

# Lost Treasures

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Entertainment

## Midnight Facts for Insomniacs

### Podcast Transcript

**(Note: transcript consists of episode outline)**

This topic snuck up on me, I didn't think it was going to be chosen so I hadn't bothered forming an opinion one way or the other. I didn't *not* wanna do it, I was agnostic about this topic. This subject for me is like Lil Yachty. I'm aware of its existence, but I have not looked into the subject. And Unless someone forces me to, I'm going to keep it that way. But the discord forced me to, so here we are, and I'm happy they did. there was one of these in particular that I found really fascinating. We're talking today about lost treasures. I've never been a bling guy, I don't care about jewelry, I'm not really interested in adorning my body with rocks and minerals. I don't really get it. But you're slightly more into this stuff, you have some rings, are you interested in the subject of jewelry and treasures?

**Scepter of dagobert**

The Scepter of Dagobert was one of the first treasures to be included in the collection known as the French Crown Jewels, and looking into this subject gave me the opportunity to research the term "Crown Jewels" because I honestly didn't know exactly what Crown Jewels were, other than having heard the term many times. I'm familiar with family jewels, and I know they're not the same. So I've heard the term mostly in relation to the British Crown Jewels. Turns out they're not just jewels, they are valuable, frequently jewel-encrusted objects, often *including* a crown. Which doesn't make sense to me because you can have jewels *on* a crown, but those are not the Crown Jewels. It's very counterintuitive. Crown Jewels for a royal family typically include crowns, orbs, diamond-and-ruby studded anal beads, and scepters. I might've gotten one of those wrong. Not sure which. Btw I also didn't know what orbs were. Those sound like anal beads, but they're unrelated. I had *seen* them in photos and paintings, but I thought they were hollow containers. I was confusing them with censers—c-e-n-s-e-r-s—those metal canisters filled with incense that priests swing around during services. But orbs are just orbs. Circular objects with crosses on top, made of valuable metals. They supposedly represent the earth, or a globe, with

the cross on top symbolizing god's dominion over the world. So Crown Jewels are iconic treasures, they're artifacts with a theme, often featuring colors or patterns associated with a particular royal family. The French Crown Jewels were symbols of the French aristocracy for over a thousand years, from the mid 700s to the late 1800s, and at one point included the massive blue diamond known as the French blue which would eventually be stolen and carved down into the hope diamond, and which is now on display in the Smithsonian Natural History Museum in Washington DC. Another thing I had heard of but had no real knowledge about. I would have guessed it was still a crown jewel, but it's in America, where we don't have a royal family except for the Kardashians. They don't have crown jewels, they just have big asses. Unless you count as jewels a collection of limited edition Yeezys.

Often described as the oldest treasure in the French Crown Jewels, the scepter of Dagobert was supposedly crafted by the master goldsmith Saint Eligius for King Dagobert the First, the last great Merovingian king, leader of Austrasia—did we just enter Narnia? That was a lot of exotic and unfamiliar words—Austrasia was a kingdom in the early Middle Ages

made up of the bulk of France and chunks of modern day Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands. Has nothing to do with Australia or Asia, it's basically just a giant lie of a word. The scepter dates from the 7th century and was stored in a Parisian church called the Basilica of Saint-Denis (den-ee, maybe? It looks like saint Dennis but I'm not going with that. Doesn't sound very French. "Bonjour. Je m'appelle Dennis." until it disappeared in 1795. The scepter was composed of three parts, and made of filigreed gold. The top of the scepter featured a hand holding the world with a statue of a bird on top. Supposedly. That's not really what it looks like in the artistic renderings. It looks like a pigeon squatting on a vase being clutched by what is either an alien or a skeleton. The hand is emaciated and creepy. I'll post a picture of it to our free-to-join discord community. Some people think you have to pay to join discord. Not the case. So when it comes to the chances of finding this thing, there are no clues or leads, no one has any idea where it could be. I think most people also wouldn't even know that it's valuable, it's pretty shitty to be honest. Some objects are just valuable because they're old and gold.

## The three brothers

This next one is also kind of shitty, in my opinion, but what do I know. I'm just saying if I saw someone wearing this thing I would not be jealous.

