

374 Piccadilly Avenue,
Ottawa, December 22, 1942.

Dear Mr. Meighen,

Thanks for your kind letter. Am glad you liked mine to the Journal. Mr. Ross (for whom I also have a great admiration and respect) evidently decided not to publish my second letter; at any rate, it hasn't yet appeared. I return yours to Grattan O'Leary herewith.

Have not yet managed to see either the full report of the Pilgrims speech or the New York Times editorial, though I have tried. My regular work, plus the book (the index is an appalling job), plus suburban life and the baby, leave me dreadfully little time; indeed, they leave me almost none except what I can snatch from my lunch hour. *And the Parl. Reading Room is closed then!*

Bracken's speech sounded well enough, though he is not very agreeable to listen to (voice and manner). My attempts to get something done about Selkirk seem unfortunately to have been unsuccessful. I must say it is pretty trying to have to edge other people into doing what one could do much better oneself, and then, after exercising the utmost tact and self-restraint, to see them miff it after all. You know all about that!

Harriet and I send you and Mrs. Meighen our best Christmas and New Year wishes, and hope that you are now getting something approaching a rest.

Yours sincerely,

Engine Torrey