

CALLAGHAN AS COLUMNIST, 1940-48

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FROM MARCH 1940 THROUGH to February/March 1948, Morley Callaghan wrote a monthly column for the ill-fated national pictorial, *New World*.¹ Billed originally as an Editorial Associate (Sports), Callaghan began his career at the magazine as a sportswriter but gradually widened his interests until by July 1943, a date which corresponds with his assumption of the chairmanship of the CBC radio program, "Of Things to Come," he was writing what was, in effect, a personal opinion column, general commentary of a social or philosophical nature on the contemporary scene. Although his column always appeared under a by-line, it was not formally recognized as a regular feature until October 1946 and from that date was published along with a photograph of the author under the title, "This Month With Morley Callaghan."

Much of this work has gone unrecognized. Although his career as a columnist spans the entire lifetime of the magazine and comprises some ninety-five pieces, only two of these are regularly cited,² and while his sojourn as a journalist has been noticed, attitudes towards it have been incurious or dismissive. Undoubtedly some of this disregard has been due to the nature of the magazine itself. Edited by J. K. Thomas in blatant imitation of *Life*, *New World* was frankly populist in its appeal and not likely to appeal to highbrow tastes. It was, in fact, unindexed until 1948, just two short months before its demise, and complete runs of the magazine are difficult to obtain. Callaghan's articles themselves are open to charges of "hack work." Uneven in quality to be sure, and at times frankly trivial, they undoubtedly reflect in their discursive quality and casual conversational tone, the ephemeral world of radio and television broadcasting which he was to find increasingly so attractive during the 1940's and 1950's.

And yet they deserve to be read. Apart from the fact that they represent a hitherto unexplored record of what the author was thinking and feeling throughout what he has referred to as "the dark period of [his] life" during the second world war,³ the pieces provide an opportunity to study the relationship between the didactic and the creative impulse in his work. Containing in embryo many of the themes and ideas he was to develop in his later fiction, as well as echoes from his earlier works, the essays possess the advantage, at least as far as the critic is

concerned, of being written in the author's own voice. As such they frequently illuminate (and always highlight) the unfathomable ironies and puzzling ambiguities of the author's fictional world. Moreover, they reflect a greater range of mood and of styles than is usually associated with his work.

Not that one is surprised at what one finds. Constituting, in effect, an important link between the two distinct phases of his literary career, Callaghan's columns reflect, in both their content and their style, a broadening of his canvas and a strengthening of conviction as opposed to either radical doubt or change of direction. Although satire largely replaces irony as the essays' dominant mode, world events, social, philosophical, and political trends continue to be viewed from the vantage point of the 1920's and the individual life, and the author proves himself, both in his stubborn insistence upon his own insights and his constant debunking of other philosophies, to be faithful to his original views. In particular he remains loyal to art. Despite what was to prove a period of spiritual dryness for him personally and a fallow period in his career, he continues to speak with authority as a man of letters completely convinced of the efficacy of art. Indeed, the pieces are remarkable for their self-confidence. Written in the interests of plain talk and sanity, against a background of cataclysmic events in Europe and conflicting rhetoric at home, Callaghan's columns continue to reflect an old-fashioned faith in common sense and Christian virtues and the importance of the independent point of view.

A word first about his role at the magazine: although Callaghan was probably in sympathy with the general aims of the journal, notably with its attempt to "portray the special genius of the Canadian spirit,"⁴ and a few of his pieces were written to order, his arrangements with the editor were very casual, and he contributed little, if anything, to editorial policy. As he himself explains it:

I was not involved at all in the management of *New World*. The editor, J. K. Thomas, was a personal friend of mine. So he had me write about sports while I was interested in doing so, then I gradually shifted to doing the monthly piece on whatever amused me. If sometimes I wrote on a theme that touched the theme of an article in the same issue, it came about as a result of J. K. Thomas phoning me, asking me what I was thinking about, or perhaps he would ask if the theme he was handling interested me. I knew the staff, yes, but I never sat in on staff meetings.⁵

Not surprisingly his pieces were often tangential to the magazine's central concerns. Focussed as they were, for the most part, upon the apparently insignificant personal event, they were, in particular, out of step with the highminded, exhortative character of the magazine. Doubtless some of this was by design. Growing as they did almost spontaneously out of Callaghan's original brief (*Sports*), they were obviously intended, at least in part, as a counterweight to more serious matters. But they reflected the author's prejudices as well. Convinced as he was that

it was small things and not great principles that often determined the course of human events, he adopted quite naturally an Olympian pose. Schemes for social reform, post-war reconstruction, and international political arrangements were all viewed with ironic detachment, and, in a sense, the magazine and its contents provided the material for his pen. Thus while *New World* conducted with increasing seriousness a variety of campaigns, advocating among other things closer rapprochement with Quebec, world union à la Clarence Streit, and an open-door policy with respect to immigration, Callaghan's columns, in their abrupt swings from the utterly frivolous to the serious and back to the trivial again, tended to mock such earnestness, and indeed, on more than one occasion virtually contradicted that which the magazine proposed.⁶

Not that Callaghan was depressed by what he saw. Evidently convinced that the best antidote for doubt, disillusionment, and despair was a healthy dose of scepticism with respect to political slogans, he possessed great faith in the humanity of the common man. Thus his pieces were addressed to the ordinary reader, the man in the street, who shared, Callaghan obviously believed, the author's irreverence for "great men" and professional opinion, and who was in any case more interested in the daily round of human existence and the vicissitudes of his own personal life than the march of great armies or public affairs.