Picture a blueish pyramid-shaped diamond surrounded by three rectangular red slabs with some pearls sort of crammed in the gaps. The way the pyramid is jutting out from its setting is aggressive, btw, it looks like it could be weaponized, like you could stab someone with this thing. That's a bourgie way to go out. Stabbed by a diamond. The diamond is dark blue and considering the pyramid shape it doesn't look diamondish at all. The whole thing is unwieldy, but very valuable.

Here's a more official description provided by its one-time owner Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy in 1419: It's a "very fine and rich buckle, adorned in the middle with a very big pointed diamond, and around this are three fine square balas stones called the three brothers, and three sizable fine pearls in between these. Under this buckle hangs a very large fine pearl in the shape of a pear."

Philip the Good's powers of description are on brand, appropriately understated.

Remember Vasili the Adequate?  
Philip the good's descriptions are adequate.

And I agree with him. "Fine" is the right word, because that would be my exact response: "you want to wear *that*? Fine. That thing costs how much?? Fine. It's your money."

Almost two hundred years later we're given a slightly more poetic description. When the jewel was listed among a shipment to a courtier of Queen Elizabeth named Mary Radcliffe, it was described as (And this is tough to read because it's in poetic Elizabethan prose, and the spellings are all over the place), "A faire Flower of Goulde with three greate Ballasses in the middest, a great poynted Dyamond and three greate Pearles fixe with a fair Pearle Pendant, called the Brethren." Now I kind of want one. That's better than fine.

So the three brothers jewel was created in the late 1300s and is notable for being owned by—and worn by—some of the most famous members of British royalty in history, including Edward the sixth, James the sixth, Bloody Mary, and Elizabeth the first. The jewel was originally commissioned by John the fearless, Duke of burgundy, and it was created by French goldsmith Herman Ruissel. Around 30 years later the Duke, apparently fallen on

hard times, would actually pawn the jewel, but he would reacquire it seven years later. After emerging from a coke binge or whatever. How does a Duke lose his money and then get it back? Duke John was eventually assassinated during a parlay with the French dauphin during the Burgundian Civil War, which is not very sportsmanlike. A parlay is a peaceful meeting between the two sides in a conflict; it supposedly takes place on neutral territory, in this case a bridge on which had been constructed two doorways for the two parties to enter, one on either side, and the doors supposedly would be locked through the negotiations for safety. But on the Dauphin side, he didn't lock his door, and his men basically bum-rushed the Duke. Before you start feeling bad for old fearless, though, keep in mind that the Duke had previously paid to have his own cousin murdered in the quest to wrest control of France from the mentally ill King Charles the 6th, his other cousin, and then bragged about it. I'm not sure how fearless that was. It's pretty easy to be fearless when you're paying people to commit murder. I too am not afraid of avoiding confrontation and having other people do my dirty work. After his death, the jewel was inherited by his son, Philip the Good, and would also be passed down to *his* son, Charles the bold. I

don't know whether it's better to be good or bold, but they're both better than adequate. I wish these adjectives had been more creative and specific. "Phillip the argumentative. Never liked that guy. Jim the mildly stinky." Charles would carry the jewel into battle many times, along with some of his other treasures. The problem with carrying your most valuable possessions into battle...sometimes you don't win the battle. In 1476 Charles got his ass handed to him by the Swiss in the weirdly named Battle of Grandson, and the jewel eventually surfaced in the possession of a fabulously wealthy German Banker named Jakob Fugger. Kind of a downgrade from Charles the Bold. Note even Jakob THE fugger, just Jakob Fugger. The jewel remained in possession of the Fuggers for over fifty years, and there were ongoing negotiations to sell it to king Henry the eighth, but eventually the three brothers would be sold to Henry's successor, king Edward the sixth, and become part of the aforementioned British Crown jewels. Upon Henry's death the three brothers were inherited by Mary the first, aka Bloody Mary, and at this point we get yet another description: "a great pendant bought of the Fuggers in Flanders having three large ballaces set without fault, one large pointed diamond and four large pearls,

whereof one hangs underneath." It sounds like an insult and a tongue twister. The Flanders Fuggers furnished finery from France. Next the jewel became the property of Elizabeth the first, and was worn by the queen frequently. It is even depicted in her portraits and in a marble monument to her in Westminster Abbey. It also became a favorite of HER successor, James the first, who had it sewn into a hat. That's a big ass hat-jewel. RIP your neck.

