RUBY PEARL'S FAN CLUB

REASON FOR EXISTENCE: Ruby
CLUB PRESIDENT: Hilda Higgins
FAN CLUB MOTTO: "I'd jump in a volcano for you, Ruby."
FAVORITE SMELL: The shoe we stole from Ruby.

We are absolutely positively thrilled to be here tonight. We'd jump off a bridge before we'd miss Ruby Pearl Billion's premiere of her new cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich, and You*. Ruby is the bee's knees, the real McCoy. Hilda Higgins stole one of Ruby's shoes and now it's our club's mascot.

Hilda is the president of our fan club. Because Ruby has a restraining order against her, Hilda broke into a window tonight to evade the police. According to the police, Hilda "stalked" Ruby because she watched Ruby sleep every night through her bedroom window. But that's just passion! Illegal passion!

TO DO: Get Ruby Pearl's autograph.

RUBY PEARL'S FAN CLUB

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was Ruby's husband.

What a tragedy! Ruby must be so upset. But it's absolutely positively fantastic that she wasn't murdered. If she'd died, our hearts would've died with her. We would've cried ourselves to death, and our tears would've filled entire backyard swimming pools. But Ruby isn't dead, so that's swell.

Blake was blackmailing Hilda for stalking Ruby because he didn't understand true devotion. We had to hold bake sale fundraisers to raise enough money for Hilda to pay the blackmail. Her mom always bought the most cookies because she absolutely positively loves her daughter. Because most of the club funds were going to blackmail payouts, we were only able to buy twenty towels from the *Ruby Pearl Signature Tea Towel Collection.* Hopefully we'll be able to buy the other thirty towels with the money we raise from our 5K *Run for Ruby* fundraiser.

Hilda isn't the only one who stalks Ruby. We often hold club meetings in the bushes outside of Ruby's parents' house. We like to picnic and watch Ruby through binoculars. Sometimes her parents Rev. Sam and Gray Gardens visit her, and we eavesdrop on their conversations. Her parents love gardening, and they've planted a swell vegetable patch with tomatoes, carrots, peppers, chives, and deadly nightshade. The nightshade is the best way to keep rabbits out of the garden. And how!

WHAT WE DRINK TO FORGET: Whatever Ruby is having

TO DO: Ask Ruby how she's coping with her husband's death.

RUBY PEARL'S FAN CLUB

Ruby is absolutely positively the cat's meow. She's a lioness. And we are her cubs. Ruby may never have met any of us, but we still have a spiritual connection. We feel what she feels. Probably.

Ruby's fierceness knows no bounds. She once killed a fella by singing a note so high it broke his brain in two. Only a true dame has that kind of power. At our last club meeting, we listened to Ruby's new record *Now You're On the Trolley!* When the song *Hotsy-Totsy* came on, we did the Charleston until one of our members broke a rib.

When Ruby isn't home, we hold meetings in the bushes outside of Ruby's parents' house. Gray's first husband was always out in the yard: gardening, polishing his Model T, and building a barbed-wire fence to keep us out. Gray also enjoyed spending time outside, and her favorite pastime was digging holes six feet deep. Then her husband suddenly disappeared. Thankfully, Gray had taken out a large life insurance policy on her first husband, so she was able to support herself. A week later, she married her second husband, Reverend Sam. They must be so happy together.

Copper Maxine Powers regularly chases us out of the bushes by Ruby's house. Rumor has it that she paid Bruce Hunter $1,000 to bump off Blake. If we hadn't already pledged our lives to Ruby, we might've started a Maxine Powers fan club. She's one gutsy dame.

TO DO: Ask Gray about her first husband.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

INNERMOST PURPOSE: Save the world from the evils of drink
SLOGAN: “Stop drinking alcohol!”
FAVORITE PASTIME: Going to speakeasies and telling people not to drink

What a den of liquored sin! There isn’t a soul here who isn’t zozzled. Our chief members are Professor Agatha Quinn and debutante Alexandra Belle, and they are here tonight to support our cause. Every weekend we go to speakeasies and wave our fingers at flappers and fellas indulging in the devil’s drink.

