January 27, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am taking the liberty of asking you to spare a wee bit of your precious time to read a play written by a youngster, Elizabeth Steifeld, 9 years old, completing the fourth year of our school.

This play was written as an afterview of one of our many various school activities conducted in the class. Her composition is self explanatory as to the reason for writing this play.

We are presenting her play over our microphone system on January 30th in honor of your husband, a great man, friend, and patriotic citizen of the United States.

Sincerely yours,

Florence O. Blattin
Class Teacher.
On Jan. 20th my class and teacher discussed the March of Dimes and the purpose of same. We decided to give dimes to this worthy cause. I began looking high and low for 3 Roosevelt dimes. I saw my mother and father look in their pockets and I wondered how many places a dime can hide for a long time. We were informed that day that our class contributed 1 dollar. I thought it would be a good idea if I wrote a dollar's worth of the Roosevelt story on the dimes. My mother helped me in my research. We used the encyclopedia and the Penquin book "Tha History of the Second World War" After this work, I gladly present my play "March of Dimes". Let me add that my class sent $4.50 to the "March of Dimes". Though just a drop in the bucket, let our dimes help these poor inflicted people.

After you have heard my play, "The March of Dimes" how about giving another dime folks?
"THE MARCH OF DIMES"

by Elisabeth Steifeld
Class 4-2-2 F.S. 193, Brooklyn

Music: tune "HAIL COLUMBIA"

Dimes march in.

1st Dime speaks:
I am an American dime. I was created in 1882. While I was lying in a store in Hyde Park, N.Y. I couldn't help hearing people talk about a boy being born on that day to the proud and distinguished family of Sara Roosevelt. His name will be Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I heard he is a healthy and fine boy.

2nd Dime says:
I remember I was circulating at Grotten School where there were many fine students. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was there too at the time.

3rd Dime adds:
I was spent freely in Boston and found my way into Harvard University. I noticed that Franklin Delano Roosevelt studied law there.

4th Dime:
I bet you all envy me if I tell you that I was spent as change at a very important wedding celebration. Franklin Delano Roosevelt married his sixth cousin, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt. I had a wonderful time as I was going from hand to hand.

5th Dime chimes in:
I am a 1907 dime, quite old and used. Law students handled me. I found my way into the pocket of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and was right there when he was admitted to the bar as a lawyer in 1907. I was with him later he entered politics. Though I am sorry to say, I was given away into circulation when he became a progressive democrat in 1910 and was elected to the State Senate.

6th Dime:
I was created in 1915 when Franklin Delano Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. I felt kind of comfortable in his vest pocket until on a nine warm summer day in August 1921, something dreadful happened. While my hero was swimming in the Bay of Ponds, I was informed that my Mr. Roosevelt was stricken with Infantile Paralysis. While he was spending many months and years trying to get well, I spent my time in a dark closet. It was too horrible to witness his suffering. One day I was taken out and found myself in Warm Springs, Georgia where F. D. R. and I found almost complete recovery. There, with the thought of me, he established a Foundation for aiding those afflicted with Infantile Paralysis. Think of it! I was the dime that started the march which is remembered every year on this great man's birthday. Let us pray that I will be remembered and that my trip will never end to help in this noble work.
7th Dime:

I am an old dime and ought to know a great deal. While I was with F.D.R., I heard of the New Deal and here is what I have to say. During the period of 1929-1933 he was Governor of New York State. There was a terrible depression that I, poor dime, was so much wanted. Everybody was afraid to spend me. So I stayed quite awhile with my owner. Well, as I said, Mr. Roosevelt started the New Deal. A bank holiday was declared when he was elected President of the U.S. in 1933. Organizations with alphabetical names appeared - N.R.A.; AAA; C.C.C.; P.C.A.; N.L.B.; P.W.A.; and many more. My man was an able man. Everyone loved and respected him. He was re-elected and granted still greater powers by Congress. I was so proud to be with a man who served his country and his people so unselfishly. But soon I had to depart from him. I was spent and spent.

8th Dime:

1939 was my time. I received my last polish to enter circulation. What a time to make a dime! The world was cold, dark, and gruesome. A storm was sweeping the country, murder, torture, fire, death, and pain were stalking the world. Heavy war clouds covered the New Deal just as I began to shine. What a time! Then when I finally fell into the White House hoping to see a better sight, I heard that F.D.R. was forced to become a wartime president - his third term. I was a sorry dime indeed. Since I was so close to this great man I could feel his burden. I went with him to Yalta and to other countries where I met Churchill and Stalin. I stayed in the dark but of course I heard about the signing of the Lend Lease. This was in 1941. In August of the same year, the Atlantic Charter was framed. I am sorry this is all I can tell because I had to roll along on the endless spending program to save humanity from the Beast War.

9th Dime:

You, my dear, went into the dark; but I, when I saw this world, went into fire. Wherever I went, there was fire. The whole world was burning. Tears, groans, pain, death were heard and seen. I traveled from one relief to another relief collection. Just a poor dime! I was thrown into boxes, cans and baskets. I was counted and recounted. Wherever I went I met heartbreak and sorrow. How I wished I could help. This was the first time I really was glad that I was just a poor old dime - worth only 10 cents. In 1944 I finally reached Hawaii. I enjoyed just a ray of sunshine. I met this great president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, you are all so proud of. But he was ill and tired. Oh so tired. Great he was indeed. Imagine poor me meeting this great man! But I became sad when I looked up at him, for he was ill, tired, and unhappy.

Music - playing to the tune "Home on the Range"

10th Dime:

I was the last dime, the dime that was with the greatest man of our times. Just when the hour of triumph was at hand, his Maker called him on April 12, 1945. Franklin Delano Roosevelt departed from this earth. Sorrow entered every home in the United States and throughout the world. Under a blue cloudless spring day, he was laid to rest at Hyde Park, in the flower garden of his family estate. We all helped to build this monument of dimes. The MARCH OF DIMES is continuing the noble work our leader started. A GREAT LEADER AND HUMANITARIAN IS LOST TO THE WORLD. IN OUR HEARTS HE LIVES FOREVER. YOU, F. D. R., ARE NOT FORGOTTEN.