The jewel continued down through the generations until the 1644 First English Civil War, when the monarchy began struggling financially. Facing bankruptcy, queen Henrietta Maria fled to Paris with the three brothers, and around that time there surfaced a receipt for an anonymous transaction for a jewel that closely resembles the brothers which was sold for the apparently paltry price of 104,000 guilders. That wasn't a lot guilders for a crown jewel, apparently. I don't know the exchange rate for a guilder or the standard value of a crown jewel, but the articles I read seemed to agree that the queen got a shitty deal. Some historians have speculated that the brothers were broken up and incorporated into a jewel called the Three Sisters, which was offered to Prince Frederick Henry of Holland around that time. But there's no conclusive

evidence either way. The mystery remains.

## **The 6 Lost Faberge eggs**

Are you familiar with Faberge eggs?

They were highly prized, egg shaped bejeweled containers that emerged from 19th century Russia. The so-called house of Faberge produced an estimated 69 of these things, which is the best number of anything, and approximately 57 of them are still in existence today.

The house of Faberge was a jewelry firm founded by Gustav Faberge back in 1842. However, the eggs didn't show up until 43 years later, when Gustav's son Peter Carl Faberge instructed his jewelers to create the first egg, known as the hen egg, as an Easter present for Maria Feodorovna, wife of Tsar Alexander III. Alexander had learned of his wife's obsession with decorated eggs by reading her diary. Very romantic. Easter, by the way, is the most popular and celebrated holiday in Russia.

Christmas is a very minor holiday for Russians, and obviously they don't have Thanksgiving, so Easter is a big ass deal. Which kind of makes sense. Christmas is the day Jesus was born, and that's cool, but Easter is the day he rose from the dead. *Everyone* is born, and I get that it's a miracle and all, but you know, rats give birth. Levitating out of the grave is on a totally different

level. I've seen the so-called "miracle" of birth on video. It's partly why I'll never have kids. But Jesusing up onto the heavens in front of all the people who attempted to kill you, that's a boss move. So the egg was such a hit that Alexander commissioned the House of Faberge to create a new one every Easter. He stipulated that each egg be completely unique, and contain some type of surprise inside. A good surprise, not like "surprise! mustard gas" or like a creepy Jack-in-the-Box scenario, it had to be delightful. The first egg—the hen egg—is definitely the least ornate, it doesn't look anything like what you picture if you've seen the stereotypical Faberge egg. It's a white enamel egg on the outside, completely featureless. But the enamel egg opened to reveal a circular golden "yolk" which could also be opened to reveal a golden tiny hen which...wait for it...could ALSO be opened and included a miniature diamond-and-gold crown with a ruby pendant. Similar to Russian Dolls...Russian are all about the nesting of items. They like to put things in things. We have to take their word about the tiny crown inside the egg because that's been missing for years. Subsequent eggs would be much more elaborate, some of them are really beautiful and some of them look like alien eggs studded with all kinds of

pearls and vines and things. I don't know what to think. What's interesting is that the designs frequently reflected the current events during the year in which they were created, often whatever was going on in the lives of the Royals, but occasionally even the political climate. The house of Faberge continued crafting the eggs each year even after the death of Alexander the third, and a good example of their "current event" eggs was The Steel military egg, which was delivered during World War I, when Tsar Alexander's son was off at war. it's a shiny black egg that looks kind of like a weapon, like a polished black grenade with gold military insignia. It's actually pretty cool. The black paint eventually chipped off but I was able to find some artistic renderings of the original. It looks very heavy metal for an Easter egg. It's a badass egg. Some of these eggs we're almost a foot tall, some were small and delicate...one of the most famous and valuable is the winter egg. It's made out of carved quartz crystal, it's very glassy and frosty looking, and the surprise inside is some flowers. Question mark? Surprise! A few flowers. I would've been pissed. But the craftsmanship is supposedly exquisite. I mean, you can see how much effort and time went into this thing back in the day. Now it looks

like something you'd buy at a airport gift shop, something your grandma would have on a shelf full of tchotchkes next to a snow globe. It just goes to show how much has changed with the development of 3-D printing and machine shops and precision laser etching. We can build computer chips with microscopic transistors, there's just no real comparison. But look, that's not to take anything away from these pieces of art.

