

READER

SAN DIEGO'S WEEKLY VOLUME 3 NO. 29 AUGUST 1 TO AUGUST 7

BEACHES

Jerry Leverenz

To someone used to other beaches in San Diego, the South Bay beaches—Coronado, the Strand, and Imperial Beach—are completely foreign. The unpretentiousness and wholesomeness of the family crowds and the lack of any real beach culture are real differences.

Officers Beach at the Naval Air Station North Island is not really an officers' beach. It is now open to both officers and enlisted men, and, if one can judge by the tattoos, it looks as though the officers have abandoned the area to their subordinates. The beach is bordered on the north by a small arms weapons range, so the warning signs there do serve a purpose. Just north of the weapons range is a skeet shoot, and further up the beach one can fish off the rocks of Zuma Point.

Separating Officers Beach and the main Coronado beach is a partly iron rod, partly chain link fence topped with barbed wire and crowned with a "Government Property No Trespassing" sign. The ubiquitous graffiti "Unlocals Gas House" is spray painted on top of the Government sign. It seems that locals (meaning surfers) have won their war of attrition against the Marine guards. Dozens of surfers wander freely on both sides of the fence. According to one guy holding a board and leaning against the fence, the summer surf is good in Coronado because it faces south and catches the south swell. But the beach at Officers Beach faces south even more.



Boulevard to the water. Just in front of the boulders roll rows of ice plant-covered sand dunes, and then yards and yards of white sand. Families sit ten or twenty yards apart. At the northern end, near the barbed wire fence, is a sign that carefully explains the use and dimensions of the Dog Run, a limited area near the fence. Nowhere else on the beach is there a scent of an animal, not to mention the lack of beer cans or Jack in the Box wrappers (I don't think they'd even allow a Jack in the Box in Coronado proper; even the Orange Julius has closed down). Further down on the beach, the

Ocean Boulevard steps leading to the tower. That's where the bicycle parking area is. But unless my research is too spotty, open dope smoking there is far less common than at Ocean Beach or Mission Beach.

Anyone who paid \$100,000 for a Coronado Shores condominium and was promised a beach should sue for fraud. Only at low tide is there any sand at all in front of the Shores' five high rises. One can't help but feel sorry for the brave bodies niched between the rocks and the seaweed, brushing the wet sand off one arm, waiting flies with the other, and studying the approaching tide.

Gator Beach is just a short stretch of sand between the Coronado Shores area and the Amphibious Base gas station. Again, another Navy beach with snack bar, ballrooms, etc., serving primarily Navy enlisted men and their families. The scenery is fine here if you enjoy taking in the Navy amphibious landing craft scattered on the beach.

For several miles south of the gas station runs deserted beach. Navy property, an obstacle course, the remnants of a mock-up of a Vietnamese village, beach markers for staged amphibious assaults.

Halfway between Gator Beach and Imperial Beach is the turn-off for both the Coronado Cays and the Silver Strand State Park. The Silver Strand Beach, though not especially famous for its beauty or its swim, does bring in streams of people at \$1 per car. They come

Part One: The South Bay

because of the convenience: showers, running water, parking right next to the sand, plenty of fire-rings. The surf is not so great because of the flatness of the sand, but there are designated surfing areas.

Imperial Beach is one of California's worst swimming beaches, according to its own lifeguards. They make an average of eight rescues a day. When South Mission gets too rough, the city closes it down. Not good old I.B. It's open every day of the year. "There were 10,000 people here last weekend," claims one of the guards.

Since the beach faces the ocean straight on, it's open to any swell. The drag just a few feet out is ferocious. Lots of people will get

Imperial Beach's steeply sloping beach is pretty unattractive. Its limited width (about 30 yards at low tide) means it's almost always covered at high tide every day, and thus it never has a chance to dry out. There is a strong smell of decaying seaweed and lots of sand flies. A lifeguard told me that it's the winter's north current that eats the beach away, and only in the summer, with the south current, does it get built up again. Just recently was there enough sand to put up the telephone poles which serve as volleyball net supports.

