

Five-Mile Walk From Deep Drifted Snow to Flying Dust on Road

The Butte Miner

May 9, 1922

Five miles tramping on snowshoes from the deeply drifted Hopes of Bed mountain brought John Kern to the highway where dust was flying when he left hie home for a visit to Butte. Mr. Kern, who is a 100 percent representative of the census on Red Mountain city, arrived yesterday to attend to business matters in the city and to greet old-time friends.

In the current directory of what was once a busy mining camp, Mr. Kern, pioneer of the district, now has things all his own way. The postmaster never quarrels with the patron, and the mayor has the unanimous endorsement of the citizen in all that he does. As a harmonious community it is a model, declares the veteran prospector, who came to the place in 1866, remained three years, and then went on a trip to the east, coming back in 1870 to remain there ever since.

The sturdy pioneer says the snow piles up to a depth of 30 feet in places, but the mountain isn't growing noticeably, as the drifts go away with a rush in the spring and summer to help carry navigation on the Missouri and Mississippi where the water can do most good for floating boats. He admits that it deteriorates for drinking purposes on its way from the mountain to the gulf.

From his home high over the rest of the world Mr. Kern keeps an observant eye on its progress, and looks forward to the day when he can hop away by airplane for a trip to the city. He re. calls with interest the trip one aviator made some 4.000 feet above the peak of Red mountain, and thinks when the new transportation is perfected there will be no inaccessible spot left.

He expects to remain in Butte for a few days.

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