His message was clear. In no sense "war effort" columns, but reflecting nevertheless a shrewd sense of civilian hopes and fears, Callaghan's pieces spoke to a population attempting to live the good life in the midst of anarchy and fear. As such they offered advice and frank opinion on a whole range of activities dear to the human heart. Homely observations about sex, love, women, and family life were mingled with speculation about popular culture (radio, music, movies, fashion, and sport), the nature of the Canadian character, education, philosophy, democracy, and art, and the whole was leavened not only with warmth, wit, and gaiety, plus a wry kind of delight in human foible and fancy, but also with righteous indignation and scorn. Throughout the author proved himself to be a shrewd observer of character and men, and his articles reveal not only a little of what it was like to be alive during the war years in Canada, but also a great deal about himself.

OF THE NINETY-FIVE COLUMNS Callaghan wrote for *New World*, more than forty are devoted to sport. The majority of these were written at the beginning of his career, between 1940 and 1943, and do not represent the best of his work. They do, however, reveal an interesting side of Callaghan's character, one that is generally overlooked, and they provide fascinating insights into his fictional technique.

In the main seasonal articles, the pieces cover a wide variety of sporting activities.

Although baseball, about which he writes with affection and authority, is obviously the author's first love, he does a journeyman's job with football and hockey and also provides us with a couple of interesting pieces on golf. He is not above revealing himself as an ignorant newcomer to a sport (in particular, skiing and bowling) and often makes an interesting column out of his attempt to get a story. A good piece on horseracing, for example, entitled "The Man Who Loved Horses" (June 1941), amounts, in effect, to the tale of his disillusionment with the supposed expert, Joe, and he lends colour to an otherwise lacklustre interview with an inarticulate boxer, "The Man From Montreal" (May 1941), by concentrating on the hangers-on.

His pieces are not, in fact, the more usual kind of sportswriting in the sense that they emphasize statistics and personality. Apart from a couple of pieces devoted to forecasting and another three defending the legitimacy of sport, they concentrate in the main on little known aspects of a game or on homely details which will permit the author to speculate on the social significance of an athletic endeavour. A piece on "Women and Wrestlers" (February 1942), for example, stresses not only the sexual but also the melodramatic implications of the art, and Callaghan is often just as interested in an analysis of the spectators as he is in the event itself.

Of particular interest is the series of personal portraits he devotes to sporting personalities. The exact opposite of mythmaking, Callaghan's portraits stress small details of dress and personal appearance which will humanize the heroes of whom he speaks, and while he is always generous in his recognition of talent, his effort is to make his subjects seem like ordinary men.

An important article entitled "Colour Blind" (June 1942), written in the guise of advice to a would-be sportswriter, explains his aims in this regard. Containing a brilliant definition of "colour," the piece has relevance for his fiction as well. It speaks in particular to his habit (especially in his short stories) of choosing his characters from the ranks of ordinary men and to his vision of "a businessman's world":

Maybe I'm colour blind, I said to the young fellow, who wanted to be a writer, and who was turning to sporting characters in search of colourful material, but if you can't find entertaining lively and colourful characters among drug clerks, and bankers and drain diggers and advertising men and musicians you are certainly not going to find them among ball players and hockey players and fighters. The days of the roistering, swashbuckling brawling, laughing professional performers are over. It's a businessman's world now. The performers are just people like anybody else: they are romantic when seen against the background of the game they play. But people will always be interested in them if they are touched by a good writer because he will make them living human beings, maybe a little comical or pathetic or bewildering as Ring Lardner made them, and the writing about them will be eagerly read by the spectator because it will seem to bring the game that he loves to watch much closer to him.

Many of Callaghan's columns are not very far from his short stories, and three in particular are only loosely related to sports: "Sport on the Waterfront" (August 1942), "At Night in the Field" (September 1942), and "A Sporting Establishment" (October 1942). Written during the summer of 1942, such pieces fall halfway between reportage and the art of his short stories in their straightforward recording of conversation and subtle delineation of character, a fact which may in part be due to the nature of his scriptwriting duties at that period and the start of a new novel.⁷ In any case, the quality of his pieces falls off dramatically during the following year, and with the exception, perhaps, of a piece entitled "The Game That Makes a Nation" (February 1943), a classic defence of hockey as the national sport, his interest in pure sport as such begins to flag. Although he will later write three more pieces on a sports theme, his official career as a sports columnist is over; in July of 1943, with a piece appropriately enough entitled "Things to Come,"⁸ he begins to write general commentary on the contemporary scene.