Many folks think we’re wet blankets, but we’re not ashamed of such a reputation. When a puppy is trapped in a burning building, a wet blanket *saves that puppy’s life.* People who drink alcohol obviously don’t care about puppies. The Temperance Movement might be *against* drinking, but we’re *for* puppies. It is an honor to be called a wet blanket.

TODO: Make leaflets against drinking (and for puppies) and hand them out.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was the head of Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders, our rival organization

Hotsy-totsy! Blake's death is awfully fortuitous. The public believes DBWOB is more important than our Temperance Movement, so DBWOB get thousands of dollars in donations, while we have to survive off of bake sales. Alexandra does make a ducky cream pie, though. But now, delightfully, Blake's death is a disaster for the organization he headed. What's Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders without the billionaire?

All our members are upstanding moral citizens. Agatha even has an immorality clause in her contract, which means she can't rob banks, or have affairs, or spoil the endings of movies. It's a true testament to her character that she hasn't been fired. Most of the fellas and flappers here couldn't be moral for more than five minutes.

All this lawlessness tonight will surely force Frankie's Fix to close its doors. Another vile speakeasy will be defeated! Not only will this establishment be shut down, but the rum-running ring that supplied all the bootleg alcohol will also be stopped. Frankie and copper Maxine Powers are in the depraved business together, and we can't wait to see them behind bars. It's a swell day for the Temperance Movement!

TODO: Find out who here is immoral. (Most likely everyone.)

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

Blake's death isn't the only fiasco to hit DBWOB. We routinely send spies to DBWOB to steal their money-making secrets. One of our agents recently told us that she saw Dr. Sarah Riley taking charity funds from Blake. He told her that, "When I'm gone, all the money's in your hands." Jeepers creepers!

Everyone here is depraved. Frankie has been avoiding Reverend Sam Gardens all night because Frankie lost $1,000 gambling at cards. Frankie fished when he should've gone. That's what gambling gets you! It's also why our organization holds wholesome events like paying taxes and standing in line at the post office.

Novelists are the most wicked. Ronald Riley is not only a splifficated drunk, but he also stole poison from his wife Sarah's purse. Drinking is a sin! Stealing is a sin! Poison is also a sin.

TODO: Confront Ronald about his misdeeds.

SOCIETY OF SWELL ADVENTURERS

SOCIETY MOTTO: “Tiger! Run!”
FAVORITE ANIMAL TO TAXIDERMY: Skunk
MOST EXPLORED SITE: Mount Everest Gift Shop

We are the most excellent adventuring society that has ever existed. And how! Our members have explored the North Pole, the South Pole, and the local barber’s pole. That barber gives a swell haircut. Honorary members of our society include Duke Ellington, who explores the artistic expanse of jazz, Alice Paul, who leads the National Women’s Party into the wilds of American politics, and Babe Ruth, because that fella can sure hit a baseball.

Most of our society meetings take place at Frankie’s Fix. Speakeasies are little adventures in themselves! Our member Bruce Hunter is here tonight, but he may not be a member much longer. We’re conducting our yearly review, and Bruce is in hot water. Unless he shows us otherwise, he isn’t cut out for adventuring, let alone being swell. He doesn’t like hunting, spiders, thunderstorms, dangerous situations, or darkness. Tonight is the last night Bruce has to show us that he’s the real McCoy.

TODO: Keep an eye on Bruce to see if that fella does anything adventurous.

SOCIETY OF SWELL ADVENTURERS

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was an honorary member of our society

Blake was an honorary member because he was most excellently rich. Now that he's been bumped off, we're not going to get his honorary stacks of cash anymore. On the other hand, he habitually stole our taxidermied skunks and fed our porters to tigers.

Walter Belle is a member of the 47th Chapter of Middle-Aged Scouts, and he is petitioning to become a member of our society. He has a merit badge in murder, so we're considering it. Murder is awfully adventurous.

Reverend Sam Gardens is also a bold fella. His cane secretly contains a knife, and our society is thrilled by covert tenacity. We might be throwing Bruce out the door, but there are plenty of fellas and flappers here who are audacious enough to join our society.