The eggs are really fascinating, and amazingly creative, I can imagine it must've been so exciting to unwrap each one, all that anticipation. I guess some of them were probably a letdown. Like, really? Some flowers? And then you have to wait another year. But most of them were incredibly ornate and creative and interesting, especially with the little surprise inside, and because of the fact that they were relevant to the year of their creation, they're almost like little time capsules.

Some of the most notable eggs: the memories of Azov egg, with a miniature replica of the tsar's ship Azov inside, the Danish palaces egg, with a tiny foldout of paintings of palaces, and the renaissance egg, which was an egg set on its side, and also known as the casket egg, which is believed to have contained yet another egg with a tiny statue of Jesus being resurrected. So the Faberge eggs

represent a fascinating era in Russian history. The last of the royalty, the divide between The era of the czars and the era of revolution and communism and upheaval. This was probably the most obsessed-over time in Russian history. When Alexander the third died, I mentioned that his son Nicholas the second continued the egg-gifting tradition, but he did more than that...he in fact doubled the order, commissioning one egg for his mother and one for his wife each year. And not duplicates, each still had to be an original. And around this time the British royals took notice, and began commissioning their own eggs from Faberge. Who created some real crap eggs for them. The colonnade egg and the "basket of flowers egg" are particularly heinous in my opinion. The house Faberge also began creating what you might call a JCPenny line, smaller eggs, slightly less ornate, they were more accessible for lower Royals and the bottom of the upper crust. If that's a thing. Probably like Dukes instead of kings. Still not something you could buy if you were a shoemaker or whatever. So let's talk about where the eggs ended up, at least the ones we know of, and how they got there. Nicholas the second, doubler of the egg order...his reign was not going great. On the day of his coronation, in fact, 1300 people

were trampled in a massive stampede. His response was to go to a party. It was pretty much all downhill from there. Citizens were unthrilled. Nicholas's son and heir was a hemophiliac, and the royal family turned to the creepy pseudo wizard Rasputin who promised he could heal the boy. This is a fascinating era and we'll explore it in a future episode, but the upshot was that the Bolsheviks and future communists of the Russian revolution rounded up all of the Royals and slaughtered the entire family. Hemophiliac kids and all. Carl Faberge was, as you can imagine, not exactly one of Vladimir Lenin's favorite people. Few things are more symbolic of class divisions and pointless opulence than a bunch of fabulously expensive decorative Easter eggs with no practical value. Faberge was on the verge of being executed simply based on his close relationship with the family of the czars, but when the Bolsheviks showed up at his shop, he told him he had to get his coat, and slipped out the back door. He would escape to Switzerland, but his jewelry empire would never recover. At the time of the Russian revolution he employed approximately 1500 people in his various shops around the world, it was a massive successful operation and it crumbled in the wake of the communist revolution. The Soviets

would immediately begin selling off all of the bourgeois art from the royal collection in order to fund their new regime. Lennon famously said "loot the looters." The Russian aristocracy had massive troves of treasure that they had either purchased from down-on-their-luck governments or outright seized during military campaigns, and now it was their turn to surrender the booty. Most of the eggs that were sold were actually auctioned off during Stalin's reign, though 10 of them remained in Russia and have never left the country. Those eggs are...not the best. A couple of them are almost as bad as that basket of flowers debacle. many of the eggs that left the country ended up in America, having been purchased by American magnate Armand Hammer, and also Malcolm Forbes. Armand Hammer, btw...(spell name) was not involved with the founding of the arm and hammer company, but did eventually become a major investor "as a result of always being asked about it." He was like, "FINE." Here's a million dollars, and now I can say "yes" when people ask if I'm associated with the goddam company.

