

Men in Style

THE GOLDEN AGE OF FASHION FROM *Esquire*

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Contents

Introduction

7

The Thirties

13

The Forties

73

Post War

99

Like no other magazine before or since, *Esquire* in the 1930s and 40s defined male elegance and shaped the fashions of the day.

In the early *Esquire*, one encounters an enchanted realm of style, where men golfed in chalk-striped trousers and Alpaca cardigans, went "motoring" in grey flannel suits and dotted maroon ties, and ordered cocktails from gliding waiters on ice skates in snow-crowned St. Moritz.

The elegance of those days is almost unimaginable now. Cars looked like ocean liners. Men wore tweed knicker suits to a picnic. Everyone wore hats. (In many Manhattan office buildings the hatless were required to use side entrances.) There was an appropriate mode of dress for every activity, including the trip from country to town, dining in and out, and myriad leisure activities, from fishing (freshwater and deep sea), riding (informal hacking and dress), hunting (ditto), tennis (for players and spectators), and so, endlessly, on.

When *Esquire* debuted in the autumn of 1933, there was nothing like it on the newsstand for men. No male counterpart to *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* existed, that is, a consumer-oriented publication with a fashion tilt. *Gentleman's Quarterly* and *Apparel Arts*, both precursors to *Esquire*, were essentially trade magazines.

Gentleman's Quarterly, started in 1926 and later revived and published by *Esquire*, was a booklet used by menswear shops to help merchandise their lines. *Apparel Arts*, first published in the fall of 1931, was lavishly drawn and beautifully designed, but was more like a catalogue than what we now consider a magazine.

The conventional thinking was that men were not interested in fashion, at least not interested enough to be caught dead looking at it in a magazine. As Arnold Gingrich, the founding *Esquire* editor, wrote in his memoir, *Nothing But People* (1971), the editors sought a new mix of articles "substantial enough to deodorize the lavender whiff coming from the mere presence of fashion pages." Gingrich insisted that while the magazine was intended to be a fashion guide for men, it was never meant to be a "primer for fops."

He set about hiring writers like Ernest Hemingway, Dashiell Hammett, and Alexander Woollcott to give the magazine chest and legitimize the extensive fashion coverage. The emphasis on sports and humor was heavy. The first cover, by advertising illustrator Edward Wilson, showed two sportsmen arriving on a wilderness lake in a small plane equipped with pontoons, from which they debarked into a birchbark ca-

noe. Guides were shown stowing their gun and rod cases.

There were articles and stories by Hemingway, Hammett, Ring Lardner Jr., John Dos Passos, Erskine Caldwell, Bobby Jones and Gene Tunney. In this muscular context, the fashion coverage amounted to a unique and somewhat audacious experiment. It sought, quite simply, to speak frankly to men about the evolution of style, not from the point of view of manufacturers but from the vantage of what fashionable men were *wearing* in chic venues: Palm Beach, Cap d'Antibes, the Harvard-Yale game, the Meadowbrook Club on Long Island. What was important was what the Duke of Kent wore last season in Nassau, or what "noticeable numbers" of men wore atop their heads in Manhattan. Manufacturers, it was assumed, would follow. It is worth noting that clothing labels were not mentioned in *Esquire's* captions. The styles presented were, in a sense, generic. But their presentation was *sui generis*.

The detailed color illustrations—paintings, really—formed the template for much of men's fashions in the last fifty years. They not only captured forever the fine points of men's dress, from the folds in a jacket sleeve down to the break of a trouser leg on a reverse calf shoe; they also brought home with eloquence and wit the social psychology of clothes.

The throwaway banter of the cap-

tions is incomparable, a form of compressed mini-literature, equal parts sharp copywriting and beguiling dialogue. The humor is old boy, with a touch of upper class hauteur. The writer speaks in a confidential and detailed manner. The scenes are inevitably genteel. The voice is always baritone.

"How do we get these fashions?" a writer asks in a 1935 caption. "We have observers, trained almost from birth, who practically commute to England where they haunt the very best places and ignore all but the very best people, slyly keeping statistics on their cuffs, and when something happens, like a red shirt, they tell us about it, briefly and archly by cable, and then we make it sound convincing."

This new editorial mix became a bit of a publishing miracle in the midst of the Great Depression. By 1934, *Esquire* had already gone monthly.

If the magazine was unique, it was also progressive. In a full-page house advertisement in the January 1934 issue, the editors stated bluntly: "This is a man's magazine. It isn't edited for the junior miss." The same ad went on to provide a short excerpt of a story by Langston Hughes, a "brilliant young Negro author," about a romantic triangle involving a white man, a black man, and a black woman. The copy invited readers to vote on whether they wanted the rest of the story to appear in *Esquire*. The story

appeared in April 1934.

In the *Esquire* approach, fashionable men were portrayed in their natural habitats, almost like nature drawings: the board room, the fishing dock, the tennis court, the golf course—all the places where glamour and function could be intertwined. But the captions often offered a piquant sidelight to the scene.

Beneath a golfer wearing flannel trousers, cardigan, and striped tie, holding a cigarette up to his cheek, the caption reads, "The Alpaca cardigan has only recently won widespread acceptance for country wear but is now often seen worn under an odd sport jacket on cool days." The caption writer goes on to describe the clothes worn by the gallery—oiled-silk rain jackets and plus fours. Can you imagine?

One got the impression that the *Esquire* editors knew what was done and what simply was not, regardless of whether they were just winging it. The crisply explanatory writing, dictatorial without being annoying, arose from a time when standards of behavior were inextricably linked to conventions in clothes. The editors were extremely uncompromising in their point of view, but at least they had one. And they could also loosen up on occasion.

"The big idea this year," went one caption about resort clothes, "seems to be that of carefully conveying the impression that you don't give a damn

how you look." It follows with specifics on how to achieve "the studied casualness" of its model in a tan gabardine suit. Nonchalance was the leitmotif of all *Esquire* fashion writing.

The fashion copy, much of which was written by Gingrich himself in the early days, served as *obligato* to the illustrations of a marvelous group of artists, especially Laurence Fellows, Leslie Saalburg, and Robert Goodman.

Fellows, perhaps the best known, was the most stylized and, as such, was ideally suited to portray the "drape" look of the period's clothes, which suggested fullness, ease and power at the same time. His renderings have come to symbolize, in an unofficial kind of way, the *Esquire* man in fashion: extremely affluent, sophisticated, and, most important, older. The Fellows man is in his late forties or early fifties, kind of a combination of Walter Pidgeon and Dean Acheson. (It is only in our time that we have come to adore youth.)

Saalburg did the most painterly, least illustrative work, but it is incredibly sumptuous in its evocation of the *Esquire* man's surroundings. (Later Saalburg's work became more realistic and painstakingly detailed, down to the labels on the bottoms of shoes.) Goodman, a former art director, modeled the clothes himself, had photographs taken, and then executed his drawings from the photography.

What was brilliant about all of them was that they could paint fabric. The expressive shading, the sense of drape, the textural feelings of the clothes—these were qualities that could only be communicated from the inside out. As a rule, the great *Esquire* illustrators had their own clothes custom-made. They were connoisseurs of clothes. How else to explain their almost obsessive regard for extraneous detail (the shine of a button on a sleeve, the color of the soles of shoes)? Some of the ensembles are full of fashion esoterica: a dinner jacket with brass buttons, for example. One has to suppose such notions to be the invention of the editors or

illustrators themselves. In this way, fashion editing itself became an art form. This is why designers continue to study the old *Esquire* today.

There was always a clearly expressed link between form and function, as well as the invisible thread that tied the two together, status. Within the framework of such refined understanding, the magazine was able to convert a strong point of view into a kind of leadership that has never been matched in fashion.

Fashion enables even the dull to achieve a semblance of wit. But in the hands of such talented editors, illustrators and writers as are displayed herein, it becomes something more.

BY LIPSTICK UNREDDENED, ROUGE UNDEFINED

March 1956. They've long since taken our cigarettes, and, in salient features though sissified form, our pipes and even our pants, but the cigar counter is the last unfallen fort in the invaded land of man. All of which, though sad and true, seems to have a minimum to do with the clothes in question which are, on the left a double-breasted Shetland coat in a black and brown herringbone, cut over lines that give it something of a country air. There is an outside ticket pocket and a breast pocket flap, and the buttons are of leather. The coat comes an inch below the knee and has a slight flare. With it are worn a brown hard finished worsted suit, black blucher shoes, tan shirt with starched collar, a bold checked Spitalfields tie, buckskin gloves and bowler. The other coat is a fly front covert, worn with a grey Saxony suit, foulard muffler, capeskin gloves, black town shoes and a green Homburg hat.



The Thirties

When *Esquire* first appeared in 1933, politicians were still being photographed in trout streams wearing vests and derbies. It was the depths of the Great Depression, yet the social correctness of clothes was of paramount importance. The difference between the posh and the yokels could be read, as in a code, from one's clothes and style of wearing them.

The well-dressed man kept an entire hat wardrobe: a silk top hat for formal events, a black Homburg for semi-formal; a snap brim for travel and informal town wear; and a Shetland tweed cap for motoring and sports. Truly formal events still called for top hat, white tie and tails (not to mention formal outerwear, including white gloves).

But even within the strict confines of formal clothing, there were fashion changes, changes that *Esquire's* coverage at times instigated and always hastened. In June of 1935, the magazine remarked on the decline of the "ridiculous mess jacket" for formal occasions, and chronicled the rise of the midnight blue dinner jacket "seen in significant numbers at the Everglades Club and the Colony Club at Palm Beach, presaging its importance this summer."

Fashion still traveled from east to west: from London to New York, from New York and Palm Beach onward. The sartorial influence of the

Prince of Wales is repeatedly cited, for example, in the "blue buckskin shoes" drawn at a tennis match on the island of Nassau. The prince crops up so much that a caption in April 1935 declared, "Every third or fourth issue we swear off mentioning the Prince of Wales, getting sicker, if possible, of talking about him than you are of hearing about him."

In a page on beach fashions in the French Riviera, the editors suggest a fish net crew neck shirt as ideal "where shirtless bathing is still prohibited." American resort fashions, we learn, "follow those of the Riviera almost as closely and as constantly as lunch follows breakfast."

The prescriptive notions regarding tennis clothes, or "Court Costume," as the headline puts it, will boggle the minds of those whose idea of a baseline fashion statement is Andre Agassi. *Esquire*, with a completely straight face, could present a tennis player in white flannel trousers held up by a colorful silk foulard handkerchief belt (a favorite style tic of the editors) and remind the reader that the belt would have to be dispensed with in tournament play. (Most tournaments insisted on all white clothes for contestants.) Tennis shorts, another story notes, were introduced by Bunny Austin in 1935.

The 1930s in fashion, as portrayed on the pages of *Esquire*, remains an inspirational period to designers today.

SCENE: THE PALM BEACH CASINO AT CANNES

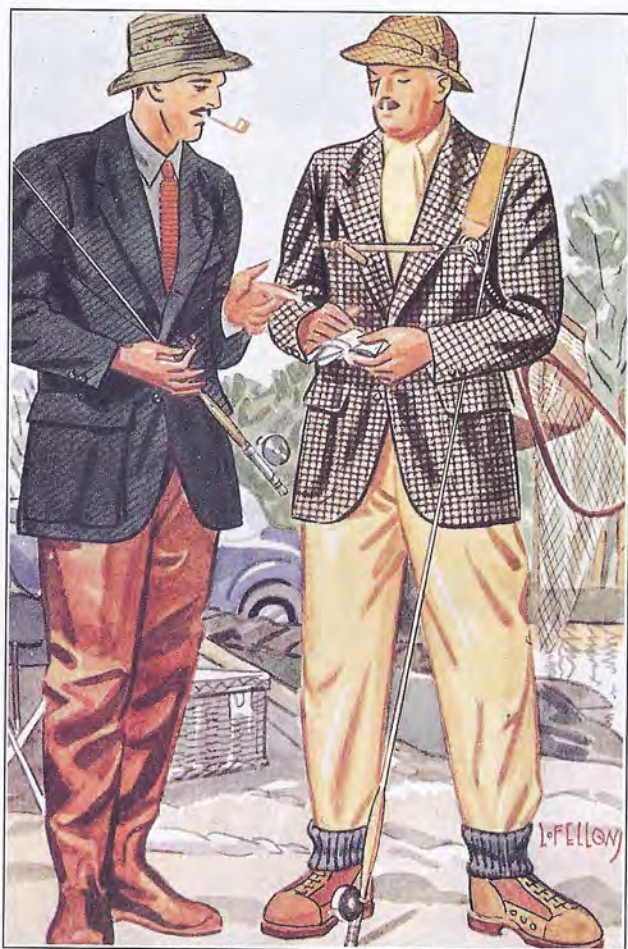
February 1936. This on-the-spot sketch of Riviera resort fashions, quite aside from its obvious decorative ping, has its uses as a check-up on prevailing plage fashions, because our southern resort fashions follow those of the Riviera almost as closely and as constantly as lunch follows breakfast. The figure in the left foreground is typical of the resort dress of fashionably informed Englishmen and Frenchmen. From pork pie hat to crocodile shoes, with grey and white flannel between. Note that the double-breasted jacket has only four buttons instead of the usual six, also that it carries welt pockets and side vents. The muffler is blue silk foulard with white spots, usually worn over a light-weight polo shirt. The background figure shows the Cannes-engendered white linen beach shirt with navy blue pirate's stripes, which opens all the way down the front, worn with blue linen beach slacks and canvas espadrilles.



THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO PICNIC

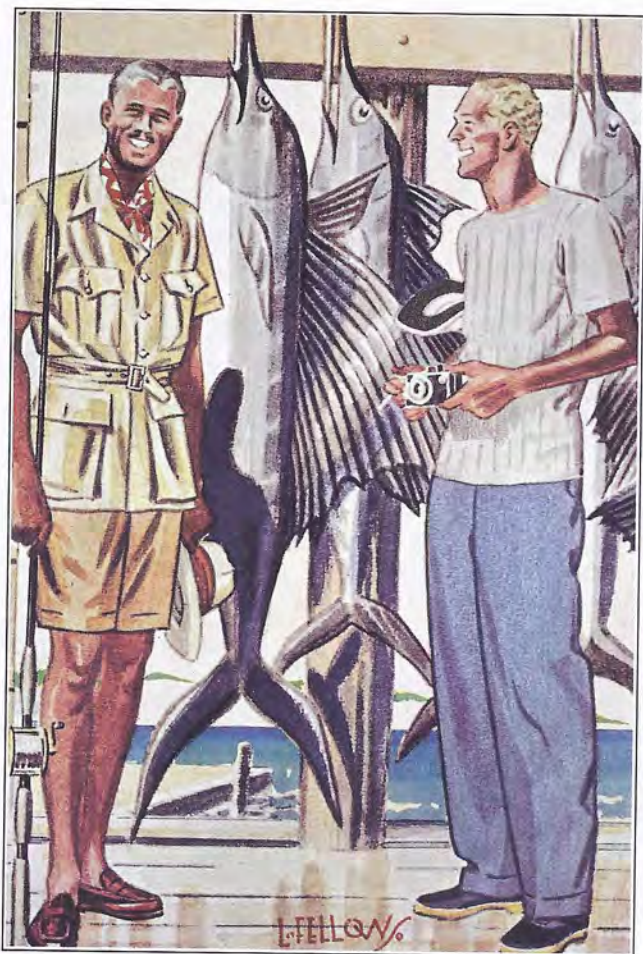
May 1935. Mr. Fellows can draw people on picnics as often as he likes. The only thing we resent is when he draws men looking happy on picnics. Nor will we refuse to pass along the word, furnished by our fashion scouts, that picnicking is on the increase as a social pastime. We do reserve the right to report it with the exact degree of enthusiasm with which we should report an increase in cholera. Anyway, this is supposed to be about the clothes. The man on the left wears a cheviot tweed jacket with slanting pockets and side vents, in a small checked pattern that is popular now in unusual colorings. The Saxony flannel trousers match the color combination, but not the pattern, of the jacket. A knitted cardigan, a flannel shirt, bow tie, blucher suede shoes and a pork pie hat complete the outfit. On the right is a tweed knicker suit worn with a cable-stitch sweater, monk-front shoes and a shepherd check cap.





GENTLEMEN, THE BROWN, BROOK, OR RAINBOW

April 1955. Brown, by the way, is a new color for trout-fishing boots. The notion being that they are much less readily discernible to the fish. Other features of the outfit on the left are the tweed hat, stuck with flies, the odd jacket of deep lovat tweed, the grey flannel shirt and trousers and the crochet tie. The other outfit is as British as the name Connaught, which designates the close-fitting tweed hat with semi-stiffened brim. The English waders come from your toes to high above your waistline — about like a pair of overalls with feet in them. You can't wade rocky streams, of course, with no more foot-covering than this thin rubberized material, so wool socks go over the feet of the waders and over these go light-weight canvas wading shoes with thick hob-nailed leather soles. The cashmere muffler obviates the need for the collar and tie when the checked tweed jacket is being worn. Under this, any old dark shirt.



A DAY AT THE ANGLERS' CLUB, KEY LARGO

February 1957. Mr. Fellows says it's Key Largo. The dock says Key Largo but the background says Cat Cay. So you can take your chance, as you probably will anyway. The outfit on the left is very smart and highly recommended for general horsing around at tropical resorts and even for posing with a fish pole, but it is not recommended for more than the first five minutes of fighting a really big fish. It consists of the now very popular bush shirt, gabardine shorts, Norwegian leather peasant slippers and a Jippi Jappa hat. The other outfit, of linen beach slacks, blue canvas shoes with yellow crepe soles, crew neck light-weight wool shirt and white duck cap with green underbrim is better for actual fishing. It's also perfectly okay for wear to the beach. Both outfits are socially correct and this is a very handsome picture indeed and we would like it even better if there were some guides on that big game fishing rod.

ONTO ALL GOLFERS SOME RAIN MUST FALL

May 1957. Competitive golf, like the mail, must go through and it is heresy to wonder why. Hence the handsome umbrella and the rainclothes on the spectators. The man on the left wears a blazer of homespun tweed with patch pockets and brass buttons, grey flannel trousers, brown reverse calf shoes, soft flannel shirt with attached lounge collar, solid color crocheted tie and the new willow green semi-sport hat. The player wears chalk striped grey flannels, Norwegian model golf shoes, a light-weight taffeta flannel shirt with striped tie, an Alpaca cardigan and a checked tweed cap with flat one-piece top. The Alpaca cardigan has only recently won widespread acceptance for country wear but it is now often seen worn under an odd sport jacket on cool days. Two of the members of the gallery, incidentally, are wearing the short oil, silk rain jacket and plus fours, while the third is wearing a raincoat of cotton gabardine.



TWO OPPOSITE TYPES AT THE HORSE SHOW

July 1954. They hold these things all over America in the summertime, particularly in the country fair regions. We guess the guy on the right didn't know he was coming to this one. Probably he just happened to be here on his summer vacation, because his clothes merely typify current fashion for any resort or country place. The silk suit is worn without a vest. The shirt is of brown patterned white oxford with a wide spread collar. The tie is of rough shantung.

The black saddled shoes are of white elk. Now the other fellow, he's horsey, like young Renny in the Jalna books. He wears a tan linen riding sacque with slanting flap pockets and ten-inch side vents, grey checked white flannels, a blue foulard bow tie with white polka dots, a blue felt pork pie hat and brown reverse calf shoes. There will be no prize whatever for guessing which one drives the Buggati.



THE CLOTHES MEN WEAR AT MEADOWBROOK

September 1955. It is in the horsey set that many of the country's major trends of general fashion see their first presentation. The outfit at the left consists of a bold Glen plaid jacket of black and rust-brown, with a deep blue overplaid in an easy fitting natural shouldered model with outside ticket pocket and deep side vents, grey flannel slacks and an adaptation in brown suede of the postboy model waistcoat, a grey oxford shirt with widespread collar attached, a brown and white shepherd's check tie and a pork pie hat. The other outfit includes a Saxony gun club checked double-breasted suit in the long rolled lapel model with unflapped pockets and deep side vents, a tab collar shirt with small grey checks, a black cashmere wool tie with yellow polka dots, a silk handkerchief of hunting yellow, monk-front reversed calf shoes with leather soles and heels, yellow chamois gloves and a rough felt Homburg hat.





THE DARING YOUNG WAITER OF ST. MORITZ

January 1936. Painted on ice, if not on skates, by Mr. Saalburg in Switzerland, this scene combines the atmospheric with the informative. Realism is evident in the fact that the most agile figure is, naturally enough, the waiter. What the others lack in skill they make up for in appearance, presumably. At any rate, the figure in the foreground, at least dresses the part. The suit is a blue-grey tweed in a hound's-tooth check, made in a three button single-breasted model with notch lapels and side vents. Beneath the jacket is a navy turtle neck sweater. With the knickers are worn full length wool hose, also of navy blue. Black and white Norwegian mittens complete the outfit. In the wine-like air of a sunny day in the Swiss mountains, this turnout is warm enough for skating and for tramping through the snow. With the jacket left off, the outfit pictured could be worn for cross country skiing.



ULTIMATE EVOLUTION OF THE SKI OUTFIT

January 1959. Watch out below—here comes the latest version of the ski outfit, the definitive streamliner of them all. Its keynote is the poplin pullover wind jacket in the new fawn color, with slide fastener at the shoulder and ribbed wrists, waistband and neck. The matching gabardine trousers are the peg-top style that fit into the top of the boots. Especially cute is the new type sun visor which may be worn either in the position shown or pulled down over the eyes to serve as goggles. Baby sealskin mittens, a light-weight silk scarf and two-tone brown ski boots complete the outfit. The main trend in ski wear, for reasons apparent to the naked eye, is toward this light-weight pullover type of wind jacket, worn usually with matching or contrasting peg-top trousers. Besides its light-weight, the jacket is wind-resistant and snow-shedding. All unnecessary pockets and gadgets have been purged for the sake of practicality.



COURT COSTUME FOR THE SEASON OF 1934

August 1934. Except for the silk foulard handkerchief worn as a sash in place of the more prosaic belt, this outfit is unreservedly recommended for tennis players of every rank. The reservation regarding the colored waist-handkerchief is not made as a matter of taste, since this item is smart as all get out; simply in recognition of the fact that many tournament officials still stick to the letter of the traditional rule against any deviations from plain white in the attire of contestants. So, if you are a tournament player you'd better have a white belt handy, if only for the actual playing time spent in organized competition. The Polo shirt is of white, light-weight wool, with half sleeves; the trousers are of white flannel or that finish which goes by the name of cricket cloth; the shoes are white canvas sneakers (although the new Cuban Jai Alai shoes are equally suitable, and smarter in appearance). The breast insignia is a small monogram.



ON THE TRAIL BLAZED BY BUNNY AUSTIN

August 1955. White duck shorts, introduced by Bunny Austin, have been seen in increasing numbers at important tennis tournaments over the past two seasons. Without the famous little Englishman's sponsorship, it is doubtful that the fashion would have gone very far, but you may wear the outfit shown at left without qualm for its correctness in this usually tradition-bound sport. The shirt was originally developed for squash, but has been borrowed for tennis. The shoes are the new blue canvas sneakers that have been taken up by many well-known professionals. The blue flannel blazer may be worn at the courts, and with white or grey flannels for general country usage. The other and more typical tennis costume consists of a white light-weight wool polo shirt with short sleeves, worn with white flannel trousers, white sneakers and (a recent revival) the heavy white cable-stitch sweater.

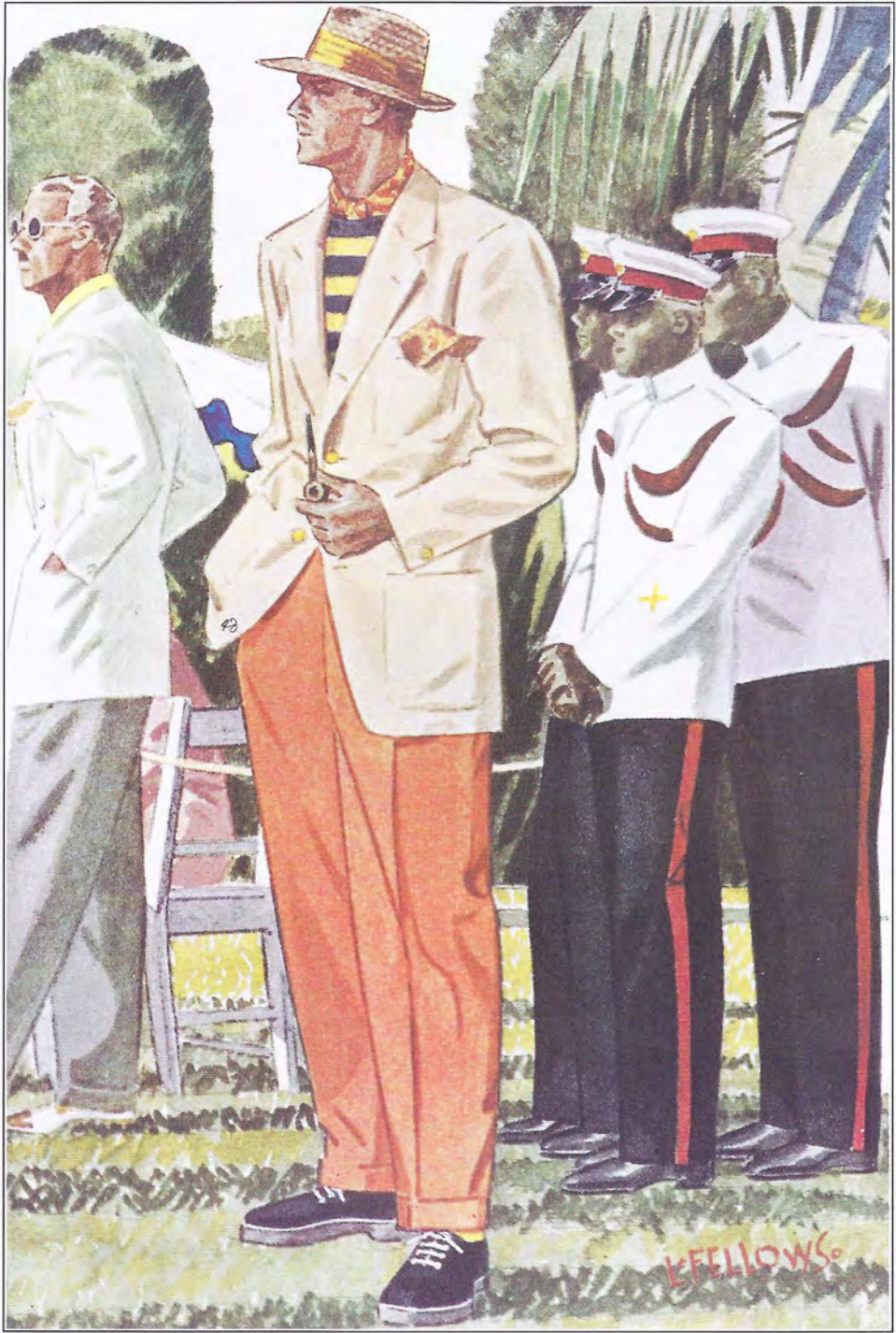
THE COURT DRESS OF THE GOOD AMERICAN

July 1955. It may be different with debutante sisters and daughters, but as for the male of the American family, jubilee year or no, this is the only court dress he knows. The players' costumes are self-explanatory. Of the two spectators shown in this scene, the younger is wearing the popular combination of single-breasted linen jacket and grey flannel slacks, distinctive touches to the general effect being afforded by the light-weight wool muffler of wine and white hound's-tooth checks and the diamond pattern light-weight wool hose. The hound's-tooth muffler is a prime fashion feature at the moment. The shoes are white elk with black saddle. Jacket and trousers of brown and cream gabardine, respectively, a pleated yellow shirt with starched collar. India madras bow tie, horizontal striped wool hose, brown reversed calf shoes and a wide brim Panama hat comprise the other outfit.



