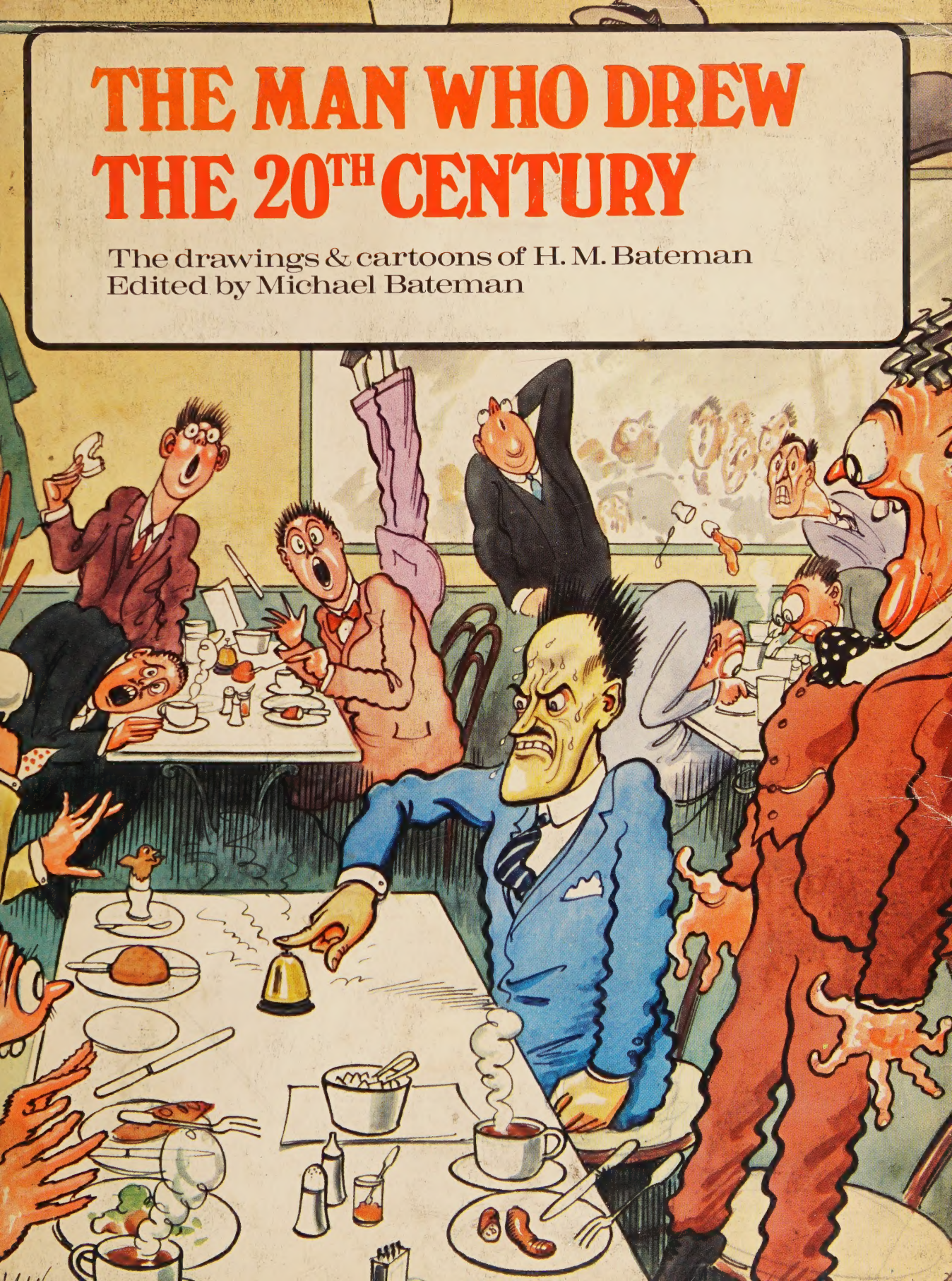
THE MAN WHO DREW THE 20TH CENTURY

The drawings & cartoons of H. M. Bateman
Edited by Michael Bateman



THE MAN WHO DREW THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

The Drawings and Cartoons of H. M. Bateman
by Michael Bateman

H. M. Bateman, the most famous cartoonist of a generation, is the man who invented The Man Who . . . the man who breathed on the glass at the British Museum, smoked before the Royal Toast, threw a snowball at St. Moritz, and committed hundreds of other shocking social blunders in the twenties and thirties. Bateman's drawings—tableaux which express in every line horror, amazement and disdain directed at the outcast—delighted millions of readers of *Punch* and *The Tatler*, and the originals still hang on the walls of many private homes, London clubs, hotels and officers' messes.

Henry Mayo Bateman was twelve when the twentieth century began. He has lived through two world wars and the loss of the British Empire; seen the advent of the motor car, air travel, television and manned space flights; observed the general strike, votes for women, the Beatles, pop and the cult of the young. In his eighties now, he is out of sympathy with the pace of life and structure of modern society (though his vitriolic view of State avarice and bureaucracy will delight all those who resent the depredations of the tax man), but his cartoons illuminate in a dazzling way the behaviour, habits and values of his own generation. He has always held that the black and white artist records the contemporary scene in which he lives and works—and from which all his material must be drawn—more thoroughly than observers who make their comments on society through other mediums; and he believes that wit, humour and satire conveyed in picture form is a genre in which the British excel.

Jacket design by Barrie Carr

THE MAN WHO DREW THE 20TH CENTURY

THE MAN WHO DREW THE 20TH CENTURY

The Drawings of H. M. Bateman
Introduced by Michael Bateman

First published in Great Britain in 1969 by
Macdonald and Company (Publishers) Ltd.
St Giles House,
49–50 Poland Street, London W.1.
SBN 356 02830 5
Designed by Barrie Carr

PRINTED BY Unwin Brothers Limited
THE GRESHAM PRESS OLD WOKING SURREY ENGLAND

Produced by offset lithography

A member of the Staples Printing Group (HCO4666)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks are due to Herbert van Thal whose original idea the book was, to James MacGibbon of Macdonald who was so enthusiastic about publishing it, and Miss Penelope Hoare; to Mr. and Mrs. Dick Willis, for assistance in preparation of the book, and to Ralph Steadman and Mr. L. B. Colley, for the loan of drawings; to the proprietors of *Punch* for permission to use copyright material; to the late B. C. Hilliam, and to Alfred Hitchcock for kindly volunteering information incorporated in the text.

PREFACE

I am going to take you into my confidence. I feel a few words of explanation are needed.

Only a few years ago—certainly twenty years, perhaps fifteen, or even twelve years—it is unlikely this book of drawings would have appeared, at any rate in anything like its present form, for the simple reason that I would not have consented to it. During the course of my career as a humorous artist—it has been a long one—many volumes of my drawings have been produced at intervals and always they were made up of picked specimens from among whatever happened to be available at the time of selection. But now things have changed; people are no longer as ready, as they were, to accept things at their face value, they like to know the reasons behind this or that which interests them and to analyse, to explore behind the scenes. I notice how entertainers of all sorts now talk much about their work and are listened to, apparently with interest.

I started drawing for publication within a year or two of the advent of this century and continued for some fifty years, so my work deals with the first half of the 20th century. It was a fruitful period and I count myself as lucky to have come on to the scene when things were at their best for this, as from an early age it had been my ambition to do so. There was an immense demand then—the radio and television had not arrived, even the cinema was in its infancy and the public looked for, and found, entertainment and relaxation more by way of the printed page. Apart from the entertainment provided I have always held that the black and white artist records the contemporary scene in which he lives and works more thoroughly than most observers in other ways. He depends upon his immediate everyday surroundings for his material—he draws the style of houses, the shapes of furniture, of clothing, of everything in fact, as it is in the age he lives in. Take for example du Maurier and Chas Keene in this country. How well and truly they depicted society in the mid-Victorian era. Later came Phil May, who did equally well in the class of subjects he dealt with. Go abroad and see how inimitably Caran d'Ache drew French life, and in Germany there were Heine and Gulbranson—to mention only a few outstanding names in this branch of art.

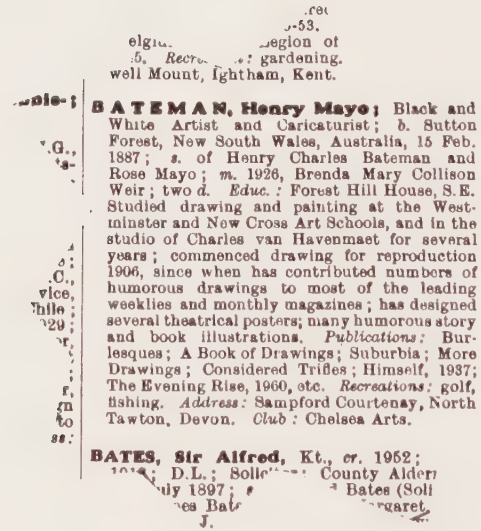
Caricature, satire, humour, wit, criticism, conveyed in picture form, have for long been a notable feature in English life and our humorous artists, in their own way, have been second to none throughout the world. I know of no other

country that has produced such giants as Gillray and Rowlandson, who may be likened to foundation stones.

In this collection of mine a somewhat different standard or requirement than previously has been applied. The aim has been, as far as possible, to include subjects related in some way to progress in events, manners and customs, etc. In my own lifetime I have seen the arrival of many things that are now part and parcel of everyday life and are looked upon today without wonder or comment. I have seen the coming of the motor car, of the flying machine, the submarine, the cinema, radio and television, etc, and sport, formerly mostly "games", changed to a profitable, highly skilled profession and industry.

Some of these drawings therefore are things I would at one time never have considered as suitable or fit to include in a representative collection of my work, particularly the earlier specimens which are immature, done before my style had developed and settled in form. But they do show how events inspired me and how I reacted to them and I will ask you to bear that in mind when you look at them.

H. M. BATEMAN, Sampford Courtenay, 1969.



BATEMAN, Henry Mayo; Black and White Artist and Caricaturist; *b.* Sutton Forest, New South Wales, Australia, 15 Feb. 1887; *s.* of Henry Charles Bateman and Rose Mayo; *m.* 1926, Brenda Mary Collison Weir; two *d.* *Educ.:* Forest Hill House, S.E. Studied drawing and painting at the Westminster and New Cross Art Schools, and in the studio of Charles van Havenmaet for several years; commenced drawing for reproduction 1906, since when has contributed numbers of humorous drawings to most of the leading weeklies and monthly magazines; has designed several theatrical posters; many humorous story and book illustrations. *Publications:* Burlesques; A Book of Drawings; Suburbia; More Drawings; Considered Trifles; Himself, 1937; The Evening Rise, 1960, etc. *Recreations:* golf, fishing. *Address:* Sampford Courtenay, North Tawton, Devon. *Club:* Chelsea Arts.

BATES, Sir Alfred, Kt., *cr.* 1952;

INTRODUCTION

If there were worse social evils in England than smoking before the loyal toast, ordering a double whisky in the Pump Room at Bath, or ringing the bell in a city tea shop, H. M. Bateman never cared to draw them. He drew what he saw around him, and the world he saw was the middle-class circus of manners. Contemporaries described H. M. Bateman as a social philosopher, but looking back from the comfort of the second half of the 20th century he seems more like a moralist spelling out warnings to those who won't conform to society's rules. In his famous Man-Who series H. M. Bateman put his finger on a national character flaw, the horror of being laughed at, making a fuss, stepping out of line. Week after week his public called him back to administer more reproofs to new offenders, and he accepted the responsibility with glee. He lent to it the sort of dynamism you'd expect from an impresario putting on a musical, setting the stage with backgrounds he drew on location, casting each cartoon with real types drawn from his notebooks, then enacting each character in turn until he had conveyed every aspect of the situation. An H. M. Bateman cartoon is a virtuoso performance and his almost obsessional concern for getting every detail makes it a fascinating record of an era.

H. M. Bateman is in his eighties now. He commutes between a summer cottage home in Devon, and a winter hotel in the Mediterranean. The man who was so much in tune with the one period seems very much at odds with the changes time has brought. He's a brisk, crisp man, a lively conversationalist, with a way of leaping up from his chair and sneezing with laughter when he's enacting a drawing he's done years ago. The small, neat moustache of his younger days has turned fluffy and white, and although he wears glasses his sight is still very keen. He watches intently from under bristly eyebrows, sometimes with a hint of mocking amusement —the habit of years as a caricaturist. His manner of talking has an anachronistic ring about it to the younger person, because he uses words and phrases like "dandy" and "cuts no ice" and "don't-you-know".

He's out of touch with London and hasn't been to Town for years except to pass through on his way abroad. He finds it noisy, expensive and unfamiliar, and a far cry from the childhood London of horse and carriage he can remember. He's not only drawn his way through two World Wars but he's seen the introduction of radio, TV, cinema, motor cars, aeroplanes, H-bombs, satellites. But he's also seen changes in social life that please him less. He's seen the art

world turned upside down, sex grown into an everyday topic of conversation, youth treated with more veneration than age, the decline of the British empire, and bureaucracy run mad. For a man who was so modern in his heyday, it's disturbing that the pace of life has quickened so much that the structure of society has receded from his grasp. "I don't much like it. A thing I object to is the sex influence. We're chock full of what we used to call dirt. I hope you don't think I'm a complete prig, but I've listened to many thousands of risqué stories and told thousands, but my stuff was never smutty. In those days we always thought the humorist who dealt with smut was a bit inferior from the one who didn't. Besides, no editor would approve a *blue* joke. That was reserved for the privacy of the club or the smoking room. I am not an admirer of people who draw like Picasso, I feel his influence has been a bad one, demoralising. It's reducing the world to a farmyard. It's a revolt, of course, but it's carried too far for good form. I'm a square, aren't I? But in a civilised society it's the only way to live. There must be lines drawn. I do think certain restraints make for grace.

"I didn't have an easy time as a child. My parents were strict. Now the lack of discipline makes it easy for children and too much fuss is made of them. I can show you a lot of cuttings, a lot of people are objecting to young people's behaviour, you know. I don't like the Beatles or similar groups. I feel ashamed to hear young Englishmen singing like this. It's entertainment for the very lowest intellect. The accent is beside the point—they can't help that. The girls, I suppose they only imitate the young men. Are they really . . . so moronic? Are they? I see youngsters hanging about towns with hair down their necks, and I hear St. Ives has had a nasty time with beatniks. They're very insolent, these kids, they're very impudent. I was talking with an elderly woman, a charming and delightful friend, and we both agreed how much we disliked this long-haired stuff, it looks so dirty. Well, you see, she said, the whole secret is that the girls don't mind it. If the girls said they wouldn't go out with them they'd soon get their hair cut. A thing I notice very much is a sort of merging of the sexes. Neither of them look completely masculine or feminine. The girls are looking like the boys. It's fashionable to be flat-chested now, which is a strange thing.

"One of the things that makes me angry is the way our governments have let everything go. For so many years we showed the world the way to go. The British Empire was the best thing that ever happened to the world. I was talking to a colonel friend of mine. He said it takes 250 years to build an Empire, 250 years to run it down. We've run it down in 15 years. Whether it's been necessary I don't know. I'm afraid I'm rather pessimistic, but I don't complain for myself. I've done what I want and I'm happy."

H. M. Bateman's father didn't think he should draw at all, and thought all artists effeminate. "He considered artists and actors and authors, and all professional people of that sort as a dilettante sort of people, slackers, probably drunkards, probably immoral. He was very much against me becoming an artist." His father was a businessman, who had been a fine all-round sportsman, boxing, swimming, a very good shot, playing cricket in Australia against an English XI, hunting kangaroos, horse-racing. He once won a 20 mile race on a penny-farthing. He wanted his son to follow him into his export business, but when he was 14 his

mother, who used to pose for him for hours while he learnt to draw her hands, secretly wrote to Phil May, the most famous humorous artist of the day. Phil May wrote back: "Your son shows a strong comic bent, but the proper thing would be for him to learn to draw seriously." She argued with his father, persuasively, and at the comparatively early age of 16 he was allowed to go to an art school. Although his father fought him all the way, and never showed an interest in his drawing ability, he became very proud of his son's eventual achievement and fame. His father died at the age of 79 and his mother at 94 and he remained very close to them both. His father's influence showed in his passionate fondness of sport, which he pursued keenly in spite of being dogged by bad health in his early life. At 20 he had a breakdown which put him in bed. At the age of 27 he tried to join up for the First World War, scraped through a medical, only to be sent home within months with rheumatic fever. In spite of ill-health, though, he insisted on taking up boxing, and fought in the gym with several former light-weight champions; he boxed with Bat Mullins who was the last man in England to fight in public with bare fists.

His father, Henry Charles Bateman, had come into some money at the age of 21, shortly after his parents died. He decided to emigrate to Australia, took an up-country ranch, which they called a homestead, and enjoyed a fine outdoor sporting life. He returned to England several years later and met Rose Mayo. He married her and took her out to Australia, and H. M. Bateman, named Henry after his father, and Mayo after his mother, was born on 15th February, 1887, at Moss Vale, Sutton Forest, New South Wales. His mother decided, though, that the Australia of the eighties was no place to bring up a baby and insisted they return to England. A year later they came back to London for good, and his father bought an ailing export packing business at Golden Heart Wharf, in Upper Thames Street, and made it a going concern.

They lived first in Romford, and then in West Norwood, where his sister, three years his junior, was born. His mother was strict and kindly, his father adventurous and exciting. His father taught him to use a stockwhip at an early age: "My sister and I would be stampeding cattle, and he would chase us with the stockwhip, with a running fire of cracks which exploded within a few inches of our faces, or where our tails would have been, miraculously never touching us."

He went to school at Forest Hill House and was a pretty typical young lad, collecting stamps and birds' eggs, fighting, and playing cricket. He captained the second eleven, and was a good medium pace bowler. He drew for fun, influenced by the children's comics of the day. "The big one was Ally Sloper's *Half Holiday*, everybody grew up with that one. It came out on Saturday, and I think was a halfpenny. Then there was the *Boy's Own Paper*, *Chums* and *Chips*. There was *Comic Cuts*, and a very lively thing called *Fun*, which my father used to take. It was wonderful, frightfully good, frightfully funny. And of course there was always *Punch*."

His early drawings were awkward, and Phil May was no doubt being kind rather than prophetic in his encouragement. But it was enough for his mother. "She brought pressure to bear that I should leave Forest Hill to start studying as early as possible as Phil May advised, and my father eventually allowed me to

leave school at 16 instead of going on for another year. He paid my fees and my railway fares, and gave me a season ticket so I could get to Westminster Art School."

Westminster Art School in Tufton Street behind Dean's Yard was the architectural museum, and because of his tender years he was set to work drawing plaster casts and denied access to life classes and the nude models. He stayed at the school only nine months before moving to the Goldsmith Institute (now Goldsmith's College) at New Cross.

The principal was Frederick Marriot, and H. M. Bateman soon tried out his humorous efforts on him. Marriot was encouraging but cool: "Well, you'll find a market for them one of these days but you'd better learn to walk before you can run properly." About this time, he earned his first commission from a paint firm, and was so overcome when they offered him two guineas he insisted on doing it for one and a half guineas. "In those days they made you draw very thoroughly. Nowadays if you go to an art school, it's please yourself, do as you think, express yourself. It's the same I understand in acting, even in music, I'm told. Well, that comes later, after study."

He was 16 when he sold his first efforts to *Scraps* and some of the other penny comic papers of the day. He drew the elaborate illustrated jokes of the day, pictures of elegant men in top hats and wealthy ladies in furs, bedevilled by the ignorance of cockney coachmen, aged tramps, Irish servant women, with each joke dragged out like a play with lengthy exchange of dialogue.

One of the first people to recognise his gift was Shackleton the Arctic explorer. He knew Shackleton's sister at art school, and the explorer was then with Pearson's, the publishing firm, and introduced him to some of their editors. The result: a series of small drawings were accepted for *The Royal Magazine*, which was the kind of editorial encouragement he much appreciated.

When he was 17 he sold his first cartoons to *The Tatler* at a guinea a time. One day he went into the office with a portfolio of seven and waited in an outer office. "I shall never forget the thrill I experienced when word came out to me that Mr. Shorter would use them all and would like to see some more. Seven whole guineas at one fell swoop! I got out of the building and for half an hour galloped through the network of streets round the office."

About this time he met the humorous artist John Hassall, then in his forties and at the height of his fame. "Hassall was a god to me in those days. He was a wonderful chap, he loved young fellows going round to his studio, you know. It was a beautiful place in Kensington Park Road, a great studio choc full of all sorts of marvellous fantastic drawings. He had them all drawn in and we youngsters coloured some of them. After I'd known him about three months he advised me to go and see Charles van Havermaet and study. That's where he'd studied in Antwerp. I was frightfully keen to go." Van Havermaet, whose father was Professor at the Antwerp University School of Art, had just come over to London because he thought it would be better for his future. He was in his late 20s, a serious painter in the Flemish tradition, and took a few private pupils.

