

The Soothing Lullaby Of The Junior Mogambo Ranger (JMR)

January 22, 2013

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To vividly demonstrate how rude people can be these days, let me recount a recent experience at the grocery store.

A guy, we'll call him Tom, and he is coming across the parking lot to go into the grocery store behind me. I recognize him, and, for me, it was a kind of reunion, and I thought he would be as happy to see me as I was happy to see him.

But he wasn't.

He had his ragamuffin wife and kids with him, and they were all apparently in some kind of bad mood as they trudged along towards me, and I could see them looking at me furtively, and hear them muttering amongst themselves "Oh, no! It's that creepy old guy who is always trying to get us to buy gold bullion, silver bullion and oil stocks because the evil Federal Reserve has created so impossibly much money and credit that the inflation in prices will destroy us!"

At this I kind of beamed, and was pleased that he learned something about monetary policy from our earlier encounter!

Then I hear Tom say to his wife "And he even suggested that we dump the kids, because the deadweight burden of our own children will hasten our demise, and with the money we will save we could buy bullion because it is imperative that we own gold and silver, in which case we shall be rich, rich, rich, and then we can afford to get our own kids back, or buy as many new kids as we want!"

Well, regardless of your politics, ethics, morality, having even a shred of human decency, or what kind of inhuman monster could think up such a despicable idea, you gotta admit that the logic is, nonetheless, iron-clad. But research shows that this "dump the kids and buy gold with the savings!" as a wealth-management idea never really, you know, resonated with investors.

Now Tom, in a rude kind of ugly way, snarls "Get out of my way, you idiot!" at me as he hurriedly brushes past!

Instantly, by virtue of my Mogambo Empathic Nature (MEN) combined with cursory brushes with genuine psychiatric/psychological mumbo-jumbo, I knew that 1) henceforth I would call him Turd-Face, and 2) that he was not actually angry with me, per se, but angry with himself.

The reason is that he is now embarrassingly revealed as, obviously, not following my Fabulous Mogambo Advice (FBA), which was to buy gold, silver and oil because the foul Federal Reserve is killing us with roaring monetary inflation which will inevitably produce roaring price inflation

and insuring that, from a purely objective and scientific perspective, We're Freaking Doomed (WFD).

And the Fed has created the dollars, and price inflation was created, and the Fed is, and price inflation is, and the Fed will continue to create untold trillions more dollars every year, and price inflation will continue to get horrendously worse from here until, as you probably suspected, the aforementioned We're Freaking Doomed (WFD).

But ol' Turd-Face didn't buy them, and now he is here, and to look at him is to pity him, where angels weep for him, and the mocking voice of The Wrathful Mogambo (TWM) rings out loud and clear, "Moron!"

And speaking of rude, people ask me lots of rude questions, too, such as the popular question "Are you as stupid as you sound?", and "Do you ever shut up?", or the equally popular question "Do I have to call a cop?"

The answers are yes, yes and no.

Then again, sometimes they ask me intelligent questions, too, like about gold, as in "How much gold does the United States own, in total, including the gold stored at Fort Knox, and under the Federal Reserve, and probably at other places I don't even know about, and nobody knows about, because all the records have been altered by a bunch of lying, traitorous crooks who are stealing the gold to finance the impending invasion of extraterrestrial spaceships coming to conquer the Earth?"

Well, as far as "how much" gold there is, wikipedia.com lists the gold holdings of the "sovereign United States" as 8,133.5 tonnes of gold, which, at about 32,000 gold ounces per tonne, is 260.3 million ounces, which pretty much agrees with the figure of 261 million ounces claimed by the Federal Reserve, which, at \$1,670, per ounce is a lousy \$436 billion.

Those of you who parse everything I say, perhaps looking for Secret Mogambo Messages (SMM) about the pending invasion of the Earth by alien creatures from beyond time and space, doubtlessly have noticed that I said that the entire gold holdings of the Federal Reserve is a "lousy \$436 billion," which I delightfully do with disdain because -- it's no secret! -- it's such a piece of chump-change!

I mean, the damnable, bankrupting, moronic, treasonous federal government DEFICIT-spends that selfsame \$436 billion every three months! Which doesn't even count the \$2.4 trillion spending in the federal government's budget that IS funded by actual taxes, duties and fees! Hahaha!

So, you can see why I am laughing at the gold in Fort Knox, when every bit of all that gold is only enough, measured in today's dollars, to replace the federal government's massive BORROWING for a few lousy months, and then the gold is all gone!

And, perhaps more telling, is that very bit of gold held by the federal government would only pay for 6 weeks of government spending! Hahaha! What a public-relations faux pas, which rhymes with "Hahaha!", which I point out for no particular reason, other than perhaps as a desperate cry for the help I so obviously need.

This means that the Federal Reserve will, instead of selling the gold and looking like a bunch of chumps, print the \$1.6 trillion to buy the newly-issued government bonds over the next year, which the government will spend, which will cause the money supply to go up, prices will have to rise, people will suffer and complain, the economy will slow, round and round with more money, and more inflation, and more suffering at every turn until everyone realizes We're Freaking Doomed (WFD)! Doomed I tells ya!

Which, if history is any guide, won't be long in coming, and, unfortunately, there ain't nothin' that anybody can do to stop it. Soon and inevitable. Ugh. Ergo my dismal outlook on things economic.

Sometimes this surprising fact is enough to elicit a life-changing, sudden, spontaneous flash of transcendental enlightenment, turning an average, unsuspecting man or woman, perhaps not unlike yourself in many ways, into an instantaneous, genuine Junior Mogambo Ranger (JMR).

To be a JMR is to be characterized by being scared out of one's wits by the irresponsible, insane, incomprehensible madness of current monetary and fiscal policies that guarantee soaring price inflation, leading to the JMR to feverishly buy gold and silver in a panic-driven mania at the dire dread of the darkening doom, and to take advantage of the fact that these precious metals are so laughably, insanelly, ridiculously undervalued right now.

The situation is indeed dire, and only the absolute, dead-bang, lead-pipe-cinch certainty that the prices of gold, silver and oil will go up, up and up, making oodles and oodles of luscious, life-changing, massive capital gains for its lucky owners, makes it all bearable.

Hence the soothing lullaby of the Junior Mogambo Ranger (JMR): "Whee! This investing stuff is easy!"