Still, the undeveloped character of I.B. — one-story shacks along the ocean front, the dirt road, the musty pier — gives the place flavor that's rare in San Diego.



out a little far on an inflatable surf raft and fall off, and they can't manage. That's why one of the lifeguards is stationed halfway out on the I.B. pier — to watch the folks on rafts.

The Imperial Beach Pier is full of fishermen, no matter what the day of the year. You can rent a rod and reel for \$2 a day at the end of the pier, and mussels cost 40 cents a pound. There's also a fishing boat which is dropped from the end of the pier. It takes only 35 minutes to get to Mexico's Coronado Islands and costs \$10 a hat day and \$15 for a 3-day day.

Speaking of undeveloped, **Border Field State Park** will really make you feel you're away from an urban area. Set up mainly as a bird and animal sanctuary, there are no telephones, running water, or flush toilets. There are a few fire pits and there are some chemical toilets.

The beach is wide and affords a close-up view of Tijuana's Balmby-by-the-sea. You can get there from the American side of the border by going south on Imperial Beach's 19th Street until you come to Monument Road. Turn right and go until you reach the Park's entrance. Entry fee is \$1 per vehicle.



What can it be that keeps Coronado beach so depopulated? The crowds are sparse. For at least a mile the beach enjoys a good 300 yards from the boulders on Ocean

crowds get thicker near the lifeguard tower. There's a local high school hangout area, kind of like the Windarosa parking spot, near the

Beach	Access	Surf	Lifeguards	Amenities	Cleanliness	Regulations
Officers	Navy only; parking lot	Good, especially summer south swell	Memorial to Labor Day: 10:45-30 p.m.	snack shop, volleyball nets, showers, b-rooms	Extremely clean	No animals; no kids under 12 without parent; surfing/swimming limited
Coronado	Plenty of street parking	Good, especially summer south swell	June 15-Sept. 15: 10 to 6 p.m. otherwise weekends only	fire rings, showers	Extremely clean	No alcohol; no animals except in Dog Run (enforced); surfing/swimming limited
Coronado Shores	1 limited; some street parking	Nothing special	unknown	nothing	Wet sand, seaweed, sandflies	unknown
Gator	Navy only; parking lot	Not too great	unknown	snack shop, volleyball nets, showers, b-rooms	Clean	no animals
Silver Strand	\$1 per vehicle; parking lot	Not good	all year; heavier staff on summer weekends	showers, b-rooms, fire rings	Very clean, little trash	No dogs
Imperial Beach	Plenty of street parking	Good, especially in winter	summer 10:45 p.m., winter 12:45 p.m.	showers, b-rooms near pier, fire rings	Wet sand, seaweed, sandflies	Drinking ok on pier and beach; no dogs (somewhat enforced)
Border Field	\$1 per vehicle; parking lot	Good, especially in winter	weekends only	very primitive, chemical toilets		

11/11/2011

Dear Matthew Alce,

Does the myth of the man-eating shark have any basis in fact? I am plagued by an irrational fear of the creature. And just in case my phobia proves to be not-so-irrational, what should I do if I happen to meet one?

Angus McMorse
Coronado

Sharks are scavengers. Besides fish, they have been known to eat birds, turtles, kerosene cans, dogs, horses, cows, plastic bags, and bits of bicycle. They have also been known to eat human beings, but that is a mere fraction of their multitudinous diet; since 1500 there have been only 866 unprovoked shark attacks in the world. Not every species of shark is dangerous. The largest species, the whale shark and the hawking shark, are harmless as they live on plankton and small fishes. Of the remaining 225 species, only 12 have been reported for attacking humans. Most notorious are the great white, hammerhead, lemon, tiger, mako, Australian whaler and the grey nurse. Except for the whaler and the lemon, these sharks row the open seas and rarely come close to shore. This doesn't mean that you should seek out the nearest shark and go for a ride on its tail. Sharks are not rational animals, and no one has yet been able to explain what triggers their attack. Movement frightens them off at some times, but it seems to encourage them to strike at others.