Van Havermaet had his studio near Olympia, a ramshackle place with half the rooms empty and dusty and all the action concentrated on one untidy floor,

bedroom and kitchen jammed with dirty china. "It seemed rather Bohemian to me, and it appealed to me strongly. This, I thought, was the proper, the traditional way for the artist to live. In fact I learned it was actually a very poor way of living for no man can do creative or any other work demanding concentration with the problem of catering for himself, cooking and washing up dishes afterwards." Van Havermaet gave him a life-long respect for classic painting, and he was on the point of dropping humorous art altogether. The conflict in his mind led to a breakdown when he was 20. What persuaded him not to become a serious artist was mainly the steadily growing success he was having with magazines. *The Tatler* had signed him up to illustrate their financial page with drawings of figures at company meetings. From an early age his gift for caricature was well developed. He says with candour: "There's said to be always a touch of malice in every caricature, though I never set up to be malicious. A certain amount of salt and pepper and a bit of vinegar's not a bad thing. It adds to the flavour." There was so much flavour that people wrote to *The Tatler* trying to get him sacked. But the editor persevered, and the feature became very successful and ran for 18 months. "One of my subjects was Horatio Bottomley. He appeared before a seething crowd of disgruntled shareholders at the Cannon Street Hotel and within ten minutes had them all purring like cats."

Although Bateman stands mid-stream in the English comic tradition, his drawing style is very much his own. You only have to turn old copies of *Punch* to see how clean his work is compared to Du Maurier, Keene, Phil May. "I didn't learn from them a lot. I liked Phil May but more for his drawing than his humour. His types were excellent. I liked the Germans best, I've still got old copies of *Simplicissimus*, and of course I was very much influenced by Caran D'Ache. He was the best of them all. The English artist I liked best was Max Beerbohm."

His gift for caricature was well-developed, and he excelled at what he called Types, but now he was feeling his way and discovering a talent for miming through the medium of the pen. He found that if he screwed himself up like a Method actor and turned himself into the person he was drawing, tensed himself to the particular emotional state he wanted to convey, he could put it across in his drawings. "One of the first drawings which I did in this way showed two wrestlers, a Japanese and a Russian, fighting in the ring with an Englishman looking on. I think I called it The English Sport. I made faces as they would have made faces, I grimaced, I made the most awful faces, terrible faces. I threw away all idea of correct drawing and simply went for the spirit and the feeling of the thing. It was a great success and I knew I was on to something."

The story of his success is the very proper and moral story of perseverance getting exactly its just reward. The six years after he finished with Van Havermaet were among the busiest of his life. He joined the Sketch Club and the Chelsea Arts Club, took up golf, fishing and at one stage tap-dancing. He'd always enjoyed the tap-dancing acts in music hall, and decided to take lessons from professionals. He learnt the swing and rhythm of the buck and wing dance, and eventually persuaded his sister to accompany him on the piano at parties. He bought a proper wooden dancing mat, a pair of wooden-soled shoes, and made friends with stage tap-dancers.

One of his commissions was a regular weekly theatre drawing. He was very flattered when he was asked to do a poster for George Bernard Shaw's latest production, *Fanny's First Play*. GBS was so pleased he commissioned him to do another for *John Bull's Other Island*. "He gave me a sketch for it, which I've always kept. He couldn't draw, didn't have the faintest idea. He signed the drawing for me, some years later with Miss Blanche Patch, his secretary, hovering like a nurse while he signed other documents, what they were I don't know, but for every one she gave him a different fountain pen, and each one was on a lanyard, of a different colour, four or five pens."

In 1914, he joined up for a brief spell, but after being sent home with rheumatic fever he became one of the most popular war cartoonists, but had less of an impact than, say, Bairnsfather, who had a very real feeling for the man in the trench. "I found I could treat war lightheartedly at a distance, but after they took me on a tour of the front, I felt very depressed and unhappy about what I saw. I found it very difficult to draw jokes about the men in the trenches after that."

In 1922, he drew The Man Who Bid Half A Guinea at Tattersalls and The Guardsman Who Dropped It. People started writing to him; what had been an ingenious joke device turned into a cult. He had tapped a mine of social self-consciousness, which is peculiarly English and he was never allowed to forget it. "That's a Bateman situation," people said with glee each time someone committed a social gaffe.

In 1923 he visited the United States for the first time, and drew for what was then a humorous magazine, *Life*. They rang him up the day he arrived. "In America if a man shows promise he's encouraged. In England the tendency is to apply handicaps and yet more handicaps for him to carry before he establishes himself on secure grounds." In 1926, at the age of 39, he married Brenda Mary Collison Wear, and they travelled to the United States together. This time he had a commission from the American Tobacco Company. He toured the country in style, and finally came back on the boat with Sir Malcolm Campbell, who'd been setting up a speed record at Daytona.

H. M. Bateman owed some of his success to his agent, A. E. Johnson, an astute, intelligent man who handled most of the big cartoonists, Frank Reynolds, J. A. Sheppard, Lionel Edwards, Heath Robinson. "He was a wonderful man, a wonderful agent. We worked together for 30 years, and I wouldn't have liked anybody else to handle my drawings. I had hundreds of commissions from different magazines, but I never had a regular contract. I was never officially on *Punch*, but I had an arrangement with them that they had first refusal of anything I did, and my agent was so tactful he knew what was *Punch* and what wasn't, and the same with *Tatler*. It was a gentleman's agreement. But in those days the demand was so huge, and there was a huge outlet. If I'd had three pairs of hands I still couldn't have done the work people asked me for."

It was unusual for any magazine to reject his work, but *The Tatler* occasionally felt he had gone too far. They turned down his drawing, The Freemason Who Had Lost His Apron, on the grounds that it was offensive to Freemasons. They also rejected The Man Who Asked For A Harp. He'd shown a man arriving at the

gates of heaven and asking for a harp, only to find everyone blowing saxophones. "It was blasphemy, you see, they cared very much. The clergy would tell people not to buy the magazine."

By the thirties when he was reaching his peak of popularity he was averaging £2,000 a year, which would probably be worth at least five times that amount today, bearing in mind the tax situation, inflation, changes in the cost of living. In the mid-thirties he began to earn sometimes £4,000 and £5,000 a year and had for a while an income higher than any other humorous artist had ever earned in this country. He thinks Strube and Heath Robinson may have earned as much.

H. M. Bateman was also one of the first famous cartoonists to turn his hand to advertisements and did so effectively for Kensitas, Lucky Strike, Guinness and dozens of different firms. When a series of features about H. M. Bateman appeared in the *Sunday Dispatch* in 1937 it was supported by no less than three Bateman advertisements. Edward Teale Ltd advertised their Tealesdown quilts with a little man situation: an innocent customer is inquiring of an appalled shopfloor manager if a Tealesdown quilt is the best. The Bateman situation in the next ad shows a man whose car has broken down in front of Buckingham Palace: the guardsmen bear down on him in ceremonial procession—all because he didn't stick to AC plugs. The third ad is a cricketing scene in which the wicket-keeper appeals for a runout. "How's that!" Umpire holding a glass of Guinness: "Very refreshing."

"I did quite a lot of advertising. I would never do all the advertising I was offered. I did Andrews but I always refused to see the Eno's men. Two Eno's men wormed their way into my studio under false pretences, but I said no. I didn't think it was right. I didn't think it was quite playing the game."

He had an additional income from the sale of originals which are still highly prized and some of them change hands for £100 or more today. He also got a nice income for prints of some of his *Tatler* tableaux which sold for up to £2 each. He never adjusted himself amicably to cope with the new, great tax demands his high salary produced, and in later years, when he'd got his financial affairs in order, would do work for as little as possible, to hold down the tax demands. He was never a great spender though he enjoyed sketching holidays on the continent, and motoring. From 1922 onwards he bought the newest cars, and of course driving along empty country roads was one of the most sophisticated pleasures of the day. The rest of the money he spent on his family—he had two daughters—and the upkeep of a studio in Chelsea and a house in Berkshire, an old rectory with three acres and a specially-built studio.

When the Second World War started, magazines and newspapers were forced to make enormous cuts, and for the first time in his lifetime artists found it extremely difficult to get any space at all. "I had my savings, and I decided more or less to pack it in, doing just occasional jobs when I wanted to." Bearing in mind his not very good health he decided to leave London for good. He found a cottage at the edge of Dartmoor, and released from the continued pressure of work, began to enjoy a new life, fishing and walking the moors with his dog.

In semi-retirement he still continued to draw and illustrated books on fishing and golf, and did cartoons for brochures and advertisements. In more recent years

he hasn't wanted to have the bother, but he occasionally does a private commission for a local firm or an old friend. He prefers to spend his time working with oils and hopes one day, in all modesty, to paint a "good" picture. "I would like to have painted one which was quite serious and didn't depend on comic appeal. A landscape, perhaps, with just the way the light falls on a house or a tree. Almost anything would do so long as it expressed the beauty of the earth and sky and the water. Something that would charm you."

"HOW'S THAT?"

Hammond & Snow,
35d. Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

First published drawing, aged 13

STARTING AT 1900

CALENDAR

1900	Zeppelin first trial flight
	George Bernard Shaw: *Three Plays for Puritans*
1901	Queen Victoria died
	Edward VII succeeded
	Boxing recognised as legal sport in England
	Theodore Roosevelt president USA
1902	Arthur Balfour became British PM
	Cecil Rhodes died
	Edward German's *Merrie England*
1903	Ford founded his motor firm
	Wright Brothers first powered flight
	Krupp company founded
	English road speed limit increased to 20 mph
1904	Japan declared war on Russia
	J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*
1905	Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman became British PM
	Sinn Fein party founded in Dublin
	First motor-buses in London
1906	Galsworthy's *Man of Property*
	First British Dreadnought launched
1907	Shell Oil Co founded
	Northern Line underground opened in London
1908	Picasso founded Cubism
	Herbert Asquith became British PM
	Mary Pickford in *The Little Teacher*
1909	Blériot flew across channel
	First rugby match played at Twickenham
1910	Edward VII died: George V succeeded
	Freud published *Psychoanalysis*
	Crippen arrested at sea
	Madame Curie isolated radium
1911	Amundsen reached South Pole
	Salaries for MPs introduced
	Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson*
1912	Woodrow Wilson president USA
1913	D. H. Lawrence wrote *Sons and Lovers*
	Stainless steel invented
1914	Francis Ferdinand murdered in Sarejevo; World War I began
1915	Gallipoli landings
	Haig made C-in-C in France
1916	D. Lloyd George became British PM
	Heavy fighting on Somme
	Gallipoli evacuated
	German navy beaten at Jutland
1917	German naval mutiny
	Tanks introduced on Western Front
1918	Armistice signed
1919	Viscountess Astor first woman MP
	Alcock and Brown first flight across Atlantic
	Jack Dempsey won world heavy-weight boxing title
	Mussolini founded Italian Fascist party

Henry Mayo Bateman was 12 when the century began; Queen Victoria was on the throne, the Empire was in good hands, young people knew their place, and sexual morality wasn't even a talking point; now read on . . .

TYPES


JACKSON
IKIMO
IKIMO
BOGIE
CHARLIE
PERCY
DIRTY DICK
DUKE

"Derby Day was a fair, a huge fair, interspersed with bookies and accommodation touts. All over Epsom Downs you heard the cry: 'Accommodation, Accommodation,' and you went in there and paid your penny. There would be fifty or sixty dotted about the downs, boys putting up their little sacking tents, digging up the earth a bit. If the screen got a bit smelly and mucky it didn't matter, they took it home and brought it back the next day, because they were like that. The whole place stank. The gypsies went up there and collected in the furze bushes, put up their caravans there. I used to go and make sketches of the Types. They were very good Types. They were very decent, took no notice of me, went on with their affairs."

Concert Pianist

Music Hall trio

Song and dance sisters

Juggler

Cross talkers

All this for 3d, 6d, and 1s.


THE WORLD
YOUR
GRAND FILM
NOW SHOWING
THE
NIGHT OF
TERROR.
N O W
SHOWING
IOW WINNIE
WON
HER WAY.

"I used to go a lot to Crystal Palace Skating Rink. Roller skating became a big craze. I remember I badly wanted a very super pair of skates costing £2—that would have been about £10 today—and my father wouldn't give them to me, and I was very hurt. But somehow I managed to get the money and buy them myself, and in a way it was very good, because it made me independent."

B. C. Hilliam, who was Flotsam of Flotsam and Jetsam, the singing couple of the twenties and thirties, was so affected by the H. M. Bateman drawing he put it to song. "It inspired me to write a roller skating song and this I sold to a society entertainer named Leslie Harris for a guinea. My first sale."

The Evil Eye: chaperones

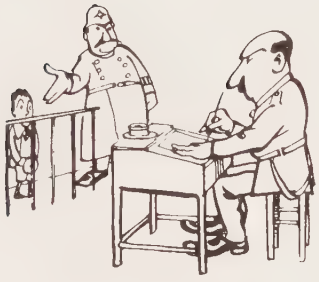

JAN BAJEM

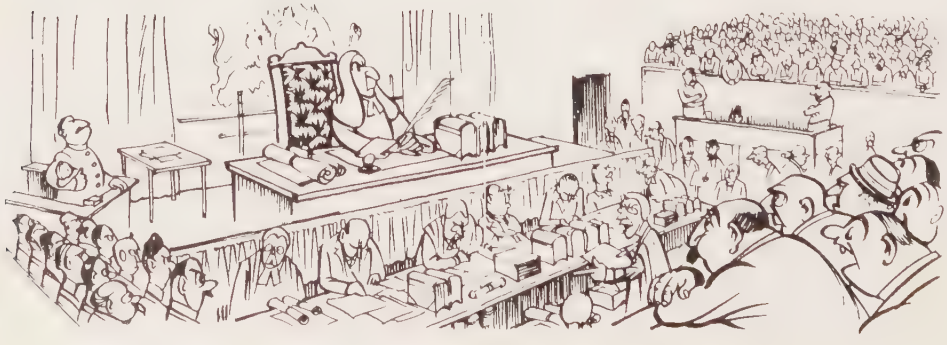
The Kaiser meets Thomas Atkins

"I got the idea for The Boy who Breathed on the Glass in the British Museum in 1915 at the beginning of the war. I was spending the afternoon with a girl friend and you could practically hear the guns if you went out of London. The noise carried on a clear afternoon thirty miles as the crow flies. I walked round the British Museum with this girl and I remember the mummies and thinking how carefully preserved they were, and the thought flashed through my mind that a few miles from here men were killing each other that very moment. Yet these things looked so elaborately looked-after. They had watchmen who would get up if you went too close to the glass. That's how the idea came, and one of us said; 'It would be a crime even to breath on the glass.' "

The Boy Who Breathed on the Glass at the British Museum

over/





over|

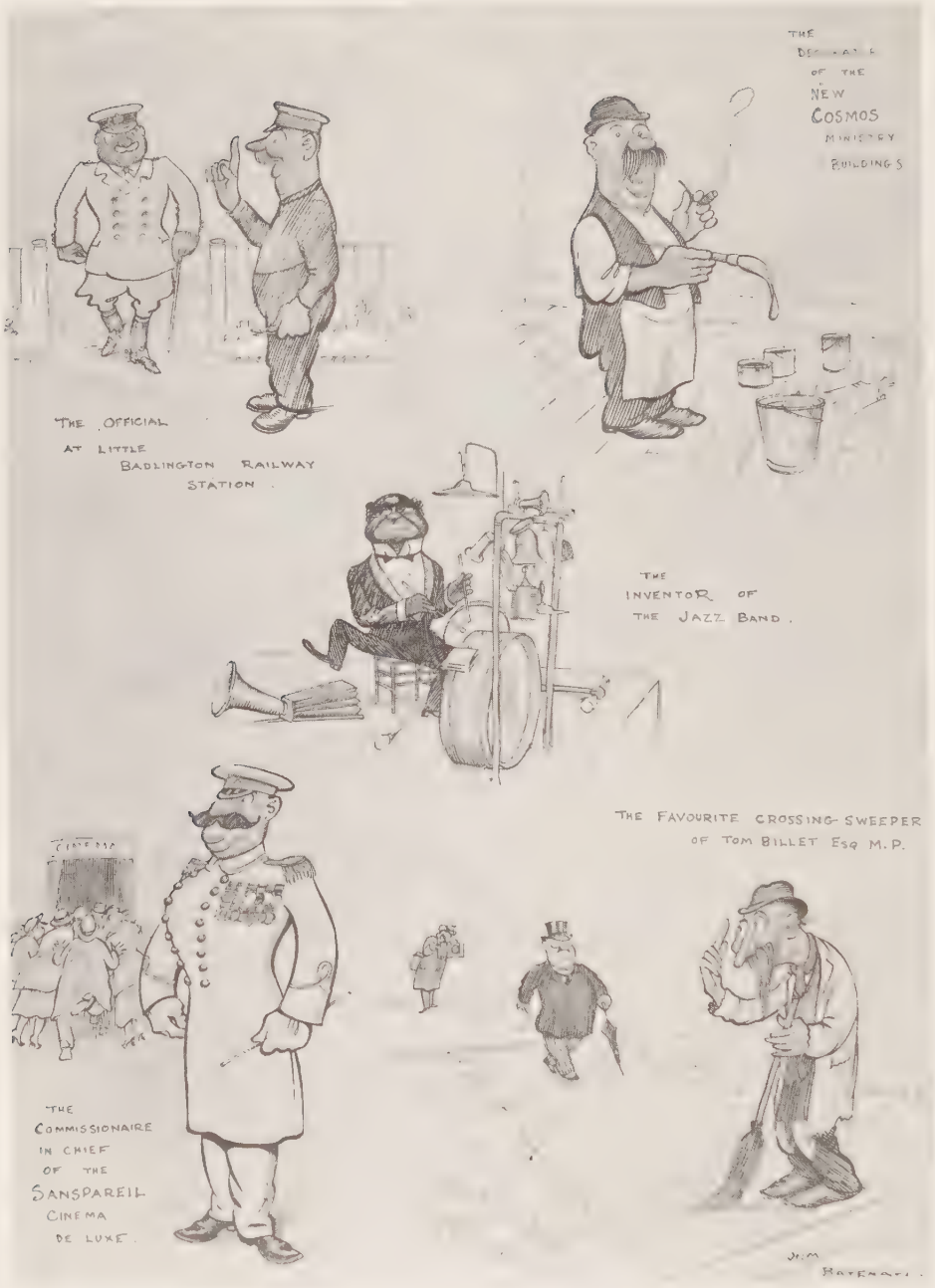
Love at first sight: its disturbing influence

Our army in the field

Owing to the democratic nature of our armies, all branches of sport should be indulged in whilst charging—but it will take a genius to arrange the attack so that each may arrive at the German trenches simultaneously

Will it come to this? (Tanks introduced on Western Front)

