

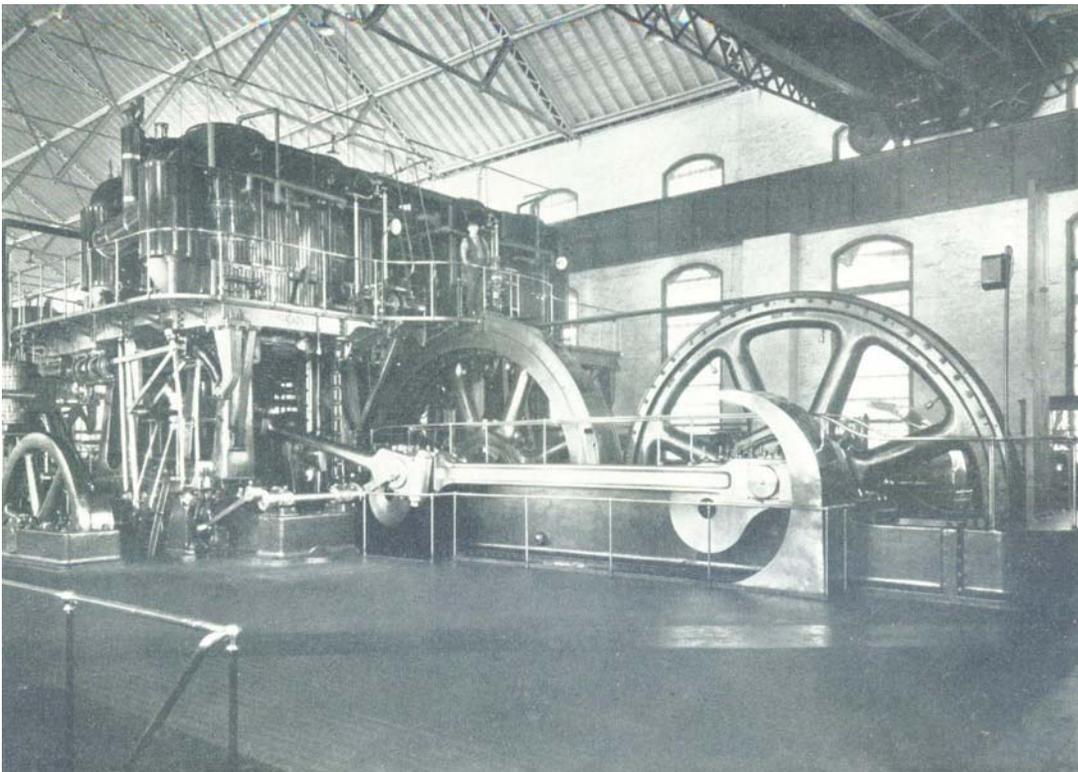
**Here are the 2017 tweets which introduced my grandfather Jefferson Franklin Kern's 1905 "Red Jacket Journal":**

[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 1, 2017

The Binary Power of History's Twin-Wheeled Hoist Engine Now Turns Anew. What Real World Will it Raise From the Depths of Our American Dream?

[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 3, 2017

New header photo is of Red Jacket Shaft "Hoist Engine" circa Turn-Of-20th Century. Larger version can be seen here: <http://tinyurl.com/jhh8ksq>



