On Stone, Not Paper
Roger Babson, 1875–1967
A Poem by Suellen Wedmore
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I wanted my final words written on stone, not paper,

**COURAGE...NEVER TRY NEVER WIN...KEEP OUT OF DEBT**

for inspiration, motivation, for character-building advice,
& hired unemployed Finnish stone cutters to chisel wisdom on twenty-six of Gloucester’s Dogtown’s boulders,

& though I was the first to predict the stock market’s crash,

**BE ON TIME...USE YOUR HEAD...KINDNESS**

& was consultant to seven presidents, Assistant Secretary of Labor to “square deal” Roosevelt, & in ’40 ran for president myself on the prohibition ticket, what I’m most proud of is my counsel to all of you who hike Dogtown’s meandering trails.

**INDUSTRY...INTELLIGENCE...INTEGRITY**

Some called me “eccentric,” with my anti-gravity campaign, researching a shield from the devilish force which seized my sister like a dragon, pulling her to pond’s bottom,

but the city welcomed my 1150 acres gifted in memory

**IF WORK STOPS VALUES DECAY...STUDY...GET A JOB**

of my father & grandfather, remembering our Sundays riding a handsome horse-drawn Goddard Buggy to salt the cattle grazing Dogtown’s green hills.

Author of 47 published books, hundreds of articles,

**INITIATIVE...IDEALS...PROSPERITY FOLLOWS SERVICE**

I wrote my final words on stone.

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR
An economist and influential voice in local as well as national government, Roger Babson was a 10th generation descendant of Isabel Babson, widow and midwife, who emigrated from England to Salem and then Gloucester at age 60 with two sons—the forbear of at least 16 generations of Babsons.