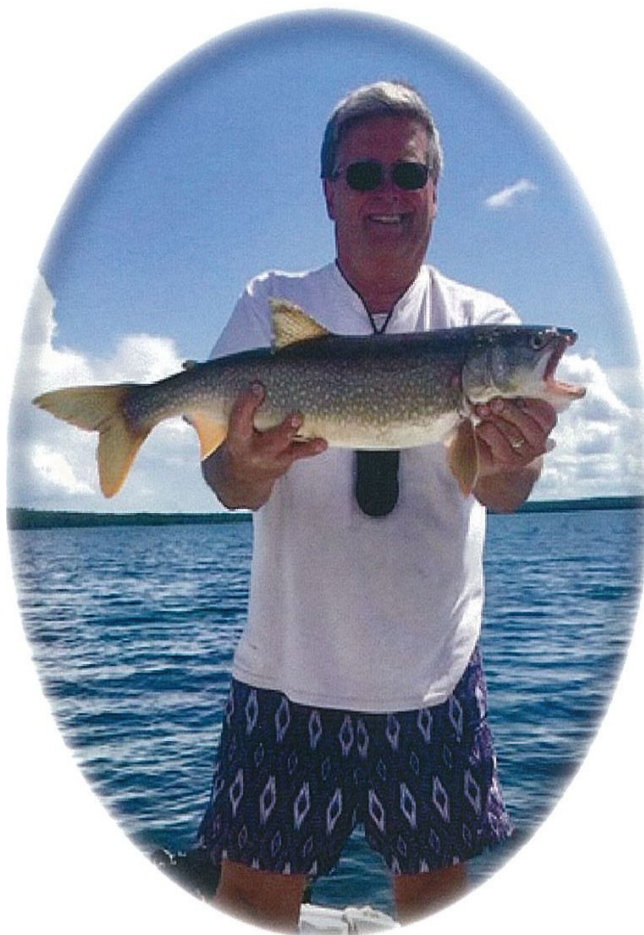
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In This Issue

Hi Everyone.

With the recent passing of our friend and colleague, Kim Kreis, we are devoting this issue of the Rock Record to remembering Kim with gratitude for the time and experiences we each shared with him. What follows are stories and pictures from geologists who perhaps met Kim through their work and then developed unavoidable friendships. There are many warm and friendly descriptions of Kim, the most common reference being that of generosity. Thank you all for your stories.

The SGS Executive.



Kim – ism's

*“that’s just plain lazy”; “get vertical”; “keep your tip up”; “work hard, play hard”; “ice cream anyone?”; “can I get anyone a drink?”; “ya, it’s real heavy duty”; “it’s from Costco, on sale”
“we’ll catch the early morning bite”; “eat more, you’re a skinny mini”; “excellent!” (insert booming tone); “what the sam heck”; “comm’on guy” “you gotta be freakin kidding me”; “heat and pressure, metamorphosis, Precambrian formation, Cretaceous period”(endless geology terminology); “we are family”.*

Forever In Our Hearts (Regina Funeral Home Obituary)

Kim died suddenly on December 6, 2020, at the age of 61 at his home in White City. Leaving behind his wife Deb, of 37 years, his children Heidi (Cor), Drew (Kaitlin) and Erik (Carlee), his 3 young grandsons, Luke, Ben and Logan, sisters Deb(Cam) and Pam, Betty and Gordon (Mother and Father-In-Law) as well as many aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews.

He led an exemplary life with passions for his family and geology. Kim was an outdoorsman who loved to travel, fish, camp, and boat. He was never happier than when he had a fish on his line, his family in his boat and then sun shining down. He had a laugh that could be heard across the neighbourhood and hugged tighter than anyone else. He was always there to help anyone with anything that they needed and truly gave in abundance to everyone. Kim will be greatly missed by his family, friends and all who knew him. There could never be a better host. He was the best.

Melinda Yurkowski

Kim was a wonderful friend and colleague and he will be missed a lot. He was such an integral part of our family at the lab, and remained so even after he left the Survey to go consult. If I close my eyes I can still hear his laugh from down the hall.

Kim and I have known each other for what seems forever. He graduated a year ahead of me, but we shared experiences of tromping around on a couple of University field trips, sitting in a class or two, and sweated over exams. At the time, I didn’t realize that Kim had been working his way to a career in petroleum geology until after our midterm in Dr Kent’s petroleum economic geology class was handed back. It was there that Kim spent a fair bit of time trying to convince Dr Kent that he should have a couple extra marks for some of the questions. I don’t know the outcome, but I do remember being impressed for two reasons – one that he was challenging Dr Kent and two, he sounded like he had a good argument!