The Kaiser after the war



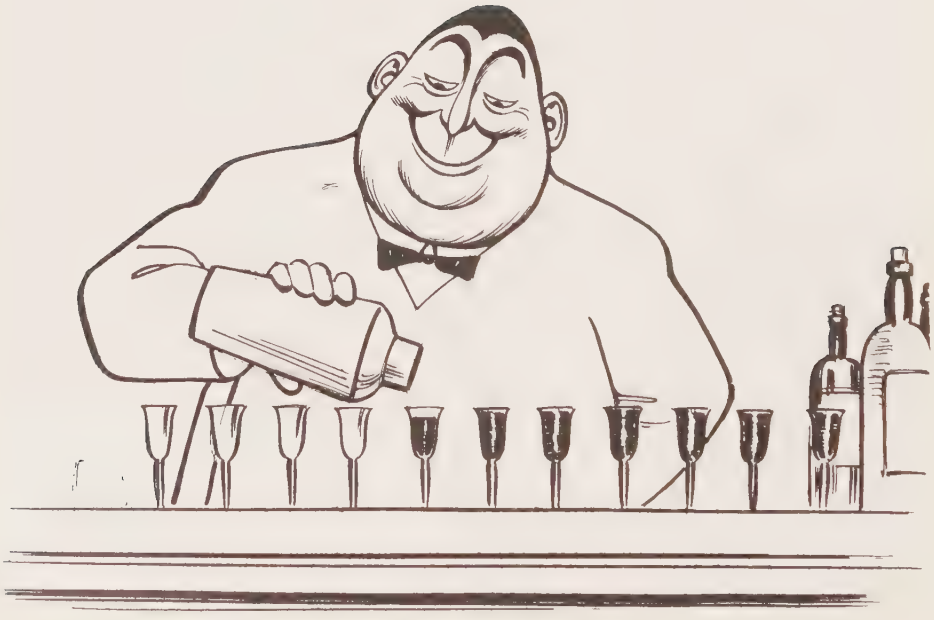
Some new O.B.E.'s

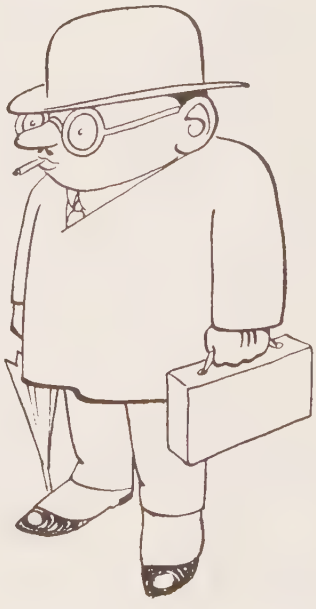
20s & 30s

CALENDAR

1920	First commercial radio in USA
	League of Nations formed
	Prohibition introduced in USA
1921	Warren Harding president of USA
1922	Bonar Law became British PM
	T. S. Eliot published *The Waste Land*
	Charlie Chaplin in *The Kid*
1923	Big Ben chimes heard on first British radio
	Stanley Baldwin became British PM
	Calvin Coolidge president of USA
	Stanley Spencer painted *The Resurrection* at Cookham
1924	J. Ramsey MacDonald became British PM, followed by Stanley Baldwin
	Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* for piano and jazz orchestra
	A. A. Milne's *When We Were Very Young*
	Noel Coward's *The Vortex*
1925	Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*
1926	The General Strike
1927	Lindbergh: first Atlantic solo flight
	Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse*
	First transmission of TV signals
1928	The vote for women
	First talkie films shown
1929	J. Ramsey MacDonald British PM
	Herbert Hoover president USA
	Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*
	Graf Zeppelin circumnavigated the world
1930	BBC first attempted TV broadcasts
	Gandhi opened civil disobedience campaign
1931	J. Ramsey MacDonald British PM
	Epstein: *Genesis*
1932	Nazis won German elections
	Vitamin D discovered
1933	Franklin D. Roosevelt President USA
	Hitler became German Chancellor
	Thurber: *My Life and Hard Times*
	Polythene discovered
1934	Sir Malcolm Campbell achieved land speed record of 301.7 mph
1935	Stanley Baldwin became British PM
1935	Edward VIII abdicated
	Battersea Power Station (105 megawatts) built
1936	BBC opened Alexandra Palace TV studios
	Siegfried line begun
	Neville Chamberlain became British PM
	Queen Mary's maiden voyage
1937	George VI coronation
	Duke of Windsor married Mrs Simpson
	Guernica destroyed
	Billy Butlin opened first holiday camp, Skegness
1938	Roosevelt New Deal
	George Biro made first practical ball-point
	Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*
	Len Hutton 364 v. Australians at Oval
1939	Germany invaded Poland; war declared
	James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*
	Pope Pius XII acceded

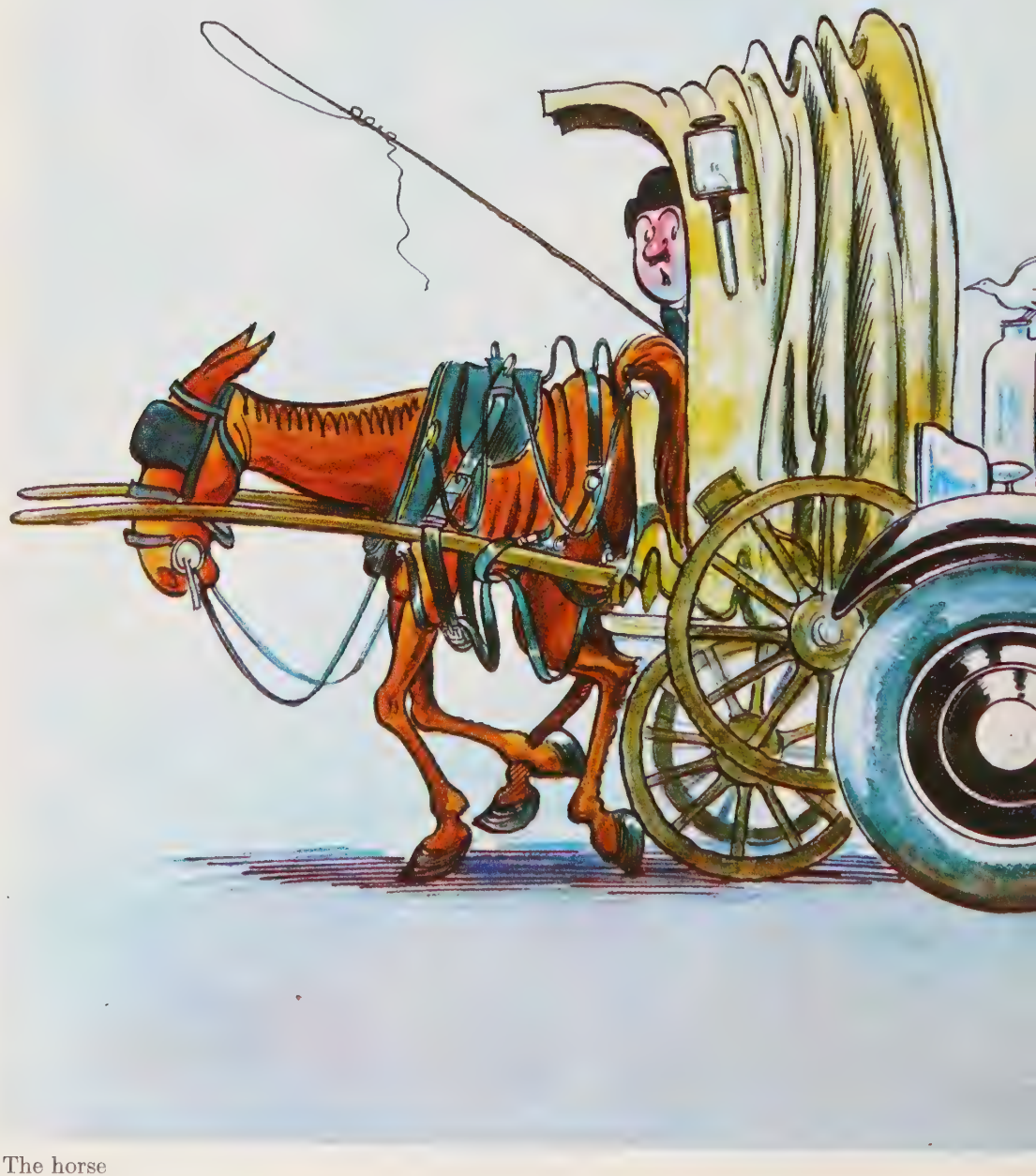
TYPES



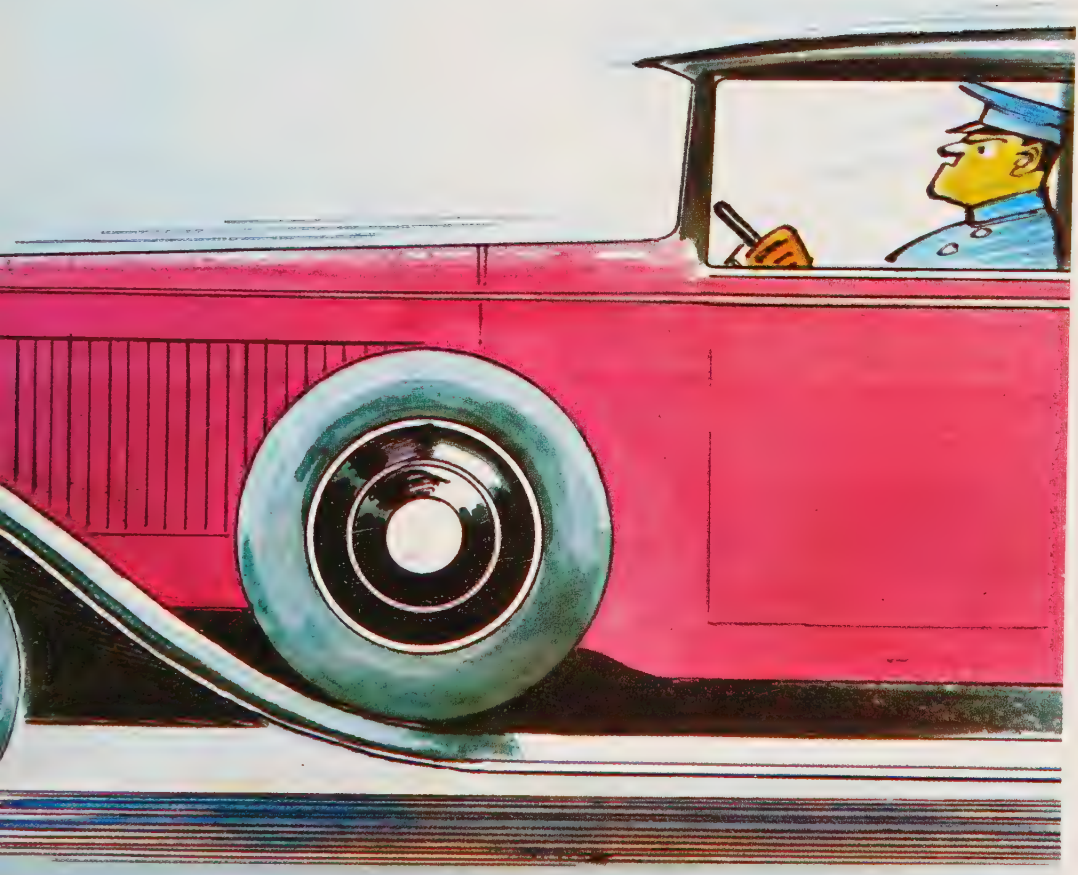


More

TYPES



The horse



H.M. BATEMAN

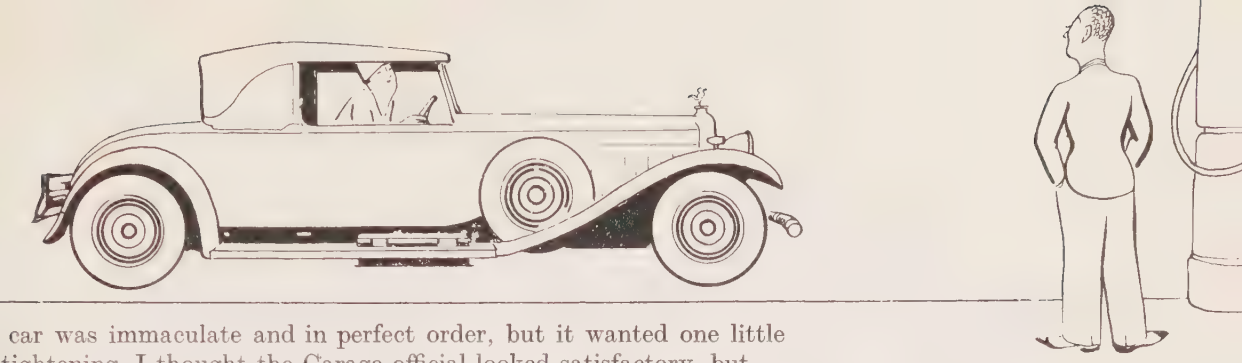
The member of the beauty chorus who got out of step

The author of the latest revue take his call

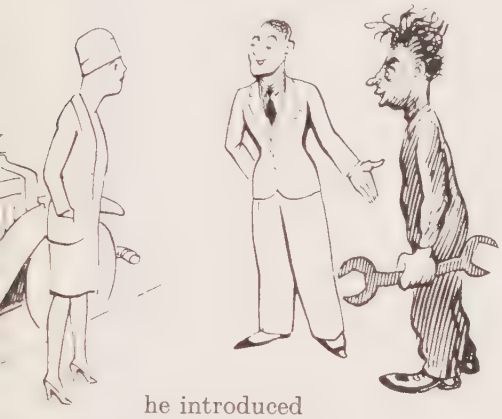
Colonel and Lady Vere Colquhoun

Mr and Mrs Cohan

The man who has never exceeded the speed limit

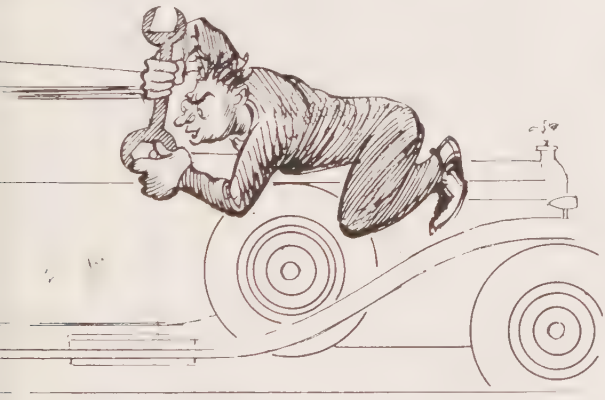


car was immaculate and in perfect order, but it wanted one little tightening. I thought the Garage official looked satisfactory, but —

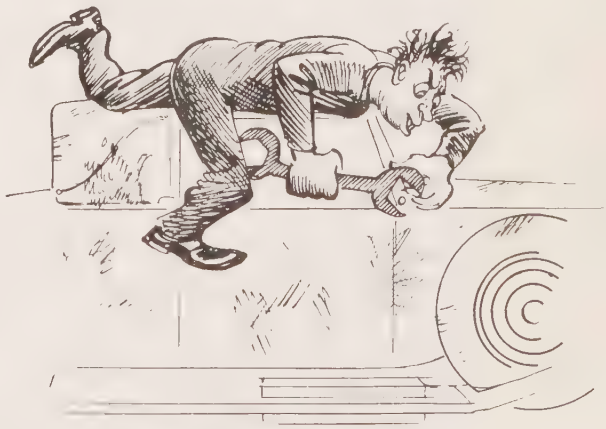


he introduced
uite a different sort of person altogether

— who entered the car —

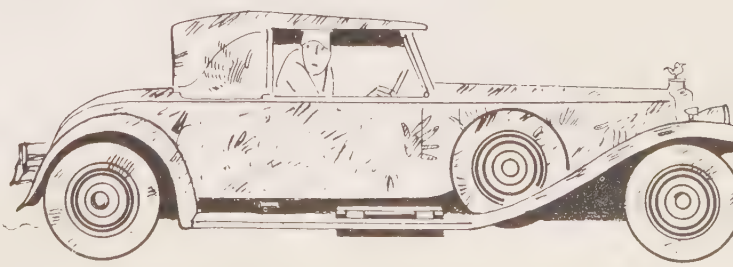


— got up on top —



— and went all over it —

— before he had finished.



A.M. BATEMAN.

Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands


SUBWAY
SUBWAY

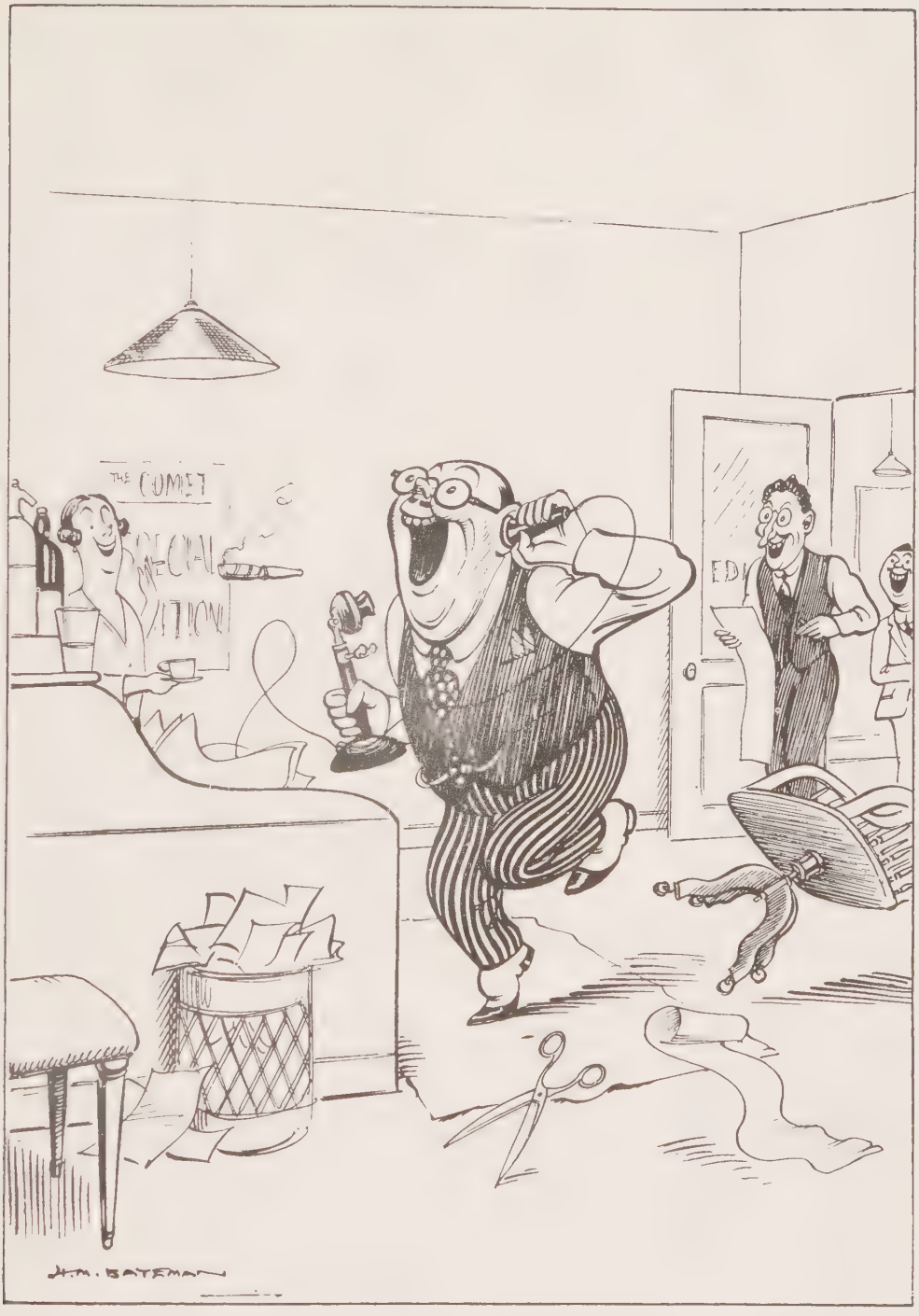
Eastbourne

e motorist who took the blame

Margate

Blackpool

Familiarity breeds contempt



The editor of a yellow press newspaper receiving news of a horrible murder committed in circumstances of the most revolting atrocity

