

1916 Charlie Chaplin – Chow tracks down silent movie icon in New York City



CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S VIEWS ON
PSYCHOLOGY OF GROTESQUE



In my ongoing quest for that elusive photograph of Charlie Chaplin with a chow, I ran into this funny little article circa 1916 with a great illustration of Chaplin being "hunted down" by a chow dog while visiting New York. There wasn't a soul who didn't know who Charlie Chaplin was so hiding in the Big Apple from the paparazzi was not an easy task when you had a chow on the trail.



Closeup of the Chow illustration

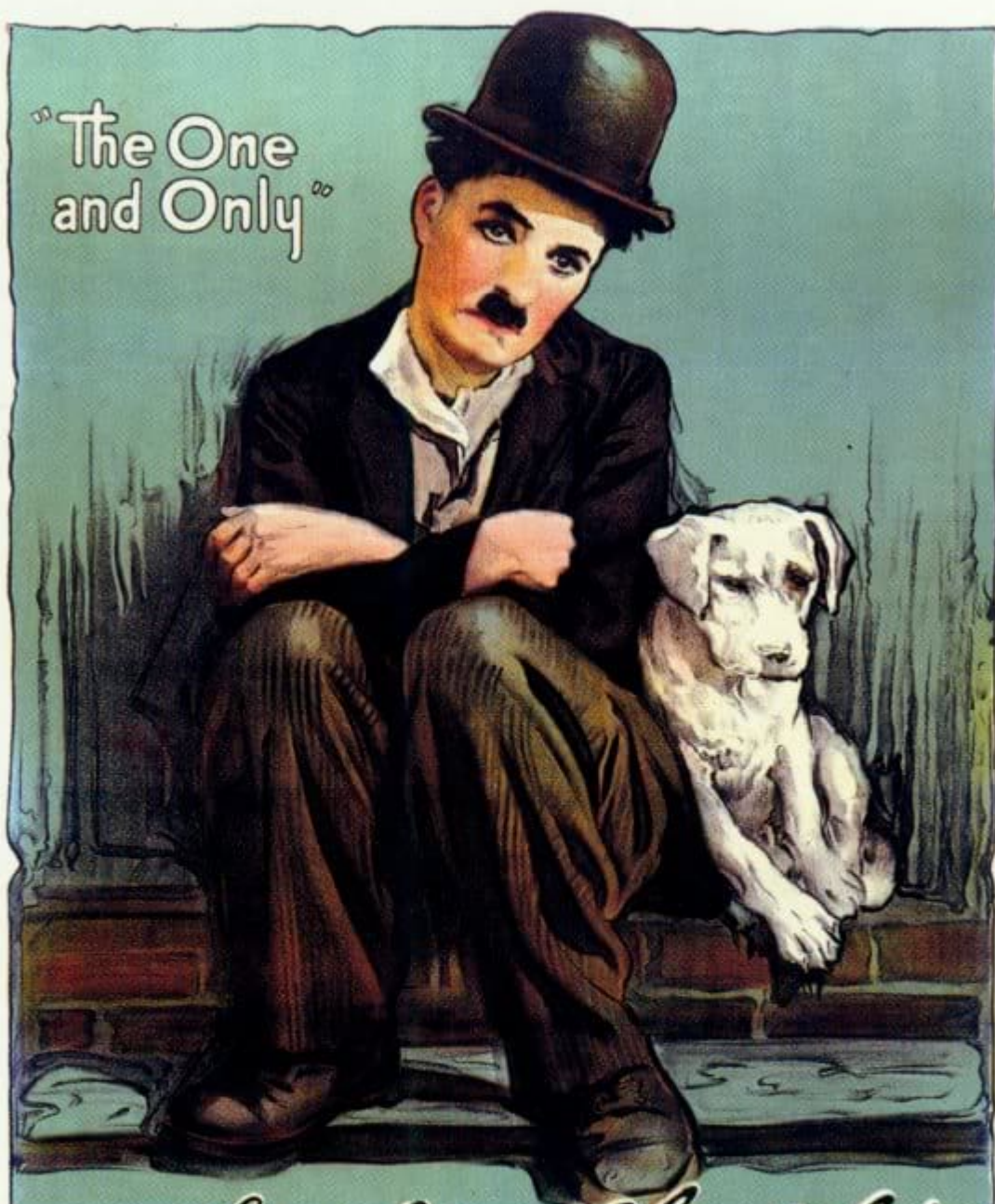
A handful of book mentions (including *The Book of the Chow* by Samuel Draper) have been made as to Chaplin having a chow but no photos have been published that I know of. In fact other writings I have found say that Chaplin preferred cats to dogs. Since the chow is the most cat like dog breed , one could certainly see the attraction.