There is a new confidence and depth to Callaghan's pieces as he moves to the wider scene and it seems appropriate at this point to analyze their style. Unhurried, leisurely, and spacious, the pieces combine the arts of argument with the relaxed informality of the radio talk, and reflect not only in their looseness of structure but also in their casual conversational tone a new sense of intimacy with the reader.

Couched variously in either long rambling periodic sentences making frequent use of the conjunction "and," or a string of simple sentences joined by semi-colons, the pieces rely heavily on rhetorical devices whose appeal is to the ear and not the brain, and they have a tendency to make a great deal out of little. Hard analysis, for example, is regularly eschewed in favour of personal opinion and anecdote, and an entire essay not infrequently is devoted to the making of a single, simple point.

The diction, too, is relaxed and informal, combining in roughly equal parts sports analogy and slang; jargon drawn from (frequently to mock) the worlds of the professional educator, publisher, and politician; and apparently verbatim transcription of apparently insignificant conversations. There is also a residue of a liberal education in the arts, and the pieces combine street talk with casual references to the Classics, great works of literature, and art.

Above all one hears the author's voice. Indeed, in marked contrast to the novels and short stories where his practice is careful self-effacement, here one is exposed to the full force of Callaghan's personality. One finds him in a variety of moods. Waspish and truculent, bitter and mocking, half-serious and whimsical by turns, he mixes bluntness and assertiveness with the sentimental, mischievous, and fey. It is, in fact, the vices and virtues of the personal essay that one sees chiefly manifested here, and in examining them one is struck by the similarities between the author's style in his essays and that of his fiction.

A favourite device, for example, and one which illustrates in a particularly striking fashion the strengths and weaknesses of his prose, is his use of the interview technique. More common in his sports pieces, Callaghan's use of dialogue frequently smacks more of total recall than it suggests the creative evocation of a scene — which points to a serious defect in the novels. Too often Callaghan attempts to convey by dialogue what could best be done by other means and one is reminded of George Woodcock's strictures against long passages of "undifferentiated, sub-standard" Canadianese.⁹

A happier ploy, and one which is used in the essays several times, is the author's adoption of a Polonius-like pose. Related in kind to the didactic impulse in all of his work, particularly in his novels, such a strategy permits him to offer advice in either a straightforward or satirical vein and is employed with particular success in pieces such as "Advice to Fathers" (August 1940), and "How to Become a Great Man in Canada" (February 1945).

Less common, but even more successful, is his use of the cautionary tale. Obviously related to the element of fable and parable in his work, pieces such as "Young Suffer War's Aftermath" (August 1945), "A Dilemma for the Dissenters" (May 1946), and "Too Much Tolerance Dangerous Thing" (June 1946), remind us of his habit of using characters to illustrate a moral or point of a tale, and one in particular of them, "This man couldn't find a fresh angle on Xmas, but he did find peace and good will" (December 1947), is in effect a short story.

Callaghan's use of personal experience is also worth mentioning here. Often beginning a column with the phrase, "I have a friend," he reminds us that his alone is the recording eye, and while his use of his own experience in his fiction is more distanced, he proves himself in both instances to be a man upon whom nothing is lost. The essays remind us, in their patient exploration of the smallest event and almost total reliance on examples drawn from life, that for Callaghan, at least, writing out of personal experience is at once a moral act and an act of creation. Callaghan does not so much manipulate the element of true story as celebrate it; his own experience is the beginning and the end of his art.

Other characteristics of the essays point to the weaknesses of his art. The way he resorts to rhetorical questions, for example, typically reflects flabbiness of thought. So, too, does his use of extended metaphor. Pieces such as "The Corpse in the Parlour" (July 1944) or "What makes a shirt stuffed?" (October 1945) are heavy-handed and overdone and remind us in their tendentiousness of the excesses of novels such as *The Many Coloured Coat* (1960). His style of argument is equally inflexible and in pieces such as "Hockey at the Whipping Post" (November 1941), "Pros and Cons" (March 1943), and "The Censors are Smiling at Last" (April 1946), he resorts to *reductio ad absurdum* when all else fails.

Callaghan is not a "thinker" in any profound or original sense of the word, and although he does a creditable job of poking holes in the logic of others' arguments,

his own observations are frequently banal. Thus his best pieces tend to be those that are peopled with brief bright caricatures or contain evocative descriptions of the contemporary scene, pieces such as "What makes us afraid of New Year's eve?" (January 1948), or "Boom, Violence, Mark Post-War Manhattan" (January 1946), and he is always better at identification than analysis of a trend or mood. Which is not to deny the interest of his ideas or arguments; they are worthy of consideration on their own.

THE FIFTY-ODD PIECES devoted to general commentary can be divided into several categories, and it is useful to examine each of them in turn. Although by far the largest number feature a Canadian theme, articles of a more serious nature also include speculations about the meaning of justice, problems of conscience, and the post-war world, and as well there are isolated pieces devoted to education, discipline, and democracy. Pieces devoted to family life, love, and women, or those occasioned by specific events such as Christmas, tend to be written in a lighter mood, as do a number of frankly whimsical pieces on the significance of moustaches and black hombourg hats.

