

Verse by      \*      Decorations by  
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## CONVERTED

**W**E used to sneer at movies; they were vulgar  
To our aesthetic, cultured sort of mind;  
Amusement for the lowbrows or people who had no brows  
And passions of an ordinary kind.  
But now we must admit we are converted;  
You'll find us at the pictures rain or shine.  
No matter what the features, we're just the sort of  
creatures  
Who stand in line from seven until nine.

A friend of ours once said that he liked Chaplin.  
"O tush!" we said to him, and likewise, "Pooh!  
You mean to tell us that you are honestly infatu-  
ated with such entertainment, too?"  
But now our tone assumes a new crescendo—  
We'll say this Chaplin chap is more than there;  
And when he's on the program, we'll instigate a pogram  
To reach the theater gate and pay our fare.

To think we used to stand aloof from "Fatty."  
Or Roscoe, as the better class would say;  
To think we wouldn't truckle to this renowned Arbuckle—  
But those are horrid thoughts of yesterday.  
Suffice that now we're with him soul and body.  
Suffice that now we're fans, to say the least,  
And happy that the cinema is shunted by the minima  
And that our snobbish pasts are now deceased.