By 2012 all but eight of the imperial eggs have been accounted for. That year, a pair of researchers discovered a photo of one of the missing eggs in an auction catalog from 1964. This was the third

imperial Faberge egg, a golden egg that featured a ladies watch on the inside (surprise! It's a watch. Now we're just filling eggs with stuff we found around the house. Surprise! It's a toothbrush and a Swiffer. Still better than flowers). The catalog indicated that the egg had been sold for only \$2,450, and there was no record as to the identity of the purchaser. The discovery of the anonymous sale led to an article in 2012 titled, "is this 20-million pound Faberge egg on your mantlepiece?"

Around this time in America, a random midwestern scrap-metal dealer was trying to offload a golden egg he had purchased at a flea market. His plan was to have the egg melted down, but he hadn't been able to get anyone to pay more than the \$14,000 he had bought it for. I have numerous sources for this story, so it's not bullshit, but I am wondering who spends \$14,000 at a flea market on a golden egg. Sell this man some magic beans. But OK, this is a verified story, so whatever.

Ironically as I mentioned the guy didn't sell it because no one would pay very much to have it melted down, which makes sense because the actual raw materials weren't worth anywhere near what he had paid. But the egg itself was worth \$33 million. So he was stupid in the most brilliant way. Eventually this

anonymous hick would remember that google existed, and he would type in the words Vacheron constantin, makers of luxury Swiss watches—the words inscribed on the tiny watch inside--and the word “egg” And lo and behold, what turned up but an article asking whether anyone had a 33 million dollar egg on their mantle. And the rest is history.

So This third imperial egg is a tiny ass egg. It's the size of an egg, with what appears to be a pocket watch on the inside, which you can prop upright, so that's cool. If you buy this egg it's worth \$33 million and also you won't be late for stuff.

Bonus. Actually, I'm betting the time piece isn't super accurate these days. You can spend \$33 million or like two dollars on a digital watch that is accurate down to the millisecond. Still cool though. The stand features these ridiculous little funny-looking lion claw feet, but they're not just claws, they're like full-on paws, they look honestly silly AF, and if you turn the base upside down, you can actually see the little beans of the lion feet. It's kind of adorable and looks tremendously stupid. The guy in a documentary I watched who is showing off this thing said it was “one of the most sophisticated pieces of goldsmithing...that has ever been created,” he comes across like some dude on QVC. I'm

not going to buy your egg dude. Slow your roll. But ok. So let's talk about the seven that are still missing. Because this is like an honest-to-god Easter egg hunt, this is a real treasure hunt, these eggs might still be out there. They might be on your grandma's tchotchke shelf. It can't hurt to look. One of them is called the cherub with chariot egg. And we know this one survived, because it's in a slightly older photo from a 1902 exhibition and in the pic it's sitting right next to the recently recovered third imperial watch egg. It looks like an egg on a wheel barrow being pulled by a naked little cherub angel. It's not great. But it's like \$30 million not great. Supposedly it opens every hour, via a timepiece inside, but no one is alive who had has seen this thing so who knows.

Another missing egg is the necessaire egg, there's only one known picture in which this egg can almost be seen, honestly the picture it doesn't look anything like an egg it looks like the top of a bell in black-and-white, supposedly this one is all about the bling—there are diamonds and rubies all over the egg's carapace as well as inside, but no one knows what it actually looks like so you can pretty much give up on that one.

The next missing egg is the royal danish egg. And it's very possible that this one, which was presented

to the empress while she was in Denmark, may very well have never left that country. So Danish listeners, you have your mission. We get half. It's kind of tough to describe, it looks like an egg on a pedestal with a lot of gold leaf and like a big pendant in the middle of the egg, and the egg is being held up by three lions on top of the pedestal. There is a whole lion fetish situation with these eggs. I looked this up and the symbol of the house Romanov was the eagle, but there must have been a lion sandwiched into the mythology somewhere. It doesn't look like you can see the beans on these particular lions. Bummer.

It's About 8 inches tall. If you're in Denmark and you see an elaborate egg at your grandparents house, just steal it, and contact us. We'll let you know if you're a millionaire or just a petty thief who is going to be disowned by his family.