Drawn by H. M. Bateman

The funny story–

or, too much of a good thing

The man who broke the tube

The guest who brought a banjo

One kind of picnic—

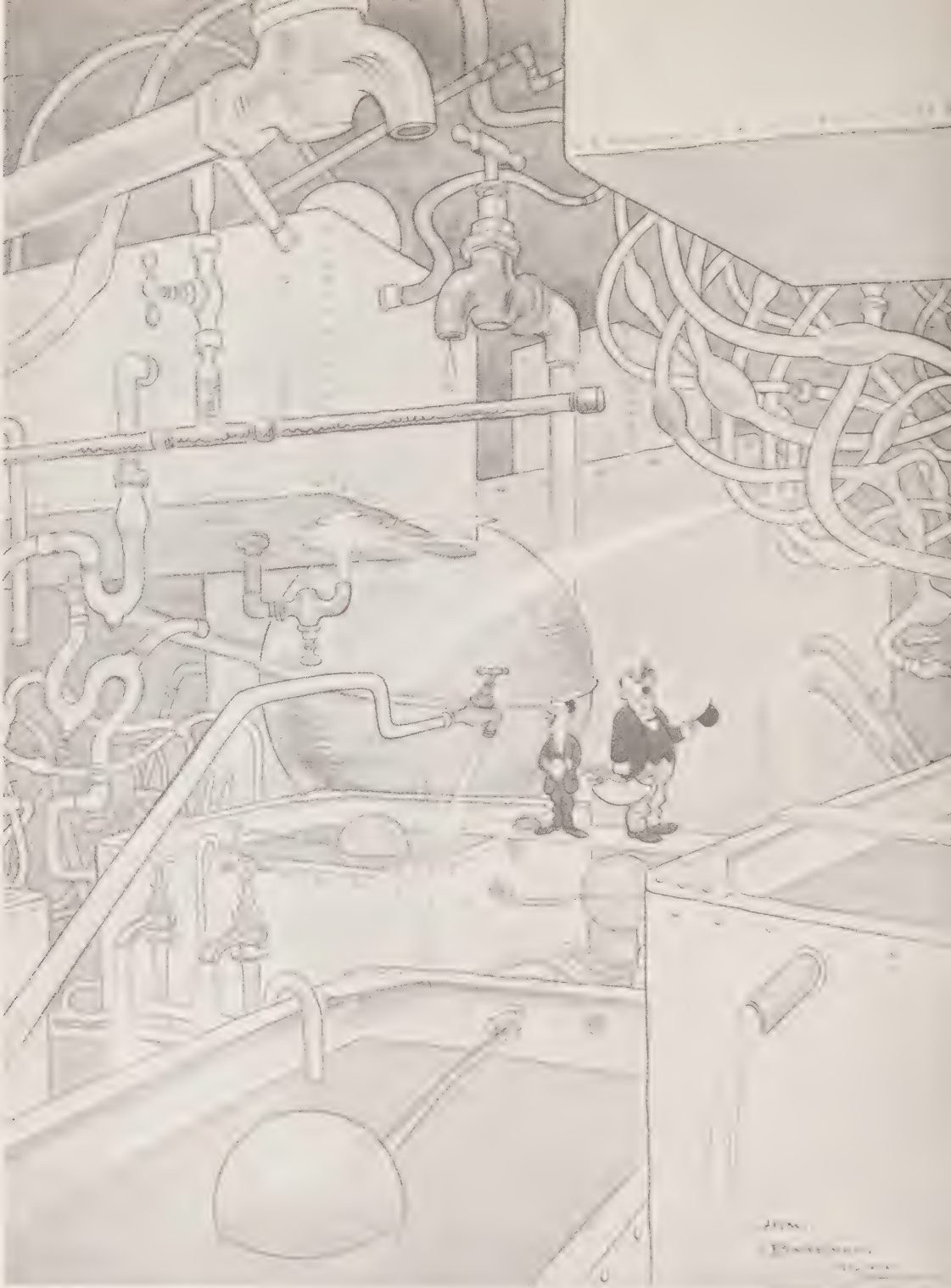
nd another

The evolution of the Christmas card


To
Greet
You.
Xmas 1920

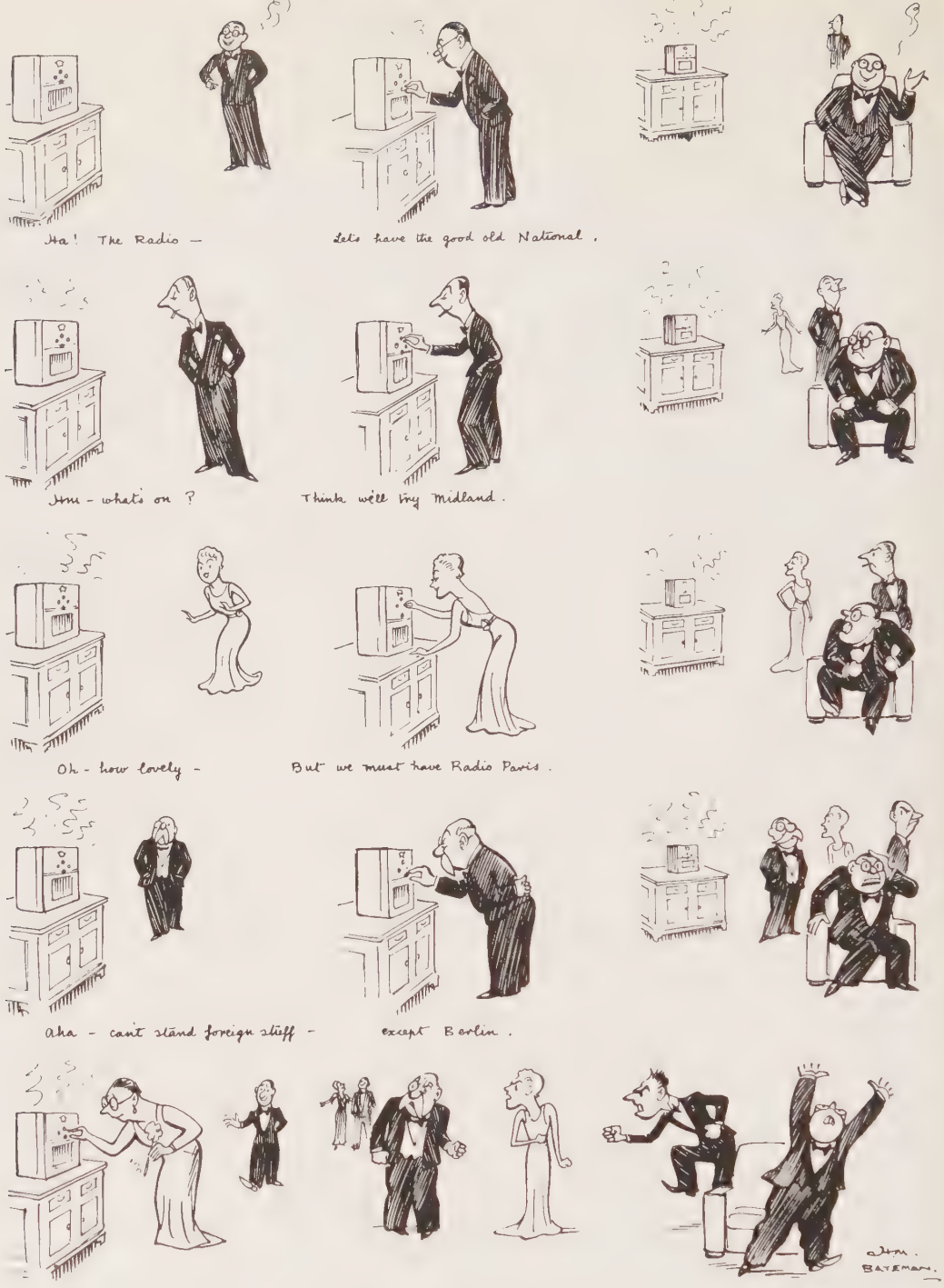
Christmas gatherings: the right people

Christmas gatherings: the wrong people



The plumber's paradise

The dancing girls' paradise



The hotel radio

My accident

The stilton and the mite that throve

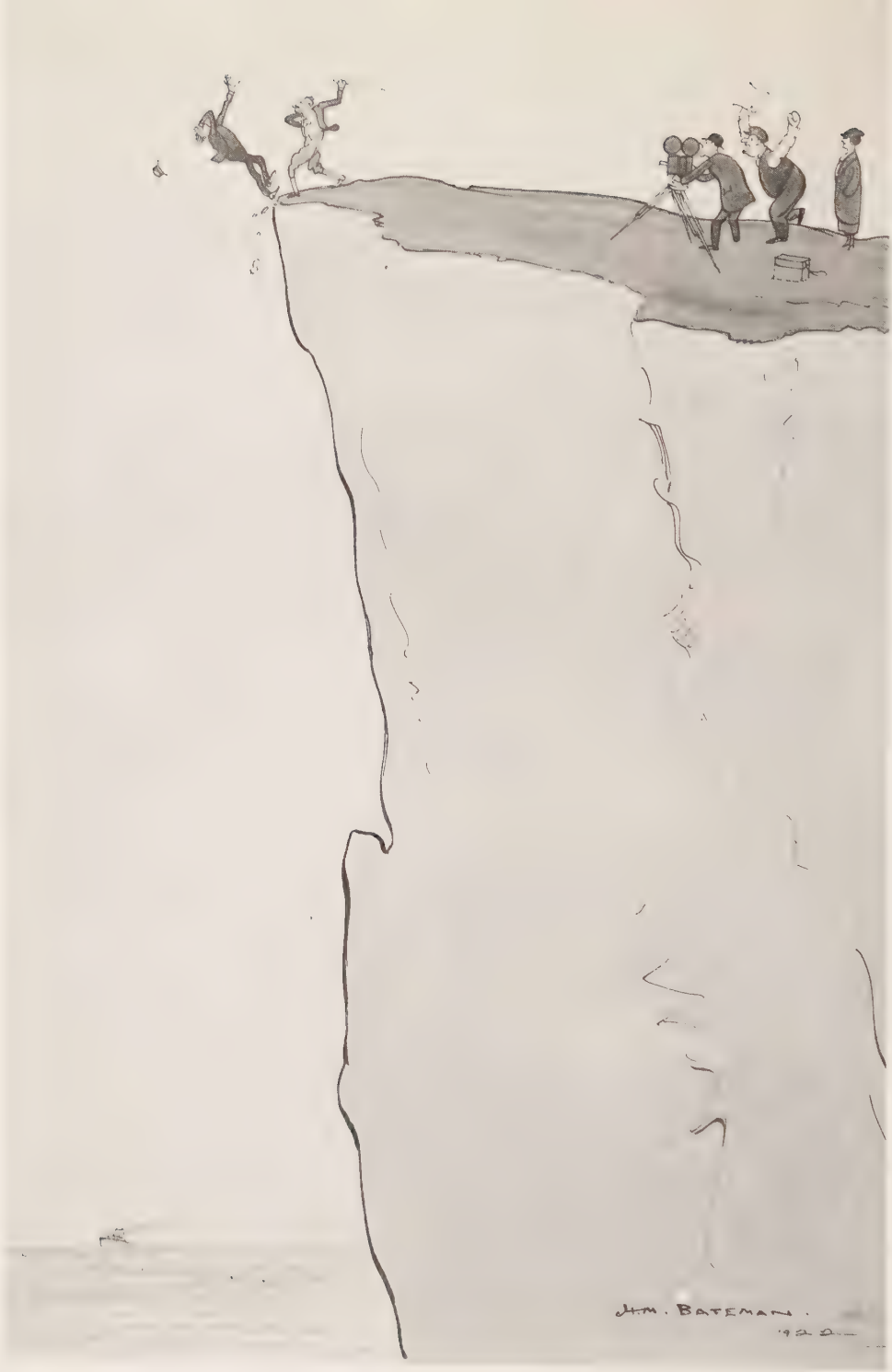
Great strength returns the penny

An attempt to evade the best-seller


H.M. BATEMAN

The butterfly


JOHN · BATEMAN



For the cinema

A member of the Athenaeum attempts plus-fours

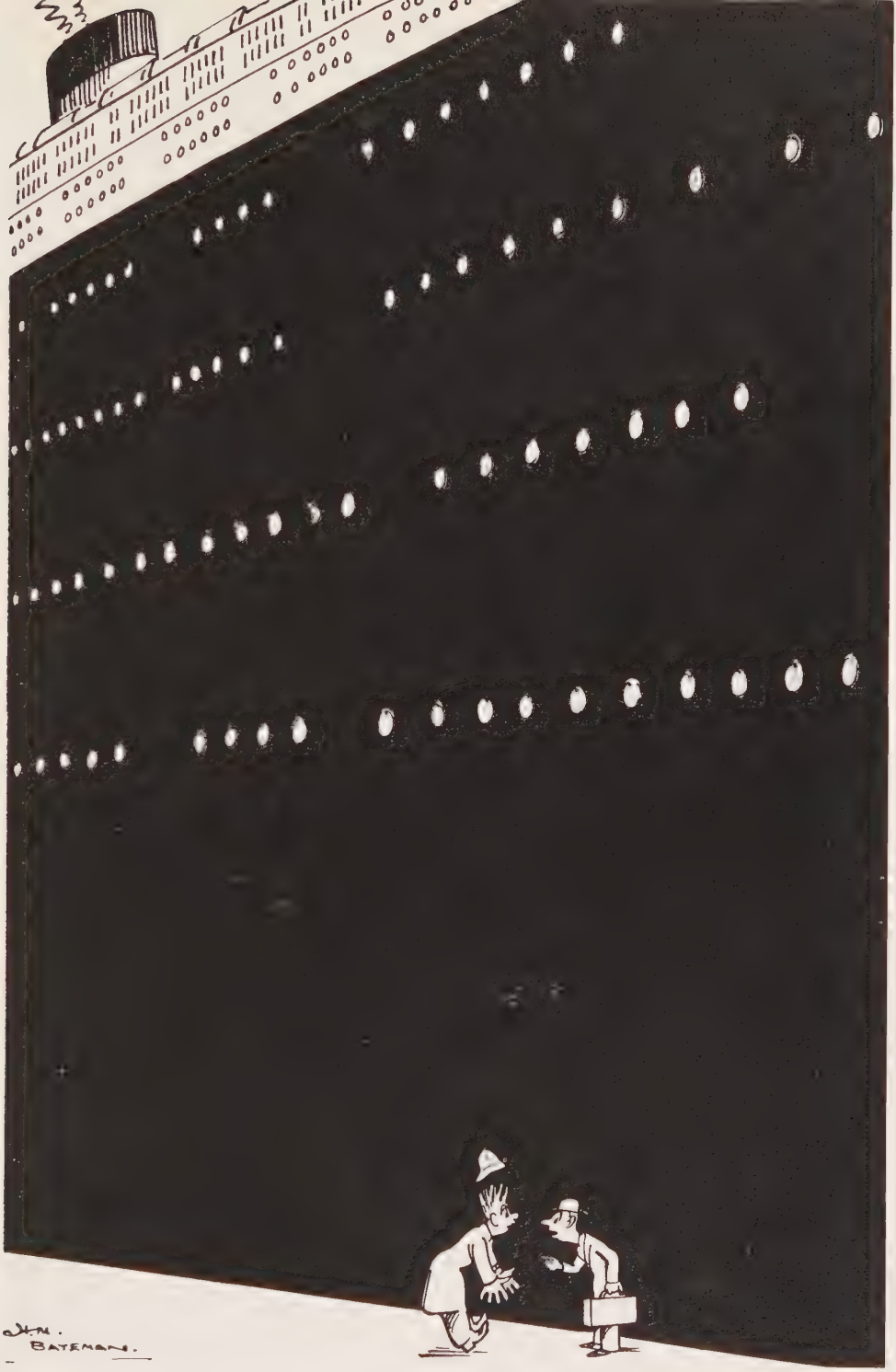
The One-note Man, which follows, was one of the most successful cartoons Bateman ever drew. The patient, careful unfolding of the story, the meticulous execution, is typical, and indeed the richness of the joke is emphasised thoroughly by the perfect care of the drawing. Alfred Hitchcock has always regarded it as a favourite, and adapted it for one of his thrillers, making the climax of the picture the moment when the lone member of the orchestra strikes his single note, in this case a cymbal.

The One Note Man

over/

over|


H.M. BATEMAN 1921



The man who asked to be directed to the Queen Mary

Psycho-analysis: the sweet experience of give and take

As one

The voice of love

over


JAM. BATEMAN

The second lieutenant who took the C.O.'s savoury


H.M. BATEMAN.

The plumber


H.M. BATEMAN.
1922.

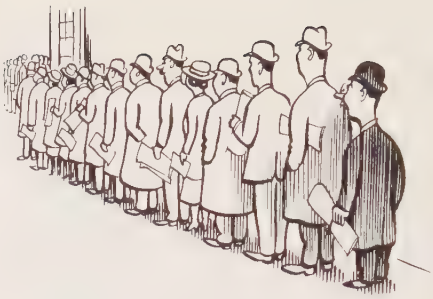
The voice that filled the Albert Hall

His stories without words suggest the action in silent films. In fact, H. M. Bateman was a great admirer of Chaplin, and there is pathos as well as humour in the story of the man who tried to get a document stamped at Somerset House. He uses an almost cinematic technique, cutting in rapid succession from shot to shot. He's a film producer, director, stage designer, cameraman and actor all in one, as he develops this little kafkaesque situation which really stands for everyone who's been frustrated in trying to get satisfaction from authority. Expectation gives way to frustration, anger, disappointment and finally despair. His document stamped, he emerges happily from the labarynthine interior and goes out into the bright light of day and crosses Waterloo Bridge. For his vanity, in believing that anything should be so easy, his document is torn away from him by a gust of wind.

Getting a document stamped at Somerset House

over

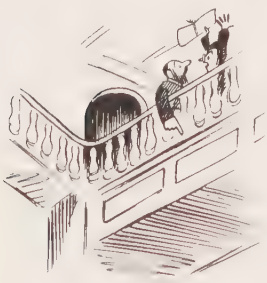




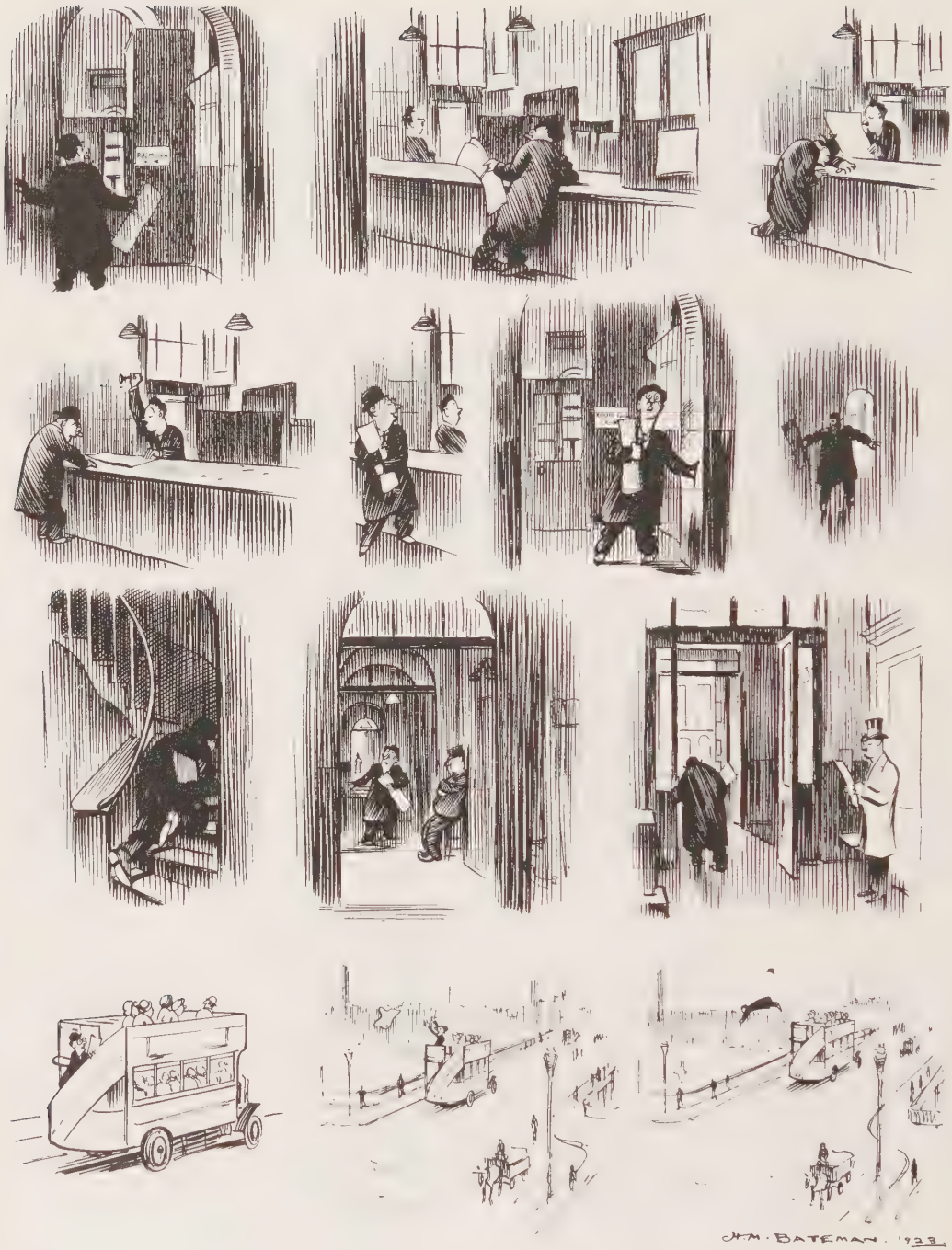









over


JHM. BATEMAN. 1933

The witness who spoke up

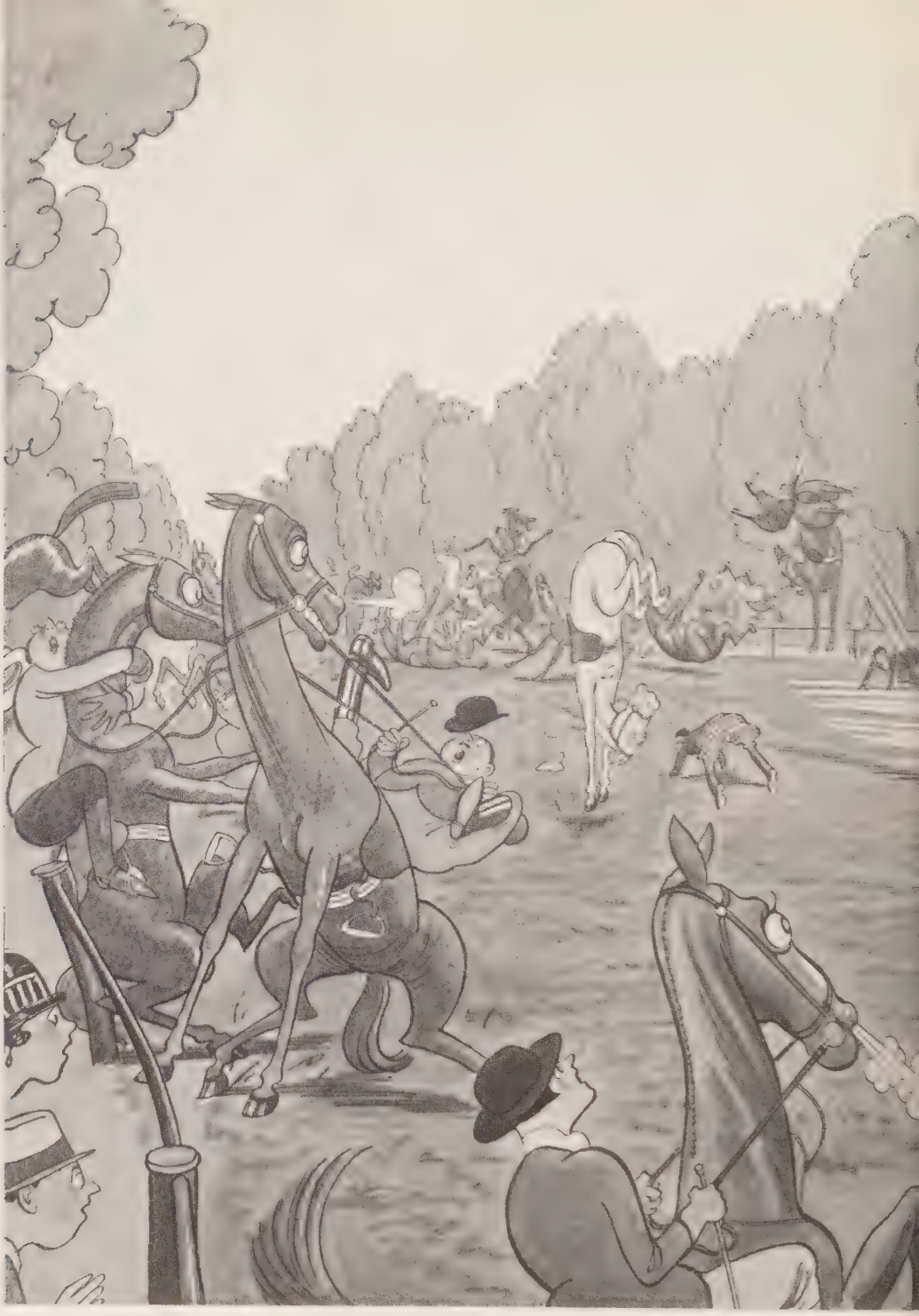
The man who lit his cigar before the Royal toast