Scientists have watched them eat chemicals specifically designed to repel them. It may be that they are drawn to animals in trouble, as they are almost always attracted by the combination of blood and frantic movement. When faced with a shark in open water it is best to remain quiet and wait for him to go away. If you encounter one in shallow water, remove yourself quietly from the vicinity and get onto dry land. Don't swim with open wounds and when you dive, don't carry dead or dying fish around your person. — The dinner might be on you!

Dear Matthew Alce,

Did we have a gold rush here in San Diego?

Arthur Mayhew
Imperial Beach

We had one pretty close by. Early in 1870 Fred Coleman got off his

STRAIGHT FROM THE HIP WITH MATTHEW ALICE



drunk near Wynola, idly panned in a nearby stream and came up with gold ore. From these "Coleman placers" gold, mixed in veins of quartz, was traced down to Banner Canyon and the present site of Julian. News spread that there was gold northeast of the San Diego foothills. Many people upstate were skeptical but in March of 1870 a shipment of ore arrived in San Francisco, and made the hit of the season. The experts pronounced it the richest ore in California; the experts learned more towards horsepower than science, the adventures made ready to travel, and the Big Quartz excitement began.

The stage coach set up service between Los Angeles and San Diego almost immediately. Prospectors from San Francisco traveled down the coast by steamer, and hired or hired horses to negotiate the tough dirt trails into the hills. By March 31 there were 1200 people spread out over the area, living in tents and shanties. Drury Bailey, one of the original settlers, offered plots of his land to all those who wished to build permanent homes. This small nucleus of people grew into a town which prospered along with the

mines (it was named after Drury's cousin Mike S. Julian). The mines were producing half a million dollars in gold bullion in 1873, but later grant battles and the withdrawal of San Francisco capital sapped the profits of the mines. By 1875 the bonanza had faded. There was another boom in the late 1890's with the mines producing as much as two-thirds of a million in one year. Operation expenses kept climbing, however; in 1905 the mines barely broke even, and they were permanently closed in 1906 when an accident in the mines caused the deaths of two of the miners.

As I go about happily whistling the background music to "The Sting", my friends glare and feel obliged to remind me that Marvin Hamlisch only adapted the music I enjoy; Scott Joplin wrote it. Who, dear Matthew, is Scott Joplin?

Virginia Crews
La Jolla

Scott Joplin was the "King of the Ragtime Composers". In the rag career that swept America from 1890 to 1917, what we usually think of as ragtime is derivative stuff, that was ground out of Tin Pan Alley after 1900. It was written according to a set formula consisting mainly of syncopation accompanied by a few shreds of melody. The original ragtime came out of the South in the late 1890's. It was harder to compose, harder to play and without a question, worth all the effort. Proper ragtime has a formal structure (AABBACDD) which is similar to the form of the classical European scherzo or the rondo of the minuet. The rhythm of ragtime is African in origin. It consists of a steady beat in the left hand and a syncopated beat in the right. The right hand is also adorned with a variety of rhythmic suspensions, unexpected accents and the beat effects, the hallmarks of black music in the American South. Of the big ragtime composers, Charles Lamb epitomizes the classical strain. Ben Turner and James Scott recall the black rural beginnings, and Scott Joplin is the perfect blending of the two. Joplin understood the European element, he was master of the form and as he developed he adopted various sophisticated musical techniques; the use of slight dissonances and the minor strain, the exposition of a complex melodic line. He ended up writing opera (once, unsuccessfully), has survived. But in all of this his music never lost its exuberant Missouri flavor. Even in the last works you can hear the clucking of a hungry basspicket improvising his solo in the local Sedita saloon. Scott Joplin was one of the first to write an American kind of music, he was the real beginning of jazz. The question, dear Matthew, is not who is Scott Joplin, but who is Marvin Hamlisch?