TODO: Find adventurous people and invite them into the society. People who've swum to the farthest depths, climbed the highest peaks, or murdered someone.

SOCIETY OF SWELL ADVENTURERS

Bruce did not redeem himself tonight, so he doesn't deserve to be an adventurer in our society. The most dangerous thing he's ever done is play golf. He golfed his way into our club, which, in retrospect, is *our* blunder. Placing such a high value on golf during our admissions process was a lousy idea. Have we got egg on our faces!

Bruce brought a knife tonight, which could have been adventurous, except that he immediately lost it. It's likely that he had never even used it. Everyone in our society, on the other hand, has stabbed at least four pumas in their time as club members (chiefly because our building is full of them).

This evening, we discovered that Walter's merit badge for murder only covers strangulation. How uninspired! That 47th Chapter of Middle-Aged Scouts is all hooey. The Society of Swell Adventurers does not entertain such hogwash, and Water is *not* welcome in our club.

This evening, we're inviting Alexandra Belle to join our society. Not only does she walk around with a shotgun, but she also plans to travel to Zanzibar this week. Zanzibar! She is taking her lover Charlie "Goose" Johnson with her because her husband Walter is planning to kill him. Alex is one audacious dame.

TODO: Uninvite Bruce and invite Alex into the Society.

THE WRITER'S LEAGUE

THE BEST TYPE OF WRITING: 1,000 pages of obtuse philosophical tracts on alienation, hedonism, and despair
THE WORST TYPE OF WRITING: Poetry
OUR WORST MEMBER: Ronald Riley

We are thrilled to attend Ruby Pearl Billion's cabaret show. Any artistic expression is the bee's knees, but our passion is writing. *Except poetry*. We hate poetry. Mostly because we don't understand it. Why is April the cruelest month? Is a dame supposed to take the road more often or less often taken? Should we compare a fella to a summer's day? Moreover, poets can't even write in complete sentences. How preposterous.

A fella can always find us at Frankie's speakeasy. We hold our weekly meetings here because a bottle of bootlegged whiskey inspires genius. And how! A person can't write a novel without being at least a little zozzled. It must be said, however, that writing rummy makes editing difficult.

TODO: Ask people if they've taken the road less traveled by, and if so, if it's made a difference.

THE WRITER'S LEAGUE

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake frequented Frankie's speakeasy, where we hold our weekly meetings

A rich fella bumped off is a tragedy because it's the wealthy who patronize the arts. Of course, Blake's death isn't a tragedy, because he never gave us a penny. Worse, instead of writing *our* society checks, he patronized the Poet's Guild. For dames and fellas who write *poetry.* They get to write with the swankiest pens on the ritziest paper, but those flat tires poets are still as aggravating as a rusted Model T.

Ronald Riley, our worse member, is the only one of us who is published. This is because his wife Dr. Sarah Riley pays for all his novels to be printed, although not a single copy of his book *The So-So Stagby* has sold. If only we all had rich relatives.

Ronald writes love letters ad nauseum. He keeps losing them, so we've read almost all of them. The letters are atrocious, and often they include *poetry. Poetry*. We only let Ronald stay in our club because his wife buys us drinks.

Earlier this evening, we saw Frankie put an envelope that said "To B from M" in the lost and found. We peeked in it and there was a wad of dough in there! We were about to split it amongst ourselves until Frankie interrupted us. We shoved the cash back in the envelope and told him that we were "just checking that the money is the real McCoy" and "we're definitely not stealing anything."

TODO: Find out who that envelope full of dough belongs to, and if they'd like to donate it to the Writer's League.

THE WRITER'S LEAGUE

Ronald and Sarah's marriage is a sham. They don't love each other, but they stay together because Sarah is rich and Ronald makes swell fried chicken. Love doesn't matter when dough and chicken are involved.

Sarah is the treasurer of the charity Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders, which Blake headed. Ronald told us that after a recent DBWOB board meeting, Blake told Sarah that, "When I'm gone, all the money is in your hands." Hotsy-totsy! As if that dame needed more dough.

