

New York City.
October 24, 1929.

Black Thursday.

The New York
Stock Exchange.

9:42 a.m.

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

Eighty-one.
Eighty-one
a share.

I'll take
three hundred.
Three hundred
at eighty-one.

Done.

SELL 300
GM
8 1/8
CUNA INVESTMENT BANK

Caina
Investment Bank.

10:24 a.m.

Your tea, Mister
Ackermann, and the
early report
from the trading
floor.

Would
you like a
bit of brunch
as well?

No, thank
you, Robert.
This is
fine.

Wait...
Are these
correct?

I'm
afraid
so, sir.
Portends to
be quite a
day.

Perhaps, but losing
your nerve before
lunch is simply bad
practice...

Like buying high, or
counting coin before
the market's
close.

Yes. *Of*
course, sir.
Never good to
press one's
luck.



Hrmp!

Unlike my
partners, I've
earned everything
I have with my
own two hands,
Robert.

I found the
climb perilous,
as not once has
fortune seen
fit to favor
me.

So,
luck?...



Luck has
nothing to
do...
with...



Utto
...