READER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC SCENE

THE ALBATROSS: NOVA, Monday through Thursday, 1309 Camino del Mar, Del Mar, 755-6744.

ANCIENT MARINER: REUBEN HUTSON BAND, Wednesday through Sunday, 2725 Shelter Island Dr., 224-8242.

ASPEN PUBLIC HOUSE: LEAKY CANOE, Tuesday through Saturday, 600 CORRAL, Sunday and Monday, 916 Yearl, La Jolla, 459-3300.

ASPEN YACHT CLUB: OFF THE WALL, Tuesday through Saturday, 4258 West Point Loma Blvd., 222-1111.

ATLANTIS RESTAURANT: R.B. PEOPLE MOVERS, Tuesday through Sunday, 2595 Ingraham, 224-2434.

BLUE RIDGE MUSIC: ALICIA CORRIE AND ALPINE, Wednesday, August 7, 8 and 10 p.m. 568 First St., Encinitas, 753-1775.

BOATHOUSE: REEF CODY, Wednesday through Sunday, 2040 Harbor Island Dr., 291-8011.

BOOM TRENCHERS: THUNDERBOLT AND THE WONDERCULT, Wednesday through Sunday, 2886 Pacific Highway, 291-5555.

BOTSFORD'S OLD PLACE: EASY FEELING, Tuesday through Saturday, 1205 Prospect, La Jolla, 459-8282.

CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE/SCONDO: BANDIT, formerly the Hollywood Cowboys, Thursday through Saturday, 1403 East Valley Parkway, Escondido, 748-5102.

CHUCK'S STEAK HOUSE: MOONSHOTS, Wednesday through Sunday, 1250 Prospect Ln., 754-5205.

CLIMAX LTD.: HIGH VOLTAGE, Thursday, August 1, to Sunday, August 4, 202 Market, 239-9336.

THE DEN: THRESHOLD, nightly 5:30 North Second St., El Cajon, 447-4511.

EL CORTEZ: BIRTHA AND WOLFGANG, Sunday, August 4, 7:30 p.m.

FISH HOUSE WEST: SQUATTERS RITES, Saturday and Sunday, August 3 and 4, 1 to 5 p.m. 2633 South Highway 101, Cardiff, 753-6438.

POLK ARTS: RITA WELLS, FIDDLIN' BRIAN STEEGE, DAVE PAGE and FRANK DWYER, Friday and Saturday, August 2 and 3, 6 and 10 p.m. 3743 Fifth Ave., 291-1788.

IRON HORSE: TAKJIMA, Tuesday through Saturday, 8238 Parkway Dr., La Mesa, 465-7683.

IYV BARN: DAVID AND JOEL, Friday and Saturday, August 3 and 4, 911 Camino del Rio South, 296-9164.

J.J.'s: STATUS QUO, Friday and Saturday, August 2 and 3, 4015 Pacific Highway, 286-6558.

JAMICA JOE'S: EVANGELINE MADE, Thursday, August 1 to Saturday, August 3, 3595 Sports Arena Blvd., 225-1251.

LEDBETTER'S: HARD TIMES, Thursday, August 1 to Saturday, August 3, BLITZ BROTHERS, Sunday, August 4 to Wednesday, August 7, 5524 El Cajon Blvd., 485-4524.

THE MOTHER LODE: THE DRIFTERS, Friday and Saturday, August 2 and 3, WATERFALL, Tuesday through Saturday, 2608 Shelter Island Dr., 224-3611.

PARK PLACE LOUNGE: BERT TORRES AND THE CHARADES, Wednesday through Sunday, SONG, with Terry Allen, Monday and Tuesday, 1280 Fletcher Dr., El Cajon, 448-4111.

THE PEOPLE: ROAN BORDAGE, Thursday through Saturday, TOMCAT, Sunday, NANCY MATSIE, Monday through Wednesday, 4970 Valley, Ocean Beach, 223-9773.