CORAL AT THE COURTS

February 1942. While our friend intently watches the tennis exhibitions at Nassau, let us in turn gaze at him. The Bahamian Coral shade of the slacks, worn in an authentic setting by this spectator, was inspired by the color of a certain coral in this part of the world. They may be of linen, other washable or rayon-blend fabric. Such slacks need a neutralizer, and the smart choice here is the natural shade jacket with gilt buttons and center-vented back. A printed foulard handkerchief flutters from the chest pocket. His sandune and harbor blue knitted lisle pull-over is topped by a printed foulard scarf, and his Silver Palm hat carries the sandune puggree. The blue buckskin shoes with white welt and grey rubber soles happen to be favored by the Duke of Windsor, That, plus the contrast with the sandune socks and Bahamian Coral slacks make the shoes a good choice. They're comfortable, too.





ON THE BEACH WITH THE SONS OF RICHES

June 1935. When the gilded playboys turn to bronze under the winter sun, that's when summer's beach fashions are born. For example, these things which were prime at Nassau are now par for Nantucket and points thereabout. The seated figure shows a silk and wool beach shirt, worn with a pair of blue sailcloth beach shorts, with a pair of knitted swimming trunks underneath. Note the twine belt and the white canvas espadrilles. The standing figure wears what is almost a resort uniform, consisting of the perennial navy blue polo shirt, grey flannel slacks and black and white sports shoes. A white silk handkerchief is worn loosely knotted at the neck. A blue beret completes the kit. In the foreground you will notice a light-weight wool beach shirt and a pair of twine beach sandals with leather soles and heels. These, of course, are shown as alternative choices.



AT EDEN ROC ON THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN

August 1936. One of the world's most fashionable swimming holes, Eden Roc at Cap d'Antibes, has no beach at all, just steps and all sorts of intricate plateaus that have been cut out of the rocks. Against this background you see, reading from left to right, an Englishman and a Frenchman, modelling two types of Riviera beach outfits. The Englishman wears, over a polo shirt and knitted swimming trunks, a single-breasted notched lapel blazer of terrycloth with a muffler to match, light blue mohair crash beach slacks and a pair of Basque canvas espadrilles with rope soles. The Frenchman wears as Frenchmen do, a beret (an item that has lost most of its followers in this country), ribbed swimming trunks and the new fish net beach shirt with crew neck which was first introduced at St. Tropez. This shirt should be a natural where shirtless bathing is still prohibited, because it lets you tan and keep your shirt on.

TO PALM BEACH VIA THE FRENCH RIVIERA

February 1938. Here are two important new fashions in beach wear. On the left, the combination of the new mocha colored linen and cotton mixed beach shirt, made in collarless style, with seaweed color beach slacks that are as new in cut as they are in color, distinguished by the four-inch waistband with self straps and buckles. The sandals are of natural color and twine with leather soles and heels. The other sketch shows the new beach suit in côte blue, of which the shorts are cut rather full and long, with a vent at the side, after the Tyrolean shorts from which they originally derived. The color is that worn by the French militia, a flattering shade to men of all ages, particularly to the suntanned. The suit is two-piece, the shorts in a linen or mixed linen and cotton and the shirt in a lighter weight of the same material. The shirt carries a high set collar, four-button front, half sleeves and two patch pockets.



AS NASSAU REMEMBERS THE DUKE OF KENT

January 1956. Largely as a result of the Duke's visit last winter, the outfit sketched on the right may be expected to serve almost as a Nassau uniform, for boating, golf and even tennis, this coming season. The shorts are of gabardine, the rest of the rig consisting of a ribbed polo shirt, canvas espadrilles and a sailing cap. The other figure typifies the dress for general wear at Nassau. The jacket is of natural tan gabardine, of a silk-like quality that makes the fabric iridescent. The lapel rolls to the top button and there are eight-inch side vents. With this coat the sketched figure wears grey flannel slacks, a dark blue polo shirt of light-weight silk, a large cotton neckerchief and the popular Nassau hat of coconut straw with a cotton puggree band. The shoes are the brown and white Norwegian model, as introduced last season in London. Both outfits are also suitable for Bermuda a little later in the season.





SOUTHERN WEAR IS ELABORATELY CASUAL

January 1935. The big idea this year, if you want to be well dressed for the southern resort season, seems to be that of carefully conveying the impression that you don't give a damn how you look. The French have a word for it, *dégagé*, and indeed it is a prevailing characteristic of Riviera fashions. Here the impression is fostered by the roll of the lapel to the bottom button of the double-breasted light tan gabardine suit, by the open throated Burgundy colored polo shirt of silk and wool and inherent informality of a porkpie hat of light-weight felt. Other details worthy of notice are the eight-inch side vents at the back of the jacket, the brown buckskin shoes with leather soles and heels that are varnished black and the red carnation that gives the lie to the studied carelessness of the whole effect. You can wear a colored silk handkerchief around the neck, if you like.



FATHERS AND SONS FOREGATHER FOR HARVARD

June 1935. There's a shoht cheeyah for Haahvuhd in both these costumes, although in basic detail they are both right for both sides of the embattled lines that draw up at New London to watch the Harvard-Yale classic. Anyway, papa's carnation is Harvard red, and there's a Cantabridgian cast to the color scheme of son's accessories. Yale men may solve this dilemma by substituting a blue cornflower for the Harvard red carnation—and so on throughout. The younger man's outfit consists of a gabardine suit, with the waistcoat left home, a white oxford button-down collared shirt, hound's-tooth cotton tie, horizontal stripe lisle hose, white buckskin shoes with red rubber soles and heels and a sen-nit straw. The other outfit has a grey flannel jacket, white cricket cloth slacks, broadcloth tab collar shirt, guard's tie of the Royal Artillery, combination last sports shoes and a brown snap brim hat.

IRISH TWEED JACKET WITH ELBOW PADS

September 1958. The Irish homespun tweed jacket that seems to be so much a thing of patches is really the latest trick at the smart Eastern universities. The alleged patches are buckskin elbow pads and gun pad, an idea copied from the shooting jacket. The elbow pads are supposed to absorb a lot of desk-leaning punishment but the shoulder pad has to get by solely on its decorative merits. The slacks are also new—of natural color covert cloth, narrow in cut and worn short so that they don't break at the cuff. Accessories include a tan pincheck shirt, Irish homespun tie, velour finish Tyrolean hat and blucher shoes. The other suit is of Shetland in a broken herringbone pattern, worn with a soft flannel shirt, regimental striped tie, silk foulard handkerchief, the new small shape varsity tweed cap, brown wool cable-stitch hose with "lightning" pattern and reverse calf ski front shoes with crepe soles and heels.



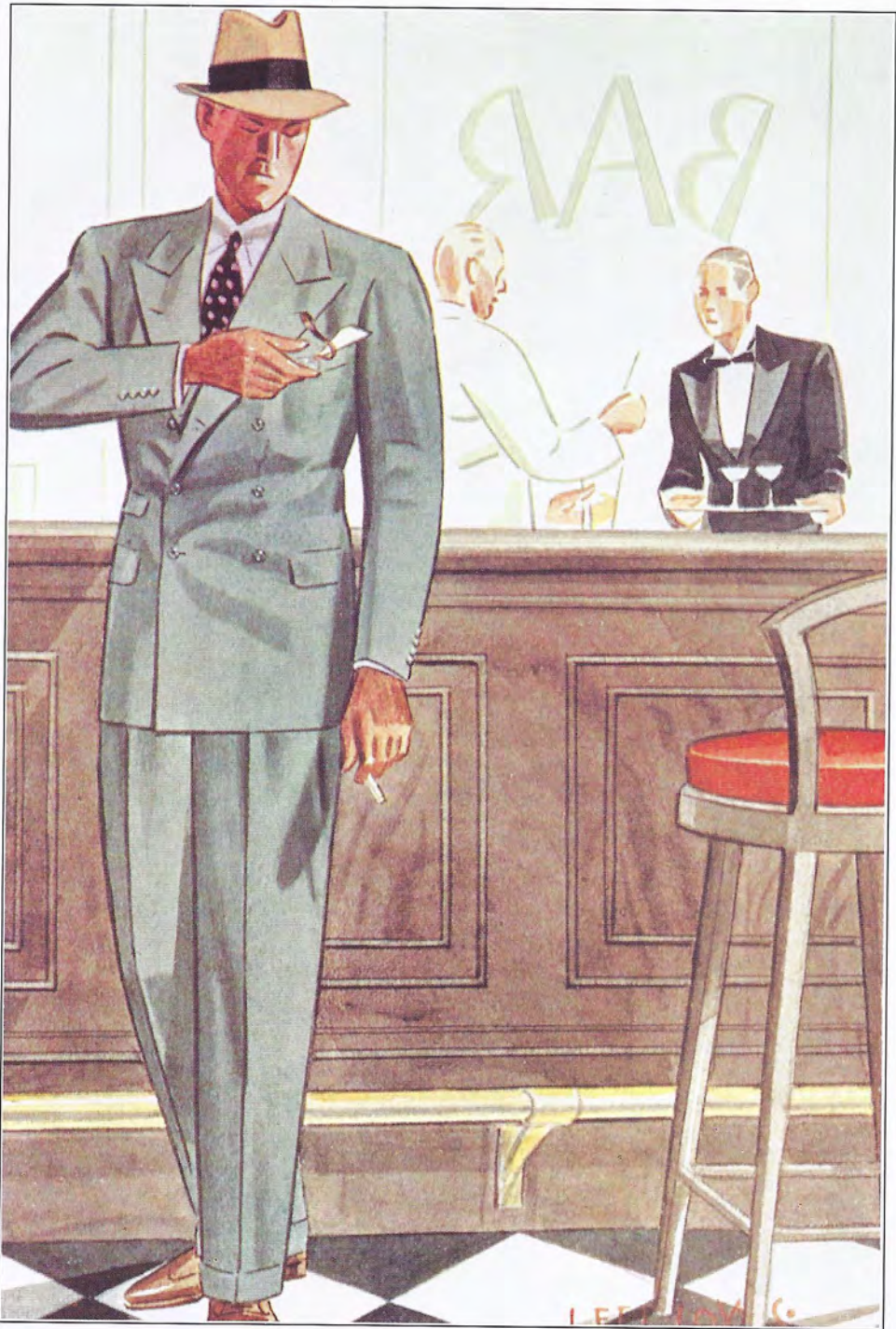
NOW EVERYBODY'S GOING IN FOR GABARDINE

August 1955. We've been talking about gabardine for so long that the only expression we have left on the subject is a tendency to yawn now that the season has arrived in which the whole country seems suddenly to have gone goofy over it with a wide-eyed air of discovery. Well, you'd better excuse or ignore our boredom, because it's very good although, like sex, it had been around for quite awhile before everybody began taking it up. The light cream color shown here is this season's most desirable shade, in or out of town. The jacket looks very fine with white or grey slacks, and so do the trousers with a brown Shetland checked tweed jacket. This is the single-breasted model with a long lapel roll. Note the unflapped pockets and the side vents. The accessories consist of a brown and white candy striped shirt, plaid bow tie, brown reversed calf town shoes and a sennit straw hat with a club colored band.



