

# The Sacred Writings of Roscoe

Book 1

by Arthur Rapp

From Spacewarp No. 27, June 1949

(As reprinted in Hyphen 15, December 1956)

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 thru!

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 stfen wheresoever they may be,  
from the canyons to the desert, from the mountains to the sea.  
He's a kind and helpful beaver, aiding fen in many ways,  
and he merits fannish 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 flies a fiery spaceship in the sky.  
In his honor, on that date, a truce should fall on fan dissension,  
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 him over all the fannish Earth,  
when all fen shall meet their fellows to look back upon the year  
and shall drink a toast to Roscoe in that other great ghod: Bheer.

Now, Roscoe helps his followers in many, many ways;  
just to list them would consume about a hundred billion days:  
he reduces typing errors; he makes fanclub laws more stable;  
he keeps laid-down pens and styli from a-rolling off the table.

He makes mimeos print legibly, makes typer ribbons last;  
he keeps hacks from pulling boners when they're writing of the past;  
he climbs into crowded newsstands, ferrets out the stfish zines,  
and attracts the fan's attention via telepathic beams.

Roscoe crawls in cluttered corners where the bookstores' treasures stand  
and despite the dust and darkness guides the groping fannish hand  
that it misses the obscuring mass of mundane, worthless books  
and brings up the rare edition for which every stfan looks.

And it's Roscoe who puts blinkers on the greedy dealers' eyes  
so they sell their stf like other pulps, at half the cover price,  
and it's Roscoe who takes cognizance of what you're always wishin'  
and arranges that you find the mag in perfect mint condition.

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