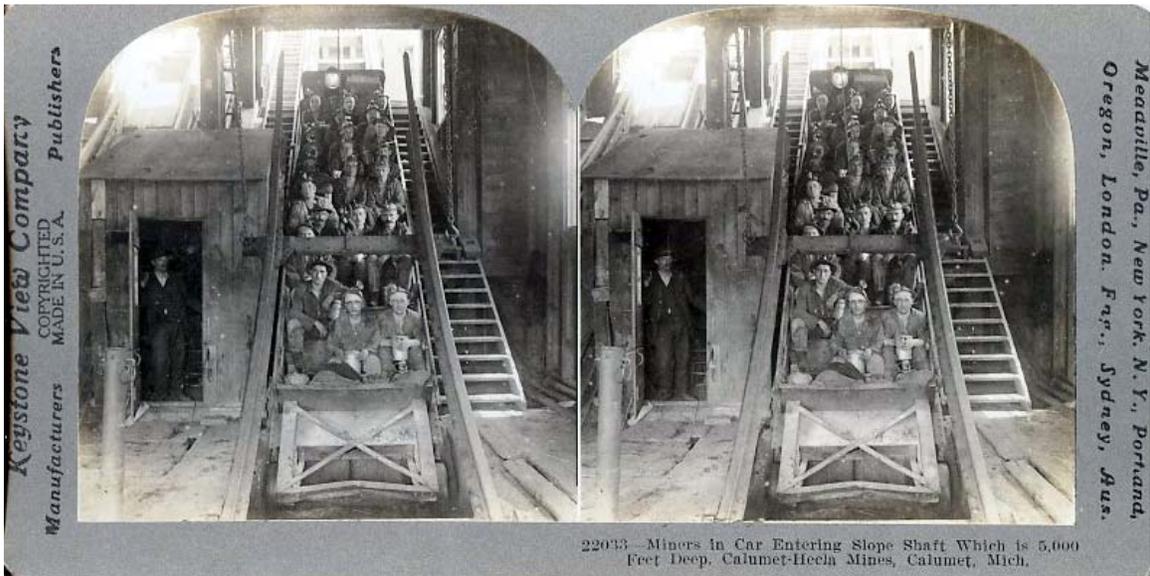
[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 3, 2017

The "Hoist Engine" was part of a mile-deep copper mining complex built in 1899 known as Red Jacket Shaft, seen here: <http://tinyurl.com/hwj178v>



[Havrylak Kern](#) @HavrylakKern Jan 3, 2107

Red Jacket Shaft, located in what is now Calumet, MI, was worked by men like these <http://tinyurl.com/z6nj2yo> and these <http://tinyurl.com/h7rpe5u>





[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 3, 2017

A cameo portrait of my grandfather, who worked at Red Jacket Shaft during its epic production years, is our new profile photo. He's been "hatched" as it were from our prior "Egg Avatar" (whom we will resurrect from time to time whenever the present merits attention). We have travelled back in time to 1905, the year my grandfather's family began the building of Tintagel (see p. 43: <http://tinyurl.com/nrnzkhu>).

**Here (interspersed with a few relevant tweets) are Jefferson Kern's "Red Jacket Journal" entries as they were posted on Twitter during 2017 on the exact same days they were written in 1905:**

Journal Entry 1/6/1905: "An Epiphany! On returning by train from Boston today with three Beacon Hill brahmins, Father presented me with four sealed scrolls containing his 'Revolutionary Design' for an Arthurian Lodge to be christened 'Tintagel' in honor of an ancient family secret whose very existence had been a complete mystery to me. The scrolls are to remain unopened until a ground-breaking ceremony this spring when their transatlantic fellowship will gather in Calumet."

[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 9, 2017

Paraphrasing from Arthur Thurner's *Calumet Copper And People* (1974): "The melting pot was simmering at Calumet by 1897. In 1908 children of 40 nationalities were enrolled in the Calumet public schools. As one visitor wrote after the turn of the century: 'this is an amazing medley of races, in which the American seems fairly lonesome.' Calumet probably had more secret societies than any town of its size in the Upper Peninsula...The benevolent or ethnic aid organizations provided information, insurance, a modicum of social security, and most important of all, dances, picnics, parades, and educational and cultural symposiums. They served to educate immigrants in the ways of American culture...Benefits in sickness and death from these organizations helped many a family survive in a day when no government agencies helped. For lodge members, costumes, banners, passwords, and rituals were important parts of a life that otherwise would have been drab and even hostile, surrounded as members were with people of so many different nationalities."

Journal Entry 1/12/1905: "A Cousin Jack formerly of Nancegollan, Captain Daniel James by name, was struck by a falling ceiling at 33<sup>rd</sup> level stope of Tamarack #4 shaft just north of us yesterday leaving three young children. Services to be held at the Red Jacket Congregational Church this Sunday where Elizabeth has been asked by his widow to sing Wesley's Hymn 49, Rejoice For A Brother Deceased—"There all the ship's company meet who sailed with the Saviour beneath". Hope to take her skating at the Palestra afterwards with Bert and Minnie."

