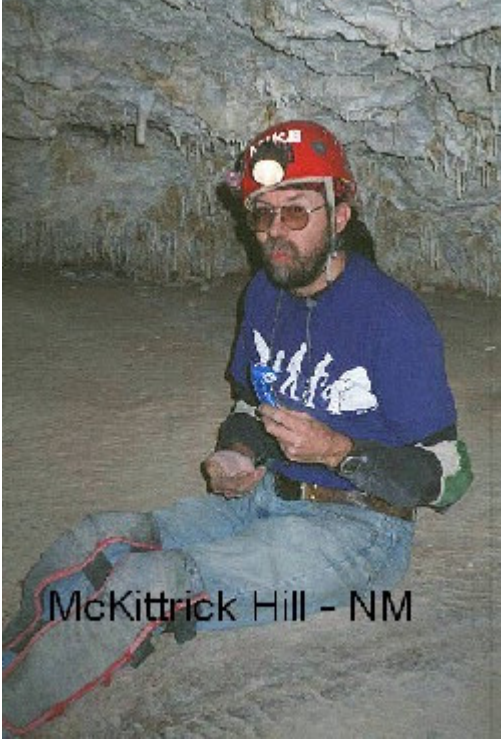


SW REGIONAL - McKITTRICK HILL *by Esty Pape*

Gypsies I know and can think of at the SWR: ET and Hank, Peermans, Belskis, Flemings, Papes. That's 10. I guess I don't know the others. Several of us were sitting on the back of the Peerman's truck, trying to keep from being blown away. ET said we had enough for a meeting. The meeting went something like this: Esty: any old business? Crowd: no. Esty: any new business? Crowd: no. Esty: any announcements? Kathy: yes. Steve and I will soon become more Gypsy-like after we retire and can travel more. End of meeting. Carol led a group into McKittrick Cave. The trip was instigated by Linda Starr, who wanted to take her newish husband Bob Cornish (they were married in Oct) into a cave that didn't require much crawling (Bob is sort of tall). We had: Carol, Linda, Bob, Esty, ET, Hank, and Rob Pape showed up just as we were entering the cave. I had left him a note in the jeep, since he was off digging with Steve Peerman. Carol led us through the cave and we looked at pretties neat dams and damlets, and a couple spots where early miners had polished sections of formations to test for market potential. We mosied and strolled and lolled by a large terraced dam area, then headed out. We had fun. The weekend was very windy, but not too cold or hot. The hills were covered with zillions of small yellow mustard flowers. Very pretty. Esty



McKittrick Hill - NM