Earlier this evening, we saw Dr. Agatha Quinn walk out of the bathroom wiping away tears. She sniffled and sobbed, "I'm broke!" We gave her a group hug because we're all broke too. Destitution sure is a killjoy.

TODO: Ask Sarah for money. If that doesn't work, ask Ronald to ask Sarah for money.

THE CON ARTIST COMPANY

COMPANY SLOGAN: “We’re definitely legitimate.”
MOST POPULAR PRODUCT: Things that don’t exist
EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH: Walter Belle, fake fridge salesman

Speakeasies are the best place to swindle fellas, and how! Our syndicate has been in operation since 1919, and we are a proud family run business. Grandmama would be proud of what our venture has become: The Con Artist Company has been named the number one double-crossing establishment in the county five years in a row.

Ruby Pearl Billions is one swell dame. Our cartel attends every one of her shows, and tonight’s performance of her new cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You* will be to die for. Grandmama would’ve loved her voice. Her singing feels like the moment a fella steals a fistfull of diamonds from a safe.

TODO: Sell people forged autographs of Ruby Pearl.

THE CON ARTIST COMPANY

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: We swindled Blake out of a gramophone made out of gold

It's swell that Blake got bumped off. We were afraid that he'd go to the coppers if he found out that we conned him out of a gramophone, so we were about to take him for a ride. Blake would've experienced a death by misadventure. What we're saying is that we would've murdered him. But now that he's dead, we don't have to worry about Blake exposing our scam.

This isn't to say that we're the only dubious people in town. Blake was a big time crook too. He once stole a Picasso from Charlie "Goose" Johnson's gallery. He took the painting right off the wall and walked out the door because he was too lazy to take out his wallet. Copper Maxine Powers was there, but she doesn't like doing actual police work. Reverend Sam Gardens found out about the whole affair and was blackmailing Blake for a mint. Jeepers creepers! We're surprised everyone in town isn't on the lam.

We weren't the only ones to swindle Blake. The fortune teller Darla Drew Ackard told Blake that her Tarot cards wanted him to give her $1,000 and a Model T. Blake's brain is a chunk of lead, so he agreed. He eventually found out the truth, however, and he was about to expose Darla's con. Blake didn't care about the small business swindler, but it is companies like ours that keep the economy strong.

TODO: Plan a con with Darla.

THE CON ARTIST COMPANY

Walter's wife Alexandra cheated on him with Charlie, so Walter planned to kill him tonight. We are a family-friendly business, so we don't usually condone murder, but we do make exceptions. For instance, a dame can bump off a fella any day of the week *except* Sunday. We've made that our company policy because we want our employees to have at least one day off a week, and also because we don't want *everyone* in town bumped off. We can't con a dead fella.

Although our own business model is structured around keeping most fellas alive, we still respect people who run more murder-centric businesses. Dr. Sarah Riley is a prime example: that dame has killed ten of her patients, eight accidentally. She's making waves in the medical field. That dame is an innovator.

TODO: Ask Walter how he planned to kill Charlie.

MRS. FISHER'S 6th GRADE CLASS

TEACHER'S PET: Hilda Higgins
THIS WEEK'S GROUP PROJECT: Use crayons, macaroni, and pipe cleaners to make art inspired by the dark underbelly of society
CLASS PET: Scorpion

We're excited to hear Mrs. Ruby Pearl Billions sing! Hilda Higgins is Mrs. Ruby's number one fan, so she's especially excited to be here. We're at Frankie's Fix on a school field trip to learn about the repercussions of prohibition on the middle class. When we get back to school, we're going to make art that represents how bootlegging has affected America's political climate. Our class makes the best macaroni art, so we should all get A's.

Hilda is the teacher's pet because she's swell smart. She knows what a political climate is, and she understands all the symbols in *The Great Gatsby*. No one else in the class knows what the green light means. Or the American dream. Or how to say Mr. Fitzgerald.

TODO: Ask people what *"bump off"* means.

