

Ziff's Magazine



The cover for *Ziff's Magazine* promised “art and wit” which can certainly be enjoyed by women as much as men, still the shapely young women on the covers clearly bespoke the target reader. This was a “men’s magazine.”



The cover always displayed a shapely young woman with some play on words such as "waiting for the evening male" get it?



Photo by D'ORA, VIENNA

WHEN our own Gilda Gray was in Vienna, D'Ora famous Austrian photographer took this charming pose of her. If we remember rightly, Gilda was on her honeymoon with her talented husband, Gil Boag.

The magazine contained art and photographs of the young and beautiful. This is a picture of Gilda Gray, a Ziegfeld girl who started in Chicago's cafes singing and doing the shimmy. There were no cheap graphics in this magazine even though it was published by a start-up company.



Ziff used the best artists he could find. This portrait was done by Albert Vargas who later became a featured artist of both David Smart's *Esquire* and Hugh Hefner's *Playboy*.



"How do you like my new checkered stockings?"

"Very sporty, but I'm afraid the naughty boys will want to play crossword puzzles on them!"

The magazine was filled with full page cartoons perhaps risqué by the standards of their time but rather tame today.



Many of the cartoons in *Ziff's Magazine* were full page and in color. Arnold Gingrich, the first editor of *Esquire*, would claim that they were the first to publish with full color cartoons but clearly Bill Ziff was doing it nearly ten years earlier



Aunt Hester:
I MUST HAVE A SEAT IN THEIR TRAIN. I'M TOO OLD AND
FEEBLE TO STAND!

Chicago Police Deserve Tribute

IT seems to us that the intelligence of the Chicago police is greatly underrated.

We will admit that they take their time. They indulge in no wild speculations, nor in any fantastic flights of imagination.

But when they *do* come to a conclusion, it is based on the soundest reasoning.

For instance in the recent case of the woman whose mutilated body was removed from a sewer not long ago, the CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE (April 23rd) states:

"There is no doubt that the woman was murdered," Capt. O'Malley said. The head had been clumsily separated from the body and was not found. The legs had been hacked off. The arms were missing."

"To give further credence to the murder theory an incision had been made in the side of the body and the organs had been removed, but put back in disorder."

The needle-witted SHERLOCK HOLMES, in his palmiest day, never used keener judgment than CAPT. O'MALLEY in this case.

After having viewed the body from every angle, and making a careful inventory of missing parts, he arrived at the conclusion that *the woman no longer lived!* That decided, he reached the murder theory by the difficult process of elimination, discarding the following possibilities:

- (a) That the woman was drowned.
- (b) That she was shot.
- (c) That she was poisoned.
- (d) That in a fit of ill-temper, she tore off

her head and legs and peevishly threw them away.

- (e) That she carelessly lost them.

A rare knowledge of feminine nature is shown in the last paragraph.

CAPTAIN O'MALLEY reasoned that if the woman had, in an idle hour, removed her own organs, she would at least have put them back tidily and not in "disorder." Whereas a stranger might not take so much pains.

Our own inference is that the job was done by someone who did not like the woman.

VIVIEN CHANDLER.

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Unwritten History

LEANDER was making his nightly call on HERO. Again, as so often, he clasped her in his moist embrace and implored her to be his.

"No, LEANDER," said HERO, releasing herself, "it would be foolish for us to marry. There is an important question upon which we could never agree. You are WET and I am DRY."

"ET, TOO, BRUTUS?" inquired JULIUS CAESAR, as he met the former coming out of the Capitol Lunch with a bunch of conspirators. And disgusted with such grammar, BRUTUS cut him dead on the street.

Fred B. Mann.



Caddy: "Gee, I wish she'd hit that ball! I've got to keep my eye on it, and some one's liable to think I'm rubbering!"



"...with the most melancholy expression imaginable, he began."

Told in the Hills by JUSTINE FUNN.

Illustrations by
H. L. KINSMAN

"FIRE away, stranger, you're next!"

Supper was finished. We were seated around a campfire, smoking our pipes and telling HALLOWE'EN stories. "We" were three friends who had been enjoying a week's shooting. The "stranger" was a depressed looking individual who, when we had stumbled over him that afternoon, had been lost in the woods and, evidently, was caring little about it. It was plainly a case of contemplated suicide, but we had tactfully ignored the evidence and invited the seedy one to stick around and later have grub with us. He had accepted our invitation, so there we were.

He had eaten little and talked only enough to be civil. We knew neither his name nor place of residence, but all three of us were curious enough to expect his story to supply that informa-

tion. His answer was a long-drawn sigh. Then, continuing to gaze at the fire with the most melancholy expression imaginable, he began:

"TOM, DICK, and HARRY were chums. All three loved ELOISE, a pink and white divinity with baby-blue eyes, bobbed hair, and a dimple. ELOISE returned the compliment by loving all three—that was the whole trouble!

"ELOISE gave a HALLOWE'EN party. All sorts of fortune telling were indulged in and the fates of TOM, DICK and HARRY were decided. ELOISE, that night, with tears in her lovely eyes, told DICK and HARRY (separately) how sorry she was, but she believed she'd mary TOM! DICK immediately vowed he'd go to the devil and end up with a dose of poison. HARRY vowed ditto, but said he'd do a quicker job—he'd shoot himself. No good! TOM

and ELOISE were married next day (that was a year ago tomorrow) and all because of HALLOWE'EN fortune telling."

As the story ended, the stranger buried his face in his hands and, in doing so, revealed the small revolver in his hip pocket. With a passionate gesture he then removed his hands and added a finishing touch: "A year of hell! Fate sure had it in for me!"

We all sat in stunned silence following this heart touching outburst, not knowing just what to say, all of us feeling the utter uselessness of talk.

The youngest, as well as the most sympathetic and impulsive of our trio, exclaimed, while he patted the wretched victim of Fate on the back:

"Cheer up, old boy; never say die " Then, unable to resist the demand of curiosity, he added persuasively: "Which shall we call you, DICK or HARRY?"

The stranger raised his melancholy eyes and with a surprised stare said: "Who—ME? Hell No! I'm TOM!"

Humor may be in cartoons or monologues

Ziff's Magazine was published for only a few years. After Bernard Davis joined Ziff in 1927, they switched to general circulation magazines starting with *Popular Aviation* but the magazine clearly influenced other Chicagoans. David Smart was also an advertising entrepreneur in Chicago coeval with Bill Ziff. Five years after Ziff dropped his humor magazine, Smart launched his *Esquire Magazine* at the very depth of the Great Depression yet it was a national phenomenon. The two magazines looked identical. Where they differed was in emphasis. Ziff stressed art. He claimed his magazine had "more famous artists in this issue than any other magazine in the world;" while Smart had similar high production graphics, he stressed the literary content. *Esquire* presented stories from the greatest writers of the time such as Ernest Hemingway, George Ade, John Dos Passos and John Steinbeck. Perhaps then, there is some credence to the disclaimer that men buy these magazines for the stories not the pictures.

There were earlier forms of "men's magazines" known as "spicy" magazines and they used a similar format: cartoons, humor, pictures of young women with much sexuality and pulchritude; but they did not have the high production values of *Ziff's Magazine*. William Ziff captured the Jazz Age style and sophistication and set the model for the glossy men's magazines of the future.