

opened. A pallid, thin, elderly man appeared in a nightshirt and bare feet.

"You'll have to come upstairs," he said. "I'm sick." They followed him to a room on the second floor. As he crawled into bed, he motioned them to chairs. "What did you want?"

Schultz explained their mission.

"I've got the stock, all right," the farmer said, reaching under his pillow and bringing out some aged certificates. "My father left them to me; it was all he had besides this farm. He made me promise I wouldn't sell 'em for less than \$50,000—and I won't."

As he talked, the farmer coughed frequently. He reached for a bottle and took some black liquid, but it didn't seem to help much.

Schultz decided the farmer was on the point of death. "I'll give you \$50,000," he said.

"Cash?"

"Yeah, cash."

The farmer agreed and the money was paid. He had to pause several times as he scrawled his signature while the cough racked his body.

Schultz took the signed certificates back to the

car. "Let's get out of here," he said to Lynch, "before that old guy dies."

They drove back to New York, where Schultz inquired about the next move. "Now we get some bids on the stock," Lynch said. "I'll take care of that." He wrote some telegrams and one of the gangster's flunkies sent them off.

The answers came fast. New York's largest investment bankers made bids on the stock. The largest, for \$550,000, came late in the afternoon.

Jubilant, Schultz said: "I'll sell first thing in the morning. Come back and you'll get your share."

THE MAN calling himself Merrill Lynch—but better known in criminal circles as the Indiana Kid, one of the country's slickest con men—left and didn't return. It took Dutch Schultz only a few hours the next day to discover that the messages were as phony as the stock certificates and the dying farmer. Schultz had been taken in one of the hoariest of stock swindles.

The gang boss was furious. He sent out word that he wanted the con man found. It took several weeks, but finally the Indiana Kid was located. Four

armed men took him for a typical gangland ride.

He thought it would be a one-way ride, but his captors didn't kill him. They took him to a hideout where the irate Schultz waited with an ultimatum: return the \$50,000 if he wanted to live.

The con man protested that the money had been spent. Schultz left and his henchmen began giving the con man the "hot foot."

Finally, after hours of torture, he admitted that he had a safe deposit box in a Manhattan bank. Posing as friends, the thugs accompanied him to the bank and forced him to open the box. One spotted the greenbacks and grabbed them, counting out a total of \$60,000, which he pocketed.

"I was only supposed to pay back \$50,000," the con man protested.

"The extra 10 grand is for our trouble," the gangster snarled.

The Indiana Kid was released and took the next boat for Cuba. He stayed there and didn't return to the United States until after Schultz was killed.

He didn't want to be anywhere within reach when the gang chief discovered that the money in the safe deposit box was counterfeit!

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