

Dr. Dods Writes to the Censor  
By Douglas H. Shepard

Fredonia has been home to a number of talented writers, including Grace **Richmond** and Jean **Webster**. One writer however, a poet, has been little noted, so we wanted to correct the record. On 21 January 1920, the *Fredonia Censor* ran an editorial speaking to the matter of thrift. It was part of a nation-wide program which divided the week into “Thrift in Industry Day,” “Family Budget Day,” etc. Saturday 24 January, was to be “Pay Your Bills Day” and it was pointed out that “The *CENSOR* Office will be open for the convenience of those who have thus far neglected to pay their *CENSOR* SUBSCRIPTION for 1920 in advance.”

That editorial nudge received an unexpectedly poetic response, which was reported in the *Censor* of 28 January. Included with a check for a renewed subscription was the following:

If you would feel happy and snappy and snug,  
Like the dear little buggy that lived in a rug,  
Avoid editorials written on thrift,  
For as soon as you catch, of their meaning, the drift,  
You’ll awake with a start to find it is true,  
That that paragraph, pointed, is pointed at YOU!

The editor added that the poem was written on stationery from *66 East Main Street*. In other words, it came from Dr. Abraham Wilson **Dods** (of today’s **Dods** Hall fame) just another star in Fredonia’s galaxy of literary talent.