So next there's the hen with sapphire pendant. This one is somewhat self explanatory. It's a callback to that original egg, there's a golden hen inside that is plucking a sapphire egg from its tiny nest, and the egg doubles as a pendant. Next, the mauve egg is unique in that the "surprise" has actually been recovered, but the egg is missing. The surprise was some pictures of the czar's wife and child. surprise! It's some faces you

see every single day. Not all of these were winners. But the egg itself is supposed to be a deep Mauve color, go figure, it's love-themed, very unique and is one that would probably be one of most identifiable.

Next we have the Alexander the third commemorative egg, that's a kiss-ass egg if I've ever heard of one. This is the "you're amazing, guy who pays me" egg. But it's supposed to be stunning, with platinum white and gold, it sounds like a super expensive confection, and inside there is a tiny golden statue of the czar from the shoulders up. Also known as the brown-nose egg.

Finally, the Empire nephrite.

Surprisingly it's made of—get this—nephrite. A form of Jade. Inside was--and this is also going to blow your mind--a portrait of Alexander the third. There's a theme here. Don't forget who pays your mortgage, I guess.

## **Tucker's Cross, or the Pectoral Cross**

If you're a treasure hunter, there's one location that qualifies as the holy Grail, the treasure hunter's greatest potential mother load. In our "oceans" episode we discussed the fact that very little of the ocean

depths have been thoroughly explored. And Some of the most famous and valuable lost treasures in history are down there, in the bowels of sunken war galleons and pirate ships, waiting to be recovered or at least filmed and romanticized by James Cameron. But here's the problem with a deep sea scavenging and recovery missions: the goal is traditionally to locate treasure and thus become rich, but in a classic catch 22 you'd have to be rich to undertake a deep sea treasure hunt in the first place. And it's high risk, low reward. If you're a rich person and you're looking for an investment opportunity, there are plenty of options that don't involve plunging into the frigid depths of the ocean and spend a ton of money to potentially recover your losses and maybe become just a tiny bit more rich. So until deep-sea technology goes main stream, until you can buy a Toyota corolla submersible, the ocean is going to retain the bulk of its treasures. But every once in a while the sea coughs up one of its bejeweled hairballs. The most valuable single object ever recovered from a shipwreck is also the most valuable object to be stolen after being recovered from a shipwreck. So if it's ever found for the second time, it will be the most valuable object to ever be recovered from a thief who stole it

from a guy who had recovered it from a shipwreck. In 1594, the Spanish galleon known as the San Pedro sank in the waters of the Caribbean. On board it carried treasures looted from the natives of the New World, including a large 22 karat golden cross studded with giant emeralds. Probably. The cross might've come from a completely different ship, no one knows for sure, but that's the best guess. I like to recite dubious facts with an air of confidence to overcompensate for the unreliable nature of the information being conveyed.

There's literally no consensus as to the specific ship. There were a bunch of ships at the time named San Pedro (among sailors Saint Pedro apparently was almost as popular as Saint Ermo), so the artifact might have come from the 1594 San Pedro shipwreck or it could have been a totally different San Pedro. Regardless, on a rainy day in 1955, a diver and former underwater demolitions expert named Teddy Tucker who was exploring wrecks and scavenging scrap metal around Bermuda, discovered a sunken San Pedro. One of them. Digging in the sand near some of the ship's cannons, he uncovered a few pearl-studded gold buttons and two hundred silver coins. Teddy would return to the location numerous times over the following days. Here's an excerpt

from the essay, "How I found the Cross," by Teddy Tucker. Super imaginative title, Teddy. "What I did on my summer vacation, by Teddy Tucker." Subtitled: Found a treasure, got fuck you money, don't have to give a damn about whether anyone likes the title of my essays. Check out my next essay, "I'm rich bitch." By Teddy Tucker. "...on the seventh day [of diving], a Sunday, I found the greatest single object of all. Eager to work faster, I took a water hose down to the bottom and turned on the jet to blast sand from the area below the brain coral." I like the idea of using a water hose underwater. I get that it would work but it seems counterintuitive. I found a mirror underwater but it was all cloudy so I spit shined it." "After carving a deep hole, I turned the jet off. When the debris settled, my eyes fell on a gold cross, lying face down in the sand. I picked it up and turned it over.

