

Gold and Silver Supply: Get Some While You Can

By [The Mogambo Guru](#)

03/03/10 Tampa Bay, Florida – Adrian Douglas of MarketForceAnalysis.com took a look at a summary of the goings-on at the Comex, and says, “the data reveals a very shocking trend. That is that the registered (dealer) inventory is being drawn down at a phenomenal rate. In silver the inventory has dropped by 24% in 6 months while in gold it has dropped an eye-popping 41% in 6 months!”

Already my eyes are glazing over at the sudden overload of information, most of which I know nothing about, but know that I should, and feel uneasy that I don’t, and guilty that I don’t even want to because it involves work and initiative, or, in this case, listening to the equivalent of, “blah blah silver and gold are going to go to the moon not only because the Fabulous Mogambo has thus foretold it, and the Austrian school of economics has explained it, but that blah blah at the Comex warehouses” and then I end up getting most of it wrong anyway and I look like an idiot.

So, already reeling in confusion, I was thus rendered almost comatose when he relentlessly went on, “The withdrawal to deposit ratio for registered silver is 14:1 and in gold it is 5:1” and which, again, is meaningless to me because I am, as I already admitted, ignorant and lazy, which is a crushing handicap, now that we are talking about it, that should enable you to qualify for a Handicapped Parking sticker for your damned car so that you can get some of those terrific Handicapped-Only parking spots, right up front, wherever you go, but the application for which can be rejected by a snotty clerk, out of hand, on her personal say-so, although she volunteered that my “abrasive, demanding, incoherent and repellent personality is a real handicap, too, but there is no sticker for that, either.”

As I fell asleep, eager to again escape reality and responsibility, I began dreaming of some snappy comebacks I could have said to the Handicapped Sticker lady, like, “Well, I assume that there is a Handicapped Sticker for anyone who is mentally handicapped, and I can tell by looking at your stupid Department of Motor Vehicles face that you are not buying gold, silver and oil to protect yourself against the government’s massive deficit-spending and the Federal Reserve’s creation of all the new money and credit that will be necessary to soak it up, which is really stupid of you! Hahahaha!”

I really like it when the dream gets to the stage where some hot young honeys make their appearance, stage left or stage right, it makes no difference to me, but we never got there because apparently the sound of my snoring made Mr. Douglas aware that he is talking “over the head” of the biggest dullard in the crowd, which violates the politically-correct stance on “inclusion” and “diversity” of persons such as me.

So, quickly remedying the situation, he explains that this means that “If this rate of drawdown continues, the registered inventory of silver will be exhausted in 18.8 months and in just 8.5 months for gold!”

And before there is any mistake made by the casual reader, that concluding exclamation point in the previous sentence was his, not mine, although it was totally unnecessary, as I was already freaked out at the implications!

Thus, I was ready to race home and frantically root around in my wife’s purse for some extra money, so that I could buy some more gold and silver, when I was transfixed to the spot when he went on that he estimates, “as much as 50,000 tonnes of gold has been sold that does not exist. That is equivalent to all the gold reserves in the world that are yet to be mined, or put another way, 25 years of gold production.”

I was ready to edit his remarks to put an exclamation point at the end, as it certainly deserves one, but before I could do it, he followed up with, “That is the grand-daddy of all short positions!”, which had an exclamation point, and so I let it go at that, and saved myself a lot of work that will – I guarantee! – show up in the narrative section of my Productivity Report, which is coming due pretty soon, and which is always pretty disagreeable.

But I will get through this new assault by “higher-ups in the executive food chain” with Classic Mogambo Equanimity (CME), as I always do, and I would probably have gone completely Mogambo Freaking Nuts (MFN) a hundred times before this if I hadn’t always remembered, sometimes at the last minute, that I own gold, silver and oil, whereas these gold-less, silver-less and oil-less bozos are questioning my ability (“I think you are too stupid!”), my competence (“You seem to have no idea what you are doing!”) or my sanity (“I think you are insane!”), while never even mentioning my numerous off-setting good qualities, such as my twinkling blue eyes or the fact that none of my employees or former customers have a Restraining Order on me that is still in force.

If you are even half as smart as I think you are, then you get the obvious message, which is to buy gold, silver and oil.

Some of you, on the other hand, also got the more subtle message that a long list of miscellaneous people are all going to be very, very upset and angry at the horrifying inflation in prices that is inescapably coming, due to this massive expansion of the money supply by the Federal Reserve to pay for the unbelievable tons of money Congress is deficit-spending, and you had better take your gold, silver and oil into a bunker of some sort and arm yourself to the teeth because it is going to get Very, Very Ugly (VVU), and you will want the options of buying your way out or shooting your way out.

On the other hand, if you do not buy gold, silver and oil, then, as they say, “the angels will weep for you.”

I, personally, will laugh at you. It will sound sort of like this: “Hahahaha! Moron!”