Kim had been working at the lab for a couple of years when I had been hired on with the Survey, and there I got to know him more. Kim was passionate about his work, and it was so easy to tell he loved being a geologist. Over the years, he built a solid body of knowledge of Saskatchewan Phanerozoic geology and leaves a legacy of papers, maps and open file reports that have been and will be referred to time and time again by industry and researchers.

Through the years, whether it was conversations at work, at an SGS event, at his and Deb’s annual Christmas party, or over beers and the hottest wings you can imagine, it was always a pleasure to visit with Kim. I feel fortunate to have called him my friend. And so very unfortunate to have lost a great friend so early in life. Pictures are from an undated field trip and with Fran Haidl.





Lynn Kelley - Brazilian on Ice

Kim and I ice-fished together often over the past 20 years or so. In January 2014, when I was the Society president and Kim was program chair, Webster Mohriak, a Brazilian geologist and AAPG distinguished lecturer came to Regina for a luncheon talk. Webster was on the Canadian loop of his lecture tour and was in Atlantic Canada prior to his Regina stop. When an apocalyptic storm bearing down on the east coast threatened to strand travelers for days, Webster came to Regina a few days early, which resulted in him having about a week in Regina before his next stop in Calgary. The always-hospitable Kim filled Webster's calendar with dinner dates and visits to the Royal Saskatchewan Museum, the subsurface lab and the university, and Kim and I convinced Webster that his visit to the Canadian Prairies wouldn't be complete without experiencing our favourite winter activity.

I picked Webster up at the Ramada before sun-up. Upon arrival at Kim's place we got Webster fitted up with insulated coveralls and boots and headed out to Mission Lake in Kim's truck. Now it's one thing to explain the concept of ice-fishing to a warm-blooded Brazilian geologist who had rarely experienced snow or below-freezing temperatures. But when you pull off the road, ask him to remove his seat belt in case an emergency exit is required, and actually drive out onto the frozen lake, that's another thing entirely. Despite our reassurances, Webster was petrified when we first hit the ice, but after we drove about a kilometre across the lake to one of



our usual fishing spots, he had stopped mumbling in Portuguese and was ready for adventure. When we drilled the first hole through about 30 inches of ice he was almost comfortable.

It was windy and the fishing was slow, but Webster did catch a couple of perch and small walleye. Kim had volunteered to take care of lunch, and as usual for a Kreis-hosted event, it was epic. He fired up the grill and offered a feast of bratwurst and all the condiments, including a vat of sauerkraut (from Kim's favourite members-only shopping experience) big enough to supply all the vendors at Mosaic Stadium for an entire season. Kim's cousin Ken stopped by in the late morning, and Ralf Maxeiner joined us after lunch. With Ralf's contribution, by late afternoon we had just enough fish for a decent fry-up.

We returned to Kim's place to filet the fish. I don't recall exactly what was planned for the evening, and apparently Kim didn't either. When we got into the garage and started operations, Deb came out dressed for an evening out. Kim took one look at his beloved and sheepishly hustled into the house. About two minutes later, with clean face and clean clothes, he told me on his way to the car to lock up when I was done cleaning the fish.



Webster hauling in a big one



L-R: Webster Mohriak, Kim Kreis, Lynn Kelley, Kim's cousin Ken

Webster and I returned to my home and had a few drinks while helping Laurie prepare our fish dinner, which Webster thoroughly enjoyed. I took him back to the hotel shortly after dinner, so he could call Rio de Janeiro and report in with his wife, who, when she heard about our plans to take him onto an ice-covered lake, expected to never hear from him again. Webster provided these photos.

He has good memories of this day and of Kim. At the end of one of our emails Webster said this:

These are the things we keep from this life, the good memories from trips and all the experiences enjoyed in our professions and daily activities.



Jim Christopher - A Trip in the Wapawekka Lake Countryside

Wapawekka Lake, as a geographic entity, lies only a few kilometres southeast of Lac la Ronge, but prior to the nineties, it stretched into what was then the privacy of the forested wilderness blanketing the Wapawekka Hills. Geologically, it more or less, defines the edge of the Phanerozoic strata rising as an irregular escarpment to the south over-looking the lower elevation Precambrian igneous - metamorphic terrain to the north. As a body of water, it is of decent size; 55 kms long, 10 kms wide over its western half diminishing to two kms in the east.

Access to the Lake by road was however restricted to the northeast corner from La Ronge, and the need for boat, motor and camping gear, - a priority for the Precambrian Party chief planning to spend the summer there, was an encumbrance to the sedimentary geologist working the countryside to the south. That was to come by action of the pulp industry's need for trees and cutters to provide them, and so a base camp for the latter at the southwest corner of Wapawekka Lake, and by extension a road to service them. Opportunity strikes with the establishment of Kim Kreis in the geological setting, complete with enthusiasm, energy and smarts, not to mention motorized camper, 90 hp outboard motor and boat; and so a field trip was set in motion with four of us in attendance.