Awestruck, I counted the large green emeralds on its face. There were seven of them, each as big as a musket ball. From small rings on the arms of the cross hung tiny gold nails, representing the nails in Christ's hands, and at the foot was the ring for a third, which had been lost. The ornate carving, while beautiful, was somewhat crude, indicating that Indians had made the cross. It remains my most treasured discovery." Just had to

throw a little shade at the Indians, thanks for making me rich Indians and as payment I shall publish a condescending essay in which I minimize and belittle your craftsmanship."

The Colombian Emeralds that are featured on the cross are highly prized among precious-stone aficionados. They were originally mined by the indigenous Muzo people and considered among the most beautiful jewels in the world, second only to the famous iron pyrite of New Jersey, mined exclusively by the Bon Jovi fan club of the pine barrens and flying goat forest. That was a whole lot of weird and unnecessary callbacks. The cross alone was valued at over \$200,000 in 1950s money, but Teddy would sell it to the country of Bermuda for half that amount, with the understanding that he and his wife would be allowed to manage and administer the museum where the cross would be displayed: the Aquarian museum in Bermuda. Pretty smart, actually. I'll let you buy this item if you give me money and a job. So pay me a lot now and then continue to pay me a little. Not a bad deal. Later Teddy would assist in opening a modern, larger version of the museum, the Bermuda maritime museum, and the ribbon-cutting ceremony would be a big, expensive affair. So big and expensive that in 1975, Queen

Elizabeth II made arrangements to attend the function as part of her goodwill trip through Mexico and The Caribbean.

Right before the visit, Tucker attempted to move the cross into a new display case, but was startled to find that what appeared to be the cross was now a plaster replica that had been substituted at some point over the last few years. It was assumed to be an inside job, but no one was ever arrested, and the mystery may never be solved.

According to an expert on art theft, Noah Charney, "The main rule is that it's not that hard to steal art, even from museums, but it's almost impossible to translate that art into cash, criminals don't understand that, because their knowledge of art crime is based on fiction and films" How do you become an expert on art theft? I feel like there's only one way. That's like, "I'm an expert at lock picking, you can totally trust me. What's your address?"

Sadly, the most likely fate of the cross is that it was broken down into its component parts and sold for a relatively meager sum in relation to the value of the artifact as a whole, similar to the near-disastrous end of the third imperial egg. Tragic when that happens. The historical value is worth much more than a few gems and some gold.

Random facts: Teddy Tucker was

featured in the 1977 horror movie the deep, which was apparently inspired by his life. It involves the discovery of a shipwrecked Spanish galleon off the coast of Bermuda which was packed with morphine and guarded by a giant eel. So a very faithful depiction of his biography. I haven't seen it but I did read the synopsis online and it's pretty bonkers. Sounds like a good time. Tucker also discovered a rare species of six-gilled shark in the Bermuda waters. I didn't even bother looking up how many gills a shark normally has. I just wanted to throw that out there and see if you were impressed. I figured maybe you could tell me. Like I don't even know if six is rare because that's a lot of gills are very few gills. Like, most sharks have 800 gills and this one only has six? Or most sharks have five gills and this is like an extra toe. No idea.

<https://fabergeland.com/the-8-eggs-that-were-lost-to-the-world/>

<https://www.cnn.com/style/article/faberge-third-imperial-egg/index.html>

[https://www.google.com/amp/s/www.latimes.com/entertainment/arts/culture/la-et-cm-faberge-egg-flea-market-20140320-story.html%3f\\_amp=true](https://www.google.com/amp/s/www.latimes.com/entertainment/arts/culture/la-et-cm-faberge-egg-flea-market-20140320-story.html%3f_amp=true)

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*Raiders of the lost Art: the Hunt for Faberge Eggs*

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Season 1, Episode 2

<https://m.imdb.com/title/tt5085190/>

<https://medium.com/the-mystery-box/lost-treasure-teddy-tucker-and-tuckers-cross-5fe81f7c21bc>