H. M. BATEMAN

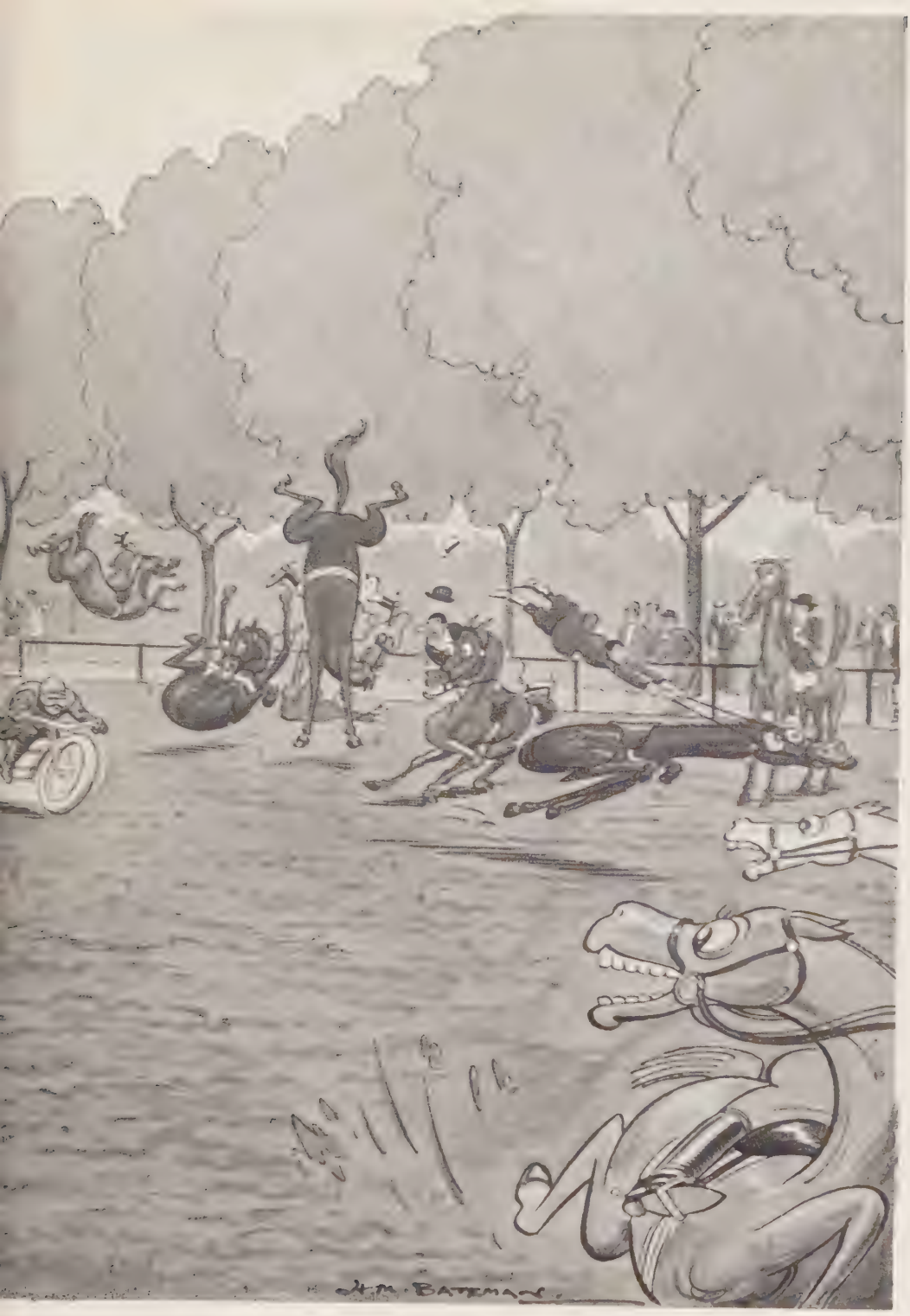
The man who bid half-a-guinea at Tattersall's

The underwriter who missed the total loss

The man who rang the bell in a city tea-shop



The dirt track rider who appeared in Rotten Row


H.M. BATEMAN

The man who asked for a double Scotch in the grand pump-room at Bath

The Lifeguardsman who dropped it


H.M.
BATEMAN.

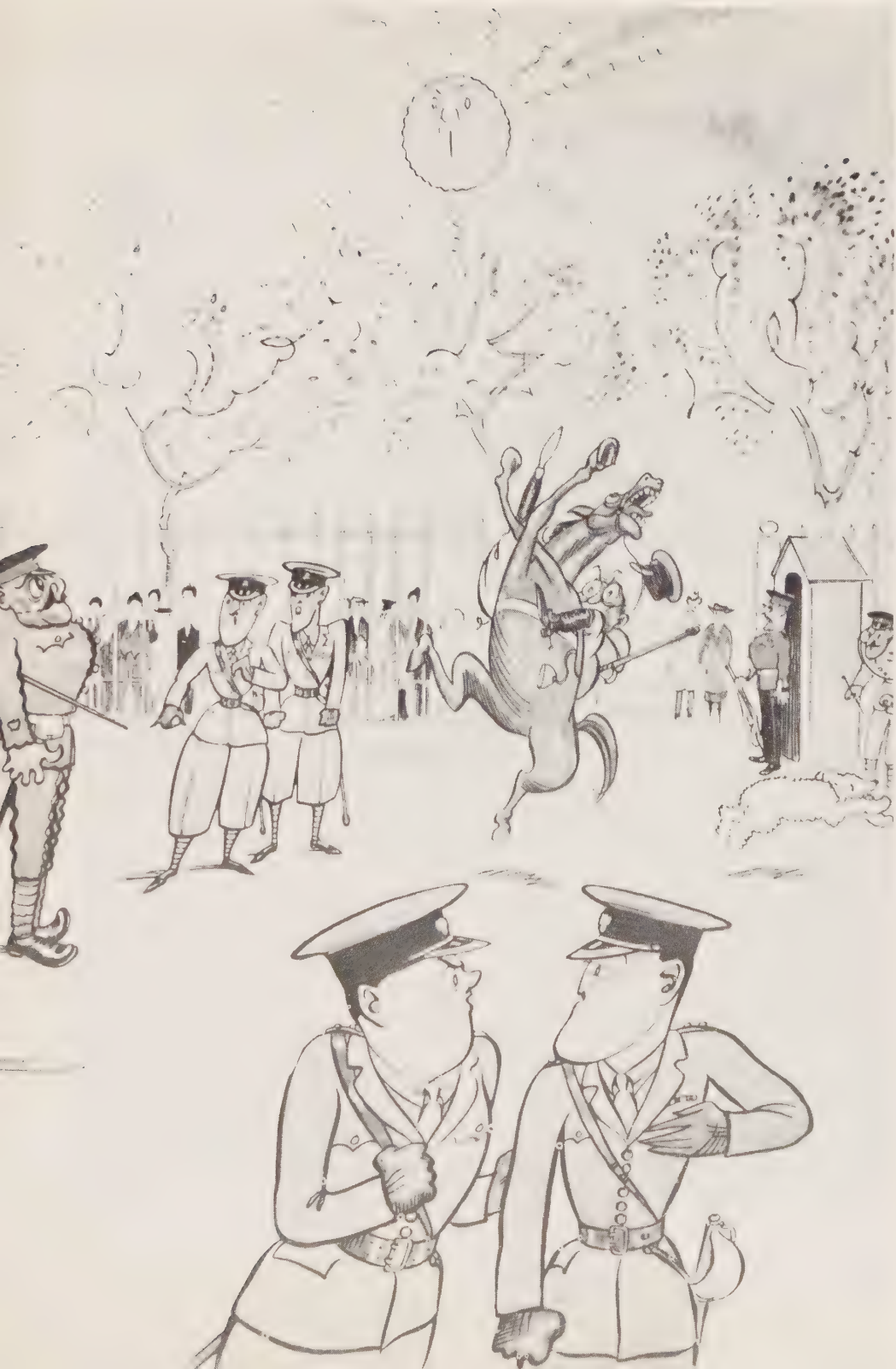
The admission


H.M. BATEMAN.

The guest who was told to make himself quite at home and did so

Afraid to live, or the cautious life

"All I ever did was to push things to their logical conclusion. The man who dropped his rifle could be confined to barracks for two months, pay would be stopped, he'd get extra pack drill. Today if a soldier dropped it on parade it wouldn't be funny, it would be an interesting psychological happening."



A mere ratepayer, having discovered an administrative error, voiced his complaint in a letter to—

the Town Clerk, who handed it to—

the Sanitary Inspector, who handed it to—

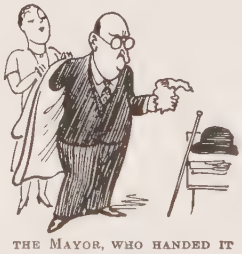
the Borough Surveyor, who handed it to—

the Chief of Police, who handed it to—

the Fire Brigade, who handed it to—

the Medical Officer of Health, who handed it to—

the Rating Officer, who handed it to—



the Mayor, who handed it to our old friend—

the Town Clerk, who this time handed it to—

the Office Boy, who handed it to—

the Obvious Recipient.

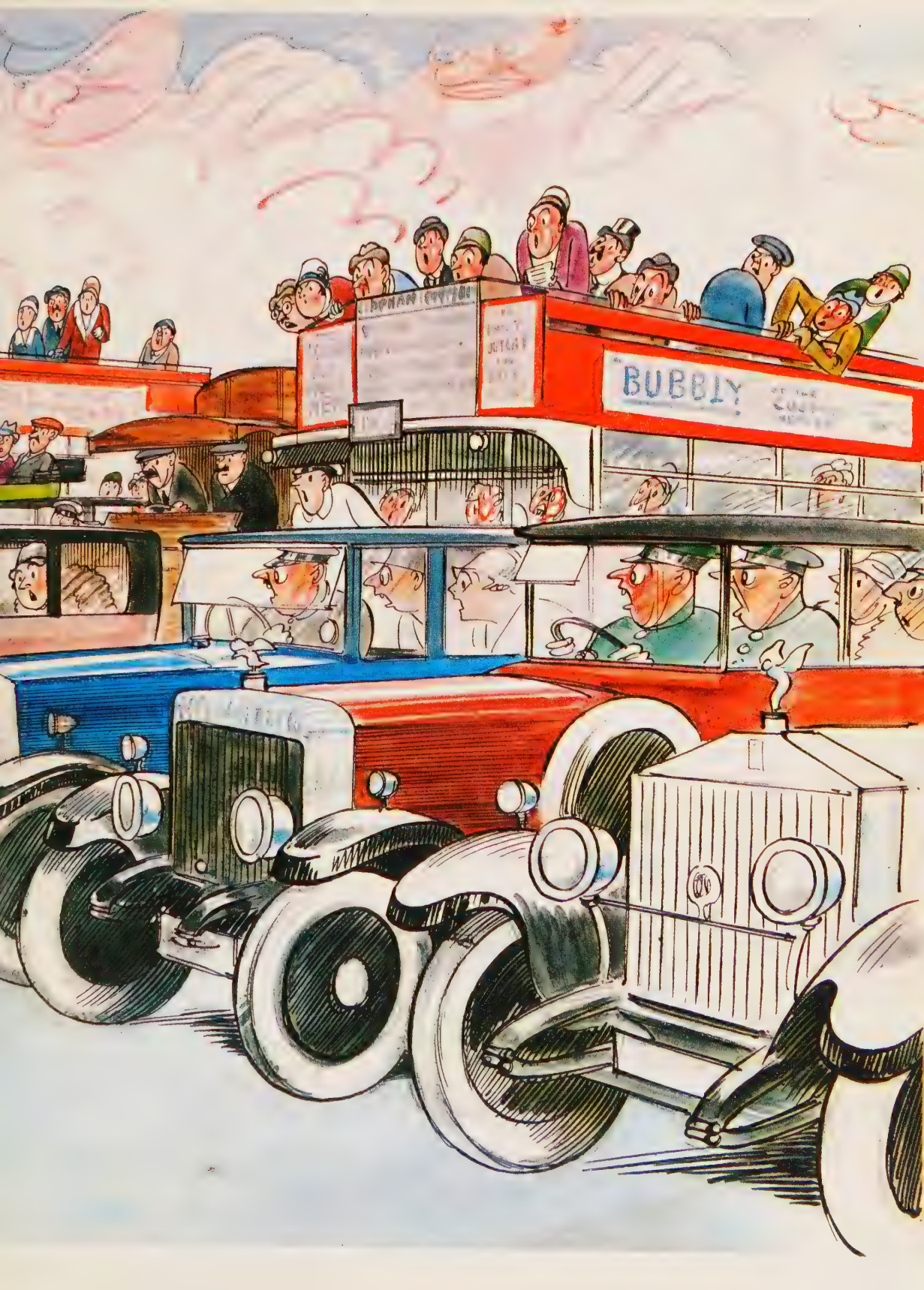
Handy

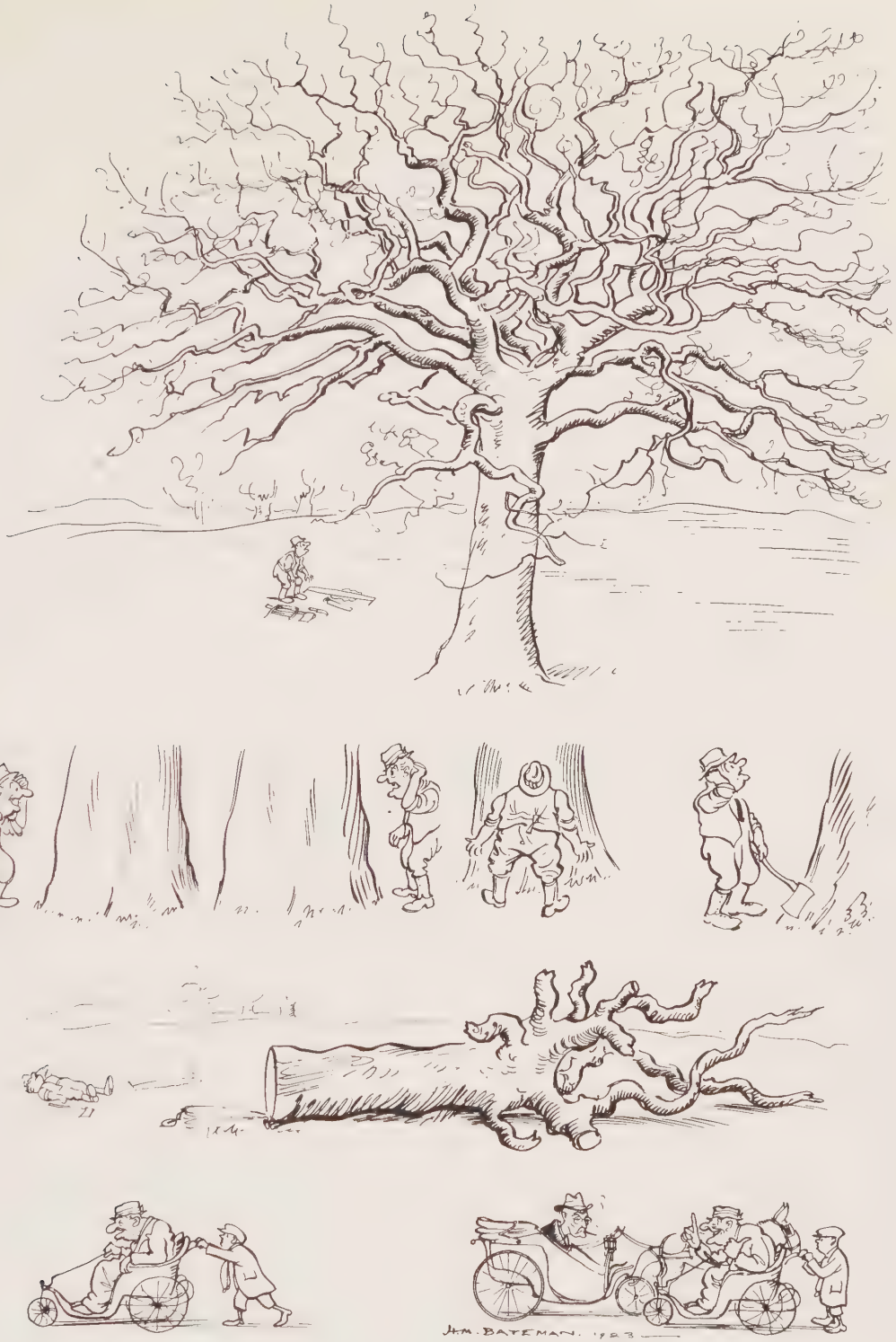
The couple who passed Reno without a divorce

Felling a tree in England

over

The car that touched a policeman

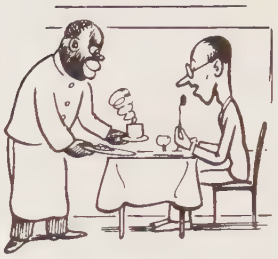

BUBBLY


JAM. BATEMAN. 1923

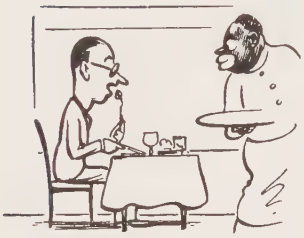
The mysterious musician (exhibited at the Royal Academy 1933)


BIG
NEW

New York (depart).

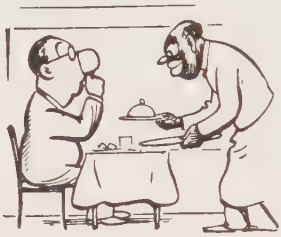


Boston.



Chicago.

Minneapolis.



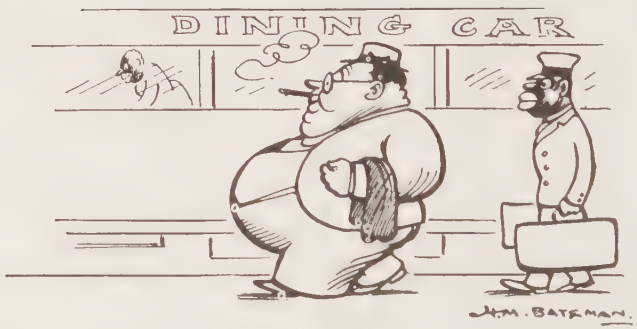
Seattle.

San Francisco.

Los Angeles.