MRS. FISHER'S 6th GRADE CLASS

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Mr. Blake visited our class

On career day two weeks ago, Mr. Blake talked to our class about his job as a professional billionaire. He was boring. Also, he was mean. He was blackmailing Hilda for stalking his wife Mrs. Ruby. It wasn't fair. Hilda just wanted to make sure that Mrs. Ruby was sleeping okay at night by watching her through her bedroom window.

While we were looking through people's bags for candy, we found a bottle in Dr. Sarah Riley's purse. It had an XXX, a skull and crossbones, and red letters that said "This Bottle Contains Deadly Poison." We were disappointed because we wanted to find at least a few Charleston Chews.

Earlier this evening, Mr. Charlie "Goose" Johnson told us stories about his life selling arts and arms. He told us that one day one of us could have macaroni art hanging in a gallery. Or run our own gun smuggling ring. Mr. Charlie also told us why he's named Goose: when he was four a goose killed his parents, so he calls himself Goose to remember them by.

TODO: Ask people if they have candy, or anything else nifty.

MRS. FISHER'S 6th GRADE CLASS

Hilda's mom pays for everything: Chemistry sets, model airplanes, and Mr. Blake's blackmail money. She's swell lucky. What's more, tonight Hilda found a knife. Finders keepers! The knife is from the Sears Roebuck catalogue, and it's still got the tag. The best thing any of us has gotten from Sears Roebuck is a wheelbarrow.

Mr. Charlie knows everything about knives. He specializes in them, and he showed us his collection: bowie knives, butcher knives, boning knives. When Mrs. Fisher wasn't watching, Mr. Charlie even let us hold his meat cleaver. Only one of us almost cut off an arm.

TODO: Find out who lost a knife.

THE FAT CAT COUNTRY CLUB

REQUIREMENT FOR MEMBERSHIP: Not being poor
CLUB MOTTO: “Et populum poorum are gross”
CLUB FISH: Gold

We adore Ruby Pearl Billions. She has a swell voice, but we chiefly adore her because she is disgustingly wealthy. As a rule we only associate with people who own at least two yachts. We are so rich that it’s hard for us to even *see* the destitute, so it’s not unusual for us to run over a poor fella while driving our Model Ts. Conveniently, the law does not apply to us. Most flappers or fellas would be nervous with a copper in a speakeasy, but officer Maxine Powers is a personal friend of ours. A friend we bribe monthly.

We go to Frankie’s Fix twice a week. Frankie doesn’t own two yachts, but his bootleg whiskey is the best this side of the Mississippi. The poor are also here, unfortunately, but our butlers keep them at bay.

TODO: Ask if people have two yachts, and if so, invite them into the Fat Cat Country Club.

THE FAT CAT COUNTRY CLUB

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: All rich people know each other

Philosophically, it's a shame that a man has been murdered. Practically, now is the time to claim as much of his fortune as possible. We don't actually have any right to the money, but that won't stop us from attending the funeral posing as a distant cousin who must be in the will *somewhere.*

Through our network of butlers, we know everything about everybody. We know who inherited which fortune, who was written out of which will, and who owns which islands. Blake Billions had a penchant for blackmail; it was his favorite hobby. Blake was as rich as a small country, but he loved blackmailing because he was enchanted with unsigned envelopes full of unmarked bills.

Blake blackmailed Gray Gardens and Professor Agatha Quinn. We're uncertain why, but the lower classes are always getting themselves blackmailed. The wealthy never pay *blackmail*. Instead, we're *extorted.*

The Fat Cat is buzzing with gossip. Rumor has it that debutante Alexandra Belle is having an affair with arts and arms dealer Charlie "Goose" Johnson. And how! Scandals are what keep the blood pumping. Scandals, and piles and piles of dough.

TODO: Uncover as many scandals as you can, and then gossip about them.

THE FAT CAT COUNTRY CLUB

Bruce Hunter is a longtime member of our club. He's a swell golfer, and that's it. Bruce has no other notable skills, and he's afraid of everything: dangerous situations, the wet and cold, hunting, spiders, thunderstorms, and darkness. Bruce meets the membership requirements for The Fat Cat, however, because he's not poor. He may be afraid of leaving his house, but he's also got a diamond the size of a grown fella's head.

