



BOARD OF GOVERNORS  
OF THE  
FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM  
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN

October 30, 1950.

*Thos B. McCabe*

Dear John:

Someone put the enclosed on my desk. I am sending it to you as I think you might get a chuckle from reading it.

Sincerely,

*Thos B. McCabe*  
Thomas B. McCabe.

The Honorable John W. Snyder,  
Secretary of the Treasury,  
Washington 25, D. C.

Enclosure

I am old and rather tired. I look about the same as always but I am not nearly the man I once was. My popularity seems to be waning. In the old days people liked to have me around, particularly when they grew older. They sort of depended on me to take care of them in their old age. It is different now. They can't seem to get rid of me fast enough. I suppose it's my parents' fault really. I have so many brothers and sisters. We were born faster than my parents could produce the necessities of life but when the doctors suggested birth control they scoffed and said, "Don't try to interfere with our way of life." I am only worth about half as much as a few years ago and I feel a little discouraged. Who am I? Why I am the oldest son of commerce and finance. I am an American dollar.