



SUSPECT 11°TES

1920'S SLANG

Absent treatment: Dance with a timid partner

Applesauce: Nonsense!

Bearcat: A fiery woman

Bee's knees: Fantastic

Big cheese: An important person



Bird: A (usually odd) person

Bootlegging: Selling illegal alcohol

Bump off: Murder

Chunk of lead: Dull, unattractive

Dough: Money

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.