

# Diner's Club

## Blue Moon Cafe

By Ana Polina Gomez M.  
Capital Times Staff Writer

If you like paintings, jazz music and good food, this is the place you were waiting for. Blue Moon Cafe, located at 361 W. Market St. in York, is a French restaurant and art gallery. It has a European style, like the small, Bohemian restaurants we've all seen in European films.

Last Friday, I had dinner at Blue Moon Cafe. I was pleased to see surrealistic paintings on the wall by Dorin Hotea. Hotea is exhibiting his paintings at the restaurant through September.

A waitress with a French accent asked me what I would like to eat. I asked for crab-stuffed mushrooms, but I wasn't convinced it was the best option until I tried them. Believe me, they were delicious. My friend asked for *le steak au poivre*, a fresh-cut filet mignon steak with a black peppercorn cream sauce and vegetables. My friend liked it very much. The plates were beautifully presented as well.

Prices of appetizers at Blue Moon Cafe ranged from \$4.50 to \$7.50 and dinner prices were between \$10 and \$22. If you like your dinner with wine, the cafe features very good wines; if you prefer, you can bring your own bottle. If you just want to have drinks, the restaurant also has a very small bar section.

Good food, good service and Bohemian style define Blue Moon Cafe. I know many people think York is far away, but Blue Moon Cafe is definitely worth the drive. It is also the perfect place for a dinner date.

Keep in mind, live jazz performances are offered Friday and Saturdays nights only.

# Holy Toledo! 24 to 6

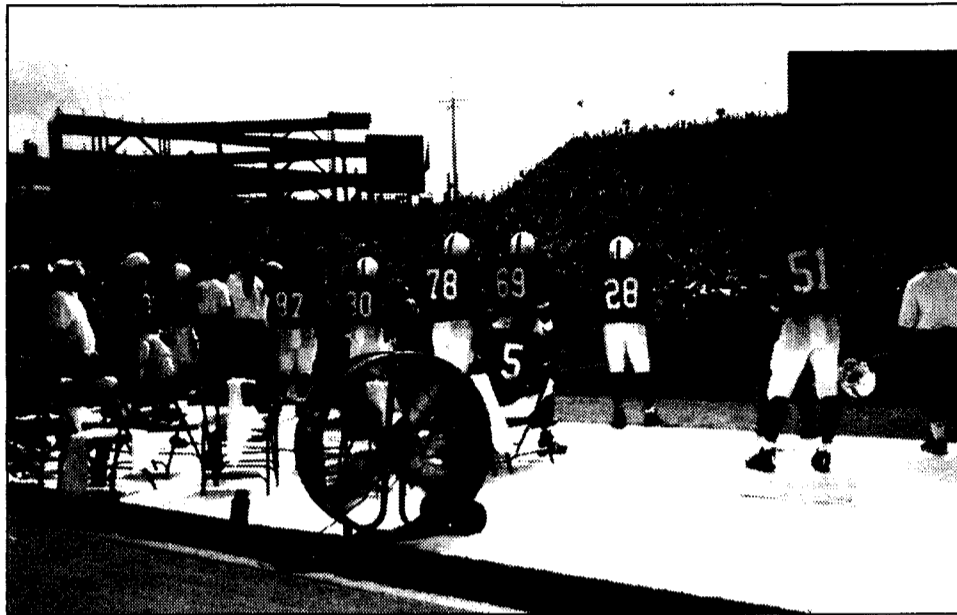


Photo by Eddie Capozzi

No. 5 Larry Johnson taking a break between difficult verbal maneuvers

By Edward Capozzi  
Capital Times Sports Writer

As I gazed over the fields of RVs, trailers and cars, I felt like I was at Woodstock. There was quite a party going on outside Beaver Stadium as Penn State fans gathered for what was to be the game that would put the Nittany Lions back on track.



Photo by Eddie Capozzi

Blue Band covers more yardage than PSU offense.

After being creamed by the Trojans 29-5 just a week earlier, they were sure to beat

lowly Toledo in their home opener. But there would be no love at this Woodstock.

After finishing off much wine and cheese before the game, little did I know there would be plenty more of both during the game. The *whining* was supplied by PSU fans, the *cheese* by the Nittany Lions. The Lion's defense resembled Swiss cheese, while the offense was more like Limburger. In other words, they stunk up the place.

I won't blame quarterback Rashard Casey for the poor offense, the poor guy never had a chance.

When he wasn't being chased all over the backfield, his receivers dropped the ball. Wide receiver Sam Crenshaw dropped at least three passes while Rod Perry dropped

another key third-down pass. I haven't seen a display of scrambling such as Casey provided since the days of Fran Tarkenton. The one touchdown Penn State scored was due to Casey evading a sack and throwing across the field to tailback Larry Johnson, who then ran it in for the score.

That was the only cheering heard from Penn State fans, who spent most of the game chanting *Se-ne-ca* for backup QB, Matt Seneca. He didn't fare much better. Not being as mobile as Casey, Seneca was sacked numerous times. Maybe it's time for Joe Paterno to re-evaluate his primitive play calling and join us in the 21st century. Even his players, Larry Johnson for one, spoke out publicly against Paterno's old-fashioned, obsolete plays. "Everyone knows what's coming," Johnson said.

The Rockets, on the other hand, scored on their first two possessions and that would have been enough. Their offense rushed for over 200 yards. The final score of the game was 24-6. The



Photo by Eddie Capozzi

Line judge monitors scrimmage-line action.

defeat puts Penn State's season record at 0-2, and places the Lion's in a must-win situation Sept. 9 against Louisiana Tech. At least the tailgate party beforehand is a sure thing.

# Screenwriting Lessons

By Edward Capozzi  
Capital Times Staff Writer

On Tuesday night, Sept. 5, I had the pleasure of attending the reading of Eton Churchill's play *History Lessons* at the Mount Gretna Playhouse. After driving in the pitch black through the woods and walking through some more woods to find the playhouse, I felt I was in *The Blair Witch Project*. I couldn't believe there was such an oasis of culture nestled in the woods at Mount Gretna, and I will definitely be going back.

Churchill's play is about a widower, Bob, who has lost his wife, Shirley, to cancer. Bob's part was read by Chuck Brockman. This ex-marine is a real hard ass and is confronted by his dead wife's ex-husband

Bill. Bill's part was read by Ray Manlove.

While Bob is a tough guy who sounded like James Coburn, Bill is a timid, hippie-type who visits Bob and tries to explain that because they shared a woman in life, they should do the same in death. Being stubborn, Bob beats up Bill.

Bill supplies quite a few laughs describing his injuries. Churchill's interjection of humor in just the right spots broke up the seriousness of the story and were the highlights of the play. The title of the play should be *Screenwriting Lessons* since Churchill created a ping-pong effect as the equilibrium shifted back and forth between Bob and Bill throughout the play. Just when you thought the game was over, Shirley's lesbian ex-lover, Beth, arrives and yet another

game begins. The play ends with a great reading by Shirley as she fades from all their lives. This scene was enhanced by fading lights and ends in total darkness as Shirley is replaced by another woman and finally forgotten. This was very effective. I really enjoyed the ending.

After the reading, Churchill took questions from the audience and explained his creative process. I'm really glad I attended. Eton F. Churchill writes plays, screenplays and prose fiction. He has published a novel, *Mind How The Sun Goes*, and two short stories. In college, his play *Nightwine* won the Samuel French Award for playwriting, and in 1981 he received a red ribbon at the American Film Festival in New York for *Changes*, his documentary about Three Mile Island.

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