



ROSCOE WILL SAVE

This leaflet is not an attempt to convert you to the Rosconian way of life -- it is only to present a little of the history and a few of the inspiring facts of Roscoeism. This is not a demanding religion; we do not try to force you to realise the true path -- when you are spiritually ready, then the seed of truth planted in you by this little leaflet will sprout, and you will find that the light of revelation will illuminate your entire soul.

Roscoe is a forgiving god. Even if you do not accept him during your lifetime, you will be welcomed by him in the afterlife. Even if, in the blindness of your ignorance, you follow the trail of Oscar, the Malevolent Muskrat, Roscoe will accept your sincere repentance, for he is a loving and forgiving Beaver.

May Roscoe's great front teeth defend you from your enemies! And now, read on.....

←(Following is part of a collection of the birchbark scrolls found in a hollow tree by a punchdrunk lumberjack named Bjornsen, or Cornwallis. He was punchdrunk because the tree he was attempting to fell, fell. On his head. In his dazed condition, he neglected to mark the exact location of the tree, and by the time an expedition from that well-known cultural and technological organization, the Spectators, reached the site, all but a few of the birch-slabs had been carried off by a tribe of nearby deros. At any rate, the portions of the sacred writings which were rescued deal with Roscoe the Good Beaver, and with Oscar, the Evil Muskrat, who is constantly palming himself off on the gullible herd as a beaver also. Following are the birch bark scrolls:→)

B O O K I

There exists a gay young Beaver; Roscoe is this Beaver's name, and he seems like most young Beavers, but he isn't quite the same, for although the rest are brownish, or a

muddy greyish-blue, when you take a look at Roscoe, why the look goes right on through.

He cannot be seen in water, he cannot be seen in air, and if he didn't bite you, you would vow he wasn't there. But his teeth are keen as chisels and if you commit a sin, Roscoe will find out about it, and he'll bite you on the shin.

Roscoe watches out for faithful ones, where ever they may be, from the canyons to the desert, from the mountains to the sea. He's a kind and helpful Beaver, helping us in many ways, and he merits all our worship on the Sacred Beaver Days.

These days are two in number: one's the fourth day of July -- it's the day when Roscoe rides a firey rocket in the sky. In his honor, on that date, a truce should fall on all dissention, and every true disciple should assemble in convention.

The second day is Labor Day, the date of

Roscoe's birth, when tribute should be paid to him all over this wide earth; when the faithful meet their fellows to look back upon the year and they drink a toast to Roscoe with their sacramental beer.

Now Roscoe helps his followers in many, many ways; just to list them would consume about a hundred million days: in whatever you are doing he will guide your clumsy hand, and protect you from the errors you just might not understand.

And many other boons befall those truly faithful men who agree that Roscoe merits being honored once again, and to prove that they are striving to fulfil the Roscoe Goal, submit their names for listing on the Roscoe Honor Roll.

B O O K I I

When anything goes wrong with plans and something seems to ruin it, don't scream a curse in Roscoe's name, it's Oscar who is doin' it! The bane of fuming, frenzied

men, this evil pseudo-Beaver brings wails of woe where'er he goes, the skulking, base deceiver!

If you would tread on Oscar's toes to make him scream and wail, the most effective method is to swear "by Roscoe's tail". And if you want to tell some rat you hope he slowly hangs, begin your curse "By all the marks of Roscoe's sacred fangs..."

Some poor misguided jerks may try to sell you their religion, but if you're a true Roscoeite you will not budge a smidgin. To Oscar with their pantheon, it isn't worth a sliver! The only Ghod is Roscoe, and his heaven is his River!

For when Roscoe smacks the water with his tail on Judgement Morn, the men who sneer at Beavers will wish they had not been born, for such heathen will be punished then as promptly as can be; they'll float down the stream to Oscar, who will CHEW on them with glee.

Another eminent ecclesiastic, Brother Rick of South Gate, is currently meditating hermit-like in the desert, seeking insight into the relation of Roscoeism to Foo-Foo and Ghu-worship. What may emerge from his studies, only Roscoe knows! For fear they might crack under the strain, we have as yet not posed to Brother Rick or Saint Edco the question of the orthodoxy of Sexocracy, but this form of Roscoeism is highly recommended by Reverend Radell of Cadillac.

Thus, Saint Ballard, Saint Share, and all others who have deliberately remained in obscurity and pure contemplation so that you could strengthen and enhance the ranks of Roscoeism and purify its concepts, come forth, all ye knights and saints. Rise in all your glory and proclaim the future. And remember that all faithful Roscoedites believe in the ultimate concept: De Garren Haa Det Gut!

Fornchy pub #6, at Fan Hill, May 1960.-Taj