August 10, 1922

Mr. Daniel S. Sanford,
Redding Ridge, Conn.

My dear Mr. Sanford:

What a hopeful soul you are to suppose for one moment that I would be an acceptable candidate for Senator McLean's seat!

I am as convinced as I am of anything in the world that they would not look at me. Moreover, that if they should be so rash I would be overwhelmed. The views I hold on labor, tariff, foreign relations, would snow me under. I would not object in the least to that if I could have a chance to go up and down Connecticut and tell them was I think; but it is out of the question for me to seek that chance.

I work for my living, dear Mr. Sanford. I try to make the work I do contribute a little to the general good as I see it. Doing one's job seems much more important to me these days than politics. I am growing more and more of the opinion that the chief thing that ails us is too much politics, too much organization, too much talk. I contribute my quota constantly to the latter, of course, but I try to make it as harmless as I can.

No, dear Mr. Sanford, much as I am interested in your faith that I could secure the nomination, and your confidence that I could make a respectable run, I shall have to tell you that I could not think of it.

If I were going to be in the country this week I should come up and repeat what I am saying here, but the probability is that I shall not be there until the 19th. Then maybe we can get together, but what I shall have to say is in substance what I have said here.

Love to Mrs. Sanford.

Faithfully yours,

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