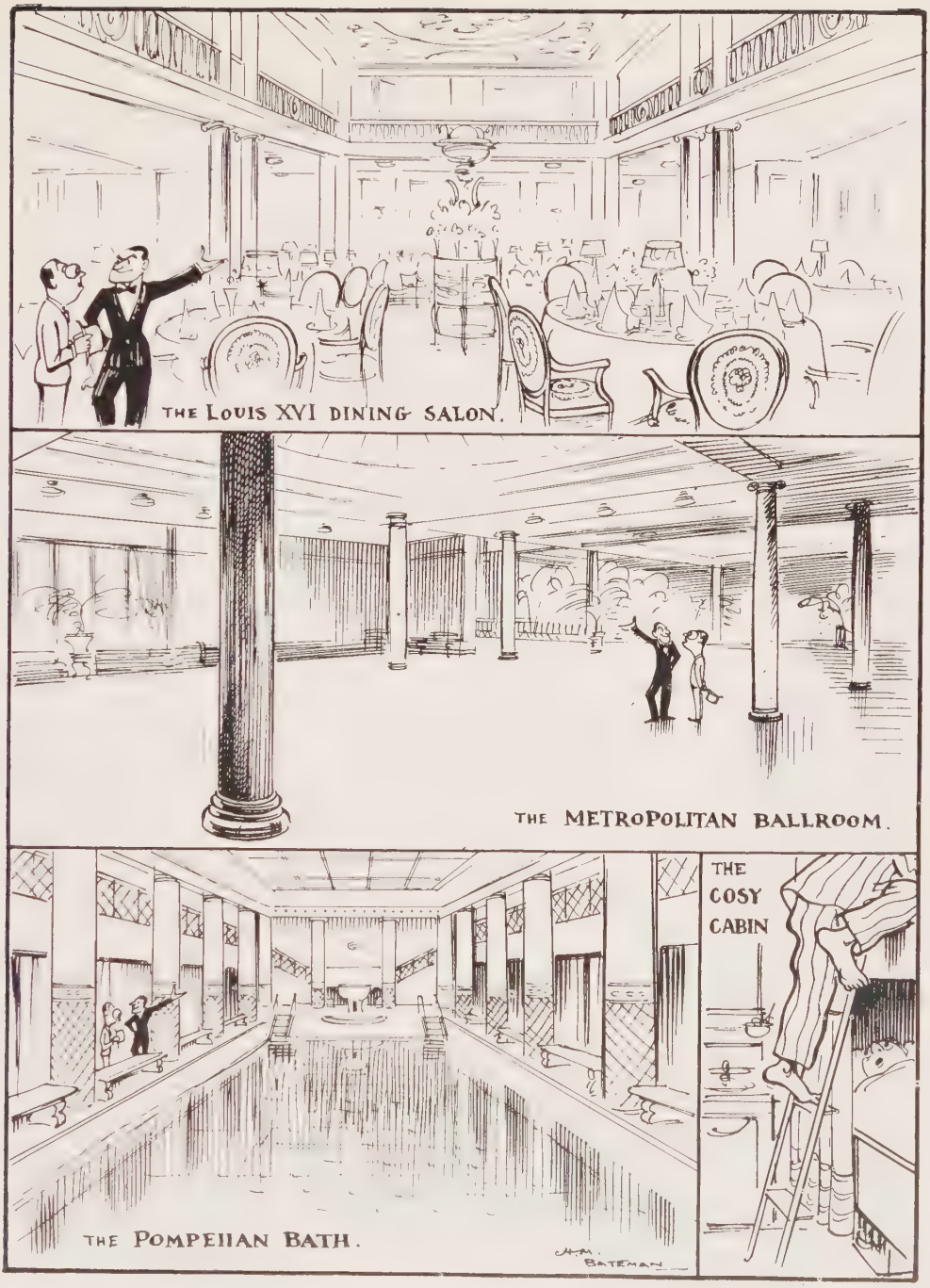
New Orleans.

Washington.



New York (arrive).

Round trip



Crossing the Atlantic

All about a missed putt

He says he only plays golf for the exercise

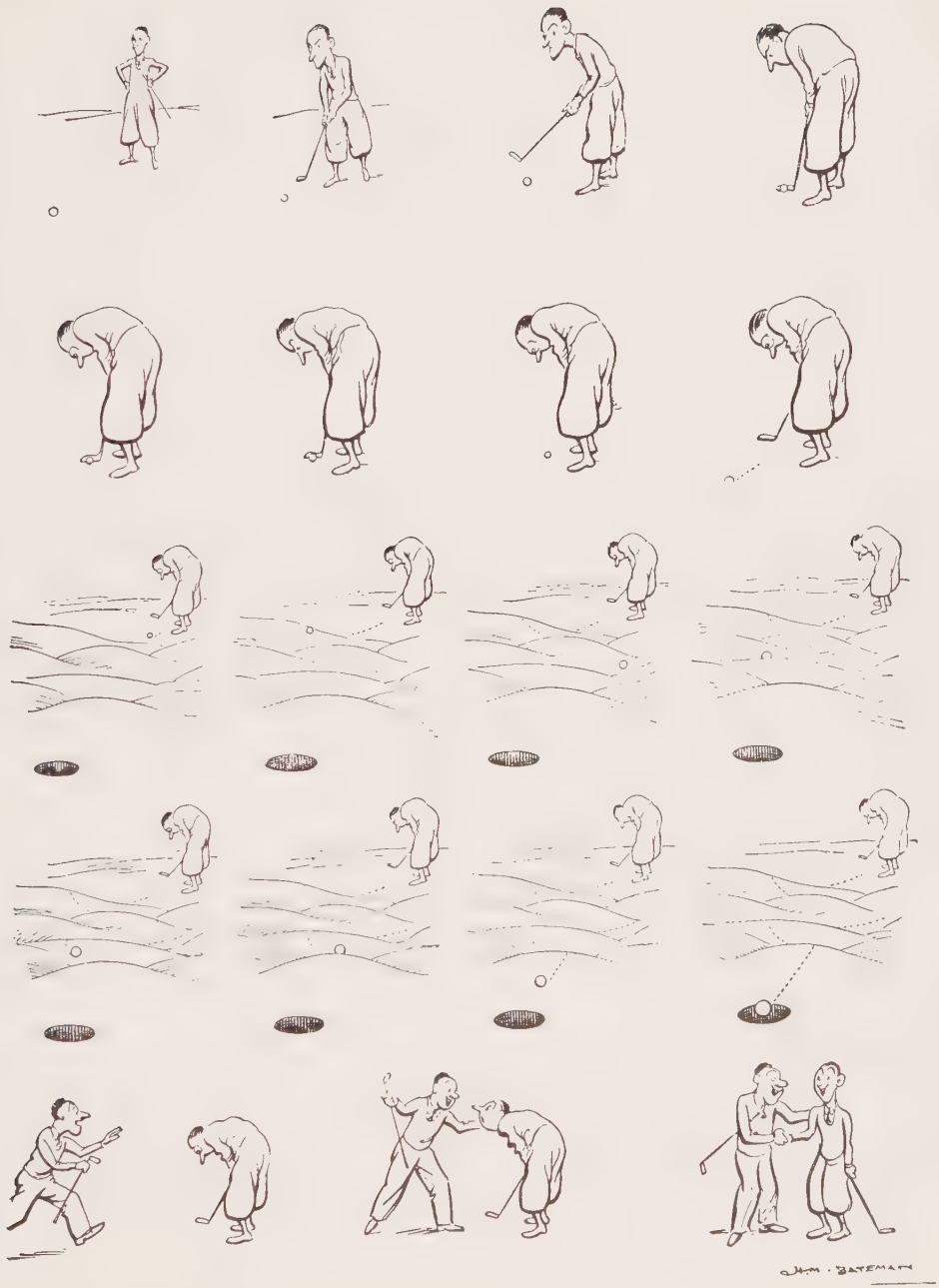
True American hospitality

H. M. Bateman was a keen sportsman from an early age. He played cricket and football, and boxed with professionals in spite of a tendency to nose-bleed. He learnt to roller-skate. When tap-dancing became a craze, he had to take it up, driving his parents nearly mad with the noise, and being a perfectionist was never content with half measures. Later in life he became a keen golfer and an even keener angler. Much of the enjoyment of his sporting drawings is the pleasure in finding how exactly he conveys not only the actions of sportsmen, but the ethos of each game.

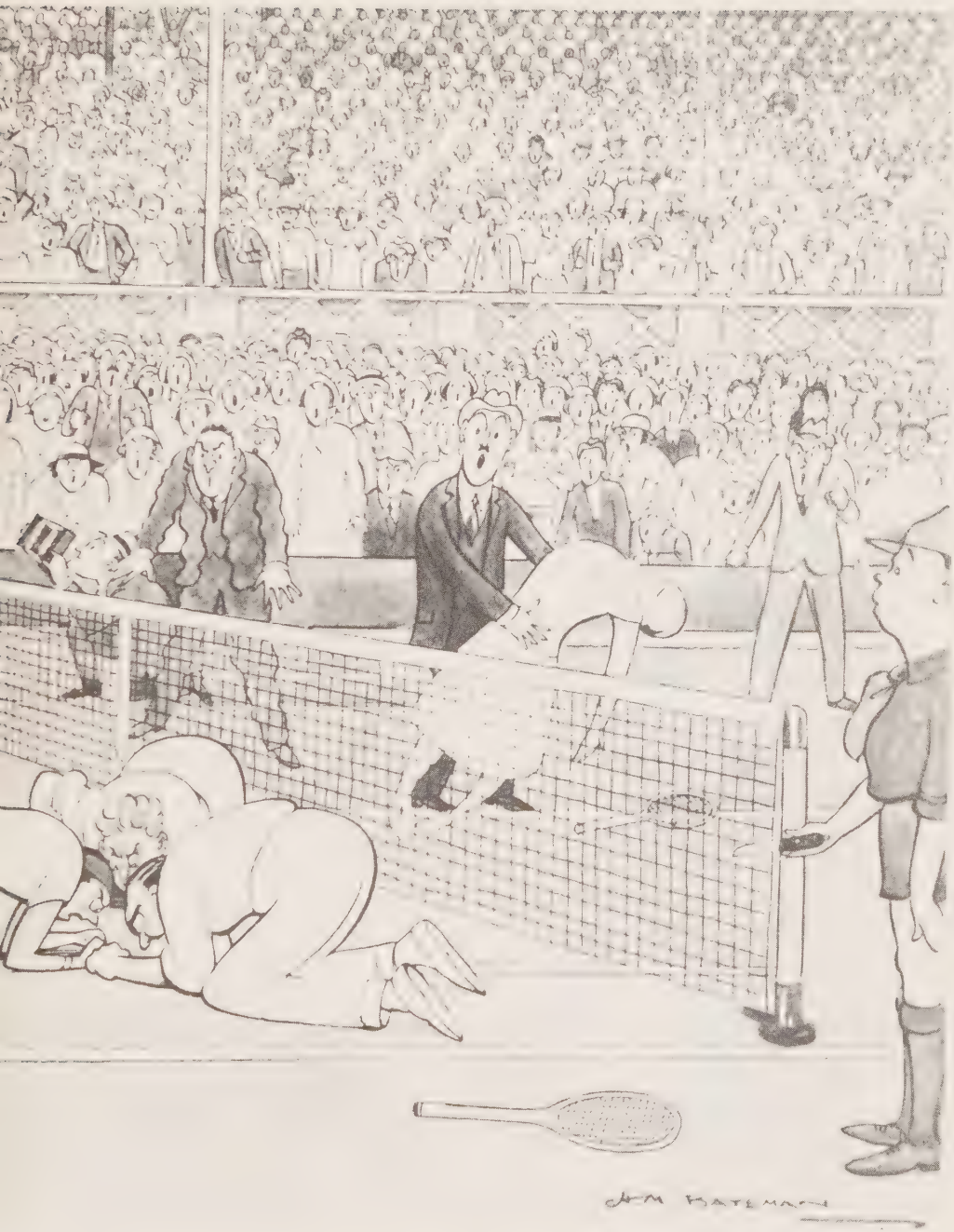
The man who missed the ball at St. Andrews

JAS. M. BATEMAN

Concentration


JHM · BATEMAN

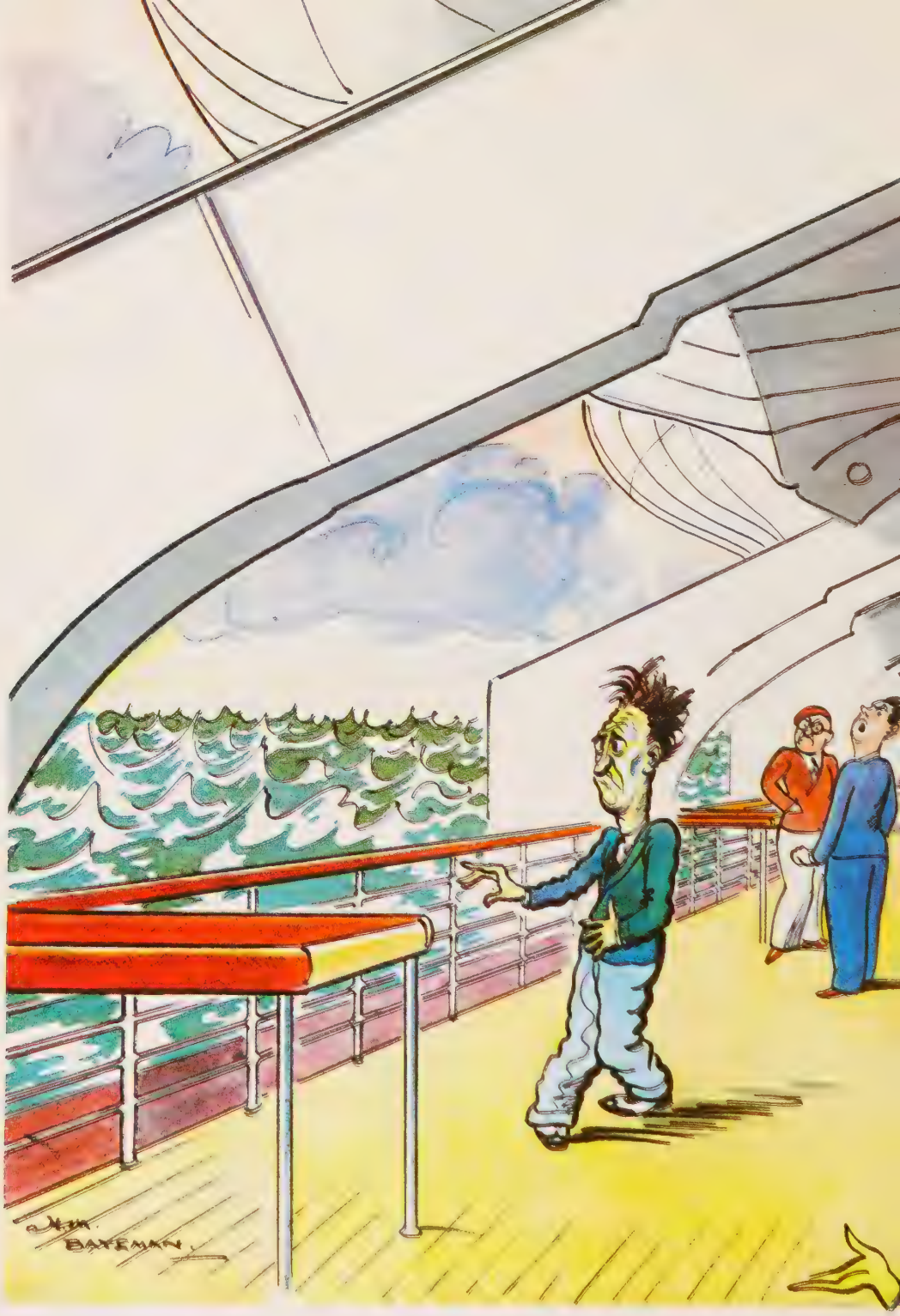
The dandelion in the grass at Wimbledon


JOHN HATELMAN

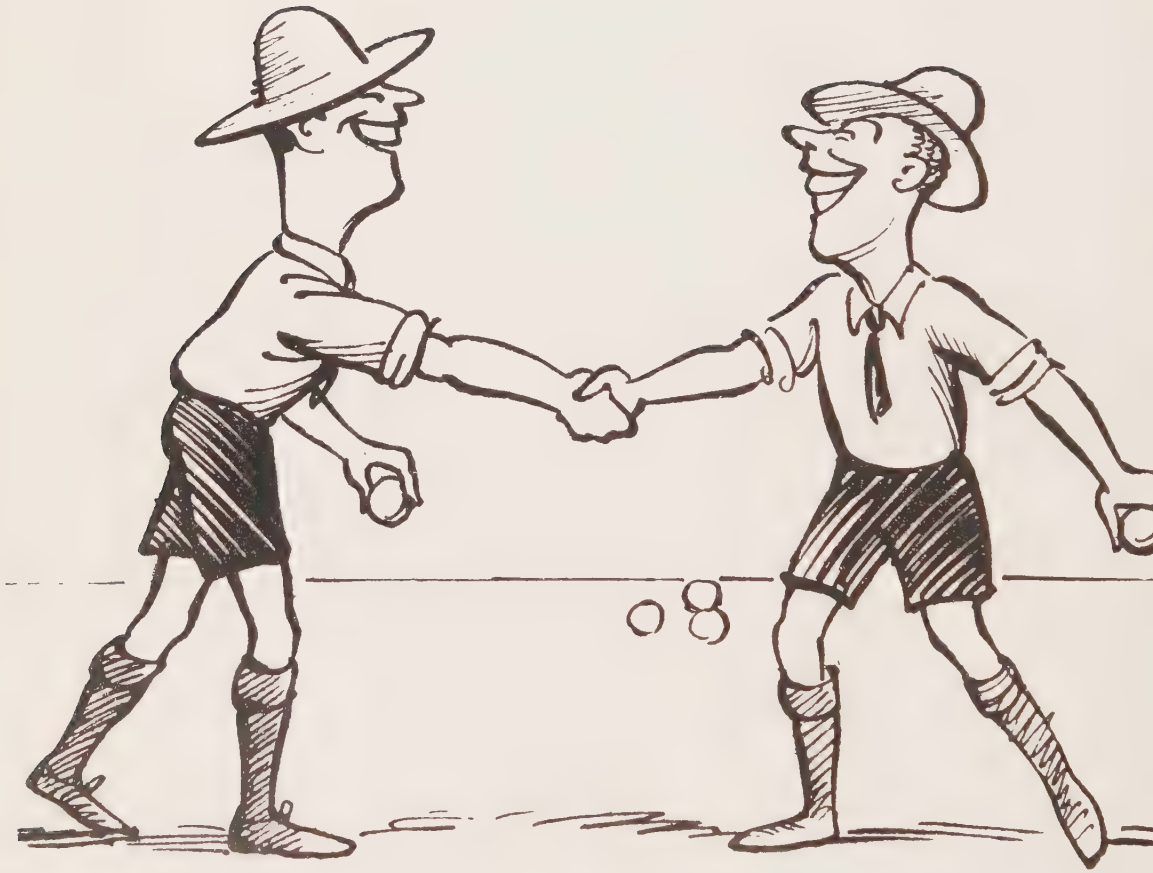
A few contributors to the success of tennis who might well appear in the illustrated press