Journal Entry 1/14/1905: "Saw 'The Tempest' at Calumet Theatre with Elizabeth last night and she agreed to go skating at the Palestra tomorrow after paying respects to Captain James widow. I feel inspired by Shakespeare to try my hand at writing something in same vein. A 'Gospel According To Will' perhaps, modeled on the King James version of Mark's Gospel which most scholars believe to be the original synoptic, perhaps even a chronological bridge between Paul's earliest epistles and rest of the New Testament. [#MarcanPriority #4Q521](#)

Journal Entry 1/16/1905: "A Russian sailor on shore leave from his ship in the Portage Canal put on an amazing figure skating exhibition at the Palestra yesterday and after we applauded its artistry he produced from his duffel bag a yellowed 1855 issue of 'Polyarnaya Zvezda' published in London by Alexander Herzen's Free Russian Press that had predicted Mother Russia's coming storm. Pleading in broken english for asylum from the Czar's corrupt and tottering regime, he feared that violent revolution may finally be imminent in the wake of their army's surrender to Japan at Port Arthur. We found him shelter with a generous immigrant family from Finland living now in Swedetown. Welcome to America, Nikolai. Let it be your new 'Polar Star'."

[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 18, 2017

Paraphrasing from “Boom Copper” by Angus Murdoch (1943): “Not until Tom Edison and his electric light needed copper wire would the Nation be greatly concerned with the red metal. In the 1840s, copper enjoyed a sub-luxury status. But the rush of 1843 gave the young United States one of its first glimpses of the mineral riches which lay beneath its wildernesses and Michigan copper occurred in the only type of deposit which could have been much value in a day of primitive metallurgy. From 1843 to the 1920s, Michigan was the only place on earth where pure native copper was found in commercial quantities. But even in the days of its greatest triumphs, the Copper Country managed to remain isolated on the brim of nowhere.”

[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 19, 2017

More from Angus Murdoch’s “Boom Copper”: “Progressive citizens of the elegant 1880s snapped on their newfangled electric lights with no idea that the electricity traveled on wire drawn from Lake copper. But the engineers who built the early electric systems had paid a premium price for the purity of Michigan copper and so knew the source of the metal very well indeed.”

Journal Entry 1/20/1905: “Walloped by a freezing blizzard from the north last night so I had to snowshoe from Tamarack to my day shift at Red Jacket Shaft. Whiteness shrouded everything like some ‘grand hooded phantom, a snow hill in the air’ as Melville wrote of his leviathan. Thinking about ‘The Gospel According To Will’ while breaking trail, I tried a Will-like line aloud, ‘Fie upon you, avalanche express!’, and liked the sound of it. After lunch, while pulling brass pipes from the hoist engine’s steam condenser, I may have compromised the location of ‘Excelsior’, Father’s old fissure mine at Lost Lake whose native red metal was the secret source of that youthful wealth he invested in C & H through a Boston bank. The purifying flakes falling everywhere reminded me of an albino stag I’d spied near the Excelsior’s hidden entrance while out bow hunting last November and when I told Johnny Chynoweth he flashed a frontier gaze which made me worry whether he’ll be exploring that very area come next spring. ‘Fie upon I?’”

Journal Entry 1/21/1905: “It was ‘love at first sight for 18 year old Jenny Fitzgerald within a Seneca Falls Wesleyan Chapel back in the summer of 1848’, Mother told me on her deathbed. ‘And Japheth felt it too which is why I eloped with him from New York to Michigan.’ She had assembled for Women’s Rights where it all began then moved to Lake Superior’s shore like some frontier suffragette, to become a schoolteacher and poet who gave birth at the age of fifty, christening me Jefferson Franklin Kern. Happy Birthday, Mom!” [#WomensMarch](#)

[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 23, 2017

Paraphrasing more from Angus Murdoch’s “Boom Copper”: “By the end of 1849, the nation began to take the distant boom camp seriously and with good reason. All in all, the Copper Country produced better than a million and a half pounds of the red metal in 1849, at least 85% of all the copper got out in the United States. Now the whalers and

clipper ships building on eastern ways could have their bottoms sheathed with American copper.”

Journal Entry 1/25/1905: “Visited the C & H Library on my day off this morning and saw dark smoke billowing <http://tinyurl.com/jyk5emm> from the Superior and Hecla Engine House stacks only to settle back earthward not far away. Many people I passed were coughing and soon so was I. Checked out a copy of Dickens ‘Bleak House’ and felt right at home while reading Ch. 1 after lunch. Is this smoky air healthy?”

Journal Entry 1/26/1905: “I saw Manuela G. laboring over her book again at the Chestnut Street Café in Tamarack today and asked her how it was coming. ‘Word has it the Osceola Mine trammers are going on strike soon for a 10% wage increase,’ she said so I wished them good luck. She smiled and replied: ‘Find sanctuary in the pink, my friend, good health and spirits, for God is with us. And say Hi to Minnie!’”