All of them reflect a similar philosophical stance. Insisting on "looking at the world out of his own eyes and thinking his own thoughts," Callaghan holds himself rigidly aloof from intellectual fashion and in doing so proves, as Brandon Conron has pointed out, to be "a natural iconoclast" in opposition to almost everything anyone else has ever proposed.¹⁰ Not that his opposition is simplistic. Although he tends to rely on classic formulations of human behaviour (if not overtly religious, at least implicitly so) in preference to narrow-gauge professional opinions in order to explain the phenomena he explores, his real motives are other than explanatory. Constantly probing beneath simple surfaces in order to expose complexity, Callaghan's forte is the analysis of confusion, the exposure of pomposity, self-importance, and silliness. He is particularly good at the psychology of rationalization and, as his articles on problems of conscience invariably prove, adept at illuminating the vagaries, self-deceptions, and illusions of supposed intellectuals confronted with a difficult choice. Ultimately his pieces are of interest less for their verdicts on contemporary issues, than for their fine sense of irony and satirical skills; they do not reflect specific events in the sense of "charters," "conferences," or "great principles," and the bulk of his arguments are *ad hominem*.

One is struck immediately by the detached, Olympian pose. Although Callaghan is barely in his forties when he begins his columns on the wider scene, he adjusts readily to the role of senior sage. While it is clear that several of his pieces have grown out of his increased participation in the public sphere, out of his association, for example, with the Adult Education Council in conjunction with his chairman-

ship of "Of Things to Come," or his membership in the Civil Liberties Union, he obviously feels himself to be out of step with the prevailing social ethos of the day.

Indeed, the list of his targets is legion. Armed with little more than common sense (and a naturally critical intelligence), he attacks all merely fashionable theories of childrearing and human personality, and delights in debunking expert opinion and those he refers to as "false prophets." "Muddled educators," politicians, and professors are all subjected to his scorn, and although he reserves his principal shafts for "progressive-progressives," he dismisses "bogus scientists" as well. This last category is a particularly large one and includes not only psychiatrists, psychologists, and economists, but also what Callaghan refers to as his "earnest sociological friends."

Callaghan's own views tend to be traditional. Whether defending the sanctity of the nuclear family, looking askance at new-fangled public opinion polls or the "cult of the teen-ager," or urging upon women their traditional roles, he proves himself a natural conservative profoundly skeptical of political slogans and change. In particular he resists the contemporary emphasis on "mass movements" and "regimentation," which he sees as part and parcel of the war-time ethos of social consciousness and "nobility," and himself defends an old-fashioned philosophy of personal priorities and love.

An article entitled "In His Image" (January 1944) explains his views. Written in defence of personal relationships, the article deplors the tendency apparently prevalent amongst public men to think in terms of "national objectives" and "world goals," and holds up to ridicule an Ottawa friend, a man of strong social purpose, "who long ago stopped thinking of people as persons":

Nowadays he thinks of the "masses." And since he is interested in education he deals in mass education. Sometimes he breaks down a bit and concentrates on the community, but that's about as far as he will go. There was a time long ago when a personal tragedy could break his heart, but now he regards that part of his life as a shameful adolescent period, a time of decay and intellectual corruption. . . . Naturally my friend has no time to read novels.

Callaghan himself declares his colours in the piece and there is a strong sense of self-justification. Arguing that "in the rest of the human race in these times there is a great hunger to discover the essential humanity of someone against the tremendous backdrop of armies in motion, of thousands of deaths, of the daily reports of cities in flames," Callaghan cites "the universal fascination with the story of the general [Patton] who slapped the soldier, or the airman [Lonergan] who killed his rich wife" as evidence for his case. Convinced for his part that "an heroic willingness to sacrifice personal relationships . . . produces an abnormal way of thinking and feeling," Callaghan points to the Bible as a useful corrective, and it is clear that he has his own stories in mind:

The Bible is full of similar stories packed with human interest: the stories of Cain

and Abel, of the woman taken in adultery, of Salome, and St. John the Baptist, of Ruth, of David and Jonathan, of the Good Samaritan, of Samson and Delilah, of Paul on the road to Damascus, of the conscience of Pilate, of the suffering of Job, of the prodigal son, of the woman with the box of precious ointment, of the kiss of Judas. These are the stories that have haunted the heart of man for centuries, of the virtues and vices of men and women created in His Image, not in the image of the Mass Man.

A strong sense of self-vindication informs his social criticism as well, but whereas his general pieces show him to be something of a reactionary, here he flies in advance of public opinion. The two postures are related, of course. Always the champion of the free spirit and critical inquiry, Callaghan is as anxious to escape social conformity as he is to attack the dictates of "fickle fashion."

Callaghan devotes some seventeen pieces to his analysis of Canadian society and it readily becomes a major "theme." Although his concern with things Canadian can be dated with precision from his association with the radio program "Of Things to Come," there are signs of it much earlier in his sports pieces. Undoubtedly encouraged in his preoccupation by the editors of *New World*, who themselves once ran a public opinion poll on "What is a Canadian?"¹¹ he returns to the question again and again and it is clear that it is of more than passing interest to him.