The groundsmen

The umpires

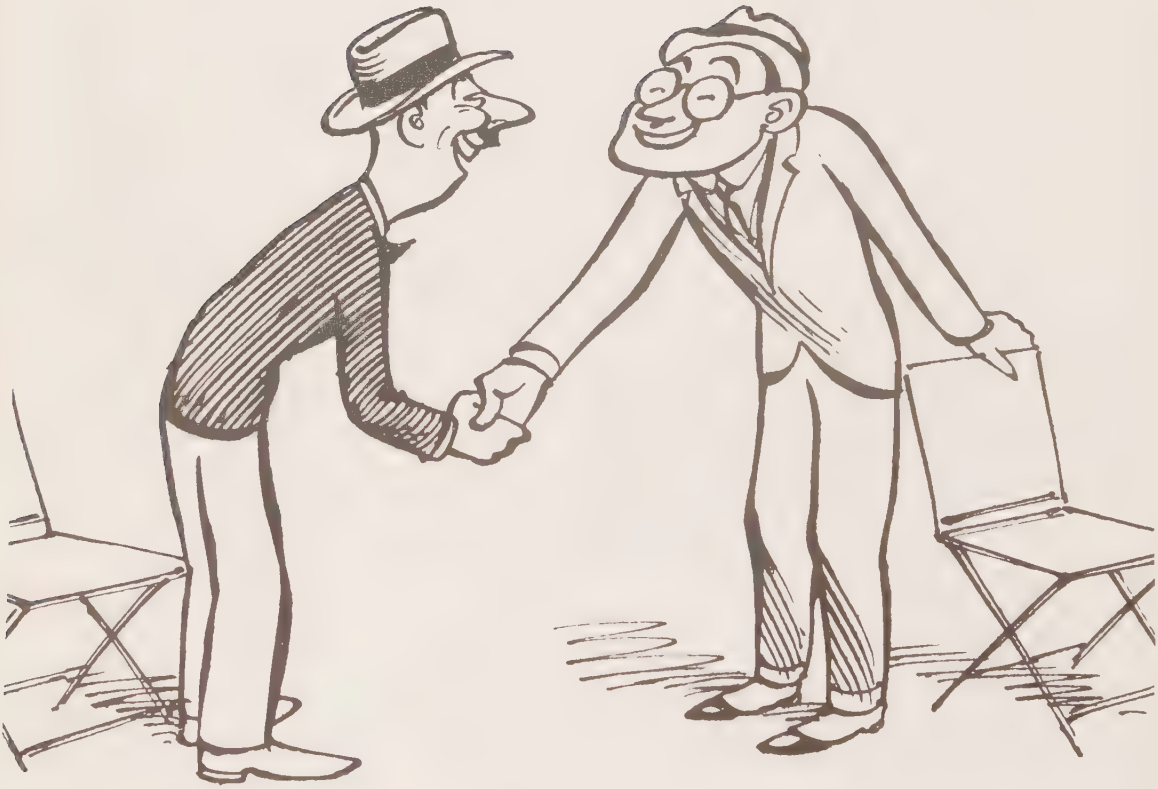


The man who dared to feel sea-sick on the Queen Mary



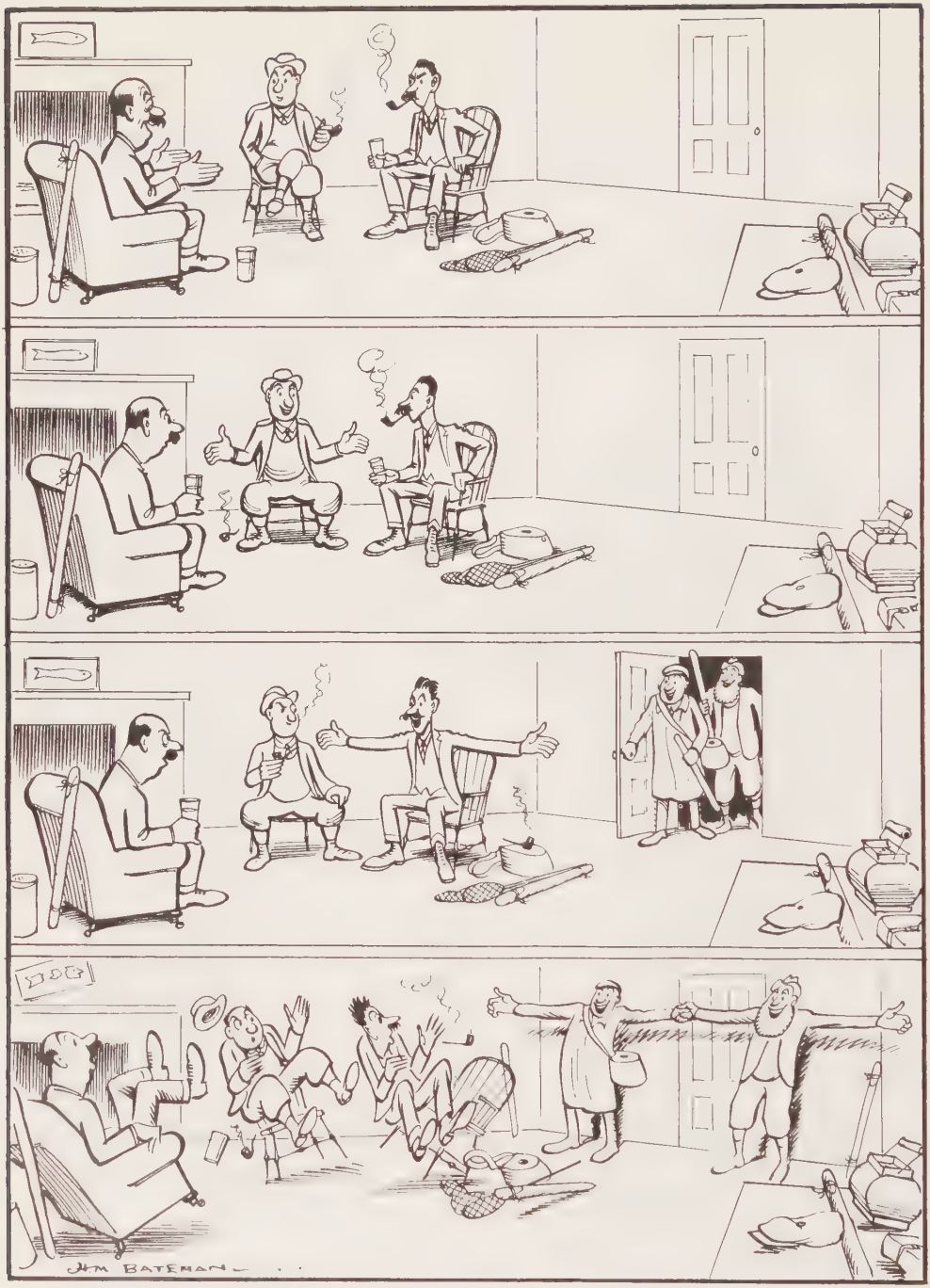
The ball boys

The photographers



The linesmen

The keepers of the peace



Fishing stories

All for a fly

The cad who threw a snowball at St. Moritz

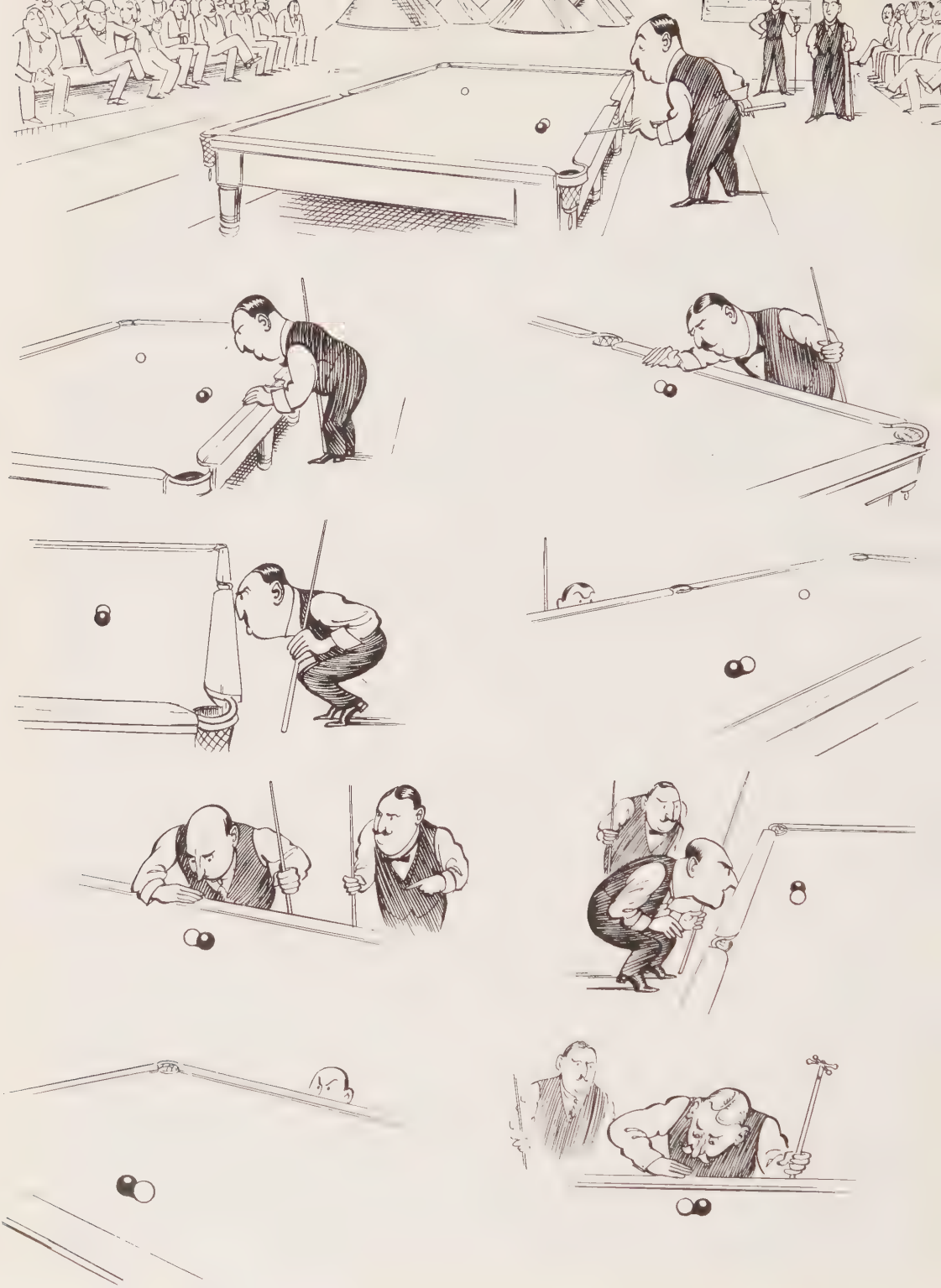

H. M.
BATEMAN

The man who was improperly dressed at the Lido


JIM. BATEMAN.

Guardsmen going for a swim


H. BATEMAN.



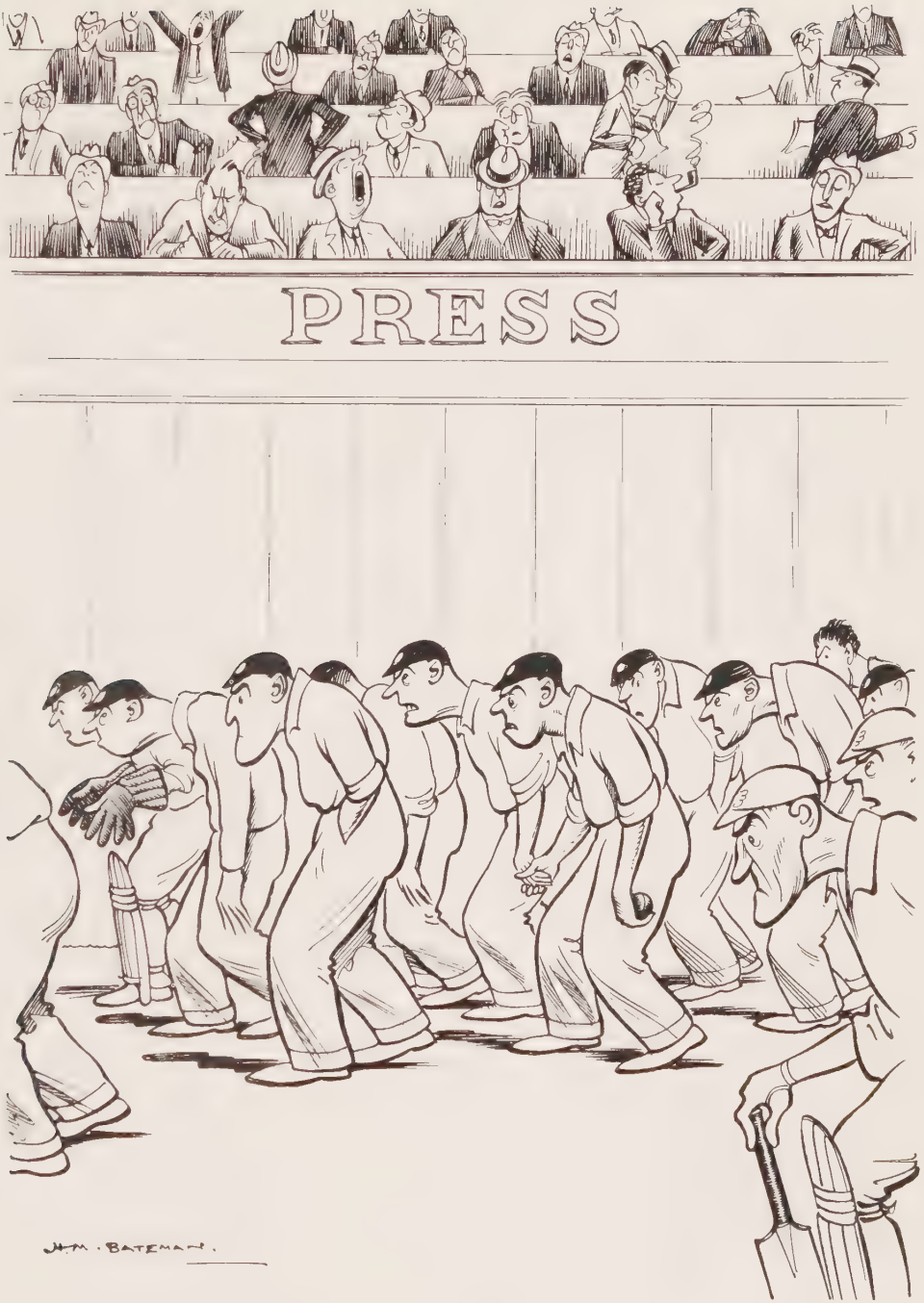
Were they touching?


H.M. BATEMAN.

The man who really broke the bank at Monte Carlo

The dog that caught it

Consultation of eminent specialists upon Hobbs, who failed to make a century



The cricket match that did not produce a record

A wasted effort

40s 50s 60s

CALENDAR

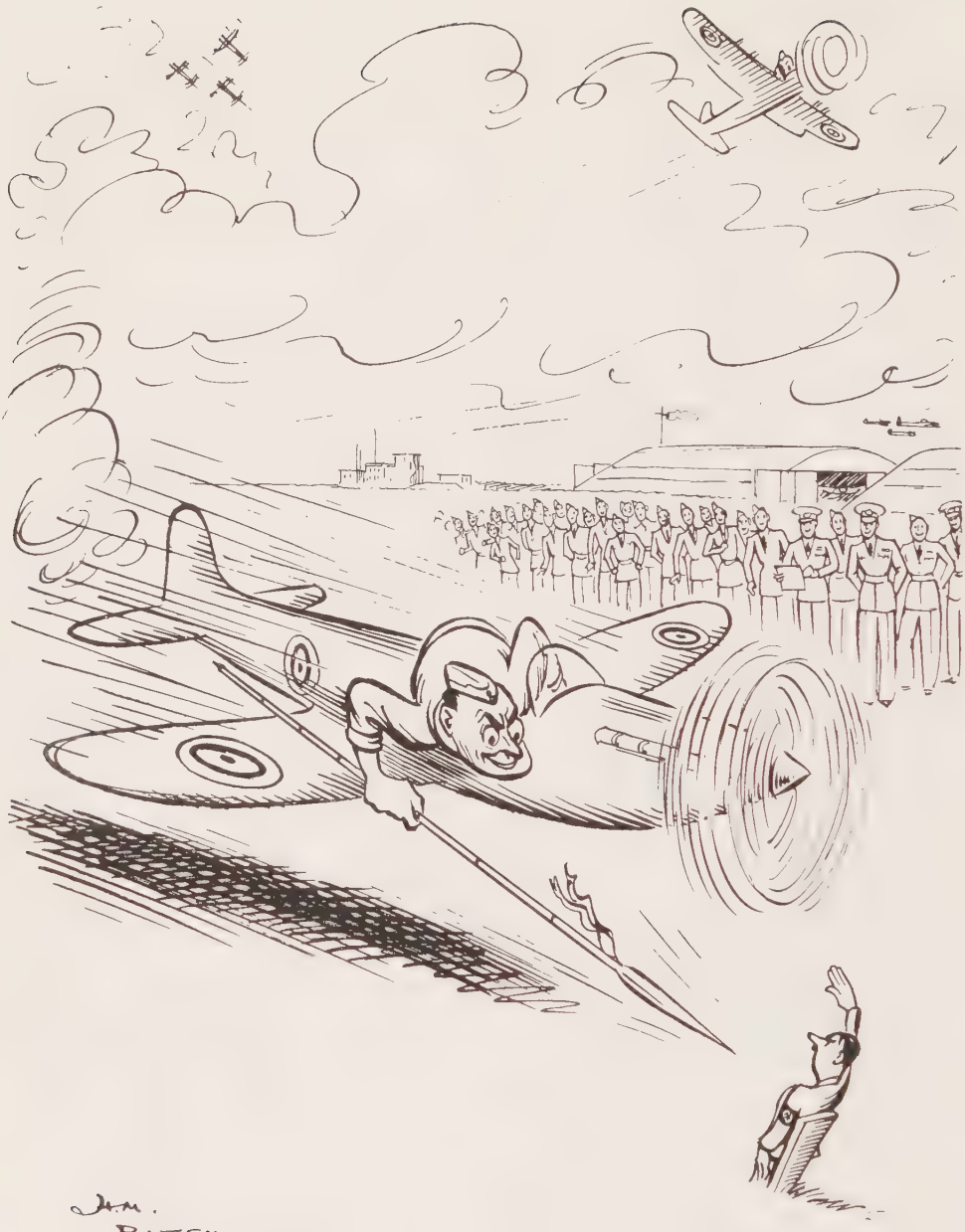
1940	Winston Churchill became British PM
	First air raids on London: Coventry flattened
1941	Pearl Harbour: USA declared war on Japan
	US started lease-lend with Britain
1942	Siege of Stalingrad
	Montgomery won El Alamein to turn tide of war
1943	Italy surrendered
1944	Normandy landings; Arnhem
	First flying bombs on London
	War ended; Hitler's suicide
1945	USA dropped the Bomb on Hiroshima
	Harry S. Truman became President of USA
	Clement Attlee became British PM
	George Orwell wrote *Animal Farm*
	MPs voted their salaries up to £1,000 pa
1946	Nationalisation of Bank of England, Civil Aviation, coal industry
	London Airport opened
1947	Marshall Plan began
	Dead Sea Scrolls found
1948	Britain handed over India: Gandhi assassinated
	Malay terrorism started
1949	Chinese People's Republic proclaimed
1950	Clement Attlee British PM
	Korean War started
1951	Stone of Scone stolen from Westminster Abbey
1952	George VI died
	Elizabeth II succeeded
	Churchill British PM
1953	Armistice signed in Korea
1954	Roger Bannister ran mile in 3 mins 58 secs
1955	Sir Anthony Eden British PM
	First atomic powered submarine, *Nautilus*, sea trials
	Donald Campbell water speed record 202.32 mph
1956	The Suez affair
	Cyprus violence flared
	Jim Laker took 19 wickets in Test match
1957	Harold Macmillan British PM
	Ernie: premium bonds started
1958	De Gaulle PM of the new Fifth Republic
1959	Castro's revolution in Cuba
	The mini-car invented by Issigonis
	1st Calais-Dover hovercraft crossing
1960	War in the Congo
	America's U2 pilot Powers tried in Moscow
1961	J. F. Kennedy president USA
	Gagarin circled earth in manned satellite
	Adolf Eichmann tried in Israel
1962	Coventry Cathedral consecrated
1963	Harold Wilson British PM
	Beatles sang *She Loves You*
1964	President Kennedy assassinated
1965	Sir Winston Churchill died
	Vietnam war began
1966	England won World Cup at football
1967	Flower people bloomed; hippies happened
1968	Robert Kennedy assassinated
	Russia invaded Czechoslovakia

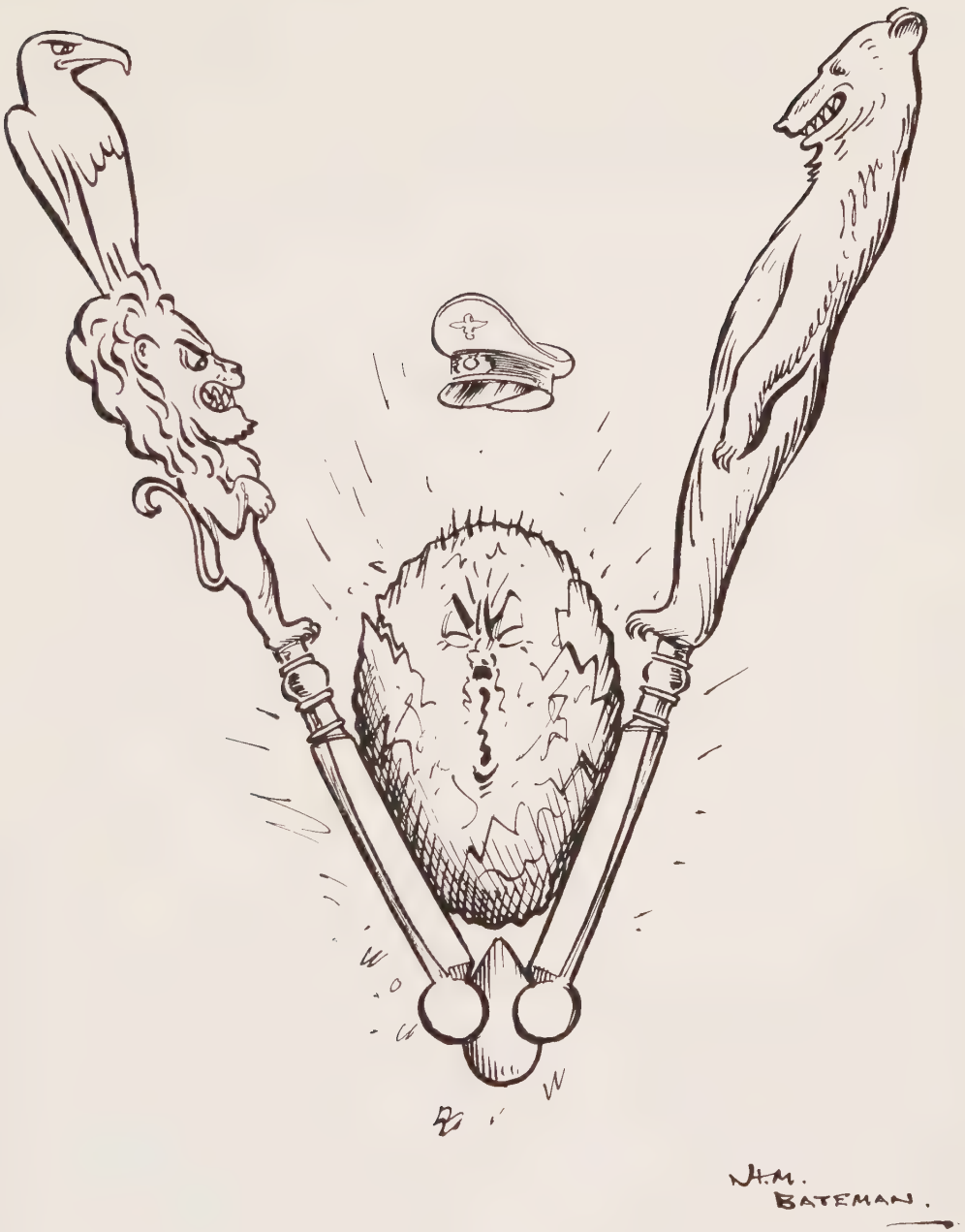
Land girls

Gas mask on the farm
One of the farm visitors declares it is simply splendid how the authorities have foreseen everything and provided protection.