[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 29, 2017

From Arthur Thurner’s “Calumet Copper And People”: “In 1900, Houghton County had 66,023 residents; of these, 28,150 were born in other countries. The foreign born included Finnish, English, French-Canadian, Austrians, Italians, Germans, Swedish, Irish, Norwegian, Polish, Scottish, Hungarian, French, Swiss, Russian, Chinese and other Asiatics, Danish, Welsh, Australian, Belgian, Bohemian, Greek, Dutch, West Indian and more. By 1920, Lithuanians, Mexicans, Rumanians, Syrians, Armenians and Bulgarians also appeared in the Houghton County census.”

[Havrylak Kern](#) [@HavrylakKern](#) Jan 31, 2017

Here’s a large “Panorama” of 1905 Calumet. Red Jacket Shaft can be seen in the distance just to the right of center: <http://tinyurl.com/zrq4jqf>

Journal Entry 2/1/1905:

“Grief-stricken news from Nikolai at the Chestnut Street Café last night. Czar’s troops fired on demonstrators at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg 10 days ago. 100s dead. Russians calling it ‘Bloody Sunday’. Nikolai said the protests must go on.”

Journal Entry 2/3/1905: “Calumet hockey team returned home after playing 3 games with American and Canadian Soo. Beat Canadians twice and lost to Americans. Names still withheld on those two men killed at No. 5 Tamarack last week. Started reading ‘Into The Primitive’, chapter 1 of Jack London’s ‘The Call Of The Wild’ published last year. First line caught my attention: ‘Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing’.”

Journal Entry 2/5/1905: “Rode the street car to see Bess in Lake Linden today. At a brief stop in Laurium to load passengers, a young boy playing in the snow of an adjoining field

drop-kicked his football clear over our train then ran to fetch it before we departed. I yelled out to him through the window as he passed: "Nice kick, Kid! What's your name?" "Gipp," he replied with a wink. "George Gipp."

[Havrylak Kern](#) (@HavrylakKern) Feb 7, 2017

On the "Keweenaw Anomaly" (paraphrasing from Angus Murdoch's "Boom Copper"): "Science doubted the very existence of the type of copper deposited in Michigan. Copper in its pure, native form had been found so rarely that it was considered a freak. The British Museum, then the largest institution of its kind, hadn't a single specimen of native copper in all its endless rows of display cases. The first really experienced miners to work the Keweenaw deposits were the Cornishmen who left England with generations of tin and copper mining experience behind them. A newly arrived Cousin Jack on his first trip underground was always amazed at the sight of solid chunks of copper. No wonder Michigan's strangely pure metal baffled all who saw it. Nothing like it had ever been seen before."

Journal Entry 2/12/1905: "Ever since Marconi transmitted that transatlantic signal from Cornwall to Newfoundland in 1901, Father's been all up in arms about the 'alchemical properties' of Keweenaw copper. That and Mother's death have turned him into a world traveler and I just received daguerreotype prints of his copper crystal collection from the Carlton Hotel in San Francisco where he's visiting with fellow stock exchange 'Bostonians'. He asked me to pick my favorites and categorize each as either 'In God We Trust' or 'Liberty' with 'no fence-sitting'. 'The feng shui placement of these crystals will play an essential part in the design and building of Tintagel come spring,' he wrote. I must confess that here in Calumet I have no idea what this means but I do know that something strange happened at the old Excelsior Mine during my childhood that Father would never talk about and this imminent building of Tintagel may be about all that."

Journal Entry 2/15/1905: "Cold and stormy. John Coppo killed in level 59 of Red Jacket Shaft. 1<sup>st</sup> man killed in the stopes there. Large fire in 5<sup>th</sup> Street Red Jacket. Mrs. Bennett's millinery, Nathan Ruttenburg's clothing and Closso's confectionary all suffered losses. When Bess said she loved my valentine and kissed me on the cheek last night in the Calumet Theatre lobby after watching Eulalia Bennet in Hearts Of Maryland, I felt like Buck as London described him near the end of The Call Of The Wild: 'Life streamed through him in splendid flood, glad and rampant, until it seemed that it would burst asunder in sheer ecstasy and pour forth generously over the world.' Remember to thank my matchmaker sister, Minnie, for introducing me to Elizabeth over Christmas vacation. She could be the one."

