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The Picture Show

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The Picture Show

-By Carl Stanislaus

They called it the Star Theater.
We just said "the picture show."
A place of fantasies and memories
With friends we used to know.

The beacon atop its neon sign
Beckoned us there on Saturday night,
Where we sat in wonder watching
The world unfold in the flashing light.

An education and admission for only a dime,
Baby Ruth candy or a Coke for just a nickel.
You and your girl could have a banquet of sorts
With a bag of popcorn and a big dill pickle.

The uniformed boy taking tickets,
The object of a school girl's dream—
Longed for the girl, always a beauty,
Who attended the popcorn machine.

Inside, I looked for the love seats;
The darkness kept me from seeing a thing.
They called them doubles for oversized people,
But my girl found seats with an arm in
between.

A great afternoon with Roy and Dale,
Gene Autry or Tarzan and Jane,
The Cisco Kid, and a very new actor
We would know one day as John Wayne.

At the continuing Saturday serial,
They killed the old Lone Ranger. Suppose
We found the very next week
It was only a bad man wearing his clothes?

Couples in too fond an embrace
And kids with their feet on the seat
Were reminded by management to
straighten up
Or find themselves put out on the street.

The movies marched on and grew
as we grew—
The technicolor and Dolby sound—
But things don't seem the same
With "Hey Cisco" and "Duke" not around.

Now whenever I need to return to the past
For memories with friends I used to know,
I just remember the Star Theater,
The place we called "the picture show." *