The outcrops along the edge of the Phanerozoic from within Alberta across Saskatchewan into Manitoba are none the same in age. They are generally Devonian and Cretaceous; dolomites for the former and sandstones and mudstones for the latter. Along Wapawekka Lake the strata are white, silica-cemented sandstones assigned to the Cretaceous(?) overlain by undeniable coal-bearing Mannville sandstone and mudstone and farther upland, Colorado mudstone. The lake from the west presents itself as a broad expanse in a wide bowl but actually occupies a glacially modified Precambrian terrain, and its waters are not the crystal clear of the Athabasca sandstone basin, but rather turbid, humic and flotsam loaded, and because of its width, choppy. It also, from my point of view, hosts non-welcoming mini fauna, like leeches and lampreys. Zipping along it was exciting until I looked at the fish finder and watched Precambrian monadnocks loom out of the depths and fall back as we sped along. Kim of, course was unfazed.

We examined the white sandstone outcrops, and agreed that they were genuine sedimentary quartzites, silica-cemented in part, and indurated to a degree not described in Cretaceous sandstone such as the McMurray of Alberta, nor in the nearby Nipekamew River valley Mannville to the south. Kim, who had been mapping the Cambrian Deadwood Formation in the subsurface, recognized them as of that age, thereby fulfilling that old adage, "You see what you are prepared to see". As for the trip back to base, the 90 hp motor failed to start, and a 6 hp spare was substituted. The ride on a flat lake was serene.

Murray Rogers

Kim has always been one of the regulars on the Society annual field trips and actively involved in both the organizing and driving of one of the vans. Like most of the participants Kim collected interesting rock samples to take back with him. However, unlike most people who collected hand-sized or slightly larger samples, Kim liked to collect large samples for his rock garden. In line with this "go big or go home" approach, the 2013 trip to the Black Hills of South Dakota was notable in this respect. Although the Homestake gold mine was closed, a large number of "boulders" from the mine had been transported to an off-site location where they could be examined. With the help of his son Eric, Kim loaded two of these boulders onto the back of the 15-passenger



van that he was driving and took them back to White City. The backend of the van road much lower on the return trip as a result. The picture shows Eric Kreis waiting with one of the boulders as Kim backed up the van.



Erik Nickel

I first met Kim in 1998 as I started a contract “picking logs” for the Saskatchewan Geological Survey. I had been a wellsite geologist for about 5 years before this, but this was my first “office” position. Kim was my first supervisor, and couldn’t have made a better first impression. On the first day, since there wasn’t really any good working spaces at the lab at that time, he took me in to his office, no questions asked, and we were office mates for a year or more. Then, knowing I was new to Regina, also made sure he took me in to his house for dinner, or taking me for lunch outside of the lab. Or, as it turned out, finding myself on the heavy end of the largest refrigerator I had ever seen, moving it into his new house in White City on about my 3rd day of work.

Early on in the office, I remember Kim stressing the importance of something as basic as “picking a log” and he encouraged me to take the role very seriously. At the time he was working on the Lower Paleozoic Map Series, and I was impressed by his meticulous nature, combined with the enthusiasm he had for the work. I was making cross sections as a part of my log picking duties, with tape and glue and rolls of paper as we did back then. It was Kim who first encouraged me to do more of that, and start mapping, and start core logging, and start writing. This gave me the confidence to do more, and ultimately lead to everything I have enjoyed in my career ever since.

Kim also introduced me to the SGS. Coming from Saskatoon, I didn’t really even really know it existed before. Because of Kim, I was going with him to the Legion for talks, going to golf tournaments, taking field trips, and making life-long friends.

Kim’s enthusiasm for geology went well beyond what he was paid to work on. He was the first geologist I knew that took the entire science on as part of his life, being equally energized by a complex metamorphic terrane as he was a Cretaceous/Tertiary outcrop in the Frenchman valley. On SGS field trips, if there were fossils to find.... Kim would find them. If there were interesting minerals to see, Kim would collect them. He would go deeper, climb higher, and scour longer to find not only the best samples... but the most. Then insist that he drive the van for us again, all-day long. At the Burgess shale, in his rush to do everything, he had forgotten his



back pack, and we were about to embark on a day-long hike. Kim improvised by stuffing his lunch into the tied-off legs of a pair of long underwear, that he wrapped around his neck, and carried all the way up, never complaining once.

