

# It's Tuesday on Sundays

By WILSON SULLIVAN

**O**F THE 21,000,000 Negroes in the United States, at least 4,000,000 are already reading a two-month-old newspaper supplement called *Tuesday Magazine*. Aware of new urban markets, *Tuesday* is pitched frankly to Negroes. Joan Murray (CBS) and Bill Cosby have graced its first covers. Its central interests are Negro. Its leadership is Negro. Its primary reception is clearly Negro.

But *Tuesday* is tucked once every month into nine major U.S. newspapers addressed primarily to whites: the New York *Journal-American*, the Boston *Sunday Advertiser*, the Chicago *Sun-Times*, the Philadelphia *Sunday Bulletin*, the Detroit *News*, the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, the Milwaukee *Journal-Sentinel*, and the Rochester (New York) *Times-Union*. Total press run is 1,500,000.

*Tuesday*, as an essentially Negro supplement published in predominantly "white" newspapers, is unprecedented. Negro supplements have, of course, been published in Negro newspapers, at least two of them somewhat comparable to *Tuesday*. Their appeal, their approach, and their editorial judgment, however, were consciously limited. And both of them died aborning. For many Negroes feel that the very publications that purport to honor and serve them only further sustain their segregation with glossy solemnity. Not even mimetic old *Ebony* (750,000) has cast much of



—James Bellon.

**Editor and Publisher Leonard Evans: "To buy is to vote."**

a shadow on people who demand assimilation. Like other Negro publications, it has persuaded its special community, but has never really convinced it. Like other Negro publications, it underwrites the very sense of apartness its content decries.

Not so for *Tuesday*. It is not only the first nationally distributed Negro supplement published in big "white" newspapers. It is also the first Negro magazine addressed, consciously, to the world. Its primary objective, of course, is to mirror and serve its own people. But, by intent, it is meant for everyone.

"*Look and Life*," says *Tuesday's* editor and publisher Leonard Evans, "are basically published for whites but also

read by Negroes. *Tuesday* is basically published for Negroes and read by whites, too. We want you to know who we are, what we're doing, what we're thinking, planning, and hoping for. Call it the first honest dialogue with the white community, if you want to. Call it good business, if you like. But we think *Tuesday* is necessary and that there isn't anything like it. We will report. We will reflect. And we will educate."

A stylistic synthesis of *This Week* and the *Herald Tribune's* New York magazine, *Tuesday* is intrinsically interesting, catholic, well written, and well turned out. It ranges, departmentally, from the inevitable photoquiz ("Who is Ralph Bunche?") to "Tuesday's Teen." It is systematically concerned with how Negroes are faring: relative percentiles in the armed forces, college degrees, Broadway shows, income with or without a B.A., white-collar and blue-collar status. It notes, for example, that the Negro increase in white-collar employment in the last three years topped the white increase, 16.2 per cent to 9 per cent.

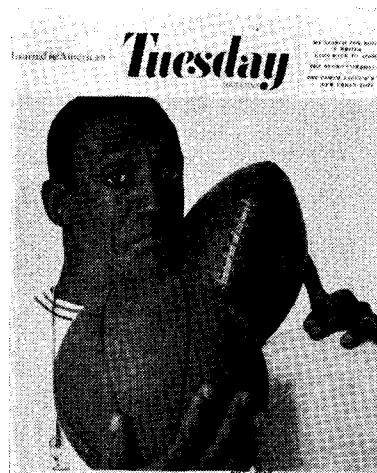
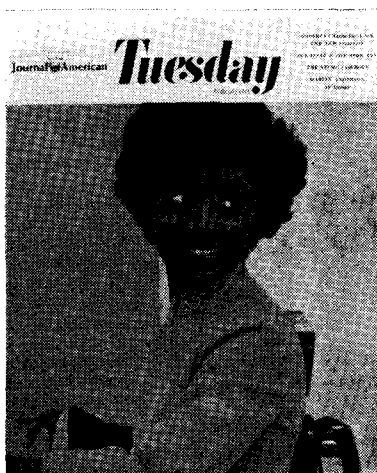
Unabashed, *Tuesday* hails "Negro cowboys" from long, long ago (one Negro teen-ager wrote in: "You're kidding!"). It salutes the "new news girls," with entirely acceptable emphasis on lovely Joan Murray. It features first-rate articles by Gene Grove and Godfrey Cambridge; laments the continuing Gaullist mystique among Negro Africans who should know better; celebrates Cannonball Adderley, Art Blakey, Odetta. It visits "Marian Anderson at Home" in an eight-color-shot center spread. Reflecting what publisher Evans calls a growing sense of community among Negroes and Spanish-Americans, it reports with high color José Torres's return home. Its "Memo from Washington" cogently underscores progress in civil rights, fair employment, reapportionment.

*Tuesday's* book-review section, bland but always friendly, limits itself to unsigned quickie reviews of books exclusively about Negroes. "This emphasis is wrong," publisher Evans agrees. "And it will change." But so far, the book-review record for this first slick Negro supplement doesn't go much further than to call Claude Brown's excellent *Manchild in the Promised Land* "startling."