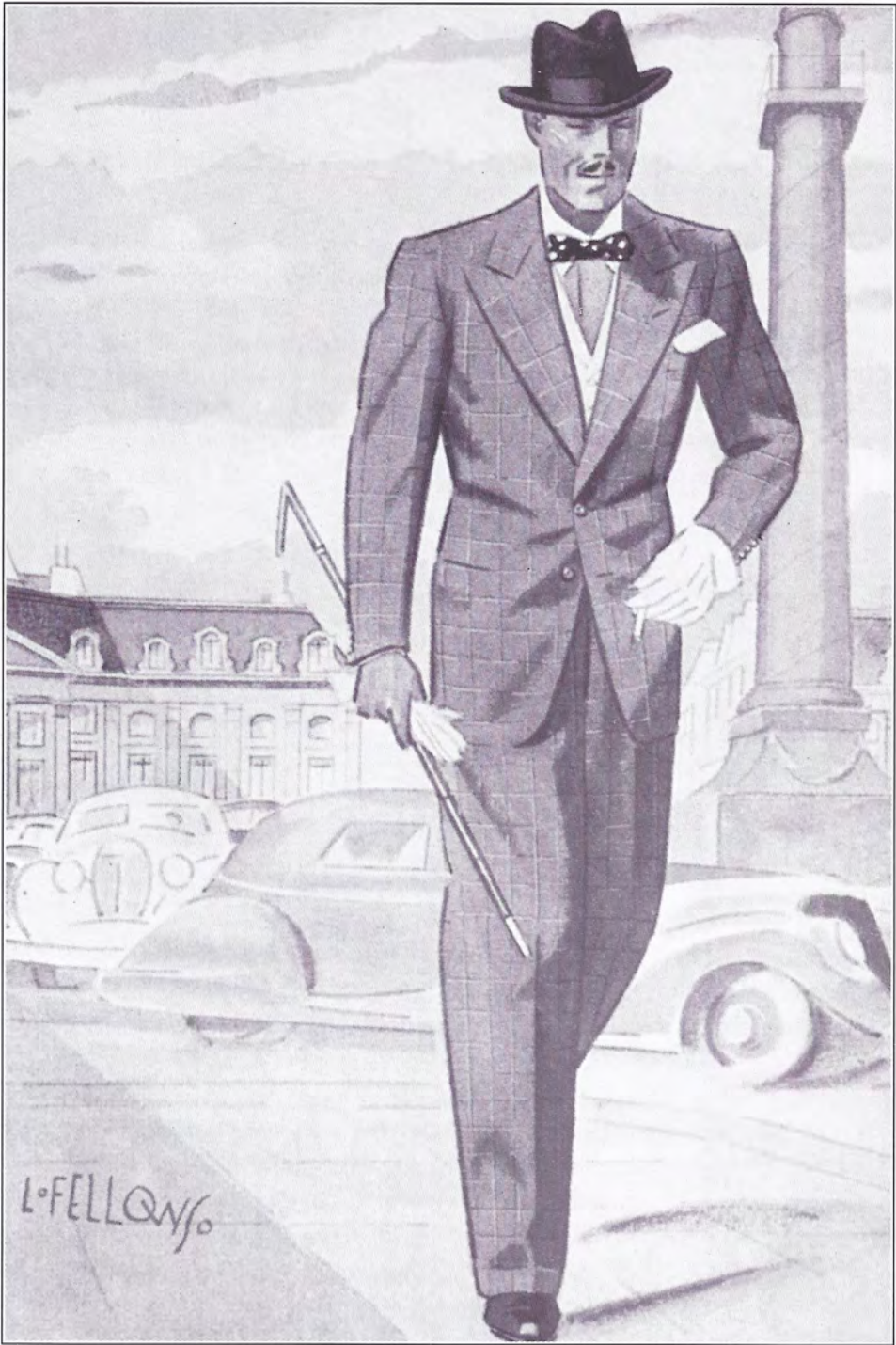
FOR TOWN WEAR DURING THE WARM WEATHER

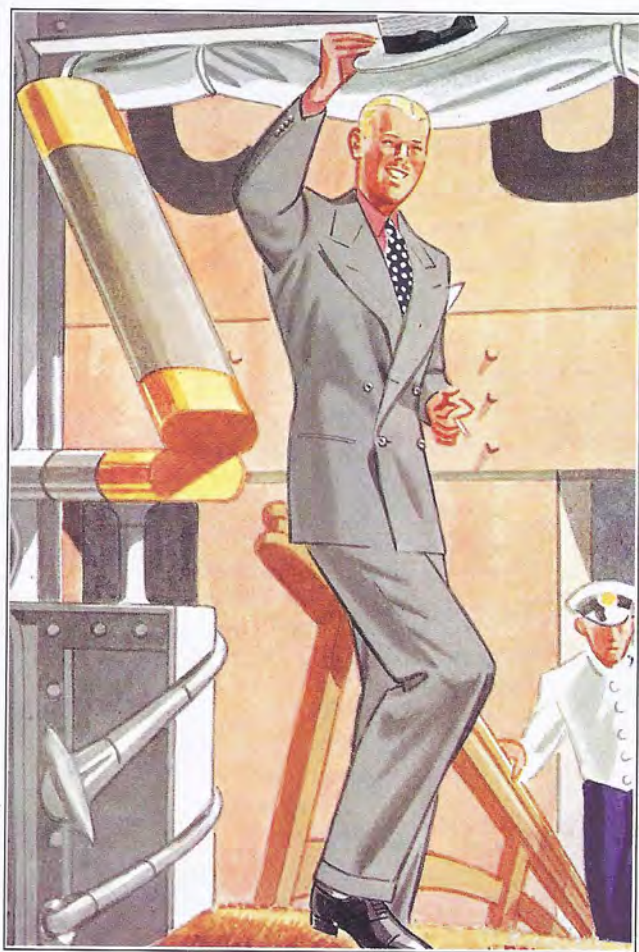
August 1954. Despite the fact that current fashion seems to sanction the use of sport clothes almost everywhere during the hot daylight hours, there are bound to be many occasions when you'll want to be slightly more dressed up. Here, for example, is an effective outfit consisting of a light-weight double-breasted flannel suit lovat green, worn minus a waistcoat, with a pale blue broadcloth shirt with medium length pointed collar attached, a black foulard tie with purple spots, a light-weight felt hat of a very light tan that has a smoky cast (and notice that it has a black band) and light-weight brown wing tipped shoes. When a waistcoat is not worn, a leather strap watch guard in the lapel button hole takes the place of the usual vest watch chain. Worthy of note, too, is the fact that this jacket is cut to be worn with either two or three buttons closed, a fashion that is fast gaining in popularity with well-dressed men in the east.



LONDON MANNER FOR SPRINGTIME IN PARIS

May 1956. Anthony Eden has exerted an enormous influence on continental fashions this year, as witness this turnout featuring such characteristic Eden touches as the black Homburg worn with a white linen waistcoat and white gloves. To American eyes the effect is somewhat dandified, but the Continent is always fertile ground for the dandy manner. The suit is of flannel with a faint blue overplaid. The shirt is of fine batiste with a white laundered collar, the specialty of a famous Paris shirt maker. The large knot foulard bow is a typical French shape which has gained London acceptance. The sack wrist gloves are light-weight white pigskin. Americanization of this outfit may involve dispensing with the white gloves and the rattan stick and substituting a soft felt or a straw hat for the Homburg. But the combination above is not too extreme for Metropolitan acceptance.





IT MAY LOOK PINK BUT IT'S REALLY RED

August 1935. We mean, of course, the shirt, which is of very light-weight batiste, with a tab collar to match. Oh, you want us to continue the success story from the previous page? How do we get these fashions? We have observers, trained almost from birth, who practically commute to England where they haunt the very best places and ignore all but the very best people, slyly keeping statistics on their cuffs, and when something happens, like a red shirt, they tell us about it, briefly and archly by cable, and then we make it sound convincing. Then there is laughter everywhere west of Pocatello. Then for a while nothing happens. Then, after the incident has had time to be forgotten, people in, say, Pocatello, buy new fashions and wonder why. The tie is black foulard with white polka dots. The suit is grey flannel. The hat band is black. The shoes are plain black calf. There is no news at all—except the red shirt.

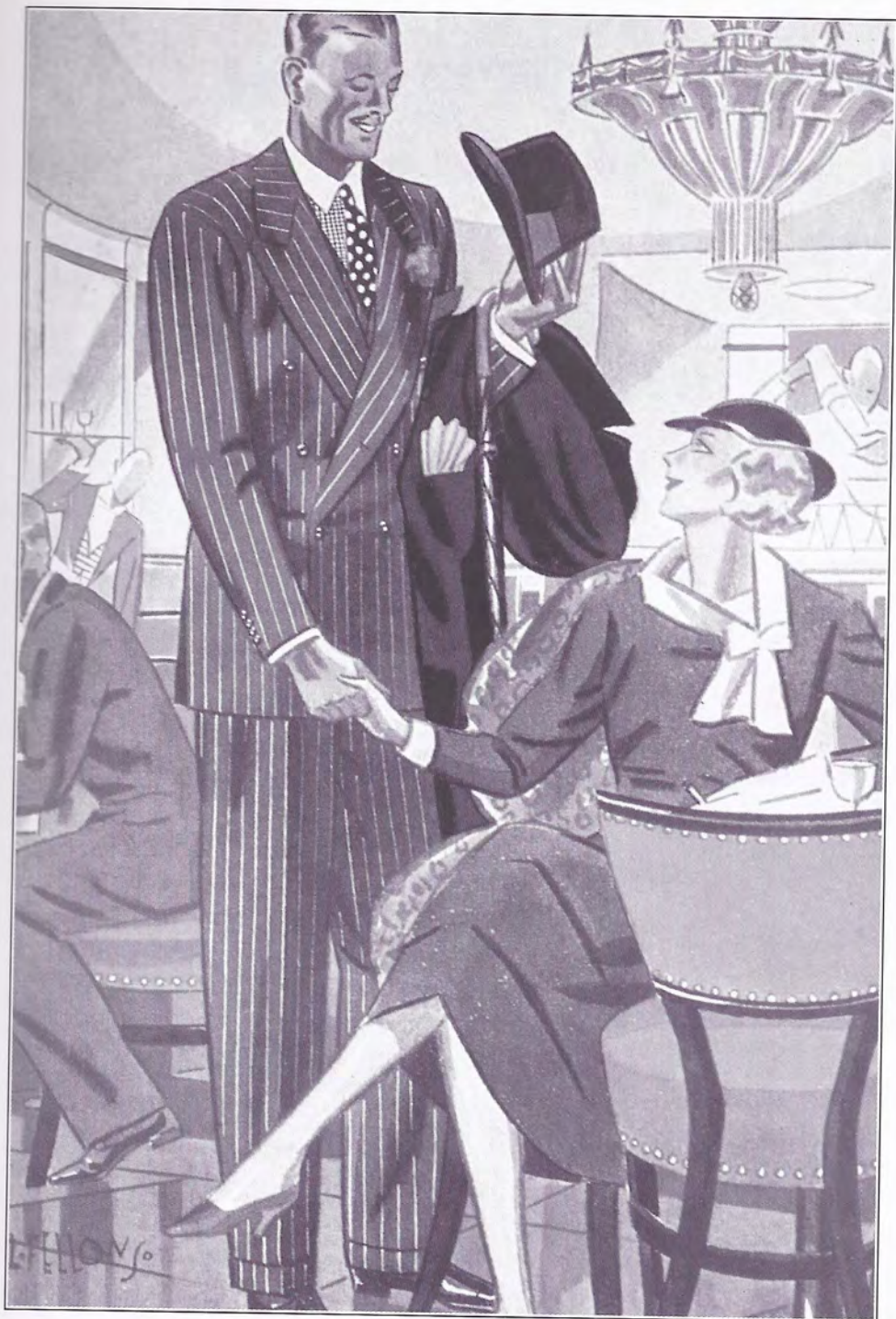


WEEK-END WARDROBE FOR TRAVELING LIGHT

July 1936. For a quick trip involving both town and country or resort appearances, where luggage must be kept down to little better than a briefcase, the answer is a pair of white or grey flannel slacks plus the outfit pictured here. These clothes look normal enough for informal town wear and still go very well against a rural or resort background. The suit is grey flannel with red stripes, a combination of color and fabric that has been accorded marked popularity in London. It is made in a two-button single-breasted peaked lapel model with welt (that is, unflapped) pockets. With it are worn a fine checked madras shirt with a relatively long pointed slotted collar to match, a foulard tie of maroon with white spots, wine color lisle hose and brown calf monk-front shoes. The hat is a brown felt pork pie. With the substitution of plain colored slacks for the suit trousers the outfit is effectively transformed.

SOMETHING WE PREDICTED A YEAR AGO

March 1935. In the March issue for 1934, we introduced the black Homburg to this country. We said then that it was an established English fashion, having already enjoyed, at that time, a London run of about a year. It is only within the last couple of months, however, that this hat has been seen in noticeable numbers around New York, but now its popularity is showing almost daily growth. The suit is another London favorite (as witness all the new pictures of the Duke of Kent) its two distinguishing features being the long lapel roll to the bottom button and the two seven-inch side vents. This one is a dark grey flannel with a white chalk stripe. The rest of the outfit consists of a blue checked madras soft shirt with white starched cuffs, a starched collar and a black foulard tie with white polka dots, black blucher shoes, a single-breasted blue topcoat and fawn colored gloves.



BEFORE THE GAME GETS DOWN TO BRACES

February 1958. This father and son contest has apparently just begun, to judge from the length of their cigars and has not yet reached that coat-divesting warm-up stage which would reveal the players stripped down to their braces. You just know they wear the latter, however, as there's no other accounting for the perfect hang of the trousers which, while permitting an easy, natural break above the instep, are yet hiked up so trimly about the, as it were, breech as to assure the wearer against ever being classified as a droopy-drawers. The suit on the left is a sharkskin cut in a single-breasted peak lapel style with the British blade effect of extra fullness at the shoulders. The other is an unfinished worsted four-button double-breasted, worn rolled to the bottom button. Note the unflapped piped pockets on both suits. Also note that both men wear the currently favored white starched collar with a striped shirt.



