

August 16, 2022  
Jersey City, NJ to Connellsville, PA

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We awoke to a bright day on the beach and took an early plunge into a cold and turbulent Atlantic to sharpen our senses.

Our first stop today was at the Milcom Memorial Reading Room in Jersey City at MANA Contemporary, which currently houses the library of the late, great Learned “Hogfoot” Milcom, the man responsible for reviving ESTAR and SER, and giving new life to the organized and dogged research effort into the history of the Order of the Third Bird.

In addition to Hogfoot’s library, the Reading Room contains a number of objects from the so-called ‘W-Cache,’ the collection of objects in the archives of ESTAR(SER) believed to be artifacts of the Order of the Third Bird. The FRYE TRUNK was among these objects, and we picked our way through the Reading Room to start loading it up into the research vehicle.

It was to our great disadvantage, however, to arrive on a Sunday, when MANA operates with a skeleton crew – *ipso facto* we could not acquire a dolly to transport the Trunk down four stories and then the several hundred yards to the RV. But whether inborn, or honed in our work as affiliates of ESTAR(SER), there happened to be a great deal of ingenuity between the three of us, and with only a lick of elbow grease we wangled a shopping cart from a nearby kitchen on the double. And in spite of a mulish front wheel, four trips later the Trunk and all of its parts were safely into the cargo hull. And none of us even broken a sweat!



G. Willikers (left) and Orrin S. Underwood (right) packing up the Frye Trunk



Before we left, we invoked the spirit of Hogfoot by practicing his bibliomancy, a fortune telling game he had devised and exercised almost daily. We blindly pulled a book from the shelf, flipped to a random page, and pointed to a random sentence to get an answer to our question, “Will we find the Birds this time?” The bottom right of page 163 of E.J. Holmyard’s *Alchemy* yielded this response:

*“The language of symbolism affords much scope for the exercise of the imagination and holds many pitfalls.”*

Indeed. And with that, we were off.



*Orrin S. Underwood cruising across America*