It is the cheerlessness of the puritan tradition which Callaghan chiefly tackles here, and as he investigates that phenomenon, one is struck by the complexity of his views. Time and again bringing historical perspectives to bear in an attempt to understand the national character, he continually exposes paradox and conundrums, and one is impressed by the tentativeness of his opinions:

Again and again trying in words to give a portrait of a Canadian, I have tried seeing him in turn as an inarticulate country boy, a shy self-deprecating fellow, a split personality, a heavy drinker, a man who goes about his business industriously in sober garments, six days a week and lets himself go with great boisterousness one day a week among the boys in the back room. But the portrait I conjured up never seemed to be satisfactory: some index of character was being missed — there was something that ought to be said that wasn't being said. Only the other day did I stumble upon what might be the missing index to the national character. Some friends were talking about poetry. One of them said dreamily, "Do you realize that nearly everyone you know writes a little poetry?"

("Does the true Canadian lead a respectable, colorless life clinging to a dream he can't express?" June 1947)

Of particular interest is the portrait Callaghan paints in the same article of the Canadian poet as professor:

And come to think of it, how perfectly the poet as a professor fits into the pattern of the national character. Outwardly a good average Canadian living a solidly respectable life, utterly unbohemian, watching his step in fear of distressing the parents of his students, even watching what he says publicly in fear of distressing his employer; never the less [*sic*], in the fastness of his lonely room, he sits with

his eyes rolling in frenzy, and bursts his bonds in the discipline of poetry on the page.

A prototype for Jim McAlpine, perhaps?

Simplemindedness, not complexity, is the keynote of many of Callaghan's other views. His defence, for example, of romantic love tends to be based on nothing more substantial than a reading of superficial cultural signs ("pop" music and movies), and there is a tendency to extol virtue rather than explain it. Not that Callaghan is unaware of what he does. An unrepentant kind of sentimentality informs his Christmas pieces, as well as those devoted to the family, and he is everywhere the champion of mystery and feelings. In short, Callaghan celebrates the heart.

His columns on women are typical of this tendency in his thought. Tending to view women, as he does in his novels, as the natural repository of instinctual wisdom and grace in opposition to reason and utility, Callaghan extols the virtues of "charm," waxes poetic about their beauties of form and face, and urges upon them the joys of "submissive love." He is particularly hard on intellectual women and those who would pursue an independent career: women are meant to complement their men. His portraits of movie stars are especially revealing in this regard: always they are seen in terms of prospective mates:

Ingrid Bergman is the dream of a woman a man wants to keep beside him. She has to satisfy a man because of what she is in herself. Always being there beside the man, at least in the popular dream, is no small task, because she has to offer a world in herself, a delight that comes simply from knowing her, and which will be absorbing enough to make a man forget the restless and romantic longing for the lady in the distance, who can never be completely possessed.

Indeed, many of his descriptions of famous personalities remind us of his heroines — of Peggy Sanderson, for example, or Anna Prychoda. In idealizing his women, Callaghan stereotypes them, and the list of their qualities tends to sound like a catalogue of virtues, the virtues of Womankind in general:

in Bergman one gradually becomes aware of an extraordinary availability which was exciting; it was not merely good humour and sympathetic interest, but the responses to life, the warmth, the laughter, the eagerness, the sadness, the joy were there within your reach and made available.

A final group of essays requires comment here. Pieces devoted to prognostications about the post-war world point to the importance of the 1920's in the formation of Callaghan's consciousness and the origins of the "debunking" impulse in his work. They also help explain (indeed, define) the "new romanticism" of his thought.

An article entitled "Are we on the eve of a new era? Look what happened after the end of the first world war" (May 1947), for example, is a lament for the 1920's; they are characterized as "the age of the debunkers":

Just about everything interesting in modern American literature, folk music and theatre was being born in the twenties, and whatever is still hanging around now and registering with any impressiveness seems to stem from those times. . . . Most writers, painters and musicians, having seen the world blow up in the First Great War, had a frantic desire to make something new which could have no relationship with the old war slogans but which would be clean, hard, concrete and tough. They seemed to want to rub their eyes and look at the world freshly.

Again, in a piece entitled "Postwar May Usher in Debunkers Again" (May 1945), Callaghan predicts "another expression of disillusionment after this war" on the grounds of the "spiritual breakdown" that followed the first and points to "the birth of a new romanticism" as a probable corollary. This last, he argues, will probably entail not only the "casting aside [of] slogans" and "mass nobility" but also the search for "experiences that tend to enlarge [men] as individuals."

And finally, in a piece entitled "Young Suffer War's Aftermath" (August 1945), Callaghan defines the nature of the revolution. In essence the cautionary tale of a professor's daughter who has been carefully brought up on the doctrines of social service, and who renounces all in the name of a passionate personal love, the article extols "the fantastic adventure there is in the spontaneous play of one personality upon another," and promises that "all else is possible" if only she succeeds in making "a good intimate world with just one man." No political consciousness this, but one fashioned in opposition to ideology. Callaghan grasps at personal straws and the sources of his insights are literary.