TO WEAR ENROUTE FROM TOWN TO COUNTRY

March 1935. That caption doesn't mean a thing. We just thought we ought to tie up with the illustration somehow and that was the best we could do. We aren't bragging about it, just explaining. You could do much better. But suppose we look at the man—he's wearing a double-breasted Harris tweed overcoat in a lovat mixture, with a fleece lining of a light tan color. The suit is single-breasted grey Glen Urquhart Saxony, the shirt is a green and white striped broadcloth with tab collar, worn with a black and green even stripe rep tie. Three touches that redeem this outfit from the risk of being considered commonplace are afforded by the yellow buckskin gloves, the white ash cane and the rough finish of the derby hat. The suit coat may be worn with odd grey flannel slacks and for outdoor wear, say on a week-end in the country, a sleeveless sweater could be worn in place of a waistcoat.





WHEREVER YOU GO YOU'LL MEET THIS COAT

May 1935. We talked about this raglan sleeved tweed topcoat last month and we'll probably have to come back to it again more than once in the future, because as a fashion item it's going, and growing, like a snowball down hill. The P. of W. started it (we hope you can't penetrate that incognito because every month we swear off mentioning his name in these pages again) and you can recognize it by its fly front and peaked lapels, as well as by its slash pockets and bold checked pattern. The rest of the outfit, in this instance, consists of a brown Shetland sports jacket and grey flannel slacks, shoes of brown calf, with red rubber soles and heels, in a wing tipped model, a red madder foulard muffler with a yellow Paisley design, which obviates the necessity for collar and tie and a grey Glen Urquhart cap. Note, we beg of you, that the cap shouldn't match the coat, either in color or in pattern.



WITH THAT COAT, SHE SHOULD ASK HIM IN

February 1956. The point is, it isn't every guy can get a coat with a fur collar, from which we argue that it isn't every gal can get a guy with a fur collared coat so we want to shout worldly advice to the lady. We don't think she should be quite so indogoshdarnpendent. Of course, it isn't every girl can have a coat and hat of Persian lamb, either, so maybe she knows best. Persian lamb, they tell us, is the ultimate fluff in women's wear this year, and here's a man wearing a double-breasted town ulster with Persian lamb collar and lapels. Only he didn't get the idea from any woman. Old King George's boys started it for men. Their coats, as it happens, are also lined with eastern mink. Yours can be too, we suppose, if you insist and if your insistence is prepaid. Anyway, this coat is a medium weight town ulster with military lines, worn with a rough finished derby and dark grey suit.



AGAIN WE PAUSE FOR THE FORGOTTEN MAN

March 1955. Last month we got ourselves in very solid with a large number of citizens, or vice versa, by stopping to reflect, via one of these fashion pages, that somebody loves a fat man. So again we guide the gentleman of girth, even unto such a relatively skittish department as that of spectator sports wear. Chubby, on the left, models a slenderizing outfit consisting of a fly front covert cloth top-coat in natural tan, worn with a grey diagonal cheviot tweed, a blue and white even stripe cotton flannel shirt, a black silk crochet tie, a green felt snap brim hat, brown suede shoes on a town last, reddish capeskin gloves and the omnipresent red carnation. Tubby, on the right, less convincing now than when his coat is buttoned, wears an outfit that shows the same tendency to emphasize all the long lines, accentuate the sharpness of the collar points and the taper of hat crowns, trousers and sleeves.



SOBER AND STILL NOT SOLEMN ON SUNDAY

January 1955. The sobriety of black and white afternoon dress does not necessarily imply the solemnity of the mourner's bench. Relieving touches that keep you from bending over backward with unwonted dignity are afforded, in this case, by the striped blue soft shirt with white cuffs, the blue and white Glen plaid patterned Macclesfield silk tie and the yellow carnation worn in the buttonhole of the lapel. This outfit, including the carnation, is typical of what the Prince of Wales has been wearing most frequently during the past London season. (Any time you get tired of our spying on him you have a perfect right to tell us so.) The double-breasted jacket has a natural lapel roll to the bottom button. Just to mix you up and remind you of fashion's perversity, the cheviot trousers grow cuffs at the moment when suits for informal business wear are beginning to discard them. Note the wide spread collar.

THE FAIR HAired BOY OF THE BEACH WALK

January 1935. This is the semi-formal evening outfit that will be worn by the best-dressed men at Palm Beach this winter. It consists of a white shawl dinner jacket with dress trousers of black or midnight blue tropical worsted. The jacket is of light-weight washable material in the single-breasted model that finally won out over the double-breasted type in the preferences of Newport and Southampton men by the end of last summer. The soft shirt is of white silk with collar attached, worn with a black rep dress tie in the popular semi-butterfly shape. The hose are sheer black silk with a deep maroon clock, and the pumps are patent leather. The maroon silk foulard handkerchief in the breast pocket here replaces the omnipresent dark red carnation. A tan camel's hair topcoat and a sennit straw hat complement this outfit on cool evenings. A wine silk cummerbund is recommended here.



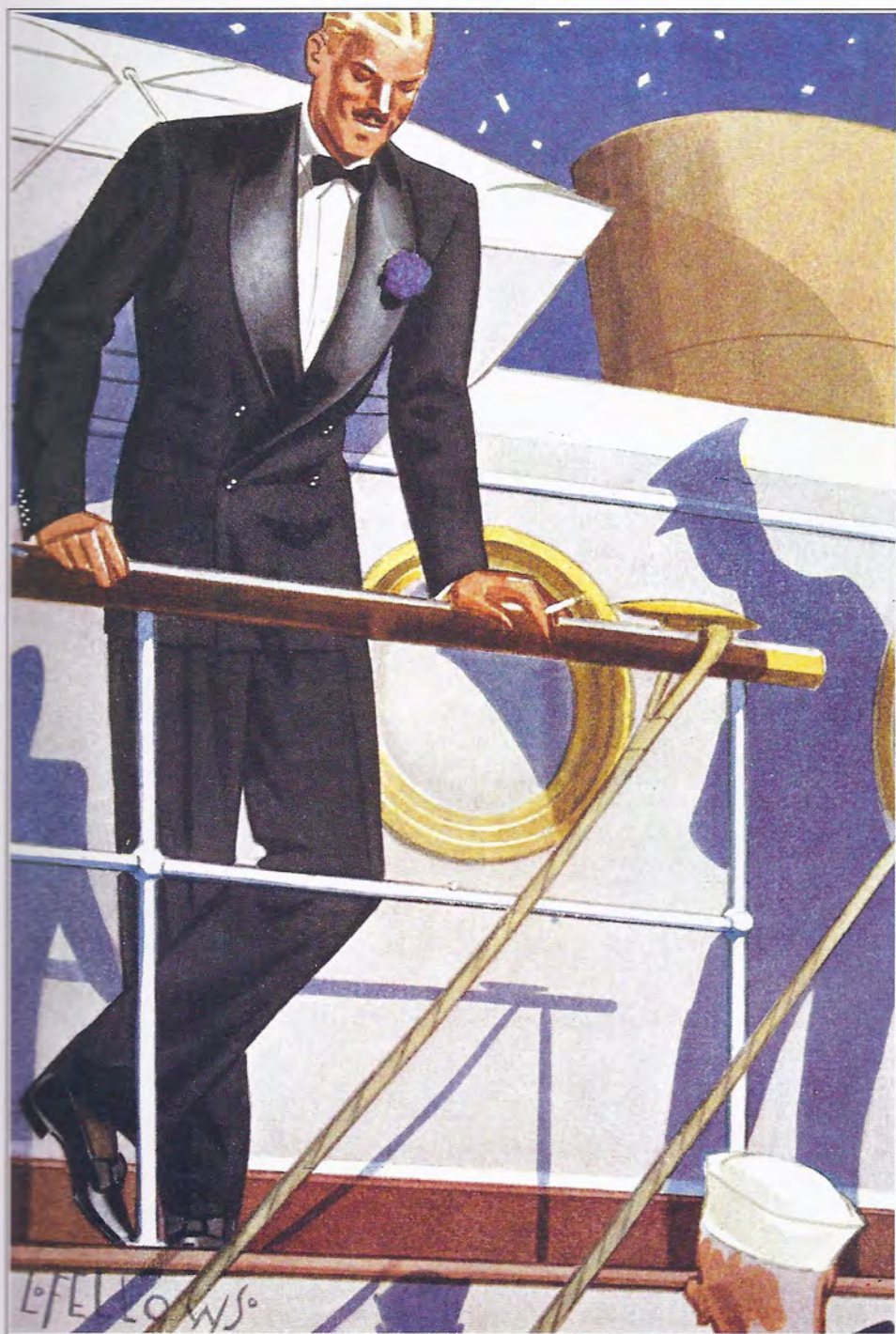
THE BURMA SHADE SUMMER DINNER JACKET

August 1936. The old summer formal combination of blue jacket and white flannels got the gong because of its obvious incongruity with summer evening dresses. Hence the white dinner jacket was welcomed with open arms and although its vogue was threatened momentarily by the ridiculous mess jacket craze, it has since gained ground each season, its position being strengthened rather than weakened by the introduction of such color touches as the use of dark green or midnight blue bow ties with matching cummerbund and hose. The single-breasted white shawl collar dinner jacket, however, remains entrenched as the most popular summer formal garment. There has been a tendency to go in for color in dinner jackets, and the grey double-breasted in the background has limited fashionable acceptance. But the favorite deviation from the norm of white is the new Burma shade, shown in foreground.



NEWEST FOR WARM WEATHER EVENING WEAR

June 1955. Don't be alarmed—your white dinner jacket, single or double-breasted, has not suddenly been repealed. Your mess jacket has, of course, but you knew that last year. And yet, while the white dinner jacket is established, and the off-white (that is, tan) is arrived, the double-breasted of midnight blue tropical weight cloth is very definitely en route to high fashion importance, and it's our bounden duty to warn you. It has shiny black satin lapels and is worn with a semi-stiff pleated bosom dress shirt, a white starched turn-over collar and a black dress tie of the semi-butterfly shape, sheer silk hose and black patent leather evening pumps. This outfit, down to the small detail afforded by the blue cornflower boutonniere, has been seen in significant numbers at the Everglades Club and the Colony Club at Palm Beach, presaging its importance this summer.



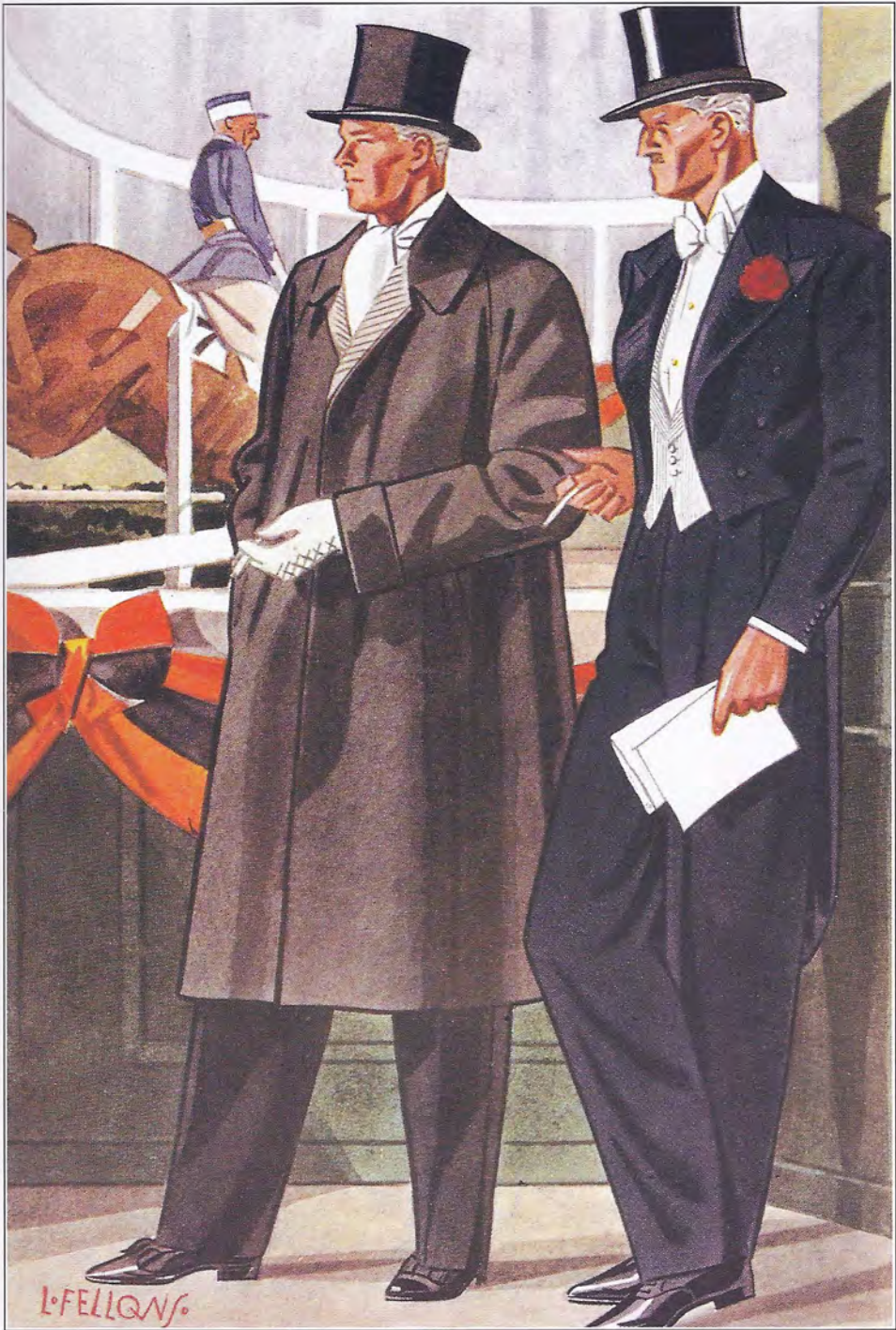
GLORIFYING THE VELVET SMOKING JACKET

November 1954. Please don't go telling your friends that you saw a red dinner jacket in Esquire. 'Tain't so. What you see is a velvet house coat or smoking jacket, which a host may wear for an informal dinner party at home. This is an idea that has been borrowed from the British. It may properly be worn with the white tie, or with dinner clothes as sketched here or with street dress. Shown with it are a white silk shirt with collar attached and black dress tie, dress trousers and patent leather pumps. The guest is wearing a single-breasted shawl collar dinner jacket with a semi-soft pleated dress shirt, a high wing collar and black butterfly tie, patent leather dress shoes and, last but not least, the almost indispensable dark red carnation. This outfit is correct for an informal dinner party at home.