Journal Entry 2/17/1905: "Warmer but storming some, sunshine at intervals. Mrs. Vic Engstrom composed 'The Hockey Two-Step'. Go Calumet!"

Journal Entry 2/22/1905: "Warmer and beautiful. Sunshine all day. It's George Washington's birthday, all general stores and meat markets are closed. In honor of the

holiday, my 'I Cannot Tell A Lie' confession is this: tonight in 1889, I watched as an 8 year old boy, three ships, if ships they were, hover momentarily over the great Superior Stack on Mine Street before ascending swiftly upward in triangular formation with blinking lights then head slowly lakeward toward the Apostle Islands with nary a sound. When I told Father he chuckled: "Who do think led us to this Promised Land, young Banbury cheese?" Telling me then about Delaware's boarding house where Horace Greeley once slept after sailing into Eagle Harbor in 1847 and wondering whether I too would 'Go West' when I became a man." [#WashingtonsBirthday](#)

Journal Entry 2/25/1905: "Sunshine all day, brisk west wind blowing. Street railway men laid off as of 1:30 AM for joining Union strike which is still on for 5:30 PM. Trammers of the Osceola Mine on strike for an advancement of 10% in wages just as Manuela told me at the Chestnut Tree Café a month ago. James Rowe shot by a nonunion man and seriously injured. Will things get as violent here as they did in mining towns out west when unions started organizing? Might be a good thing I didn't listen to Horace Greeley and stayed here in Calumet."

Journal Entry 3/4/1905: "Cloudy and cold. President Roosevelt inaugurated today. "A Millionaire Tramp" at the Calumet Theatre, sad ending."

Journal Entry 3/8/1905: "I rode a streetcar to Elizabeth's home in Lake Linden where she told me 'I'm going places! Wanna come along?' She showed me a photo of her as a girl with her bicycle then and we stole a secret kiss." <http://tinyurl.com/z4lzy2f>  
[#InternationalWomensDay](#)



Journal Entry 3/12/1905: “ ‘Met a writer named John W. Taylor in London,’ writes Father from Dublin. ‘Remember that old Cornish mining song “Joseph was a tin man”?’ Well Taylor has written a whole chapter about St. Joseph and Glastonbury in a book called “Coming Of The Saints” to be published there next year. He cites legends that Joseph of Arimathea was a tin trader who brought Jesus to Cornwall when he was but a child only to return years later with the “Holy Grail” that once held blood from his crucifixion to preach Christ’s Gospel in Britain before he was buried at Glastonbury with those Hebrew saints who accompanied him from the Holy Land. Far as I can tell, the whole theory hinges on the authenticity of something called the “Melchini Fragmentum”, written by a Welsh bard named Melkyn around the time in which Gildas, gold standard

historian of that era, himself lived. It was supposedly discovered in the Glastonbury library though there seems to be a scholarly dispute over all that with some calling it a pious fraud compiled from a tangled scriptorium web of medieval mistranslations, interpolations and other linguistic what have yous. I may be on the Emerald Isle, but I'm no Wizard of Oz when it comes to the poetry of religion (by the way, did you know that L. Frank Baum wrote his populist political allegory downstate at Lake Macatawa?). Anyway, the gist of the story is that Christian missionaries followed an ancient tin trade route north through Gaul up the Rhone River from Marseilles to Arles or Lyon then on horseback to Brittany before sailing the English Channel to Cornwall and Taylor cites archaeological evidence to support his thesis. Phoenician Jewish merchants had been sailing to Cornwall from the Mediterranean for tin in centuries prior after all. Prepare to crack the first scroll's seal for Tintagel's design, Jefferson, as I'll be returning home soon to break ground on its foundation. What do you think of a yellow brick sidewalk right up to the front door?' In related news to Father's letter, I read at the Calumet Library that Rene Menard, a French Jesuit missionary from Quebec, was the first European on record to visit this area, canoeing into Keweenaw Bay with fellow French fur traders where he established his "Mission of the Holy Ghost" near L'Anse in the fall of 1660 before disappearing in a snowy wilderness soon after. Did Rene follow the '3 Ships' there too?"

Journal Entry 3/16/1905: "Foggy in the morning, sunshine in afternoon, warmer all day & thawing. Minnie made fudge & had success with it."