WHAT, THEN, SHOULD ONE MAKE of their literary significance? Although few of Callaghan's pieces are written directly on a literary theme, comments about literature and writers are sprinkled throughout his columns, particularly in the pieces devoted to speculations about the future. More importantly, perhaps, the columns have biographical significance. They illuminate, as much by what they don't say as by their revelations, the nature of his personal difficulties during the war and the origins of his "personalist" stance. They also point to future directions. Apart from being a useful compendium of the author's opinions, the columns underscore, both in their outspokenness and their oral qualities, the increasing tendency towards explicitness and clarity in his later work.

They also signal a change of character and setting. Pieces such as "A Sporting Gentleman" (May 1943) and "Montreal café team have a secret for their success . . . they make a habit of being themselves" (March 1947), for example, reflect the author's growing familiarity with Montreal, the site-to-be of both *The Loved and the Lost* (1951) and *The Many Colored Coat* (1960), while his constant preoccupation with "progressive-progressives" looks forward to the more mature, articulate heroes of his later novels.

Several columns connect directly with his novels. An early piece entitled "The Game That Makes a Nation" (February 1943) represents the first working out of the significance of hockey as a national sport (the game surfaces again as a symbol in *The Loved and the Lost* [1951]). In another article, "Justice for all . . . charity for none" (November 1945), Callaghan speculates about the meaning of justice and defends charity as an alternative ideal. In this case the column probably represents an advance in the author's thinking from his earlier handling of the theme in *They Shall Inherit the Earth* (1935). Already "justice" is compared to a "bomb," an analogy which looks forward with startling similarity to the "two-edged sword" of *The Many Colored Coat* (1960). And an article entitled "Maybe we're all making too much of a fuss these days about our teen-agers and their problems?" (July 1947) looks forward to *Luke Baldwin's Vow* (1948).

Still other columns have a general significance. Reflections in his pieces about education, for example, as well as all his speculations about the Canadian character, come to fruition in *The Varsity Story* (1948). A fictionalized description of the University of Toronto, this novel represents the author's return to creativity, although it clearly bears the marks of his journalism. Articles, on the other hand, such as "The Censors Are Smiling At Last" (April 1946) look forward to *That Summer in Paris* (1963). Indeed, the tendency toward autobiographical reminiscence alternates with the fictional impulse throughout Callaghan's columns and is one which results in some of his finest writing.

NOTES

- ¹ Enjoying a press run in its heyday of 170,000 copies *World News Illustrated* (1940-48) began a bilingual edition in January 1944 and advertised itself as "Canada's National Picture Magazine, Published Monthly in English and French." Owned by E. P. Taylor and published in Toronto by Anglo-Canadian Publishers, the magazine rapidly lost popularity after the war and was absorbed by *National Home Monthly* in 1948.
- ² "What makes us afraid of New Year's eve?" *New World*, 8, No. 11 (January 1948), 28-9; "Which comes first: love or money?" *New World*, 9, No. 1 (February/March 1948), 23-5, 32. For a complete list of Callaghan's articles, see Appendix attached.
- ³ Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," *Tamarack Review*, 7 (Spring 1958), 20.
- ⁴ "Editorial," *New World*, 3, No. 1 (March 1942), 5.
- ⁵ Letter to the author, 17 November 1976.
- ⁶ Compare, for example, the magazine's advocacy of community centres in an editorial entitled "We Will Remember Them" (November 1945) with Callaghan's articles, "Even Idleness is Now Regimented" (March 1946) and "Young Suffer War's Aftermath" (August 1945).
- ⁷ Brandon Conron, "Chronology," *Morley Callaghan* (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1966), p. 15.
- ⁸ One should not confuse the title of the article with the radio program, "Of Things

to Come." Although the column was the occasion for some advertising — a photograph of Callaghan, as chairman of the new program, and his fellow panelists accompanied it — the piece itself was devoted to speculations about Canada's economic future. The program was, in fact, incorrectly referred to in the article as "Things to Come." According to CBC archives, its actual title was "Of Things to Come."

⁹ George Woodcock, "Lost Eurydice: The Novels of Morley Callaghan," *Canadian Literature*, No. 21 (Summer 1964), 34.

¹⁰ Conron, p. 8.

¹¹ *New World*, 5, No. 10 (December 1944), 14-15.

APPENDIX

The following is a complete list of Callaghan's articles for *New World*. The last page of his October 1942 piece is unfortunately missing; he wrote no article for August 1943; and the last issue, February/March 1948, is a combined one, numbered 9, No. 1. I am indebted to the staffs of the University of Manitoba Library and the Manitoba Legislative Library for their assistance in locating the articles.