Kim had boundless energy, and everything he did, he poured himself into 100%. Whether it was work, digging fossils, or things like working on his yard. Being a friend and colleague of Kim's sometimes meant that you would find yourself on the receiving end of a frantic phone call or breathless discussion in the office, where his problem, would suddenly become yours as well. These conversations we sometimes affectionately referred to as "Kreis-is management". His passions are what drove him, and it was infectious, and I was always happy to help, because... it was Kim.

While it's hard to imagine an SGS field trip, a golf tournament, a Christmas party without Kim being around, the enthusiasm he had for the work, the science, and the camaraderie will live on in everyone who knew him.

Chris Gilboy - My Friend Kim

I feel my life has been greatly enriched by knowing Kim as a friend, a workplace colleague, and a fellow geologist. My earliest connections with him were when I started to work at the Subsurface Geological Laboratory in the early part of the 1980's. We occupied adjacent offices and were both much engaged in reducing a large backlog of unpicked well logs.

Our friendship really started to flourish when we decided to dedicate two or three lunch-hours each week to playing racquetball at a club that then existed on Henderson Drive in the industrial area. This helped greatly in keeping us reasonably fit, both physically and mentally, for many years until increasing responsibilities at the Lab and the gradual demise of the club brought an end to this practice in the late 1990s.

Before and during the racquetball years, we shared many, many joys and sorrows, including the fire at the Lab, the births of Heidi, Drew and Erik, Lyn's death, the planning and building of 18 Jade Place, Hogmanay parties at our house, and Christmas parties at Kim and Deb's.

We also shared significant later changes — renovations at the Lab, major staff-expansion, re-envisioning the directions of our work in the Petroleum Geology Branch, and — for me, sadly, but for him, excitingly — Kim's deciding to leave in order to start his consulting business. I remember going to see his new office not long after he had moved into it, and how totally happy he was now that he could focus his attention on what he wanted to do whenever he wanted to do it.

Following his becoming a consultant, I saw all too little of Kim and his family — pretty much only at the Kreis Christmas parties and at the SGS Annual General Meetings. But those occasions were extra-special for me because they refreshed our long-lasting friendship. And Kim will continue to live on in my memory, bringing me much joy and gratitude.

And one last reflection about Kim that for me summarizes his free-wheeling generosity is of him every once in a while walking past my open office-door during lunch-hour and tossing me an orange or an apple as I sat at



my desk. There was something about the very natural, carefree way he did this that contains a deep teaching for me. Thank you, Kim, thank you!

Steve Whittaker

When Kim and I worked for the Survey we usually roomed together when traveling to meetings or field trips and, apart for Kim's unrelenting domination of the remote and his uncanny ability to commence loud snoring as soon as his head hit the pillow, we always had a lot fun.

Turns out Kim was a bit of a practical joker and I was usually his target. On one trip to Calgary he must have found a cache of hotel shampoo bottles and bars of soap and proceeded to fill my overcoat pockets with them. We went through the day of meetings or whatever and then headed off to the airport to come home. Next I'm in line at airport security and hear the familiar "empty your pockets and put everything in the tray". So I reach in my pockets and expect to find my keys, but instead pull out about a half dozen bars of soap and a handful of shampoo bottles. The security guy looks at me over his glasses with an expression of "really buddy" and the people behind me are smirking, and there I see Kim, a few folks back, with his head poking out with a massive grin. Got me.

Another time, also in an airport, we both needed to visit the men's room before getting on the plane. It was standing room only. We shuffled along waiting our turns and Kim slid into an open stall while I proceeded with the other option. I had put my computer bag down and when I turned around it was gone! I looked all around and felt a surge of panic. I actually yelled "someone stole my computer" with everyone staring as I ran out of the restroom looking for the thief. I saw a security guard and told him that someone had taken my computer from the restroom and we both marched back in. Kim came out of the stall, with my bag, and said "is this yours?" He had reached under the divider and slid my bag back underneath. I like to think he looked a little sheepish with the security guard involved, but we both knew he had gotten me again.