Who's backing *Tuesday*? How did it start? Where does it hope to go?

In its first issue, *Tuesday* carried ads by Sinclair Oil, Old Rarity Scotch, Cut-Rite, Ballantine Beer, Prudential, Dew Touch, and Adolph's Salt Substitute. Its ad ratio, however, is a perilous 10 per cent. "They're watching to see how we do," says Leonard Evans. "We expect a big ad boost in November."

Publisher Evans speaks with assur-



The September and October covers of *Tuesday*—"Tuesday's child is full of grace."

ance of advertising. "In my senior year at college," he recalls, "I did a term paper on the American national weekly magazine, in terms of its advertising potential. I conceived the idea then that there might be a solid, unified Negro national market. I went to all the Negro publishers I knew to sell them the idea, but they wouldn't buy it. In addition, the Negro market that existed was highly fragmented and local."

Evans himself went into marketing, working for himself and for Arthur Meyerhoff Associates in Chicago as an account supervisor. "By the late 1950s," he says, "I realized that there was a great, new national potential for a big Negro market. And I saw, too, that this was not an ethnic market, not a class market. I knew that the Negro bought, and buys, from a defensive posture. He chooses the national brand with consistency. If he goes into a store he wants the best: Del Monte, Maxwell House, Cadillac. When he gets the best brand, he feels more secure, unlike your white who is less impressed by brand names the higher he rises on the economic ladder. Given this uniform Negro insistence on brand names, it was obvious that a Negro supplement supported by brand-name ads could make a go of it, particularly if this supplement is published in large urban areas to which, of course, Negroes have moved en masse in the postwar era."

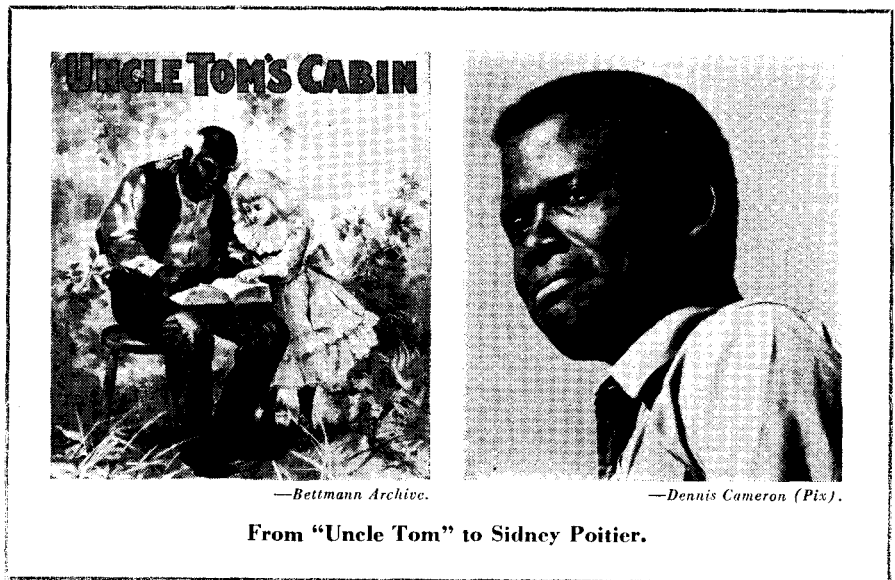
Encouraged by such associates and friends as Norman F. Strouse, Chairman of the Board of J. Walter Thompson, Patrick H. Gorman of Schlitz, and Arthur H. Meyerhoff, Evans formed his *Tuesday* corporation in 1961, moved into Third Avenue's chic Burroughs Building in February 1965, and came



—Wide World.

**Godfrey Cambridge: "congratulates Negroes: 'They are getting closer to [their] own truth.'"**

SR/November 13, 1965



From "Uncle Tom" to Sidney Poitier.

out on the stands with a forty-page first edition in September.

Who writes for *Tuesday*? Just Negroes? "No," Evans says. "Anyone who meets our standards of journalism and can do the job." (*Tuesday's* staff is, in fact, 60 per cent white.) "Our articles," Evans says, "must first of all reflect a positive aspect of our democracy. There's plenty wrong with our democracy, to be sure. But we want to stress what's right with it, its potential for good. Our articles must be about people and things of real interest, subjects that elevate and educate. We have no special Negro slant. We want, very simply, to provide knowledge to both Negroes and whites about Negroes and associated whites in all fields of life."

**W**HAT does *Tuesday* think of other specifically Negro magazines? "They sustain segregation," Evans replied. "The big Negro magazines have never made a serious attempt to establish a dialogue with whites. They are, also, patronizing to Negroes as Negroes, with their equation of quality with what we might call a super-whitism. They've established monopolies among their friends. They are separatist. We are not that. We offer *Tuesday* as *Time* offers *Time*: for everyone."

Leonard Evans sat back in the chairman's chair at *Tuesday's* long teak conference table. "You must remember," he said, "that the American Negro is no longer ashamed of being African. Africa is rising, organizing, buying. As Africa rises and gains new pride, so does he. Adam Smith put it well: 'To buy is to vote.' The Negro is buying. He is voting. He is aware of his own uniqueness. He no longer denies his color. He sees it, accepts it, works with it, and is learning that it is no less—and no more—than any other."