Maxine Powers is also filthy rich, and she's been a longtime member of The Fat Cat. She is one swanky dame. Rumor has it that Maxine gave Bruce $1,000 to kill Blake. Rich fellas always want to get richer, and murder isn't a terrible way to get a wad of dough. Bruce told Gray about Maxine's offer, and she told him that she enjoyed murder; she bumped off her first husband. Murder and money are regularly discussed in the Fat Cat.

TODO: It's time to get down to business. Find out where Blake's money is going, and how it can go to you instead.

THE VALENTINES

FAMILY CREST: Red roses and blue violets
MOST VALUABLE PAINTING OWNED BY THE VALENTINES: *"A Rose by Any Other Name"* which depicts Romeo and Juliet shooting arrows at Cupid

We are a family of nobles: archdukes, princesses, royal accountants. The Valentines date back to the eighth century. Our ancestors had tea and biscuits with Marie Antoinette, wrote sonatas with Mozart, were electrocuted by Tesla, and were irradiated by Marie Curie. A baroness survived the Titanic disaster by swimming to Canada. There isn't anything our family *hasn't* done. And how!

We adore Ruby Pearl Billions. She isn't royalty, but she is rich, which is acceptable. Her voice is the bee's knees. What's more, Frankie serves a swell gin and tonic, so tonight is sure to be grand. The Valentines are nothing if not grand.

Duchess Valentine couldn't attend this evening, which is a shame because she's a delightful conversationist. Recently the Duchess donated an ancient switchblade from south New Jersey to the local university's New England weapons collection. Archeology professor Agatha Quinn brought it with her tonight, and will drop it off at the university later this evening. Duchess Valentine purchased the knife at a casino auction in Atlantic City.

TODO: Tell stories about your ancestors' grand adventures.

THE VALENTINES

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: The Billions and the Valentines have a centuries-old feud

In 1706, Anne Billions stole a stallion from Countess Abigail Valentine. The two dueled, and Anne shot the Countess and left town with the horse. Ever since, the two families have resented each other. Of course, the Valentines are in the right, no matter how many billionaires we've stabbed over the centuries.

Blake Billions was no different than the rest of his family. The fella cheated on his wife Ruby with Dr. Sarah Riley. Admittedly, Ruby and Blake's marriage was only for show; they got married so Ruby could be rich and Blake could be famous. That doesn't excuse Blake, it just demonstrates that the whole lot of them are depraved.

Our family works closely with the art and arms dealer Charlie "Goose" Johnson, and he is the fella who sold us the painting *"A Rose by Any Other Name."* It's a sorry story why he's named Goose: when he was four a goose killed his parents, so he calls himself Goose to remember them by. Family is everything.

TODO: Uncover other awful things Blake did.

THE VALENTINES

Recently, Charlie began collecting knives. He loves all weapons, but in the past month he's become captivated by stabbing. Stabbing potatoes, stabbing his friends in the back, taking stabs in the dark. Last week, we bought a rare antique meat cleaver from Charlie, along with an assortment of smaller knives perfect for a quick murder.

Last Tuesday, Duchess Valentine told the rest of the family that Agatha is having an affair with the novelist Ronald Riley. We royals have affairs all the time, but watching a fella get all in a lather over love is always a treat.

Our family donates regularly to the charity Orphans Feeding Orphans. It's such a noble cause, based upon such a modest proposal. Copper Maxine Powers is on the board, and she's been embezzling money from the charity for years. Those orphans have made her very, very rich. And how!

TODO: Find out who else is having an affair.

DOCTORS AND BILLIONAIRES WITHOUT BORDERS

SLOGAN: “Cure Every Billionaire”
OUR GREATEST CHALLENGE: Borders

We’ve arrived from our charity’s gala naming Blake Billions the head of Doctors and Billionaires Without Borders. In recognition, our committee gave Blake a plaque, a medal, a key to the city, a statue of himself, and a yacht. It’s the least we could do. DBWOB has treated over 500 billionaires the world over. Our mission is to cure the most devastating diseases known to man: billionaire malaria, billionaire typhoid, and the extremely deadly billionaire sniffles. Only when billionaires never sneeze again will we have reached our goal.

