

The Galaxy Theater
by
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It's been a hard day in the mill, the mine or at the office. You come home and maybe the kids are screaming or the dogs are barking for attention or your sweetie is nagging you to cut the lawn. What do you do?

If you live near the Kiski Valley, I have two words: "Galaxy Theater". Go back to the future for a retro throwback that transforms you into a big kid and leaves everyone smiling. It's the ultimate movie experience - the classic American drive-in.

Here's how it works: You arrive just before sunset, not having a good day. As you pull up to pay for the tickets, you find the price somewhat agreeable, less than a regular movie theater. You are told to switch your stereo to 105.3 (no tinny speakers any more) and you hear what sounds like calliope music. Wait, can it be, it's "I'm a Believer" by the Monkees. You try to keep it from happening but a very small smile begins to work its way across your face as you remember all the words. You involuntarily tap your fingers on the steering wheel to the beat and then the words start tumbling out of your mouth. "This can't be happening," you mumble to yourself.

You back your sports utility vehicle toward the big screen, pop open the back, throw down the seats, crank up the volume and wait for action to begin. You don't wait long. The traditional pregame warm-up has already begun. Dad is throwing a football to his son. Mom is swinging baby up in the air. Thor is getting away from his owner. The smile grows a little broader across your face.

You didn't get a chance to grab anything to eat at home so you make your way to the concession stand. As you do, you are amazed that a popcorn, pretzel and pop cost you \$4.77. The lady at the register is doing this little dance thing. Your teeth now erupt through your smile. Although you aren't a dancer, you break out and do this funny shuffle step while whistling "Pleasant Valley Sunday" by the umm.. Monkees. You try to remain calm but your arms start flailing uncontrollably. You implore your body to stop because you don't want to look like a dork but it's too late. A group of kids has already gathered around you trying to imitate the funky chicken.

You return to your vehicle and your sweetie thinks you have absolutely lost it. "What on earth were you doing back there? Why do you have that big, toothy grin on your face?" she asks. You stumble around for the words to say but then you hear another familiar song, "honey, is that Last Train to Clarksville by the Monkees?" you inquire. "Why, yes, I believe it is. Wow, that takes me back a few. Where is Clarksville anyhow?" she asks. "Honey you are missing the point. It's the Monkees! They probably needed a word that sounded good and just made it up like Bugs Bunny when he was that opera singer," you respond. "What on earth are you talking about?" she laughs.

"Oh never mind dear," you say as you compose yourself. But then it happens again. You turn to your sweetie and start Monkee singing "I thought love was only true in fairy tales." She is now smiling and says "dear, please tell me you mean it and that you aren't on some sort of medication."

You regain composure and say "Hey, when is that all-night Three Stooges festival playing here?" "You aren't dragging me down here for that goofy stuff," she giggles.

The movie begins but you don't much care. You have your right arm around your favorite gal and your left petting the dog while humming Monkees' tunes. After Godzilla breaks up six city blocks, it begins to rain. You're still smiling. Above the big screen, thunder rumbles across the sky just as Godzilla pops out from the city sewer system. "Wow the thunder is great special effects, isn't it honey" you say. She gives you a big kiss. Life doesn't get any better than that. The Galaxy Theater is a sure thing.



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