Two entries in *Tuesday's* slick first

and second editions support the publisher's point. In *Tuesday's* first fashion column, Negro designer Avia (accent on the i) reshapes the shift into "something of a fashion classic . . . adapting that African feeling." Comedian Godfrey Cambridge, noting the passage from Stepin Fetchit to Sidney Poitier, congratulates Negroes: They are, he writes, getting "closer to [their] own truth," no longer willing to accept, even in fun, the "derisive stereotype" of the "ninny-grinning," banjo-strumming Old Black Joe, congenitally "lazy and shiftless, addicted to crap games and watermelons." Cambridge applauds the passage from Uncle Tom to Dick Gregory. "We are," he writes, "saying things that everyone thought about but never said." Negroes, he adds, "are evolving toward an honest and accurate expression of [their] experience as Negroes in this kaleidoscope of America."

*Tuesday's* publisher is ordinarily reserved and terse. But he spoke warmly of a New Negro. And he hoped *Tuesday* might help lift the Negro to eminence not just in sports or entertainment, but in the highest places. He spoke of "a black Henry Ford, a black Dean Acheson, a black Roger Blough." He leafed through a pile of congratulatory letters that said *Tuesday* was politically wonderful. I asked for a letter from a Negro youth—boy or girl—in response to the first *Tuesday*.

The Michigan girl's letter was brief: "Usually," she wrote, "one reads about White people. . . . It was really a gratifying feeling to know that *we* have a place in the world. . . . It gives me courage to look to the future to know that one day we will be completely accepted. . . . A great change is occurring; a Negro revolution, or to phrase it more accurately, a Negro renaissance in which we are awakening to the fact that we, too, are people. . . . Thanks so much."



# JOURNALISM EDUCATION: MYTH AND REALITY

By JOHN TEBBEL

**T**WO years ago the Ford Foundation, concerned with the state of journalism education and how it might be helped, assigned the late David Boroff, professor of English at New York University and a talented magazine writer, to make a tour of the schools and departments.

Boroff visited more than twenty-five schools, a cross-section of the nearly 300 programs of various dimensions, examining them from the vantage point of his academic background and his professional skill as a reporter, particularly of the university scene. The report he submitted to the foundation, coupled with further investigation and discussion, became the basis for the Ford grants of last spring to the School of Journalism at Columbia, and to the Nieman Fellows at Harvard. Ford contemplates a few other highly selective grants.

Even as the grants were being an-

nounced, Boroff was busy following up his investigation with letters to the schools he had visited, asking them to bring him up to date on what they had been doing, for purposes of a magazine article he was writing. The article, "What Ails the Journalism Schools?" (one of the last he wrote before his sudden and untimely death in May), was published last month. With the earlier report, it constitutes an indictment of journalism education's present condition. It indicates that the journalism schools, like newspapers themselves, are in need of reappraisal and new direction.

The schools themselves are not unaware of it. At the annual meeting of the Association for Education in Journalism in August, coordinating committees of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the AEJ met in joint session for the first time. This may reflect a reaction among some journalism educators to the growing antiprofessionalism in the schools that has produced so

much recent criticism and controversy. Aside from this forward step, however, the AEJ's business session passed a ritual resolution criticizing the Johnson administration for "news management," and another praising the news media for their coverage of the Dominican crisis, certainly one of the worst-reported international events of recent times.

In any critical appraisal of J-school performance, as the Boroff report makes clear, the traditional complaints of the schools' critics must be whittled down to their proper pygmy size. These complaints can be summarized as follows:

1) Journalism schools are "trade schools." This is a peculiar piece of academic snobbery, originating in the traditionalist's inability to understand that journalism is as much a profession as law, medicine, or engineering. It is a charge without merit.

2) Newspapers don't want journalism-school graduates. As every school and department head knows, he could place twice as many graduates, if he had them—and on specific requests from publishers. Aside from the few old-guard holdouts remaining, most newspapers not only welcome but prefer journalism graduates, and the publishers themselves have been devising recruiting programs to get more bright students into high school and college journalism courses.

3) Journalism can be learned just as well on the job as in school. So it can, if there is someone to teach, and if the learner is satisfied to acquire no more than the knowledge of his teacher. Journalism education saves the employer's time, and if it is good education the student will be learning how to turn in a performance better than the level of mediocrity which prevails on most papers. The sloppy writing and editing so prevalent today cries for better-trained personnel, who take real pride in their craftsmanship. Unfortunately, many schools and departments are not equipped to supply it.

With these familiar strictures dismissed, however, there remains plenty of room for criticism, which the Boroff report supplies. Perhaps the worst problem the schools present is the quality of their faculty members. Whether that quality is any worse than in schools of education, say, is beside the point; journalism has its own peculiar dilemma.

If professional education is the objective, then the teachers ought to be



*"Yes, I have a question. . . . If you're not going to eat your cherry cobbler, could I have it?"*