But his best effort was still to come. On an epic SGS field trip to the Grand Canyon we were all trudging along together on the seemingly endless path to the bottom. We stopped along the way here and there, for a bite, water, or for Deb to tend to Dave MacDougall's raw feet, and then set off for another spell of hiking. Finally, we could see the bottom. And just getting to the point of seeing the bottom is an achievement as there still was another hour or so to go. It was hot and my legs were heavy, my pack was heavy, everything was heavy. At last Kim and I rounded the final bend in the trail and there was the Colorado River, just ahead, with a small beach where people were taking off their boots and wading in the ice-cold water. Kim said "the only thing that would make this better would be to have a cold beer to celebrate". I couldn't have agreed more, but it was a pointless wish as no one would be so stupid as to carry beer all the way down the Grand Canyon. We got to the beach and took off our packs and boots. Kim said, "get the beer out of your pack and put them in the river to cool off". What? I dug down to the bottom and hidden (somewhat strategically I might add) under everything else was a six pack of beer. I don't know when Kim put it in my pack – at the top, halfway – he never revealed. I also don't know how I wouldn't notice the extra weight, so I suspect it was at the top. But I could've hugged him. That beer cooled down immediately and it was shared among the grateful group who were with us. Without question, that was the best prank anyone has ever pulled on me. I know from now on anytime anything funny or unexpected happens to me, I'll think of Kim's laughing face poking out of the airport line, watching.





Kim, scheming at the top of the Grand Canyon.

John Lake

It is with great sadness that I write these words. Kim Kreis was a great friend. Have known Kim since his days with the Lab. Kim and I picked up the food and vehicles for the Saskatchewan Geological Society Annual Field Trips for the last 25 years. Kim only missed one Field Trip out of all of those years when his granddaughter was born. We had the drill down pat as to what everyone liked to eat and how much to buy. Kim was a big supporter of the Field Trips and encouraged everyone involved in the Geological Community to join us. He could be counted on for his support and was there from the planning stage to the actual trip. He was one of our regular drivers and took over preparation of the lunches in the field. He was very generous with his time and energy.

Kim, Jim Christopher and I used to go for beer at Stats, a pub over the bowling alley behind Glencairn Shopping Mall on Fridays after work. We sat in the same booth and had beer and wings. Jim would call the meeting to order as he was the President and we would discuss Geology, Politics and anything that was happening in our lives. It was a ritual that will be sadly missed.

Kim, Deb, Carolynn and I looked forward to going to Bismarck, North Dakota every other year for the Williston Basin Symposium. We enjoyed each others company and had a really good time together.

On our SGS Field Trip to the Grand Canyon we stayed overnight in the cabins at Bright Angel Campground before hiking out the next day. Each cabin was packed with hikers from around the world and was segregated into male and female occupants. Kim managed to keep our cabin awake all night with his loud snoring. Kim



was a great fellow and will be sadly missed by everyone who crossed his path. These pictures are from our recent field trip to Manitoba.



Ben Rostron

I first met Kim in the summer of 1995 at the subsurface laboratory in Regina. I had come down from UofS in Saskatoon to discuss a water-sampling program I wanted to start up in the Williston Basin and how to make contacts with companies for permission to sample, etc. Kim asked me which wells I wanted. He then reached behind his desk and handed me 4 or 5 samples from my list of wells I wanted. That was the start of a 25+ year friendship and scientific collaboration. The first couple of years, we did things like packaging up kits of sample bottles, that companies returned to us for analysis. Those data are still being used to this day. Collaboration with Kim at the lab was one of the reasons I continued my research program in the Williston Basin when I left the UofS to return to the University of Alberta 1997. Together we published some of what I consider to be my most important contributions: an isotope fingerprinting paper in 1998 that funded my research program and my graduate students for many years. Kim and I (with Lynn Kelly and Chris Holmden) published an obscure paper in 2002 listing 305 water-chemistry analyses in an attempt to generate interest in the "Economic Potential of Formation Brines", a paper that is now forming the cornerstone of exploration for Lithium (and other minerals) in Saskatchewan. Kim was involved in the Weyburn CO2 and TGI projects that were the mainstay of my work for more than a decade. After Kim left the Geological Survey for the consulting world, we continued our collaboration up to the very end: I had gotten him involved in a project with a new Saskatchewan resource company that I'm partnered with. He was more excited about that project than I've seen him in years.

Kim convinced me to join the Saskatchewan Geological Society in the late 1990's, a membership I value to this day. I participated in my first SGS field trip in 2003 to the Black Hills (the infamous 'Jack Redden' van ride: ask John Lake or Steve Whittaker about it sometime). The SGS ritual became that I would fly to Regina the night before the trip, stay at Kim's house, and catch up over a beverage or two. Once in a while we were late for the meeting at the starting point the next morning. On 14 trips, spanning 17 years, we were often roommates, and although I tried not to monopolize the front passenger seat, more often than not, I was his navigator for the many hours of driving that SGS trips are famous for. Kim believed that geologists should be in the field, looking at rocks and 'the more rocks you see the better'. I'm sure his rock and fossil collection proves it. There are too many stories to relay: the infamous 'backpack' on the Burgess Shale hike, rum, Ebola, blackjack in Deadwood, and so many more. Anyone who has been on an SGS trip will remember 'his' lunches. He sometimes drove people crazy: Kim had to do things a certain way... At the core though, Kim was always willing to help... anyone, any time (almost to a fault). He always had a smile and always had other people's best interests at heart. We have lost a dear friend and colleague. I will miss him. The first two pictures are from the 2006 Wyoming field trip and the third show Kim walking "on" the Great Salt Lake in 2011.