Journal Entry 3/18/1905: "St. Patrick's Day celebration today instead of yesterday and 'Captain Jack' was played at the Calumet Theatre by home talent in honor of the holiday. Father's telegram arrived yesterday from Plymouth, England saying he sailed from Wexford to Cornwall 'just like Tristan' and brought along a stout pint of Guinness for his 'Solo Love Potion sans Isolde'. Citing 'The Irish Liber Hymnorum' recently anthologized by two Dublin scholars which includes the 'Deer's Cry' or 'Lorica of St. Patrick', he explained the 'Lorica' was a breastplate the saint wore to protect him from an enemy ambush by making him appear as a "fawn". It served, as the hymn's preface states, as 'a guard to him against sudden death'. 'Deer's Cry' ends with St. Patrick invoking the 'Trinity' and singing his belief in that threeness and oneness 'meeting in the Creator'. I arose today from dreams of the white deer I saw last November near Father's old fissure mine and those 3 Ships flying as one in V-formation like the migratory geese of spring and fall." #FaethFiada

Journal Entry 3/23/1905: "Foggy and rain all day. Worked 11 hour shift. Precinct caucuses held last night. Funeral to be held for John Bree who died from an air blast at Hecla No. 13 on Tuesday. Lake Linden baseball line-up in this morning's paper and I took the 7 P.M. train there to attend an entertainment given by Bess where I met her two younger sisters, Ruth and Dora. You can hear the C & H stamp mills pounding beside Torch Lake from their house up on the hill. Her father Thomas, who grew up at Cliff Mine, works there as a mill runner for cars filled with copper ore that roll down the ridge from Calumet and it was he who crafted the colourful stain glass window of an antlered deer set into their home's front door. After a venison pasty dinner, Bess and her two sisters sang harmony at the piano."

Journal Entry 4/10/1905: "Father sent a brief wire from New York City this morning where he's sailed from Plymouth: 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it'. Expecting Tintagel's architect to arrive in Calumet soon." #Psalm127 #4Q521

Journal Entry 4/13/1905: "America's Revolutionary Architect born today: experimental naturalist of Monticello, original book lender to the Library of Congress, and author (with help from James Madison) of the American Constitution's first and greatest Amendment. Renewed my subscription to the Mining Gazette this morning and wrote a letter to the editor asking them to stick to the facts on the worker strikes now in progress. Father wired he'll arrive here by train on 'Shakespeare's Birthday' whose actual date appears to be a matter of contention among those in the know which reminds me I've got to get back to working on 'The Gospel According To Will'. Still stuck in Mark's prologue. What does it mean to be baptized by the 'Holy Ghost'? Still looking for some miner's lamplight at the end of my adit."

Journal Entry 4/28/1905: "Heard the word today from Minnie. Father arrived by ship last Sunday and checked into the Milwaukee House hotel's 'Honeymoon Suite' overlooking Portage Canal from Tezcuco Street in Hancock. She says he's flush with cash and is escorting a new bride from Penzance, Cornwall who has brought through customs a pet parrot named Gilberte who chirps risqué pirate librettos about the late Queen Victoria. Their lime-colored bedroom is said to be haunted by a Jesuit ghost leering green-eyed out of purgatory's mist."

Journal Entry 5/6/1905: "Cloudy, windy and cold all day. Arbor Day observed. Rope on sinking engine broke this morning. 25 men on cage but both cages caught in the shaft. No one seriously hurt. Duluth beat Calumet 14-10 in baseball game. Page pitched. Polish celebration today and a drama at Italian Hall. Wrote a letter to Baltic then went down to see my sister Bessie in the evening. She says a "tornado has come to town", it being Father, who told her the official groundbreaking for Tintagel will be Sunday May 14<sup>th</sup>. Am expected to attend."