A. *Sport*

1. "Guerilla Warfare in Hockey," *NW*, 1, No. 1 (March 1940), 48, 51.
2. "The Admirable Apps," *NW*, 1, No. 2 (April 1940), 13-15.
3. "Watching the Workouts," *NW*, 1, No. 3 (May 1940), 8-11.
4. "Stable Stuff," *NW*, 1, No. 4 (June 1940), 12-15.
5. "Fast and Loose," *NW*, 1, No. 5 (July 1940), 12-15.
6. "Advice to Fathers," *NW*, 1, No. 6 (August 1940), 38-9.
7. "Out in the Open," *NW*, 1, No. 7 (September 1940), 41-3.
8. "Yes, It's Cricket," *NW*, 1, No. 8 (October 1940), 40-1.
9. "From a Seat in the Sun," *NW*, 1, No. 9 (November 1940), 58-60.
10. "The Cream of the Jest," *NW*, 1, No. 10 (December 1940), 40-1, 52.
11. "Stanowski — the Totem Pole," *NW*, 1, No. 11 (January 1941), 46-77.
12. "That Man's Here Again," *NW*, 1, No. 12 (February 1941), 26-7.
13. "Even If You Can't Ski," *NW*, 2, No. 1 (March 1941), 46-7, 56.
14. "In These Times," *NW*, 2, No. 2 (April 1941), 52-3, 56.
15. "The Man From Montreal," *NW*, 2, No. 3 (May 1941), 46-7, 55.
16. "The Man Who Loved Horses," *NW*, 2, No. 4 (June 1941), 59-60.
17. "The Brooklyn Rhapsody," *NW*, 2, No. 5 (July 1941), 24-5, 56.
18. "The Collapsible Amateurs," *NW*, 2, No. 6 (August 1941), 52-4.
19. "Picture-Book Pitcher," *NW*, 2, No. 7 (September 1941), 54-5.
20. "Great Expectations," *NW*, 2, No. 8 (October 1941), 68-9, 72.
21. "Hockey at the Whipping Post," *NW*, 2, No. 9 (November 1941), 52-3.
22. "Alert and Smartly Tailored," *NW*, 2, No. 10 (December 1941), 66-8.
23. "Happy Day is Here Again," *NW*, 2, No. 11 (January 1942), 52-3, 60.
24. "Women and Wrestlers," *NW*, 2, No. 12 (February 1942), 44-5, 48.
25. "The Cauliflower Dignitary," *NW*, 3, No. 1 (March 1942), 46-7.
26. "From the Goal Out," *NW*, 3, No. 2 (April 1942), 48-9.
27. "Everybody's Alley," *NW*, 3, No. 3 (May 1942), 48-9.

28. "Colour Blind," *NW*, 3, No. 4 (June 1942), 40.
29. "In the Years of the Locusts," *NW*, 3, No. 5 (July 1942), 47.
30. "Sport on the Waterfront," *NW*, 3, No. 6 (August 1942), 42-4.
31. "At Night in the Field," *NW*, 3, No. 7 (September 1942), 38-40.
32. "A Sporting Establishment," *NW*, 3, No. 8 (October 1942), 54-6.
33. "Man Versus Machine," *NW*, 3, No. 9 (November 1942), 54-7.
34. "The Hurricanes are their Targets," *NW*, 3, No. 10 (December 1942), 54-5.
35. "What is Sport?" *NW*, 3, No. 11 (January 1943), 52-3, 57.
36. "The Game That Makes a Nation," *NW*, 3, No. 12 (February 1943), 35.
37. "Pros & Cons," *NW*, 4, No. 1 (March 1943), 54-5.
38. "Corrida de Toros," *NW*, 4, No. 2 (April 1943), 32-3, 58.
39. "A Sporting Gentleman," *NW*, 4, No. 3 (May 1943), 56.
40. "It's Always the Team!" *NW*, 4, No. 4 (June 1943), 54.

