

I was born in East Street Walworth Road in 1889, the number of the house I do not know. My mother's maiden name was Hannah Harriet Pedlingham Hill and my father's name was Charles Spencer Chaplin. His side of the family were from Ipswich of the journeyman class. The earliest memory of my childhood was looking into a hostile, large panicked face of a young nanny housemaid in a blue print, pillow slip dress. I was picked up and shaken with an awareness of her as she stood alone in the hall landing by the stairs. I evidently had been crying because my mother had gone out and left me—something she seldom did. The girl's face and the dismal hallway seem for a moment sinister.

The things I could do for mother dear.

Kaleidoscopic emotional impressions that objects made upon me, have lingered with me all through life. I can give no reason why they have made such an indelible impression. Perhaps it's a spirit of nostalgia or an esthetic abstractism.

In looking back over the years, nostalgic childhood emotions re-occur to me. The joy, etc.

Object of nostalgia that fascinated me and have left an indelible impression.

came to [xxx] then periods of gloomy churches and cold gloomy people were cultivated. This was all very confusing at the moment, but it was soon forgotten and accepted. Somehow I felt that mother had mismanaged our affairs then came periods of want.

West square

Swallowing a halfpenny.

Syd and the policeman

Many tears for my mother

Much agitation about legal matters which I was [xxx] and confusing. Again more nice friends and nice houses were frequented they [xxx] of lonely and churches came into our lives.

And entertain 4

Soldiers going off to the Boer War, age 5 or 4

I discover I have a world of my own, my own horses and pounds. 4

My sentiment grows with a chair. 5

I weep for the beggar maid who loved the prince. Possibly the cause of my own inferiority. 5

The enigma of the House of Commons. 6

Money and Economics. My [xxx] at 6.

Planting pennies in the garden in order that they would grow and multiply. Everything grew out of the ground, why not money. 6

Secretly planting money in the ground and watering it. 5  
This would solve our poverty.

Pride in my mother's beauty at 8. She shows up at school with an oil can. My humiliation.

Africa and French pastry. 12

My bourgeois life between 10 and 12. Dreams of impressing my cousin.

My first hero was Backer Pronut [?]. He was nice looking.

Okeden [?] Stout

Misery and want. Grandfather and the eggs. Father makes a call. Mother tells me about Christ. My first spiritual awakening. I want to die that night so that I can meet Christ.

Packed off to the poorhouse. Separated from mother. She goes to the women's ward and we go to the children's ward. I become a pet of the old inmate who calls me his trouper. Weekly visits to mother. My first humiliation, seeing her dressed in poor house garb. Joy and tears.

[Notes]

Dignity in work.

Grandfather and the peace when he worked making a pair of shoes. The peace and dignity of his expression.

Mother talking about father's gestures. How mad he would get when she criticized him.

He never knew how to dress.

Undoubtedly the greatest influence of my life was my mother. It was her humor, her sense of proportion, her dramatic sense. Never was she showing emersion in any ideas. She stood outside of everything, proud and defiant—yet so gentle. Her humor and her spirit were her outstanding qualities.

Tears come so easily as one gets on in years. She had pride but not false pride.

[Notes]

There was little said after that and we each went our way.  
I believe I stayed behind for a few moments with Mr.  
Thalburg [?] and met some member of his family.

Father-Mother-Gramma. Result of meeting with Armstrong.

Only a child can feel  
The magic that emanates from sorrow,  
Only a child can feel

The magic that enumerates from sadness  
Only a child can feel  
Are we [xxx] of environment? All through my youth I would  
declare that I would never become old-fashioned, that I  
would always keep up with the times. In fact I never  
believe that [xxx] thought and felt differently than  
another yet I suppose [xxx] the course and effect [xxx]  
activate our emotions differently. The [xxx] continually  
acted upon and sense of values and the aspects of life and  
death effect our emotions in a different way. The whole  
tone of his laughter was [xxx] and objective and self-  
conscious.



sent to a school  
mother sent to the lunatic asylum

at school I learn to write my own name. I am fascinated.

I make the acquaintance of another hero, Jim Corbet and Nap.

The birth of my imagination. I enact the role of Nap in the playground.

I feel the first urge to express myself, a feeling of dissatisfaction, the hurt of being inarticulate, the compromise. Mother writes she is well again. "With all thy dirt I love the still."

[York Road]

Emotional climax

York Road

[xxx]. Looking at the printed theatre designs

Bitten by a dog, saved drowning by a dog. Cut glass and long necked bottles. Mother's tears. Mother's presents and little surprises each morning on waking up. The emotion, the loss of mother's voice. Vegetarian period. Sydney's letters to mother [xxx]

She writes back to Sydney from Aldershot. Sydney's bit of luck finding a purse. The family establishment. Our new white suits. More tears and legal entanglements.

Syd and Charlie steal some books.

Charlie dances, Syd collects.

into a modest comfortable situation. Jackson is reading the paper while his wife is getting the table ready for dinner.

Wife—I see where that fellow you arrested wasn't [xxx] and they sent him to the hospital.

Jackson—Yes, and they should keep him there or put him in a home. The old chap's destitute.

Every theatre had a saloon bar either in the orchestra stall near the stage or on the right-hand side and every vaudeville star after his performance

me at 11

In the Guardian days

Every theatre had a bar usually a very ornate place with chiseled mirrors and cut glass and all the furnishings highly polished and it was the custom that the star acts after

After their performances would go round to the bar and drink with the customers.

It was said that the proprietor of the theatre would make more money from the bar than from the theatre. So it was very important that a star act spend much of his time at the bar. It was a part of the contract to cooperate in every way to make a success of their engagement. Very often an act got more than he was worth, only because he was a good drinker and spent most of his salary at the bar. And, of course, draws many drinkers to the theatre, especially if

he was a good success. An actor who was not a drinker

It was noted if a performer never came around to the bar, even a headliner, he would not be booked again, unless, of course, he was a big drawing card.

There were sporadic jobs nursing. But they lasted only a week. [xxx] and she could not keep away from her children too long. Someone suggested that she should put us in a home of some sort. She was indignant.

These tokens left on the table were indicative of our financial status.

There were many times we woke up and found nothing on the table.

It was on those days that mother sent Syd to the pawn shop with something.