Journal Entry 5/16/1905: "The Grail Quest Fellowship broke ground for Tintagel on Sunday at the corner of 7<sup>th</sup> and Pine within view of Red Jacket Shaft where I changed a rope on the water engine today. Father dug the first shovel of dirt for 'Hiram the Great Architect' and then buried a spherical ingot of pure copper from the old Excelsior Mine as the foundation's cornerstone. 'If from Shem came Jesus and from Ham came Mohammed then who from Japheth came?' he asked and his new bride, Anna Perenna Mirabilis added: 'Or has yet to come.' She then spoke about 'Our Grail Hero task of freeing the waters to heal our ailing Fisher King and that wasteland he has inherited which like rain must fall in discrete droplets rather than a continuous flood.' I thought of that nursery rhyme about 'the man all tattered and torn and the maiden all that Mother had referred to in her poem 'Japheth's Lost Theology of the West', written at Copper Falls years before I was born. I was chosen to break the seal on the first of four scrolls containing Tintagel's 'Revolutionary Design' and intuited it's binary premise as I read it

aloud for I recognized in it's probabalistic bipolar mechanism that twin-wheeled hoist engine at Red Jacket Shaft. Could the very stuff of life be animated by electronic properties?" #AnnusMirabilis #Tintagel #4Q521

Journal Entry 5/20/1905: "Rain fell all week leading to a Thursday thunderstorm that sparked fierce lightning while Father huddled at his honeymoon suite in Hancock, studying Tintagel's first scroll with Anna. Many rumours now circulating through Calumet about last Sunday's groundbreaking ceremony, especially among other secret societies, most of whom are relying on eyewitness accounts from various observers who watched from a distance and have very different tales to tell. If every picture speaks a thousand words, which one rings the closest to true? Am taking Bess to see 'The Little Outcast' at Calumet Theatre tonight in which a young actress reportedly plays the part of Bob the newsboy. I think she'll like it."

Journal Entry 5/29/1905: "Last week, Father sent me an engraved invitation for my 25<sup>th</sup> birthday, printed 'JEFFERSON FRANKLIN KERN' in copper leaf, the occasion of which our family celebrated today in Calumet on the grounds where Tintagel is to be built and where we plotted out the 720 degree shape of its revolutionary foundation. "Heads or Tails?" Father asked and flipped a 1905 silver quarter into the air which I caught in my palm and flipped over. Under the words 'In God We Trust' was a bust of laurel-crowned Lady Liberty surrounded by 13 stars and her profile reminded me of Mother's. Were she alive today, she might have christened Father's work-in-progress 'The House of Boston Jack' in honor of that westward-travelling man she fell in love with over 50 years ago in Seneca Falls. But Anna is Father's wife now and she left us mesmerized by reciting this inscrutable 'Grail Quest' couplet: 'Holy Toledo, Kyot/It's A Transformational Camelot' while kissing me on each cheek. An ardent conservationist, she said she's begun a correspondence with Gifford Pinchot, first chief of the U.S. Forest Service, as appointed by President Roosevelt last February, in hopes of turning large tracts of Michigan's Upper Peninsula into a National Forest. I felt a springwind blowing in off Lake Superior and thought of our sailboat in winter dry dock at the Eagle Harbor Marina. I can't wait for our first summer gathering at the family camp in Copper Falls and a strong offshore breeze. But today the wind was generated by Bess. She rode her wheel all the way from Lake Linden to attend my birthday party and on arriving, Anna, looking first her way then mine, sang a verse from a popular English song called 'Daisy Bell': 'You lead, I'll follow after/The path flies by as you and I/Ride a bicycle built for two'. Father reminded me that I had called tails then crowned me 'heraldic eagle for the day' and I felt happy enough to fly everyone to the moon." #Tintagel #4Q521

Journal Entry 7/4/1905: "June 9 physics paper says sunlight falls like fireworks, not in perpetual flow, but what this means I do not know."

Journal Entry 7/5/1905: "Mr. Einstein's revolutionary hypothesis on the bipolar nature of light's transformation became a eureka moment for me at dawn with a photoelectric flash of how copper wire, charged by radiant energy, emit electrons which give us sunlight at night."

Journal Entry 7/11/1905: “Our pudding stone foundation for Tintagel, begun on July 4<sup>th</sup>, was forged into place at noon, the conglomerate welded together by bonfires which burned all week. It’s twin helical structure, designed by geometric compass, seems to have a life of it’s own like some self-replicating beanstalk vine up to heaven (though Father says it will be but 3 stories high). Got back to work on ‘The Gospel According To Will’ as Tintagel’s carpentry proceeds, dreaming of a 1906 Calumet Theatre premiere for my first play which now seems to be taking on a life of it’s own in verse through turning verse.” [#TheHouseThatJackBuilt](#) [#4Q521](#)

Journal Entry 7/26/1905: “Bankers from lower Michigan visited mines and mills yesterday and met privately with Father. Earthquake shock at 6:30 PM an hour after breaking my front bicycle wheel on ride home from Red Jacket Shaft. Many fallen chimneys and broken windows.” [#Keweenaw Fault](#) [#KeweenawanRift](#)

Journal Entry 7/29/1905: “Nikolai suggested at Chestnut Street Cafe today that a foreign power set off an underground bomb on Wednesday.”