FOR THE SECOND WEDNESDAY IN NOVEMBER

November 1935. The opening of the horse show at Madison Square Garden is really the start of the season of tails and toppers, so here, against appropriate background, are the new formal fashions. At the right is the latest version of the midnight blue tailcoat, with short stubby lapels covered with dull ribbed silk, and the breast pocket conspicuous by its absence. Note that the collar points extend beyond the ends of the tie, that the shirt is the two stud open front type, with dull gold stud, that the waistcoat is of a new wide ribbed pique, and that the tails come to a point just below the back of the knee. The very newest in formal outer wear is shown at the left. The coat has a fly front, raglan shoulders, military collar and a lining of dull ribbed silk. It is destined to achieve the popularity that the old Inverness cape once had but never could recapture. Notice the white string gloves.



The Forties

When World War II broke out, *Esquire*, perhaps putting the best face on things, wrote that a glamorous man was "Tall, Dark and Drafted."

But the war altered the men's fashion landscape forever. On a practical level, it brought fabric restrictions, with immediate changes in style. Jackets were not cut as full. Flannel shirts were encouraged as part of fuel conservation efforts in the home. Dinner jackets had to be single-breasted, in order to save fabric. It was now not only acceptable to wear a dark blue suit at your wedding but required, since the manufacture of cutaway coats was forbidden by the War Production Board.

As O.E. Schoeffler, the *Esquire* fashion editor, pointed out at the time, some of Uncle Sam's restrictions were completely in line with fashion trends of the moment: shorter jackets, fewer details and fancy frills, narrower trousers, two-piece suits (eliminating the vest), simpler evening wear and softer fabrics.

Fashion began to show a military influence. Battle jackets with flap pockets came into vogue, and the bush jacket made a strong comeback. Civilian business executives were encouraged to wear "harbor blue" worsted suits when meeting with military officers in their olive drab.

Monk-strap shoes, a favorite of military officers, were adopted for civilian wear. The British Warm, a

short, roomy coat popularized by English officers, crossed the Atlantic.

In the 1940s, California fashion, particularly sports clothes, began to gain recognition, if grudging, on the pages of *Esquire*. "Your Uncle Esqy, if truth be told, has bowed stiffly these past years in acknowledging California's leisure-minded fashion innovations," a caption says.

But even when the world's concerns were considerably more grave than fashion, *Esquire* managed to integrate the historical moment with ideas in clothes. For a fashion piece set in a victory garden, a man wears blue denim trousers and a checked cotton shirt. Some of the captions took on a propagandistic tone, imploring readers to donate blood or inveighing against fascism before segueing into discussion of fine fashion points.

Although Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn had donned man-tailored suits a decade before, during the war average women began to adopt the clothing styles of men, not just because they liked them, but because they often were doing men's jobs. In a piece titled "Girls will be Boys," *Esquire* began tracing the crossover of styles.

Cracks in the magazine's stylish elitism began to appear. But at war's end, below a scene painted by Leslie Saalburg of a ball in New York's Pierre Hotel, *Esquire* exulted, "Let's dress."

RATIONS IN RIDING

June 1943. Equestrian mileage hasn't been cut yet, there still being plenty of what makes the mare go. But the WPB has cut the extra length and flare from riding jackets, and that's the fashion news in this picture. Nor does this compromise with quantity work out half badly. The cut of the jacket's jib is patterned after the Western frontier coat with convertible collar and slanting pockets. Tweed, of course. The balance of the outfit is regulation — tan flannel shirt, red ground figured foulard tie, red, black and white checked Tattersall waistcoat, brown light-weight felt hat and tan jodhpurs. The cavalry officer does very nicely by Uncle's sartorial precepts. The triple-strapped boots, which can be donned and doffed in a jiffy, are certain to become a postwar boon for tired equestrians. They take the backache out of boot-pulling and still retain that slick silhouette about the calf.



BIRD IN THE BUSH JACKET

August 1945. Here's for a brief refresher course in spectator sportswear—or would you call it non-spectator sports? Whatever the reason for his indifference to the badminton game (and fair game she is, too), it gives us a chance to see the outfit in detail. Maybe that's what he wanted all along. . . . It's difficult to understand why the bush jacket went into a dim-out several years ago, but it's easy to explain the comeback: it's not only cool, commodious and practical, but it makes you look like a general on his day off. This model, in cotton gabardine, is light-weight and washable. The four patch pockets provide ample room for personal impedimenta. Pants are still being worn in the usual places, and this pair in light-weight flannel is a minor achievement—as cool as they come and yet with all the drape of heavy flannels. For the rest, a mesh weave Panama hat, blue polka dot scarf and brown reverse calf shoes.





ROBIN HOOD OF HOLLYWOOD

May 1944. Your Uncle Esky, if truth be told, has bowed a bit stiffly these past years in acknowledging California's leisure-minded fashion innovations. But damn the faint praise! Esky herewith genuflects three times and faces West—toward the new Mecca of pour-le-sport apparel. This page, fairly aquiver with bright ideas, shows what can be done with a couple of square yards of fresh outlook. The leisure jacket of brown plain tweed with yellow overplaid has the casual character that typifies West Coast fashions. The yellow rayon shirt, with convertible collar, is equally free-swinging and even the snap brim hat is constructed of especially light-weight felt. Harmonizing with the jacket is a pair of gabardine slacks. The tailored lady's jacket is cut on the same lines as the man's and the matching slacks are trim. The multi-striped blouse, however, remains gaily on the distaff side.



GIRLS WILL BE BOYS

May 1941. Women, not being satisfied that most men would give them the shirt off their back, have helped themselves to the covert coat, military collar, fly front and border stitching, and incorporated them into women's fashions. Reversible coats went from Princeton and Yale to Smith and Vassar. Women's plaid sport jackets and grey flannel skirts are counterparts to mixed suits for men. We could continue, but this isn't a women's fashion page, so we'll get down to the business of describing men's fashions. This field glass toter, pausing between steeplechases to light up cigarettes, has sound ideas about right clothes. His three-button jacket is a brown and natural Shetland. The undyed natural colored wool threads form a good background for the brown plaid design. His brown slope-crown hat, higher on one side than the other, sports a darker brown band. He is wearing also a tan oxford shirt with button-down collar, sporting print wool tie, lovat Shetland sweater, grey flannel slacks, brown and maroon Shetland striped socks and brown reverse calf shoes.

ON A SOUND TRACK

February 1945. Sonny gets a chance to play with his electric train that Santa left as the attention of the senior member is drawn to a late recording. The winter winds may be howling outside but these two are nonetheless comfortable in their basement playroom. The man's processed cotton jacket shows the G.I. influence on civilian apparel. Its military forbear, the battle jacket, was specifically designed for action at the front. This version incorporates the same roominess at the chest and across the shoulders, the generous size pockets, fly front and buttoned waistband which characterized the original. As a supplement to the fuel conservation efforts made in this home, the wool flannel shirt with bold tartan offers good insulation against the lower temperature as well as introducing a note of color. The swatch at right shows the details of the design and the one at left the plain weave of wool tie.



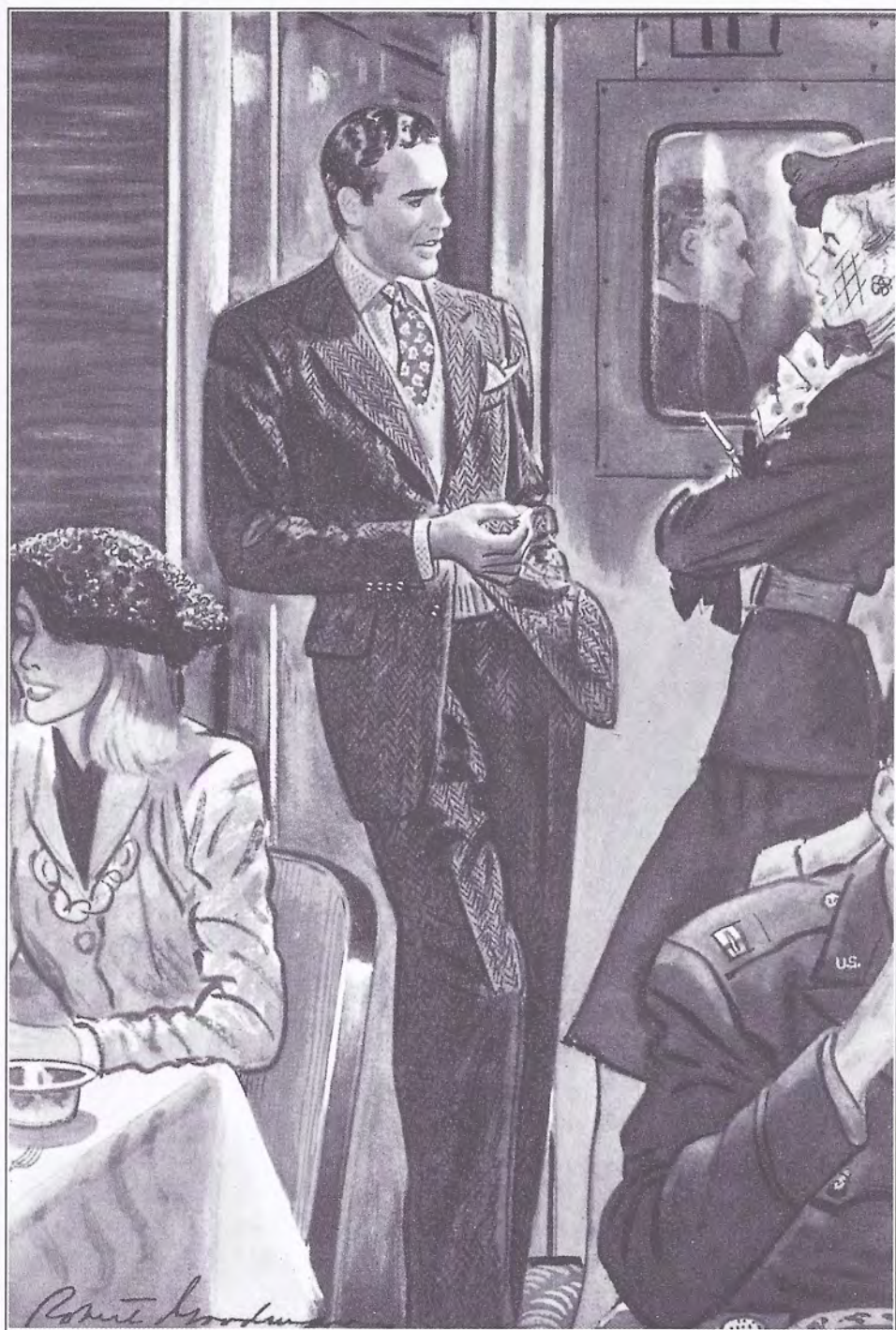
GO VESTLESS, YOUNG MAN

May 1944. Having presented his last vest to the Smithsonian Institution, this tired lieutenant of industry is refueling at a Western resort in the Big Rock Candy Mountains. It won't be long now before every male has his vest removed along with his tonsils, since they're equally useless. Park your pencil behind your ear, clip your fountain pen to your beard, throw away your vest—and you'll wonder how you ever got along with one. Pinch-hitting for a vest here, although in most cases no substitute is necessary, is a low V-neck rust colored sweater. The brown tweed jacket with blue stripes is in a broad-shouldered model. The white broadcloth shirt combines well with the yellow grand foulard tie with red, black and white figures. Brown flannel slacks, ribbed wool half hose and brown shoes complete the outfit. A touch more sun and he'll be primed for another fifty weeks of doing.



TALL, DARK, AND DRAFTED

April 1945. The diner is jammed, but what could be a finer break for this travelin' man who has had his eye on that incendiary blonde ever since she stepped on at Elkhart? The flirtation kindles with, "How about a light, miss?" and from that spark of conversation, there's real fire in his eyes and steam heat in his heart. The lady doesn't have much to go by except appearances, but evidently the brown cheviot suit marked with stripings has scored a hit, and she has accepted his invitation to dinner. Or maybe it was the tan cashmere sweater which gave her the impression he used to haunt out Nassau and Bermuda because he looks so casual. We'll give her the gong. . . the deep V-necked sweater has gained ground this year for business and travel wear, and these are vestless days! And, lady, if this passing gent looks like a pretty toy to you, we don't like to shatter your rose-colored illusions, but he's over eighteen, 1-A material, and he's en route to report to his local draft board!





