

# ENGEL STRUCK!

By AGWire™  
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If you have been *cursed* with the Engelhard bug, then you'll likely recall the day when you set out to buy ONE Engelhard bar. Yes, just one. Your first Engelhard bar, only because you heard about Engelhard and thought it would be a fun and prudent investment move. That was then. Now, like a desperate and neurotic crack addict, you're scouring eBay Worldwide in the early hours with toothpicks holding your eyes open, wagering your snipe bids and monitoring your bidding competition in your frantically furious Engelhard pursuits. And it all started with that one bar. Like Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit, or that Lays Potato Chip slogan, "you can't eat just one." Face it, we're all doomed. The simple idea of owning just ONE Engelhard bar quickly accelerates (like an M80 fuse) into needing one of every size, and then one of every variety within every size, and then two of everything, AND THEN **EVERYTHING!** I honestly can't even remember that first Engelhard bar I bought, the one that I was at one time SOOOOO dang proud of. I do still deny the thought that silver is the Devil's metal, and I fervently believe that God is behind us on this, somehow. I'm sticking to that theory anyway, come hell or high water.

You know that you've totally been *sucked* into the Engelhard sickness when you just have to have the above pictured bar. One of our core collectors just recently acquired this overly stamped bar from another core collector (who also once had to have it), and his collector-friend was heard saying, "That is one hideous glob of randomly stamped beauty." If that quote in itself doesn't make us sorry-ass collectors *drool*, I don't know what will!!! The bar is a very unique, weird, and UGLY piece no doubt, and we won't go in to the analogy of "owners looking like their dogs"... but we recall this particular collector looking a bit old-poor, with some rosacea patina and **deep** cooling lines, and shooting a lot of bull. Sorry amigo, just sayin.

We always harp that it is the individual serial numbers and sequencing that separates Engelhard from all other bullion refiners in its day. This is generally true, excepting a few select varieties of non-serial number bars and ingots. The photo above is certainly an anomaly, truly a one-of-a-kind, so it breaks all the rules. It has EIGHT serial numbers, and remnants of two other numbers on the left and right edges. We only hope that someone's thumb didn't get stuck in the machine when the multiple stamps occurred. Ouch, bad thought. But seriously, it really makes us wonder what went on at the Engelhard refining plant that day in the early 1970's that led to the creation of this bar? Did it get stuck in the serial stamp machine? Was the operator under the influence? Was it a practice piece to be rejected and discarded? Was it done as a joke? We'll never know, but surely it is the only one of its kind.

If you find yourself obsessed and EngelStruck, don't be embarrassed, and please know that there are many of us in your same camp. In fact, we're likely bidding against you on those rare ingots that we also gotta have. It's just a good thing that there are enough to go around, for now anyway, but there won't be for long. That's why we do what we do, because we're good enough, we're smart enough, and doggone it, people like us.

Obsessively,

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*"I'm good enough, I'm smart enough, and doggone it, people like me." - stuart smalley*