Journal Entry 8/12/1905: “Father hired me on as framing carpenter for Tintagel’s 1<sup>st</sup> floor. Wrote Ch. 1 of ‘The Gospel According To Will’.”

Journal Entry 8/13/1905: “Father showed me the octagonal floor plan of Jefferson’s Poplar Forest retreat today.”

Journal Entry 9/12/1905: “ ‘The Morlocks are at it again,’ chuckled Father yesterday after another underground explosion shook Calumet for the 2<sup>nd</sup> straight weekend, just as he had on Labour Day at our summer camp in Copper Falls while unrolling the parchment scrolls of his ‘Revolutionary Design’ for Tintagel from that branded fawn’s hide in which they’d been wrapped. He was chiding that futuristic race of underground albinos in H.G. Wells *The Time Machine* before presiding over a solemn Masonic ceremony in honor of Hiram Abiff, their legendary slain architect, in order to consecrate the first two stories of Tintagel whose rough-carpenter’d frame, with it’s iron pair of spiral staircases, now rises two stories from those ten foot tall twin pillars of that copper-speckled conglomerate foundation forged in July around which was then mortar’d a circular basement perimeter wall made of Jacobsville sandstone. ‘Einstein’s 2<sup>nd</sup> physics paper reveals that Democritus has been vindicated! Brownian motion, uncertainty at an atomic level, coming quickly this way and that like Solomon’s Young Deer on the Mountain of Spices, pointing to an evolving form of composition for our beloved Tintagel and whatever else may follow.’ He then held up my C&H paycheck with its antlered deer cameo for my carpentry labor which I’m spending on a new bicycle for Bess.”

Journal Entry 9/29/1905: “I rode the noon train to visit Father & Anna at the Douglass House Hotel in Houghton where they’ve relocated into one of its twin turret apartments overlooking the Portage Canal. He told me that ‘as we move to the third floor of Tintagel’s framework it will be the Grail Quest Fellowship’s role to integrate the placement of my copper crystals from the Excelsior Mine into an alignment which will optimize the wireless signaling that Marconi demonstrated in 1901.’ Father believes this

design was mapped out centuries ago in musical notation on a fawn skin branded by esoteric symbols whose starry hide reveals a 'New Heaven' of which I'm to tell no one of."

Journal Entry 10/6/1905: "The Grail Quest Fellowship is headed for our Copper Falls camp this weekend to hunt partridge and evaluate the Excelsior Mine copper crystal collection which Father has gathered over the years. 'Einstein's 3rd paper was just published by *Annalen der Physik*,' he confided to me at the Chestnut Street Cafe this morning. 'On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies postulates that space and time spin like the twin wheels of a four dimensional continuum and there can be no reality to the concept of absolute rest so let's keep our movement alive I say. New frontiers beckon! Excelsior!' Father now thinks copper crystals can be grown by using electricity."

Journal Entry 12/31/1905: "Winter snowshoed in Klondike cold with the 'White Silence' of Jack London's Malemute Kid today along with a Christmas card from Mauch Chunk sent by mother's brother Uncle John who works in the coal mines of eastern Pennsylvania. He invited me to visit him next year and I think I will. Rough carpentry's been completed on Tintagel and the unfinished 3<sup>rd</sup> floor, with its seven gables, will one day become an open library commons for Grail Quest researchers here & abroad. With its exterior structure now complete the winter of 1906 will be devoted to Tintagel's interior work and our family gathered on Christmas Day at Father's Victorian cupola atop Houghton's Douglass House which Anna had decorated in a Dickensian tableau of Gilded Age excess that I was unsure how to interpret. 'Remember this special formula, son,' Father advised me beneath the mistletoe in a nook of the sweltering kitchen just after our Christmas Prayer. 'E = MC squared! Relative motion alone is measurable so let's not rest on our laurels in the coming year. Time is rushing us through space and there are enormous amounts of power in small amounts of stuff as the inertia of every body depends on its energy-content so we must summon up our own unique reserves of spiritual energy for those challenges this coming year will bring to the great work ahead'." [#HappyNewYear](#)

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