HARBOR BLUE LOOKING UP

August 1942. Shhh! You're in the drafting room of one of the larger airplane plants where men are working day and night, laying out plans for those big silver fish with wings. In this corner we have the executive in harbor blue, and the Army officer in olive drab; both looking over the new designs. The blueprints are military secrets, so please keep your eyes focused on the harbor blue tropical worsted suit instead. It has lines as trim as a P-40, with welt pockets and a streamlined jacket with lapels which roll to the middle button. His cool shirt is blue and white striped madras, and the bright tie is a foulard. The air-minded executive is discussing the plans of his newest plane, but he might well be describing his tropical worsted suit. "Yep, this is a breezy number that'll carry you anything from ceiling zero to visibility unlimited!" And we, the ground crew, agree with him!

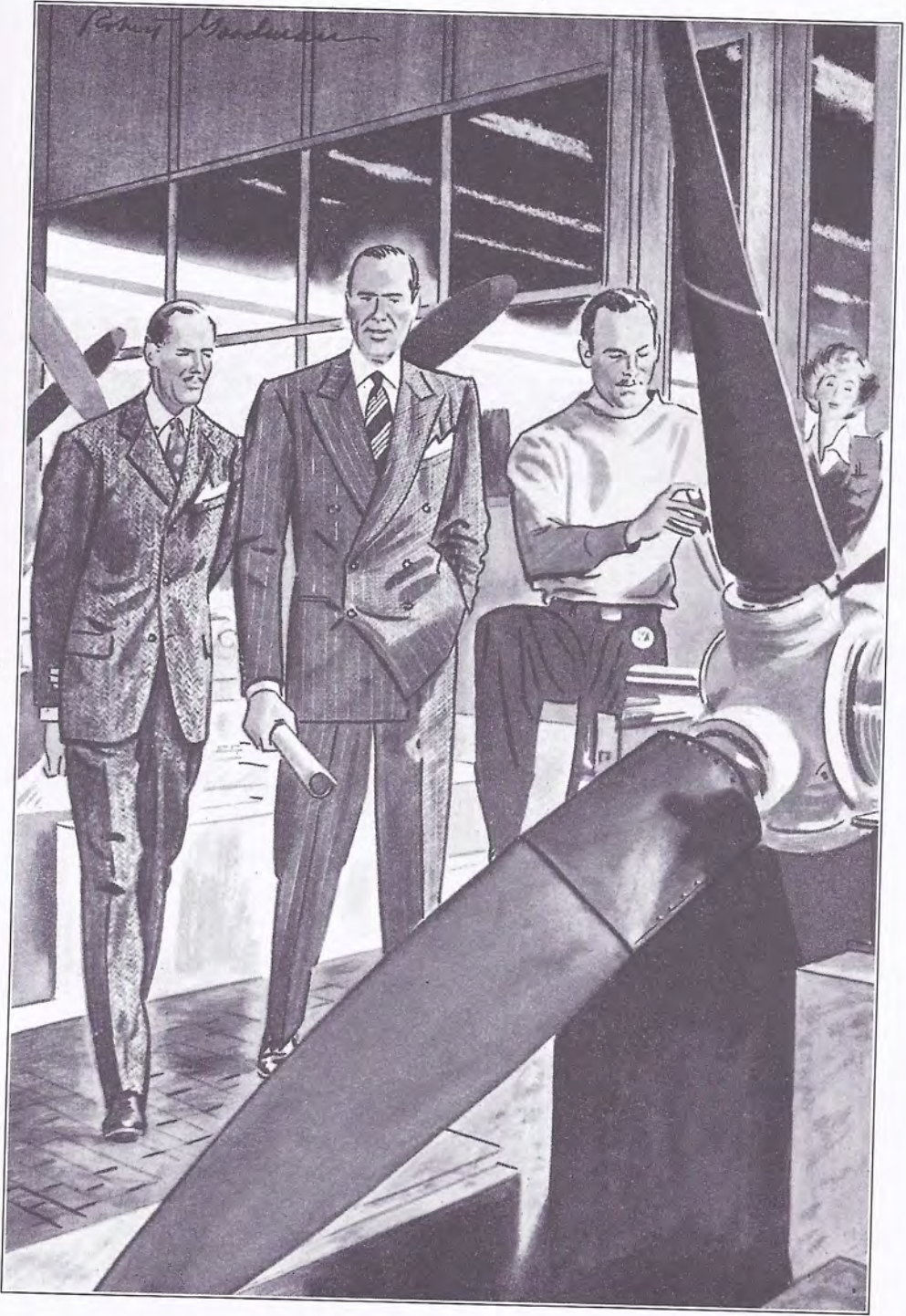


PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE PLASMA

February 1944. There's only one investment in the world today better than a War Bond, and that's a deposit in the blood bank. In case you've overlooked this patriotic opportunity, visit the nearest Red Cross center and open a life-saving account now. . . . The depositor at the left is appropriately attired for almost any town occasion, including blood-letting, in a grey herringbone worsted suit with dark red stripes, striped broadcloth shirt with widespread collar, Campaign Color tie, blue ribbed half hose and black straight tip shoes. The dark blue overcoat and black Homburg hat complete his outfit. The other volunteer, whose red blood count is going to do duty where it counts most, wears a dark grey herringbone worsted overcoat, maroon and white dotted rayon muffler, grey felt hat, dark blue sharkskin suit (a hard-wearing fabric, durable for the duration) and dark brown shoes.

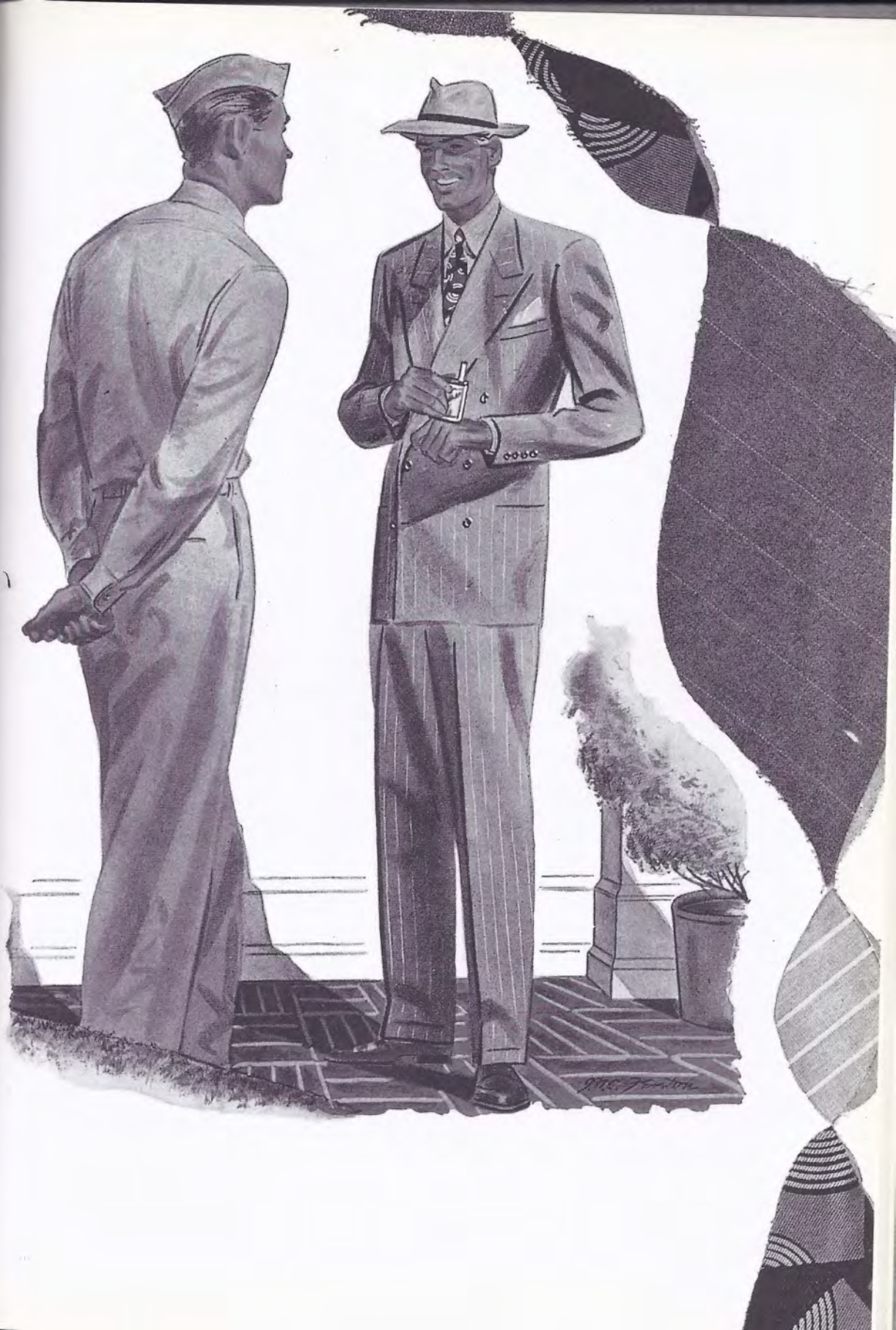
THE WIND THAT SWEEPS GERMANY

March 1944. Looking like huge fans, these propellers are symbols of the mighty tornado that is sweeping away the last vestiges of fascism. And perhaps a propeller factory is as good a place as any to get a glimpse of what makes Jerry run. For the propeller, in a sense, is the prime mover of the war effort of the United Nations. This scene shows the final balance section of the plant. . . . Not all executives wear a three-button jacket with the two top buttons fastened; but most of the ones who are fashion-wise do. So don't be bashful about following the lead of the man at the left. Nor would you go far astray, either, if you emulated his herringbone tweed suit, button-down collar shirt, printed wool tie and dark brown shoes. In contrast with this rough-textured get-up is the smooth outfit consisting of diagonal screen worsted suit, blue broadcloth shirt, rep rayon tie and black shoes.



YARDBIRD AND VETERAN

July 1944. Buck Private Jones may get a free drink out of this interview, but he'll pay by listening to a fulsome account of World War I—when Army barracks were rougher, sergeants infinitely tougher, and as for uniforms! They didn't bother with measurements in those days—just tossed out the stuff and told the boys to trade around till they fit. We learn by trial and error, Jonesy here got a much better deal as you can see from his well-tailored back. His regulation cotton shirt, sans blouse, is sensibly cool for summer; his cotton slacks, revised since his deferential Uncle Sam asked the soldiers for criticism, are roomier now. Benevolent textile technicians have given the unsung civilian a break, too: his grey striped suit is available in cool tropical worsted, Palm Beach and rayon blends. Accessories include a mesh Panama hat, light-weight cotton shirt and printed foulard tie.



CUTTING IT SHORT

November 1941. The military influence is still very much in evidence. Note the rise in popularity of the British Warm among civilians. This short length coat of tan fleece, as worn by officers of the Empire's defenders, has been tried and found adequate for country wear here. Its length allows free leg action, and the fleece fabric wards off cold winds. Finished with flap on chest pocket and leather buttons, this type of coat has a definite sports connotation. This follower of jumpers combines it with a Brownstone country felt hat, tan, blue and white striped oxford shirt. The monk-front brown calfskin shoes with straps over the insteps and thick leather soles are among the fashions that have been given added impetus by the military. Because American officers have shown such great enthusiasm for this type of shoe, many civilians are now adopting them for their own wear.



GOOD-BYE, RIVIERA! HELLO, PALM BEACH!

February 1940. It's fashion-picking time down South in a big way. What with the Riviera blacked out, the former internationally circulating social set has concentrated its forces along our Southern shores. Here's a fashion first that beat the gun, so to speak, originating at Monte Carlo and subsequently cropping up all on a moonlit night at Palm Beach. It's a formal outfit with a flair, consisting of white tropical weight dress trousers with a midnight blue double-breasted dinner jacket of the same light-weight fabric. The gilt buttons, nautical but nice, are a pleasant surprise, while the lapel and tie conservatively hew to the standard satin. The soft white silk shirt, black silk socks and patent leather pumps are all easy-going accessories. It's none of our business, but our artist is correct. The ladies will wear stripes this year.



THREE CHEERS FOR THE WPB

June 1945. Do you know what our blue-suited well-wisher should have to wear at a daytime wedding like this if it weren't for the WPB? Cutaway coat, matching or contrasting weskit, striped trousers, pleated bosom shirt with wing or fold collar, Ascot tie or more plebian facsimile, black calf shoes with box-cloth tops, high silk hat. What a break, what a break! Here he is all comfy in a dark blue suit, white shirt, shepherd check tie and black shoes. And no one can sue him . . . he's merely obeying the law on account of the WPB has banned the manufacture of formal day clothes. As a special gesture, which he can well afford, he sports a red carnation. Here's a come-on for doting fathers. Marry off your girl now and escape the rigors of formal day attire! It's dark business suits at daytime weddings for the duration. Meanwhile, the handsome lieutenant has more important things on his mind.



Post War

After the war, men were reluctant to sacrifice the comfort and practicality of military clothes, particularly the informality of uniforms worn on tropical outposts.

One measure of how things had loosened was *Esquire's* 1947 endorsement of "Town Brown," a color for suitings that was previously considered appropriate only for country wear (though it was shown in a Western context).

