

A.D. Royster News Letter No 6

The Great Guessing Game: An Exercise for the Small of Mind

After the publication and widespread Internet dissemination of our last collector's newsletter, we were literally swamped by emails from collectors.

Our viewer numbers soared to 1125 the first day, 1589 the second and 2573 the third! Most of these were from collectors who found the comments revealing and who are now beginning to seriously query the originality of products being offered by dealers whose honesty is coming more and more into question.

And as an aside here, there is no such thing as a "*Feldherrnhalle* dagger." This is the standard '*SA-Führerdolch Model 1937*' and can be found clearly covered in '*Der SA Mann, Kampfblatt der Obersten SA.-Führung der NSDAP: 1938 Nr. 47 s. 4*'

The initial contract was for 5,000 and at the outbreak of the Second World War, approximately half this number, 2,500 had been issued to SA officers.

The dagger is made of lightweight metal and is dull silver in finish. The hilt is made of a brown bakelite (only!) and German records, now in the *Bundesarchiv* in Koblenz do not show *any* of these being made with 'Damascus blades' or 'ivory handles.'

I will be doing an article on this soon enough. Specimens being offered to the public with fancy blades, raised gold lettering and so on are not original to the period and, as I said earlier, made up for a dealer.

We also know that the elegant parchment official documents for the Knights Cross and its fittings are being made to order and are complete with a fancy leather cover or *mappe*. (Here is a German word that Herr Maerz might like to translate for his many fans!) Most, if not all, of these recent fakes are for SS officers, panzer people and *Luftwaffe* aces. There is a relatively simple test to find out if the one you bought for enough money to buy a house is original to the period

or recently made to enrich a dealer and enable him to avoid the gaze of the dread IRS!

As another aside, Jimmy Atwood's 'Damascus Presentation SS (or SA) Daggers' that have the name 'Müller' on them and with raised letters are *not* genuine Damascus but are acid-etched and the raised gold letters are put on with epoxy! I will also be covering these shortly.

The famous 'SS Presentation Damascus Himmler Letter Opener' was one of Jimmy's most successful, and entertaining, inventions.

Now as to the guessing game I spoke of at the head of this.

The 'Wehrmacht Awards' site is spinning its wheels trying to find out who I really am! The postings are so funny that I read them regularly to keep my bowels open.

Here I am, someone who goes to all the shows of note, both in the United States and in Europe and while there, speak often to many of the dealers who now are screaming with rage about my comments on their aggregation of glittering fakes.

And an Exalted Moderator on this site claims I promoted a "fake Luftwaffe standard." I saw it and he did not. Since the author of this rant has a huge collection of totally reproduction general and panzer assault badges, I rather think that his ability to discern wheat from chaff is very low indeed. However, the smaller the intellect, the louder the mouth!

And I note that the notorious "Kesselring baton" was strangely absent from the 'Show of Shows.!' So many disappointed collectors weeping silently in corners.

But I must say that I was entertained by speaking with a major dealer who told me what a real *swine* A.D. Royster was and that they had his *real* address in France! Did they find this with a brilliant anagram? Next, dowsing rods will come into play and some poor creature who gets coffee for the dealers, will assure them that A.D. Royster is *really* Saul Slatkin of the Bronx who runs a cut-rate briss parlor.

Many enemies, much honor!

And I see mention of the name of the late Don Frailey who *positively knew* who I really was!

Mr. Frailey was a neighbor of mine in Woodside. I reside at the lower end of Bear Gulch Road and Frailey lived up at the top, on Skyline Boulevard to be exact. I should note that the brilliant engineer, Herr Maertz (he designed the Edsel) claims there is no such road but apparently he has no map or he would go back to touting pot metal Knights Crosses and Souval copies.

Frailey was a *Kriegsmarine* collector and when he found out that I have a very rare *Kriegsmarine* land unit standard, he decided that I would sell this to him.

One afternoon, I saw someone standing at the gate to my driveway, rattling the metal gate back and forth. I had seen Frailey at a local militaria show and had no intention of letting him in.

It was of no great concern to me that Frailey had been incarcerated in the State of California's penal system for setting a judge's car on fire but he was an ill-educated, boorish individual and I had no interest in having him as a guest.

My sister, who was visiting me, heard him calling up to the house and asked me whatever the noise was all about.

I told her, truthfully as it turned out, that a neighbor's pet donkey had gotten out of their yard and was trying to get into my greenhouse.

Poor Frailey, touted as a lauded expert by the Wehrmacht comic opera cast, got into a drag race up on Skyline with a younger, and stronger, person who eventually grabbed poor Don, tore the keys out of his car and threw them down into a ravine.

Boiling with rage, Frailey had to walk three miles home and had a fatal heart attack while screaming into his phone. A truly Wagnerian end to a great life.

Another sterling expert gone to the Great Military Show in the sky!