Ruby Pearl Billions is one of our greatest success stories. Last year she came to us with billionaire sore throat, and her probability of not having a sore throat anymore was only 99%. But our treatment regimen of cough drops and tea with honey worked, and she’s been in remission for over two months. We are delighted to hear her sing tonight.

TODO: Collect donations for billionaire diseases.

DOCTORS AND BILLIONAIRES WITHOUT BORDERS

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was the head of our organization

Well hooey. Now that Blake got himself murdered, we need a new head of DBWOB. And what's more, we'll have to commission another statue! Blake's death is inconvenient, but not all members of our organization liked him. Many people believed that Blake had conflicting interests because he was also the head of Doctors and Billionaires *With* Borders. Some fellas can't ever be pleased.

We love coming to Frankie's speakeasy because his gin and tonics are the best in town. Frankie and copper Maxine Powers head the bootleg ring that keeps this speakeasy in business: Maxine sells confiscated alcohol to Frankie, and Frankie sells it to us. Blake was blackmailing Maxine, but thankfully it didn't noticeably interrupt business. It's important for a fella to relax after a long day curing billionaires.

Admittedly, Frankie spits in the drinks. But that doesn't mean they don't taste swell!

TODO: Find out who else was blackmailed.

DOCTORS AND BILLIONAIRES WITHOUT BORDERS

All evening, Frankie has been picking up shards of glass and putting them in his pocket. We don't know how he hasn't ripped a hole in his trousers yet. Frankie is probably cleaning up the speakeasy, but a fella never knows whether a person wants to make a place spiffy or stab someone in the heart.

Some fellas here *definitely* want to stab someone in the heart. Earlier tonight, we saw Bruce Hunter carrying a knife in his breast pocket. He immediately lost it, however, and that little darling Hilda Higgins found it and showed it to us. She's going to grow up to be one tough dame.

Walter Belle also has murder on his mind. His wife Alexandra cheated on him with Charlie "Goose" Johnson, so Walter planned to kill Charlie tonight. Charlie is still alive, however, so we can write that plan off as a failure.

TODO: Find out who else has something sharp.

RUBY PEARL'S SECURITY

SWORN DUTY: Protect Ruby Pearl at all costs
REQUIREMENT FOR THE POSITION: Look imposing

We guard Ruby wherever she goes. We protect her against muggers, the paparazzi, and falling down stairs. Tonight, we've surrounded the perimeter of Frankie's speakeasy to ensure that Ruby is well-guarded for the premiere of her new cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You*.

We're keeping an eye out for eleven-year-old Hilda Higgins, who is Ruby's number one fan. Ruby filed a restraining order against Hilda after she watched Ruby sleep through her bedroom window. Hilda also stole one of her shoes.

TODO: Keep a lookout for Hilda Higgins.

RUBY PEARL'S SECURITY

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was Ruby's husband

It's excellent that Ruby wasn't murdered, because then we'd be out of a job. Blake's death is unfortunate, but also beneficial. He always got Ruby into dangerous situations: they almost fell off the Eiffel Tower posing for a photograph, Blake sank one of his yachts on a pleasure cruise, and his pet puma escaped and nearly mauled both of them. And how! Our work will be much easier now that Blake is dead.

Blake enjoyed blackmailing people, which was exasperating. He blackmailed almost half the town, including Hilda and fellow officer Maxine Powers. So not only did we have to protect Ruby, but because of Blake's hobby, we felt obligated to guard him against the people he blackmailed in the event they tried to kill him. We didn't feel *that* obligated however, considering Blake is dead.

What's more, Ruby and Blake weren't even married for love. Blake made Ruby rich, and Ruby made Blake famous. All that trouble for a lump of hooey.

TODO: Find out who else was blackmailed.