The guest who brought his own darts

Lieutenant Colonel X (retired) having organised a "V for Victory" squad insists upon correct deportment before leading his men into action


JAM.
BATEMAN.

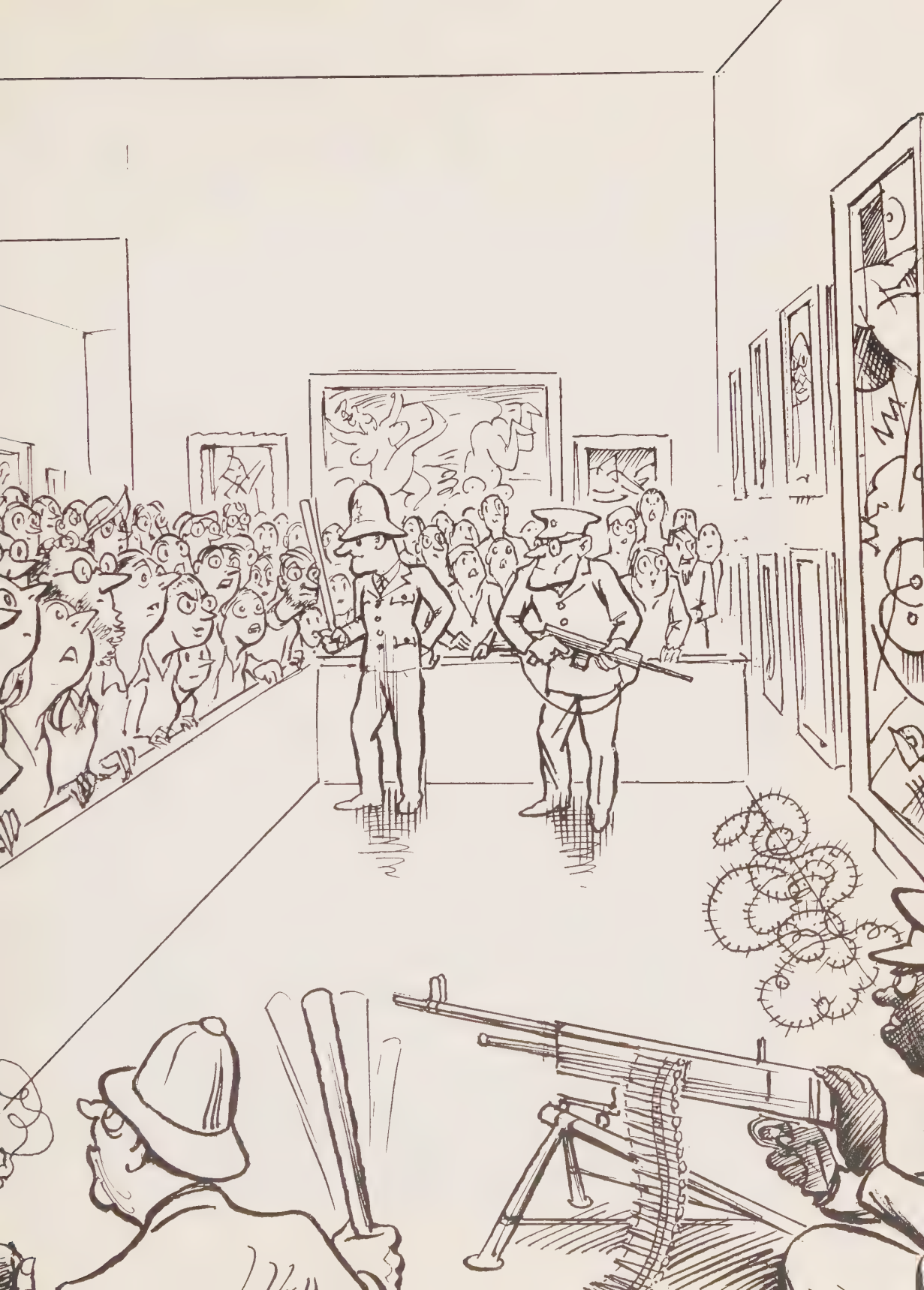


Design for nutcracker

"These two fellers are just feeling very comfortable, as they might after a good meal, and they are feeling nostalgic, remembering some of the good times they've had. I smoke most when I'm working; if I want to concentrate on a tricky bit, I light a pipe. It just happens to suit me. I smoke two ounces in ten days. When I was 35 I smoked an ounce a day, but I'm not strong enough to smoke that now, Drug-taking is debilitating, it depends on your philosophy, do you want a short life and a good one."

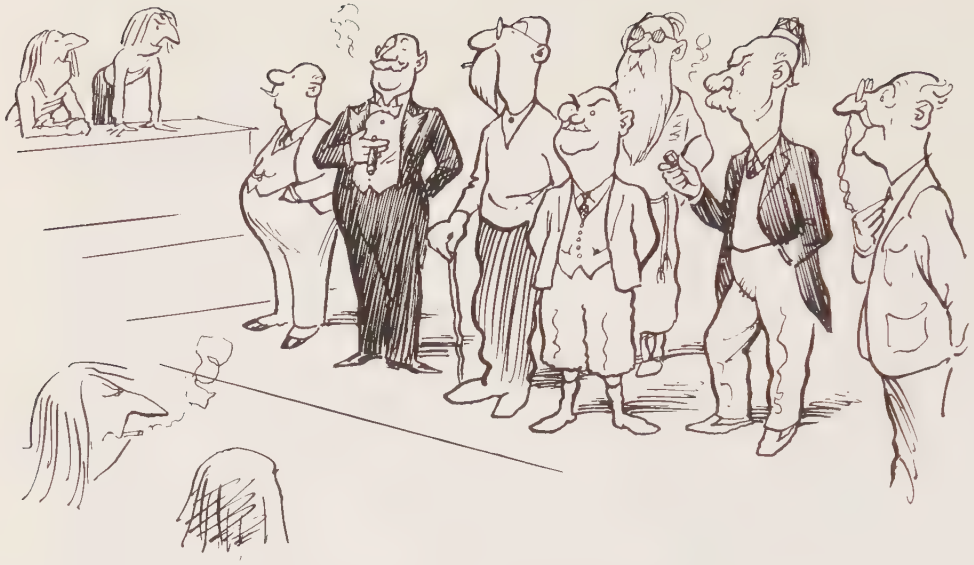

H.M. BATEMAN.

Hm . . . very old hat



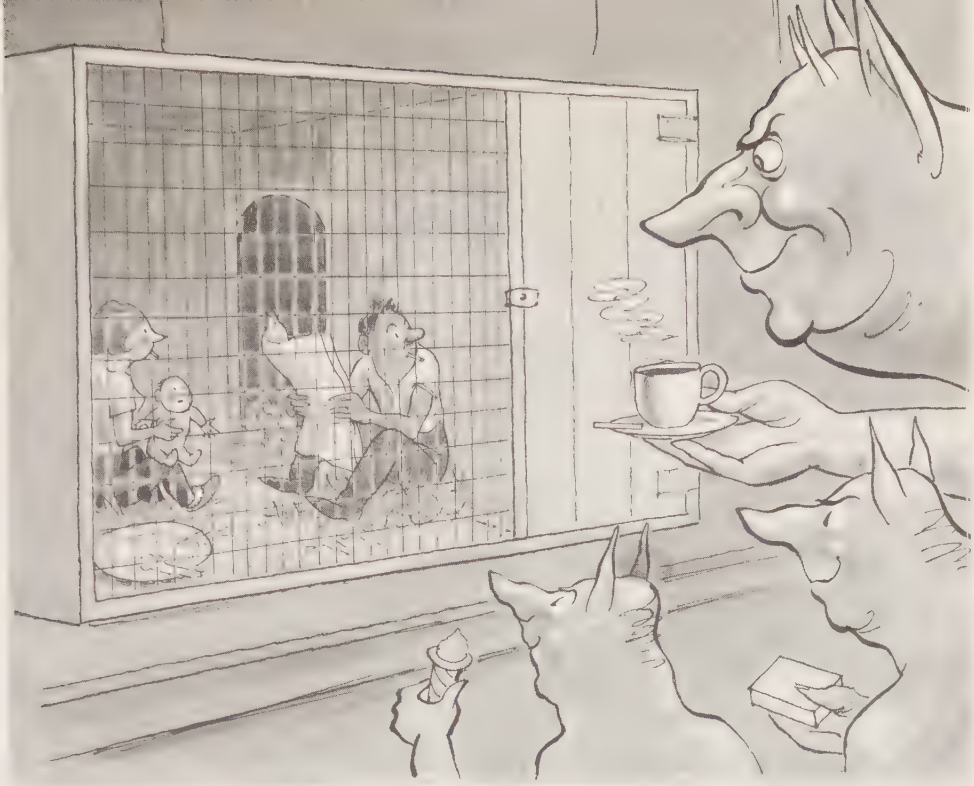
The minister who disclosed the estimate had been exceeded


H.M. BATEMAN.



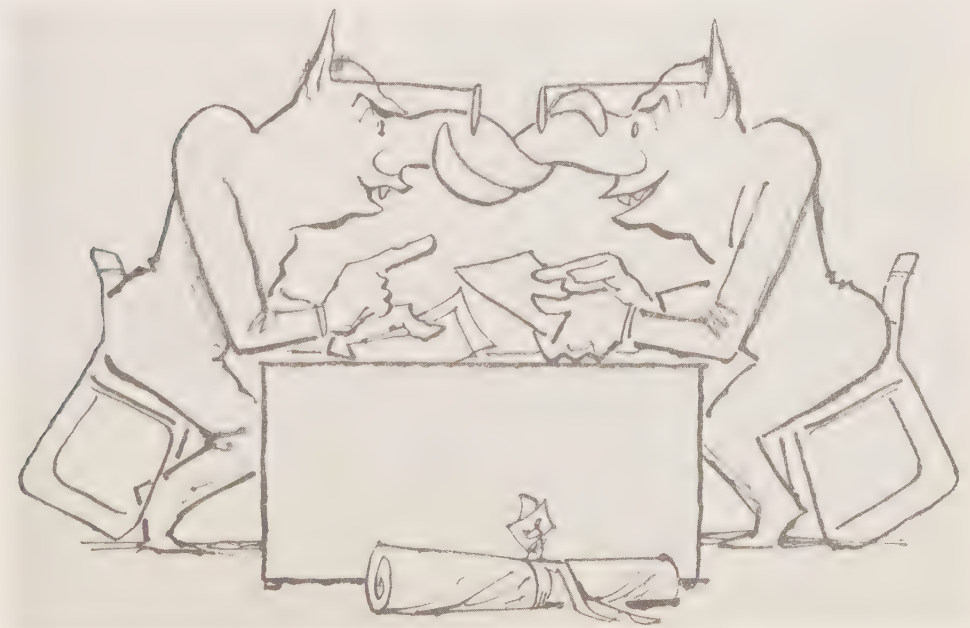
A few contestants in the Worlds Champion Square Competition

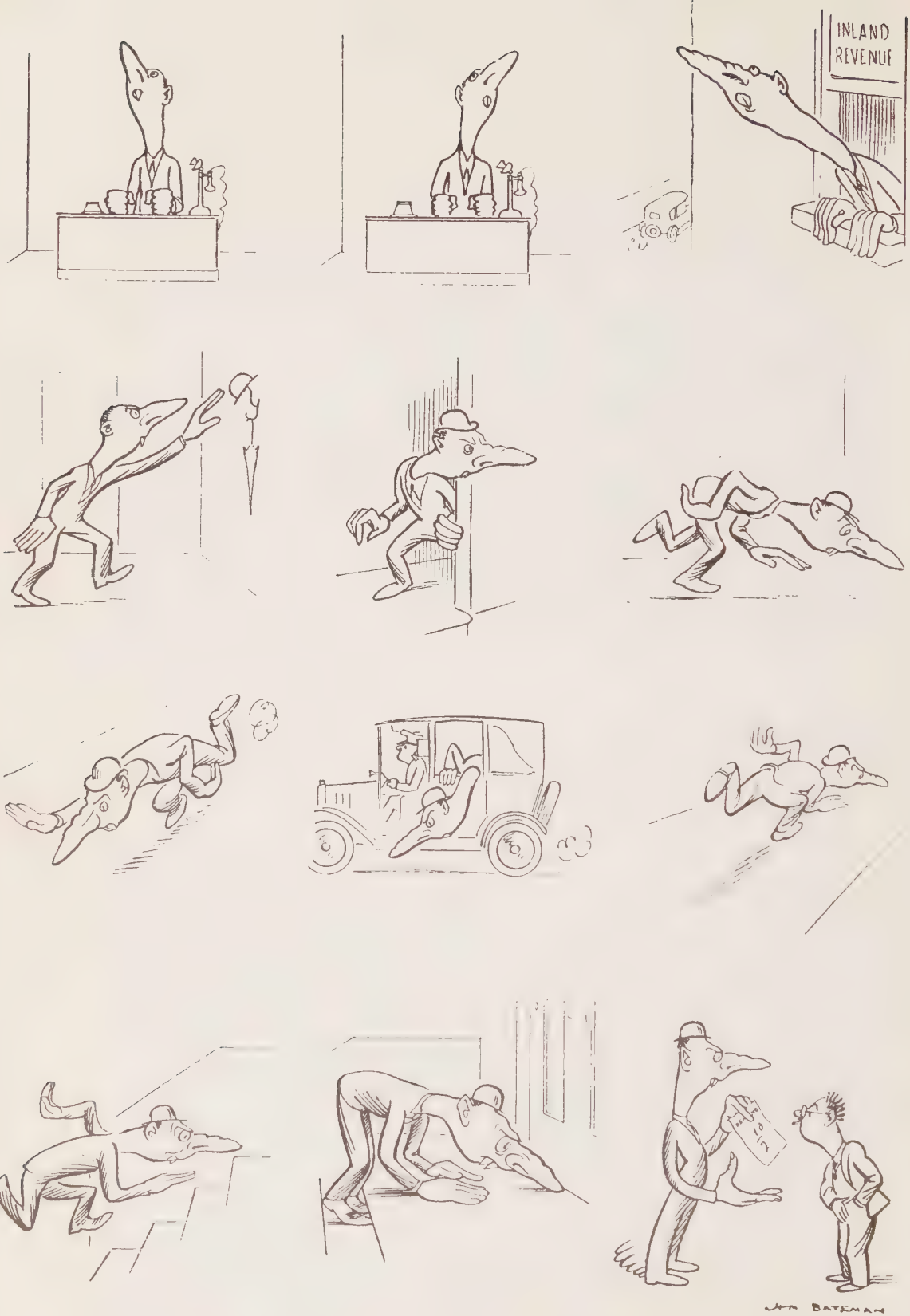
The Square's Progress



Planners locked in conference

"Don't you often feel a bit caged? I have known the feeling that I'm fenced in, bound hand and foot, and I've had to do things that go against the grain. If you live long enough, you come out of it, you develop a philosophy and you wonder what it was all for. Artists are lucky, they can lose themselves in their work. Don't you feel life is very tense now? There's no freedom. You can't do anything without a licence."





An income tax official tracking a halfpenny

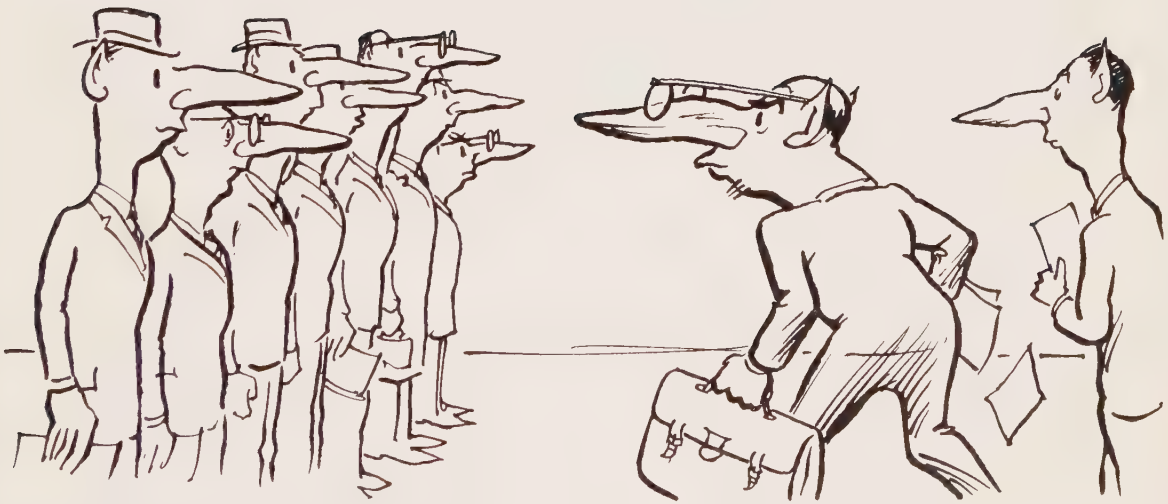
The nest egg

The tax collector who said "please"


IR

"I think it's disgraceful the way the State robs people who have put their money away in savings. I know people who have had a very difficult time with the tax-men. You know, tax-men are not quite like other people. I actually saw an official dribbling at the mouth, at the thought that he could do exactly what he wanted with a person. It's terrible."

Two tactile taxmen titillating



Inspector of inspectors

The income tax official in Hades

To Michael Bateman
from
H.M. BATEMAN.

1964

Comic work usually belongs to its own era, but H. M. Bateman is something of an exception. His drawings without words, the step by step unfolding of a comic situation, exactly match early Chaplin films. With great craftsmanship and attention to detail (acting out himself the sneers, grimaces and thunderstruck attitudes of his famous "types") he has collected a historic gallery of characters belonging to the first half of this century, giving valuable source material for social historians. He was an encyclopaedic reporter of the manners and morals of his time, the first cartoonist to bring simplicity of line to English comic drawing and the best loved of all British humorous artists. This book shows for the first time the span of his working life.

One picture may be worth a thousand words, but an H. M. Bateman cartoon described a generation more helpfully than a thousand books. This is a collection which makes a commentary on a mad, glad, superficial time when values ill-fitted society for the sudden jolt of the second world war. One may mock it, but it was a society prepared—and even eager—to mock itself. In H. M. Bateman it found the perfect instrument.

Michael Bateman (no relation), who has compiled and edited this collection and written the profile of H. M. Bateman which introduces it, writes for the *Sunday Times*. He is the author of a book on contemporary cartoonists, *Funny Way To Make A Living*. He is married to Jane Deverson who writes on children and psychology. They live in Putney with their two young sons, Daniel and Paul.

SBN 356 02830 5

The picture shows The man who rang the bell in a teashop


RISSOLES.