If any of my readers have access to a photo of Charlie Chaplin and a chow or other writings pointing to his owning one, I would be eternally grateful for any leads. EMAIL: studio@sandramiller.com

Movie Star Has Queer Views on Fun

"THAT amazing little comedian Charlie Chaplin came among us last week to see New York for the first time since he became famous," says a New York writer. "Yes, he is so well known—on the motion picture films—that some of the newspapers in Turkey, it is said, have taken to using the grotesque Chaplin figure to represent the U. S. A. in their cartoons instead of Uncle Sam. In this country thousands of infants can lisp 'Wanna see Charlie Chaplin' before they can speak their own names of those of their fathers.

"The One
and Only"



Charlie Chaplin
His Signature

In his First Million Dollar Picture

"A DOG'S LIFE"

A "First National"



Attraction



"Having thus briefly proved and established—registered, as they say in the 'movies'—that Mr. Chaplin's pictures are familiar to all, it is now all right to go ahead and tell a little something about young Mr. Chaplin himself, himself being totally different, without any flickering mustache at all, and about the exciting search for him enjoyed by the reporter and the artist and their bloodhound. For the 'movie' comedian was in town several days practically without having been recognized by anybody.

"You see, it was like this. Charlie eased himself out of Los Angeles and came east in disguise. He heard that almost all the money of Europe was in New York now, so it looked worth while for a new contract. To disguise was just to slip off his acting guise. It was hard for the first day or two. In the sleeper he had to make himself a sort of berth control, with straps, so he wouldn't flap one of those flappy feet out in the aisle when any one passed in the night. He threw away his cane at Chicago because he feared it would reveal him. His brother, Sydney Chaplin, had been east in advance, beginning to dicker with the powers of the 'movie' world regarding that new contract. Sydney is the business manager for both besides being a film comedian himself.

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"Sydney clasped his brother fondly about the neck on his arrival at the hotel, drew him gently into the elevator and never let loose until he had him locked in an apartment adjoining his own. There lay our hero 'under cover' in the daytime, and when night smoothed her tinsel skirts down over Broadway he came out for a little recreation. The day was passed in business conferences. Later Charlie was hidden in a hut on the Palisades.

"Having heard Charlie Chaplin was in town, and believing the millions who have seen him often behind the mask of theatrical makeup would like to have a newspaper glimpse of him as he really is, the artist and reporter started out upon his trail.

"The ideal hound for such work have been the reporter's pet Pekingese, because Chaplin in the films walks much as does a Pekingese, especially in the way he uses his feet. Instead we had to take along a Chow like a doormat. He should have had 'Welcome!' printed on him, but if you tried to wipe a foot on him he'd bite it right off. The brute, the property of an aunt of the artist, had such a sharp nose we were afraid it would poke through the film when we shoved his face up against it in the Savoy theater so he could get Charlie's scent.



Both of these photos show Charlie Chaplin out of costume ,
minus the iconic moustache. Not so easy to find in a crowd

"So they started doggie in front of a Chaplin poster in the lobby, and, sure enough, Charlie had been standing there looking at himself. Off went the Chow, lickety-brindle, in full cry, and from the way he took the corners, like a skidding hook and ladder truck, we knew he was on the Chaplin scent. It led to the Knickerbocker hotel, to Rector's, to the Hippodrome and then to the Astor and out again. The Chow lost it in the boardwalk because he got his nose full of slivers.

ON SCENT AGAIN.

"It was nearly midnight," says the writer, "after we had pounded the sidewalks for hours, that the Chow finally set up a terrible howl in front of the New Amsterdam theater. So we took the elevator up to Ziegfeld's 'Midnight Frolic,' and there, sure enough, was Charlie Chaplin, seated at a table by the dancing floor. And whom was he with but Winnie Sheehan and Joseph Schenck, of the Loew general staff, and Brother Sydney, so it looked as if the golden beans were to be spilled on that new contract, but they were not.

"It was the first time he had been in New York in three years."



1920s Child actor Jackie Coogan and Chow "Sing Song"

The closest I have come to a Chaplin "chow find" so far has been his co star JACKIE COOGAN pictured with chow "Sing Song"