In 1948 *Esquire* proclaimed the Bold Dominant Male Look—"the first real new-from-the-ground-up note in men's clothes since pony express days"—complete with an illustration of a man dragging a woman along by her hair. Success was trumpeted in a more bourgeois sense than would have been possible in an earlier period. Hyperbole of a new kind began to be introduced onto the pages. Using Flying Fortress bombers in formation as an illustrative backdrop, the new, history-making fashion was said to be the natural outgrowth of a new American prototype:

"He's a confident, alert, both-feet-on-the-ground sort of guy, as rugged as a redwood and as good-natured as a puppy—but as active as a split atom and as dangerous to fool around with."

In hindsight, he seems like someone you might want to run over with a truck.

But *Esquire* was making a determined appeal to men of effort, rather than to the effete. The fashion was illustrated on "Men of Affairs," in settings suffused with a sense of postwar power and optimism: the Empire State Building, the Stock Exchange, the White House.

The airplane symbolized the new world of high finance, industrial might and business travel, and the *Esquire* man, his offices touching on two oceans, was a man on the move. "His role is modern, demanding," goes a caption from 1949. "His appearance at the airport must be 100% perfect the minute they feather the props. His own props: double-chested cashmere coat cut along easy lines, its bold look brought out by the hand-stitching set back 5/8" from the edges, considered by many men to be essential for transcontinental travel." And as the hostess on the plane watches him, "maybe, she sighs."

Egad. One can easily see, at the threshold of a new age, how the man of style, whose confidence and innate sense of worth in the world was a quiet given, was becoming a vanishing breed.

TROPICS AT HOME

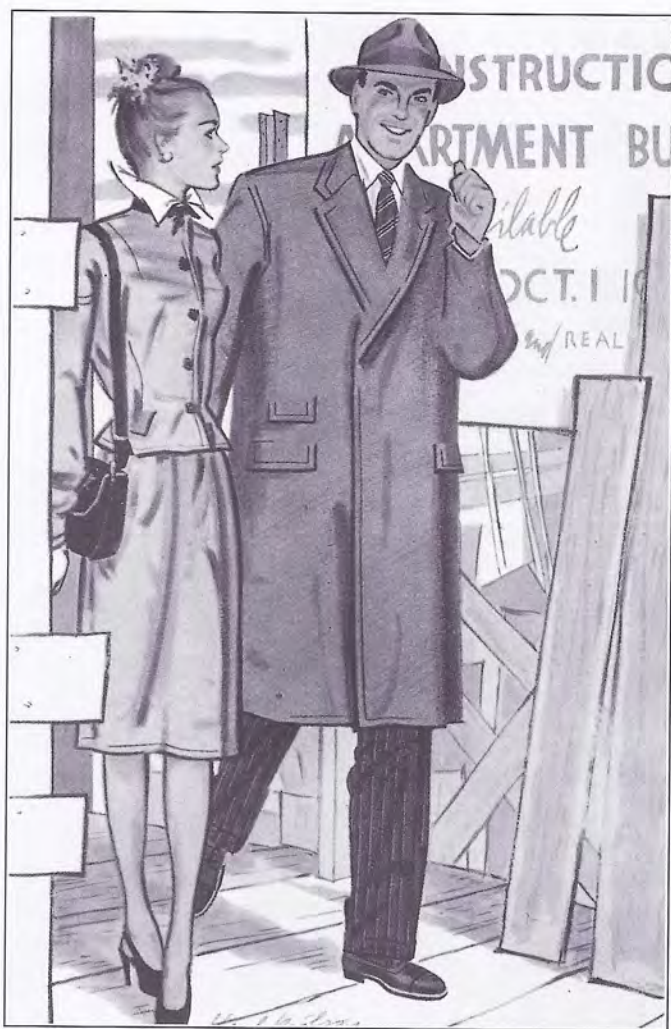
August 1946. Many of the ex-military refuse to give up the cool, shall we say, "informality" of uniforms worn on island outposts during the war. Back on home seashores, this pair have mixed their own and arrived at style with no sacrifice of comfort. The fellow in the yellow wool anklets solves the problem of warm-weather reconversion by wearing his tan cotton shorts with a blue blazer and plaid cotton shirt, plus a red foulard bow tie. His hat, which might be an Hawaiian souvenir, is made of coarse-weave fiber with a narrow lei. The pipe smoker strolls along in a blue and white cable-stitched cotton pull-over and yellow rayon gabardine slacks. His white pork pie hat is wool felt (surprise!) and his reverse calf shoes have wedge soles. Definitely not G.I.



TOWN BROWN GOES PLACES

October 1947. Takes all shades to make a color, but if you've hit on Town Brown for your new worsted suit, you've picked one of the favorites. Here it's seen in a one-man chamber of commerce doing his stint in one of the new dome-top observation cars in use by the Western lines. With all that extra scenery drifting by, you'd hardly expect a fellow to sit idly, particularly when his traveling companions show signs of interest in their surroundings. Back to Town Brown; here it sets off the alternating red and blue stripes on that double-breasted jacket. notice also the fact that lapel rolls to waistline buttons set quite low, an innovation as new as the shade. If you're thinking about a trip, look into your wardrobe as well. The two go together, you know.





CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

March 1947. Seems like these home hunters are really determined to get in on the new ground floor. They have reserved the space and now need only wait for the building to form around it. Another postwar debut is the neutral-tone covert cloth topcoat, a prewar favorite that is taking on a new significance as peacetime production makes the fabric available. It's a fly-front model with separate change pocket and has definite approval for town wear. His outfit is complete with white shirt combined with nicely knotted maroon and gold striped rep tie. The hat is a soft greyish brown snap brim. His suit is a Metallic Blue, striped red and silver. Note, too, the continental-last bluchers, emphasizing straight lines at sides.



THE BOLD LOOK: GANNET GREY

April 1949. New color for suits, as quiet and crisp as a flight commander's report. Wear it and you'll be looked up to, not at. Buttons on the double-chested jacket are set low, lapels broad. Again, the command collar on the ecorn broadcloth shirt. And check in on that shoe color: it's midnight moroc.

THE BOLD LOOK: METROPOLITAN VIEWPOINT

April 1949. And it's all in the point of view: If you feel like a leader, you'll look the part. In the Grand Canyons of American business—from the blue-chip bigwig to the junior exec., who's worth watching—you can tell them at a glance. So can those crisply discerning guardians of the busy man's time: the receptionist and his secretary . . . For instance: Come in out of the rain in that double-chested VALIANT raincoat, and it's obvious that you're in business. For men with the Metropolitan Viewpoint gave this coat its place in the line-up of Bold Look gear—Broad-shouldered men who blend an impression of easy and casual power with a functional smartness that's right for their world. Likewise casual, functional and smart is this coat: big and roomy, no belt and with plenty of yardage: 46 inches on a size 38. Even the stitching is tough and bold, like the hand-work on a well made saddle. The patch pockets are deep, the flaps are big and the change pocket has plenty of cc's. Swing into those set-in sleeves and you'll head into the blustriest weather with the seaworthy look of a man who knows where he's going.

BLUE-ON-BROWN

You needn't fear the blues with your brown suits—if you do it this way. The new grabrown has a set of blending tones—looks brown but leaves the door open for blue overtones or accessories. This hat, for example, takes the blue band in stride: tapered crown, hand felted-edge brim. Correctly worn—up all around or snapped.

WATCH GRA-BROWN

April 1949. And watch this man. He's right on time, both clock and color-wise. For he's wearing the new Bold Look material in the basic brown that has a grey touch to it. In three-button single-chested tailoring, its blue is backed up by the blue shirt; the brown by the brown in the ecorn-checked tie. He fills a pretty important pair of shoes, too—again midnight moroc.



The biggest men in the U. S. outlined this fashion plan

men

MEN OF AFFAIRS: STRAIGHT FROM THE COME-UP FILE

March 1949. You see these American Men of Affairs everywhere you look, including your own mirror. In the Club Car on the Twentieth Century. Boarding the Clipper. Stepping out of a cab in front of a Wall Street address known around the globe. Catching the Congressional Limited. Meeting in a panelled board room fifty stories above Manhattan. Relaxing over a cocktail at the Ritz, the Recess Club, the Racquet Club, the Bel-Air, the Bohemian Club and a dozen other spots where a white Martini or a dry Old Fashioned smooth business into the blend of creative venture and far-flung cooperation that American men have turned into a science and even a hobby. These Men of Affairs wear clothes of a sophisticated refinement and knowing good taste which is instantly recognizable, anywhere. They pay considerable attention to the coordination of accessories with their clothes, and at the same time create an impression of being oblivious to latest fashions.

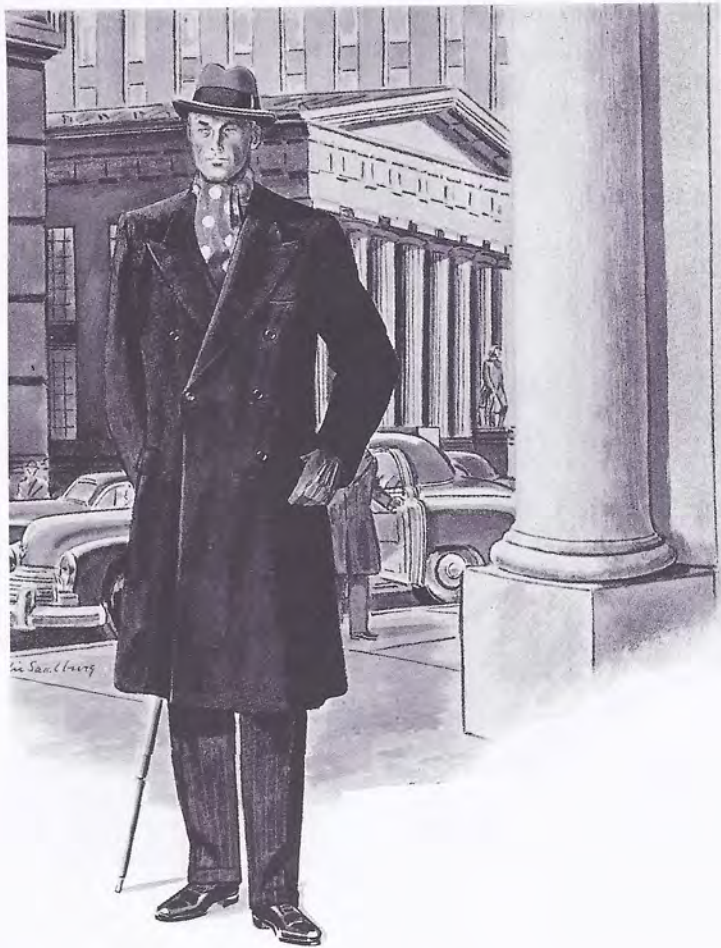


DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

of affairs

MEN OF AFFAIRS: JOTTINGS

March 1949. The Chairman of the Board of Directors is wearing the deep blue mill finished worsted suit, blue English broadcloth shirt with separate white starched collar, red and blue herringbone tie. His first associate tunes up the dark tones of his rather formal business clothes with palladium grey figured tie and ecorn colored shirt, a contrast which still is essentially conservative, in accord with the occasion. The grey-haired director pondering the Chairman's plan, wears a dark grey worsted suit with silver grey pin stripes, white shirt and collar; a blue and grey silk tie in geometric design. The member next to him (who seems to be waiting for the flicker of an eyelash which may indicate how the idea is taking) has a grey sharkskin worsted suit, blue and white pin striped broadcloth with a tab collar and a solid maroon silk tie. The fifth man (and we'd say he's the dark horse of the lot on the voting) wears a very deep blue worsted suit with pale cluster stripes, red and grey tie and white shirt. "Your reactions, gentlemen, please."



MEN OF AFFAIRS: FINANCIER

March 1949. This gentleman with a seat on the Exchange (where, incidentally, he may not sit down at all) knows well that to be a financial pillar of the nation he must, like the Doric pillars behind him, reflect a certain restrained dignity. His custom preferences: luxurious dark blue cashmere double-chested overcoat with lapels, softly rolled: the executive flair of the homburg, silk foulard imported muffler, mocha gloves, striped blue flannel suit, black calf shoes. Overcoat by Bastable Co., New York.



MEN OF AFFAIRS: COAST TO COAST

March 1949. His offices touching the two oceans, with branches midway between, our man has learned to fly thousands of miles as casually as he once travelled across town, and to keep his feet on the ground while reaching decisions with his head in the air. His role is modern, demanding, his appearance at the airport must be 100% perfect the minute they feather the props. His own props: double-chested cashmere coat cut along easy lines, its bold look brought out by the hand stitching set back 5/8" from the edges, considered by many men to be essential for transcontinental travel. With it, a fine-checked angola suit, tan broadcloth shirt and hand blocked foulard tie. The hand-sewn pigskin shoes are soft and rugged type, specially indicated for travel. His hat is handkerchief felt of course: and as the hostess on the plane watches him, maybe, she sighs. Coat and suit from Gray and Lampel, Inc., New York.

BIOGRAPHIES

WOODY HOCHSWENDER, a former fashion reporter and columnist for *The New York Times*, is Senior Editor at *Esquire*. He writes a monthly column on men's fashion for *Esquire* and on women's fashion for *Harper's Bazaar*.

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ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Jay Hyde Barnum: page 79

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J.N.C. Fenton: pages 83, 89, 91, 101

Robert Goodman: pages 25, 37, 43, 85, 86, 89

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Hurd: pages 28, 57

Mal Murley: page 103

Karl Neilson: page 104

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