Lynn Kelley - Fore!!!

For the past 10 years or so, Kim, Ralf Maxeiner, Ryan Morelli and I entered the SGS golf tournament as a four-some. This was the only golf outing of the year for most of us, and we were terrible. Our ineptitude was exceeded only by our enjoyment of each other's company. We laughed at each other and with each other all the way around the course.

If we were bad, Kim was a real study in futility. He wore himself out with mighty blows that resulted in minimal progress of the ball, but it never dampened his enthusiasm nor soured his good humour. Kim usually used clubs belonging to one of his sons, a right-handed set. I remember clearly in maybe our fourth or fifth year of playing together, we were on the eighth hole at the Murray. Kim—and I don't remember if this was by accident or design—grabbed a left-handed club out of Ryan's bag and hit the ball long and straight. It was an epiphany, and he used Ryan's clubs the rest of the round with greatly improved results. He used left-handed clubs ever after, but not always with the results of that memorable first swing from the left side. Kim on the ninth tee at Sherwood Forest



Andrew Nimegeers

A mentor is someone who patiently, continuously and without presumption encourages you to take a second, third, and fourth look at your work, which not only helps you change the focus of your study but also the trajectory of your career. Kim Kreis faithfully adhered to rules of the scientific method! He insisted that geological interpretations be backed up with solid evidence based on all the available data! That was always his highest priority, and it was even more important to him than an early delivery of the project. Kim taught us to avoid “arm waving” – and if we were willing to stick our necks out with some ambitious geological interpretation, we had better be willing to defend and change it when necessary!



We will all remember Kim Kreis for his important contributions to Saskatchewan geology. He helped lead many key projects while working at the Subsurface Core Laboratory. These projects included his work on the Jurassic System at Wapella, the Lower Paleozoic Map Series, the Weyburn CO₂ Project, The Williston Basin TGI project, his significant work on understanding the Bakken and Torquay Formations, and his countless papers for the Summary of Investigations, Williston Basin Symposium and the SGS Core Workshop. What may be less known about Kim is his incredible work ethic, his meticulous nature and his sometimes aggravating level of detail while mapping the subsurface.

I remember clearly when I started as a Junior Petroleum Research Geologist under Kim in 2000. He came into my office during my first couple weeks on the job and said “We really want to make sure we get all of these Lower Paleozoic picks right, so be really careful about it.” He was referring to the task of identifying formation tops on geophysical well logs using a ruler, pencil and an offsetting log. At the time, the Lower Paleozoic map series was a bit overdue, but Kim was adamant about ensuring that the project was as up-to-date and as accurate as possible. Any newer deep wells were to be added to the database. The routine was always the same. A Lower Paleozoic well would make it into my office for picking. I would make sure I had at least three or four of Kim’s offsets available. Then after making the picks with pencil and ruler, I would bring the well logs to Kim’s office so he could review and enter any new data for mapping. As a junior geologist, I always dreamt of the day he would scan over my picks and find everything completely right. More often than not, however, at least one Ordovician pick needed adjusting. Kim would take out his pen (not a pencil), and he would quickly pick the correct marker for the Lower Interlake or Yeoman and then initial the log KK without hesitation – some of us geologists were much more careful about initialing the logs just in case we got the picks embarrassingly wrong.

Kim would always take the time to explain the geology and justification behind his picks. Often, he would pull core or cuttings to ensure we understood the nature of the contact in the actual rocks. I don’t think there are many geologists as confident about subsurface picks as Kim! His offsets became the gold standard for other geologists working at the Subsurface Core Laboratory.

Ralf Maxeiner - The Perfect Host

Kim was without a doubt the most hospitable person I have ever met. And a food pusher ☺. A good example was our SGS field trip to the Cypress Hill in late May, 2018. It’s not that it is a crazy funny story, it’s just typical Kim and it makes me smile any time I think about those few times that I have had the pleasure of camping with the Kreis’.

Kim and Deb were the last to arrive, in large parts probably due to the big pick-up camper having difficulty pushing against one of our typical 90 km head/crosswinds. Making the camper sway back and forth they weren’t sure if they would ever arrive. But arrive they did. You always knew when Kim was around. Just hard to miss that happy jovial belly laugh of Kim’s. Very infectious. Just always happy and sharing his happiness and his food. They joined the rest of the SGS campers at the West Block campground, including the Thomas’, Slimmons, Brunskill’s, Valez’, Maxeiners, Andrew, Alec and I am sure I am missing some others. As well as their pregnant daughter Heidi and son in law.