RUBY PEARL'S SECURITY

We are sworn to protect Ruby, but that doesn't mean that that dame is helpless. She's got a killer instinct. She carries a little pistol with her everywhere, and she once sang a note so high that she split a fella's brain in two. Ruby doesn't want to constantly be on the lookout for crooks, however, so we provide the eyes, ears, and noses to catch would-be evildoers.

Like Ruby, Maxine Powers also has a talent for murder. She's a copper, but that doesn't stop her from bumping fellas off. She doesn't like doing the murdering herself, however. She hates getting her hands dirty. Metaphorically. And also literally; blood is impossible to get out of a shirt. Rumor has it that Maxine paid Bruce Hunter $1,000 to assassinate Blake. Blake was blackmailing Maxine because he found out that she's been embezzling money from the charity Orphans Feeding Orphans. We don't know why anyone would get in a lather about stolen money from orphans. What have orphans ever done for society?

TODO: Ask Bruce what his assassin qualifications are.

THE 47th CHAPTER OF MIDDLE-AGED SCOUTS

CHAPTER PRESIDENT: Walter Belle
SCOUT OATH: "On my honor, during my mid-life crisis I will only buy one Model T, remarry only twice, and do my best to ignore the overwhelming sense of regret from unaccomplished goals."

We, the 47th Chapter of Middle-Aged Scouts, are excited to see Ruby Pearl Billions perform the premiere of her new cabaret show *A Cup of Coffee, A Sandwich, and You*. Our mission is to find something, *anything*, that can stop the encroaching ennui of a purposeless existence. We've gotten a wiggle on, hit on all sixes, and put on the ritz, all to no success. Perhaps Ruby's singing will relieve us, if only for a short moment, of the feeling that we're no longer playing to win, but instead playing *not to lose*.

We want to join the Society of Swell Adventurers. We know at least one member will be attending tonight: professional daredevil Bruce Hunter. Adventuring could rid us of the despair of growing old, because a fella can't grow old if he's eaten by a puma.

TODO: Ask Bruce (and any other swell adventurers) to invite you into their club.

THE 47th CHAPTER OF MIDDLE-AGED SCOUTS

HOW WE KNEW THE DEAD FELLOW: Blake was always written up in the newspapers

At every meeting we read about Blake in *The Per Diem Periodical*. If we could start our lives over again, we would be Blake. He was the real McCoy: he was a star boxer in college, he had a fleet of sixteen yachts, and he raised a pet puma. Now that Blake is dead, however, our spirits have been lifted. Perhaps we'll never be billionaires, but at least we're still alive.

Our chapter president Walter has got more scout badges than the rest of us combined. That fella has a badge for camping, bugling, plumbing, basketry, and murder. It's that dedication that made him our president. That, and he makes a swell basket.

The novelist Ronald Riley is one of our heroes. Unlike us, he followed his dreams. He's an unsuccessful author who gets zozzled in the back of a speakeasy, but that doesn't stop him from living his life to the fullest. His wife Dr. Sarah is absurdly rich, and she paid for his most recent novel *The So-So Stagby* to be published. It hasn't sold a single copy, but money doesn't buy happiness. A rich wife does.

TODO: Find out who else besides Walter has murder experience.

THE 47th CHAPTER OF MIDDLE-AGED SCOUTS

Walter was planning to use his murder scout badge tonight. His wife Alexandra cheated on him with Charlie “Goose” Johnson, and he was going to bump him off. We found out, however, that Walter only studied strangulation for his murder scout badge. Because of this negligence, our chapter has revoked it. A scout must learn at least three types of homicide to receive the badge.

What’s even more disappointing is that Bruce is no daredevil. He’s afraid of everything, and he’s about to be expelled from The Society of Swell Adventurers. The only reason he was accepted into the society in the first place is because he’s excellent at golf, and due to a golfing hole-in-one loophole, he was allowed to join. His golf game *is* the bee’s knees, but it’s the only useful quality he has.

TODO: Find a new hero. Someone thrilling must be here, someone who’s climbed Everest, run a country, or murdered someone.