B. *General Commentary*

41. "Things to Come," *NW*, 4, No. 5 (July 1943), 40.
42. "Our Puritan Cities," *NW*, 4, No. 7 (September 1943), 28-9.
43. "Friends of Quebec," *NW*, 4, No. 8 (October 1943), 22-3.
44. "The Brains' Club: Men Who Mould Public Opinion in Canada," *NW*, 4, No. 9 (November 1943), 45.
45. "Are We Undisciplined?" *NW*, 4, No. 10 (December 1943), 44-5.
46. "In His Image," *NW*, 4, No. 11 (January 1944), 57.
47. "Those Men in the Black Hombourgs," *NW*, 4, No. 12 (February 1944), 36-7.
48. "Those Men of Action," *NW*, 5, No. 1 (March 1944), 37.
49. "A Woman Waits For Me," *NW*, 5, No. 2 (April 1944), 44-5.
50. "My War Against Women," *NW*, 5, No. 3 (May 1944), 36-7.
51. "The Democratic Voice," *NW*, 5, No. 4 (June 1944), 44-5.
52. "The Corpse in the Parlour," *NW*, 5, No. 5 (July 1944), 48.
53. "Who hit us on the head?" *NW*, 5, No. 6 (August 1944), 48-9.
54. "The Politician as a Hero," *NW*, 5, No. 7 (September 1944), 36-7.
55. "Love in Canada," *NW*, 5, No. 8 (October 1944), 52-3.
56. "How old is a woman?" *NW*, 5, No. 9 (November 1944), 52, 55.
57. "The Secret of Christmas," *NW*, 5, No. 10 (December 1944), 16-17.
58. "A Certain Kind of Woman," *NW*, 5, No. 11 (January 1945), 44-5.
59. "How to Become a Great Man in Canada," *NW*, 5, No. 12 (February 1945), 36-7.
60. "A New Kind of Democracy," *NW*, 6, No. 1 (March 1945), 27-8.
61. "They're Swell Gals But Shy on Mystery," *NW*, 6, No. 2 (April 1945), 36-7.
62. "Postwar May Usher in Debunkers Again," *NW*, 6, No. 3 (May 1945), 50-1.
63. "Why don't Canadians laugh?" *NW*, 6, No. 4 (June 1945), 37-8.
64. "What Men Hope They Are Shows Up in Their Moustaches," *NW*, 6, No. 5 (July 1945), 36-7.
65. "Young Suffer War's Aftermath," *NW*, 6, No. 6 (August 1945), 29-30.
66. "The Case of the Tall and Determined Girl," *NW*, 6, No. 7 (September 1945), 23-4.

67. "What makes a shirt stuffed?" *NW*, 6, No. 8 (October 1945), 35, 37.
68. "Justice for all . . . charity for none," *NW*, 6, No. 9 (November 1945), 39, 41.
69. "Christmas is Full of Golden Corn," *NW*, 6, No. 10 (December 1945), 34-5.
70. "Boom, Violence, Mark Post-War Manhattan," *NW*, 6, No. 11 (January 1946), 14-15.
71. "Canada Puzzles the Stranger," *NW*, 6, No. 12 (February 1946), 29-30.
72. "Even Idleness is Now Regimented," *NW*, 7, No. 1 (March 1946), 22, 24-5.
73. "The Censors Are Smiling At Last," *NW*, 7, No. 2 (April 1946), 31, 33.
74. "A Dilemma for the Dissenters," *NW*, 7, No. 3 (May 1946), 45-7.
75. "Too Much Tolerance Dangerous Thing," *NW*, 7, No. 4 (June 1946) 35, 39.
76. "Our Heroes Are Being Neglected," *NW*, 7, No. 5 (July 1946), 35-6.
77. "True Love Blooms in Hollywood?" *NW*, 7, No. 6 (August 1946), 27, 31.
78. "Canada: Land of Lonely People," *NW*, 7, No. 7 (September 1946), 28, 31.
79. "Our popular songs have a philosophy behind the words and music that may amaze some people," *NW*, 7, No. 8 (October 1946), 49-51.
80. "What's left for men of goodwill who learn that a political band wagon is no dreamboat?" *NW*, 7, No. 9 (November 1946), 45-6, 49.
81. "The case of the man who had his own pet formula for 'how a family should be brought up'," *NW*, 7, No. 10 (December 1946), 38, 41.
82. "What about our reputation as cold and distant in the light of the new fashion in national manner?" *NW*, 7, No. 11 (January 1947), 26-7.
83. "The man who solved the riddle why anyone who doesn't have to continues to live in Toronto," *NW*, 7, No. 12 (February 1947), 28-9.
84. "Montreal café team have a secret for their success . . . they make a habit of being themselves," *NW*, 8, No. 1 (March 1947), 30-1, 33.
85. "What's behind this strange frenzy that seizes our solid citizens at Junior Hockey play-off time?" *NW*, 8, No. 2 (April 1947), 44-6.
86. "Are we in the eve of a new era? Look what happened after the end of the First World War," *NW*, 8, No. 3 (May 1947), 34, 36, 38.
87. "Does the true Canadian lead a respectable, colorless life, clinging to a dream he can't express?" *NW*, 8, No. 4 (June 1947), 43, 45.
88. "Maybe we're all making too much of a fuss these days about our teen-agers and their problems?" *NW*, 8, No. 5 (July 1947), 36-7.
89. "Do the new hemlines herald a major depression as they did in the late twenties?" *NW*, 8, No. 6 (August 1947), 32-3.
90. "The person with real talent needs to have a better break these days in this broad land of ours," *NW*, 8, No. 7 (September 1947), 30, 33-4.
91. "The Woman Behind Lucille Ball," *NW*, 8, No. 8 (October 1947), 32-4, 37.
92. "Skirt lengths or philosophies — a fickle fashion dictates the style changes for them both," *NW*, 8, No. 9 (November 1947), 32, 34, 36.
93. "This man couldn't find a fresh angle on Xmas, but he did find peace and good will," *NW*, 8, No. 10 (December 1947), 26-8, 31.
94. "What makes us afraid of New Year's eve?" *NW*, 8, No. 11 (January 1948), 28-9.
95. "Which comes first: love or money?" *NW*, 9, No. 1 (February/March 1948), 23-5, 32.