The next morning it was time to shine for Kim and his outdoor kitchen. I think after the infamous SGS field trip



lunches that Kim was always instrumental in organizing, his camping breakfast must have been his next favourite thing. He had this giant outdoor camp grill that he would throw an even bigger griddle onto. It was so big that I am sure it must have taken half an hour for that thing to warm up. Once optimum heat was achieved Kim was ready to take orders from everyone in the campground: how many pancakes, bacon, eggs etc. I learnt years ago that it's just no good to tell Kim that we already had breakfast, or that we weren't hungry or some other feeble excuse. Those excuses just didn't work, at least not for me. Kim only knew too well of my reputation as a Plecostomus. So I ordered a pancake and some bacon. Once everyone had ordered I think he just doubled the order. Once every was done eating, the food pushing would start. Have another pancake Ralf. Are you sure. I am sure you can eat another one. In a nice way of course. He was the same with drinks in his basement bar. Just the perfect host, always keen to mix you your favourite beverage.

Here is a toast to you Kim, wherever you are at the moment, I hope there are a lot of willing customers for your breakfast orders or for evening Happy Hours! Thanks for so many happy memories and I just can't help but have a smile on my face and a tear in my eye when I think of you. Picture of some of the people involved on the 2018 SGS Spring Field Trip.



Alex Pollard

I moved to Regina in November 2018, and Kim introduced himself to me soon after my arrival, and subsequently we had a few friendly chats. I felt welcomed by his words and impressed by his technical knowledge. In the days leading up to Christmas, the lab hosts an annual potluck and Kim was a mainstay for this event.

After stuffing my face, I retired to my cubicle, and Kim came to talk with me. We talked for about an hour about family, fishing and rocks. He then looked at me and asked me if I had gotten a Christmas tree yet. I said I hadn't, was looking, and unsure where to get one in my new city. He was shocked that I hadn't found one, maybe even a tad outraged - I was a bit surprised at how bothered he seemed by my failure to procure a tree so late in the Christmas game.

Two hours later I was at home and I get a phone call. "Hey Alec, it's Kim! I'm over here at the Superstore and they have one tree left, it is the one on display and I bought it, what kind of vehicle do you drive..... No worries I'm in a truck, send me your address and I'll drop it off". Within 15 minutes he was at the door, with the big ole superstore display tree, a jolly smile and hefty laugh. He refused my reimbursement and struck up a jolly conversation with my wife and left quite the impression as the man who saved our Christmas, our very own modern-day Santa. Above all this, Kim was my friend, and I am a better man for having the privilege of his friendship. I miss you my friend, and look forward to you finding my Christmas tree one last time when we meet again in the final resting city.

Ben Rostron - What really happened, as opposed to the rumours...SGS Trip, Jasper, 2005.

In 2004 Steve Whittaker and I had tried the ancient French liquor absinthe (aka the green-fairy) at a post-conference event in Vancouver. Absinthe had been illegal for decades because it contained wormwood, that allegedly imparted hallucinogenic properties to the liquor. While stocking up at the local Jasper liquor store for an end-of-day beverage, Steve, Kim, and I noticed a small bottle of absinthe for sale. Back at the Jasper House bungalows, several of the group were enjoying a beverage in Kim's, Steve's, and my room. Out came the bottle of absinthe, but there was one problem: we didn't have the proper spoon to drink it with. Absinthe tastes absolutely terrible and the year before we had tried it using a special spoon that held a sugar-cube above the glass. Absinthe was poured through that sugar cube to moderate its taste. We didn't have sugar cubes, nor the spoon, so in SGS fashion we decided to improvise. We poured sugar packets into a red-hot no-stick frying pan, and caramelizing the powdered sugar. Then we chipped the solid residue into our drinks, and bottoms-up!

Needless to say, when the frying pan came out, everyone else suddenly decided they had had enough and went back to their cabins. The three of us struggled through one shot each, and were none the worse for wear. At least that is what we agreed. (photo below). The last time I was at Kim's house in Regina, he still had the remains of that mickey of absinthe behind his bar...





Jasper 2005. Kim and Steve Whittaker. Typical end-of-day SGS moment. In our cabin at the Jasper House Bungalows, sharing a pair of sunglasses.

Don Kent - A brief remembrance of Kim

Kim and I had a mildly adversarial relationship before he entered the hallowed halls of the U of R. Kim was Captain of the Balfour Collegiate Football Team and I was a football official for some of Balfour's games. Kim was always close to the Referee when a penalty flag was thrown against his Team. He would repeatedly go to the head official saying "but sir" followed by the usual brief discussion of why he felt there was no infraction in that situation.

One or two years later at the start of a semester at the U of R, I was standing at the front of the lecture room watching the students enter the room, when who should appear but Kim. It was a pleasant surprise that led to many years of academic, friendly and "but sir" times.

In my senior years, Kim always offered me transportation to SGS luncheon meetings and many other events.



Thanks to David Macdougall for the following pictures:



Steamboat Rock Park, South Dakota, 2003 - a typical SGS field trip lunch.



Bird Hill, Montana 1997 – Murray, John, Don and Kim in debate (likely about the best beer).





Sturgis, South Dakota 1995.



Montana, 1999 – some of the Youngins’.

Ralf Maxeiner - Kim and the SGS Secret Society

I hope no one will fact check all the minute details of this little piece, as I am just jotting this down from memory. And also, I might be ousted, as it is a little anecdote about the inner working of a secret society, a society we refer to as the Saskatchewan Geological Society...psst..., so you can't share what I am about to tell you with anyone! And the footnotes in this contribution are courtesy of Dave MacDougall.



I am pretty sure it was in 1995, when Kim first invited me into this Society during the realm of the infamous Ken Ashton. The SGS had decided to create the position of the Program Co-chair in 1992¹ because it was deemed that it was simply too much work for one person to do all that the Program Chair of the SGS does. In those days, things were a lot simpler but also a lot more complicated. I foolishly agreed after Kim had wine and dined me and thereby suckered me into saying yes (as it turns out this had been and continued as a common practice to draw new blood; and they always preyed on the youngsters).

Once in the inner circle, I was led into some of the secrets: once you join, you can't get out for at least 5 years after having cycled through most of the positions; being president is the easiest of the jobs and your only way out; being program chair one of the hardest assignments; no laser pointer for presentations, but a fishing rod; stuffing envelopes with the monthly newsletter sucked; you don't have to close the envelopes because the post-office has a machine that does that for you, and so much more.

But I digress....., Kim was the program chair² during the year I was co-chair and I got to enjoy seeing him work. He approached it as he did everything concerning the Society: with utter commitment, dedication and hard work; but always smiling doing so, because he loved what the Society stood for. We had a splendid program that year although I have to admit I don't remember the talks. I assume Don Kent likely would have given one ☺. So I tried to absorb as much of how Kim was doing his job as a program chair, because I would have to do it the following year, which somehow terrified me. Riona Bernatsky (now Freeman), a good friend with whom I had done my Masters at the U of R and with whom I often sat together at luncheon talks, always found it odd what Kim used to say when he thanked the speaker. He always said "... and now let's thank our speaker in the usual manner". The usual manner? We were never sure if all he meant was to clap or if there was some other secret society stuff that we had not been privy to? Ironically, I found myself saying it from time to time when I was program chair later, and perhaps it is something that needs to be reinstated.

Anyway, the main message of this piece is to pay a little tribute to all that that Kim was to the SGS. He was Vice President of the Society the following year, 1996, and President in 1997 and did an even more commendable job than he did as program chair. As will be noted elsewhere, I am sure, the Society was incredibly near and dear to his heart. He was instrumental to the inner workings of the SGS and always supportive of all that the SGS did, whether that was helping to organize the field trips, driving a van on the field trips, being the key person for the luncheons on the field trips, always partaking in SGS golf tournaments (for many years he was part of the Lynn Kelley-Ryan Morelli-Charlie Harper-Ralf Maxeiner – fivesome – one of us always missing out for one reason or another), AGMs, hosting the golf BBQ on numerous occasions or BBQ'ing at it when Dave was hosting it³, or partaking in the many committees that the SGS has run over the years, not the least of which was MinExpo96, the last Mineral Exploration Conference the Society convened. He was also a member of the original Geological Highway Map committee from 1998-2000 and most recently joined the GeoExplore Saskatchewan committee in 2019, to help turn the printed map into a digital version. Not sure what we will do without you Kim.

¹ In 1992 Barry Edmonson was Program Chair, Phil Reeves Assistant Program Chair

² Kim was Vice President in 1996 (Fred Swanson President), President in 1997 (Ralf Vice President), Assistant Program Chair in 2012 (Lynn Kelley Program Chair), Program Chair 2013 (Murray Rogers Assistant), Program Chair 2018 (Mike Thomas Assistant), 2019 Assistant to Alex Pollard.

³ And from 1996 to 2018 hosting the Annual Carol Singing party at his place, in the early years at his and Deb's home in Regina, and latterly at the house he built in White City.