THE PURPLE TURTLE: JOHN HARTMAN, Monday through Saturday, Ramada Inn, 2161 Hotel Circle South, Mission Valley, 291-8500.

SPRINGFIELD WAGON WORKS: MOONLIGHT BAY CO, Wednesday through Saturday, 5255 Kearny Villa Rd., Kearny Mesa, 565-2272.

TOM HAM'S LIGHTHOUSE: SIOBHA ARMADA, Tuesday through Saturday, 2150 Harbor Island Rd., 291-9110.

WALLBANGERS: GABRIEL, Thursday, August 1 to Wednesday, August 7, Midway and Rosecrans, 223-3138.

THE DEN

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4302 MISSION BLVD.
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488-1268
8 PM — MIDNIGHT

Jonathan Saville
The San Diego City College Theatre recently put on a horrifyingly entertaining production of the notorious "musical" version of Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

What is the impulse that leads people of our century to draw moustaches on the Mona Lisa, or scrawl obscenities on the feet of sculptured angels at Chartres Cathedral, or perform Bach with a jazz percussion accompaniment and a glee club singing "deedle doodle," or convert the music of Debussy into the ludicrous mechanical buzzing and thrumming of the Moog synthesizer? This impulse springs from a profound, painful sense of cultural inferiority, and a vast rage that goes along with it. It is an impulse to destroy, degrade, humiliate great art works of the past, to bring them down to the crude level of the present, to assert with the arrogance of the gutter that there is no essential difference between Bach and rock, between the Noting Ceiling and American graffiti, between Aeschylus and street drama. John Guare and Mel Shapiro must be soothed with this poisonous resentment of art, for otherwise they could not have brought themselves to do what they have done to *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

The basic matter of the play is left intact: plot, characters, and much of the original dialogue. But into the Shakespearean framework Messrs. Guare and Shapiro have inserted a huge number of invincibly vulgar pop songs and dances in various contemporary styles, each worse than the next. The contrast between the two components — Shakespeare on one side and Guare & Shapiro on the other — is so shocking, so atrocious, so cheerfully relentless, that moving with a bit of common sense must finally feel as though he is succumbing to hubbub plague. First the actors talk for a while in the original language of the play, all wit, grace, stylishness, and subtlety of feeling. Then, with the suddenness of a lightning bolt, the orchestra starts up, and the Elizabethan actors metamorphose into 1974 singers, voicing the same sentiments in the idiom of rock, lounge, country-western or calypso. But of course they are not the same sentiments, they are the reactions to the situations of the play of a modern Proteus, Valentine, Julia and Silvia.

And Tammy Wynette Could Play Juliet...

John Guare and Mel Shapiro must be seething with this poisonous resentment of art, for otherwise they could not have brought themselves to do what they have done to *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Shakespeare or any of those big boys in the schoolbooks? It is a classic statement of antithetical resentment, one more sign of the willful degradation of taste in our end-of-the-world culture.

Tammy Wynette could play Juliet. I could say that the City College group gave the trash the credit of production it deserves. Unfortunately they gave it a very good production, one which might trap the unwary into thinking they were having an innocent good time, while in fact they were helping to heave chamberpots at art. Wonderful, vastly misdirected both acting and direction by the always capable Lyman Saville, and there was a pervasive sense of fun that no one in the audience could embittered and disgusted me, could resist. But even the production contributed to that clouding of the audience's sensibilities that was the method of the whole play. At one point, Proteus declares, in Shakespeare's words, "Silvia, witness hence that I made her fair." Shows Julia but a wretched Ethiope. On what grounds of antitheticalness or taste or wit was this line retained in a production in which Silvia, a devastatingly talented beauty named Deborah Houston, made it treasurable. These qualities fit so well with the whole horrid enterprise that I suppose they can be said to constitute an essential style. At least that's better than no style at all.

TELEVISION

Look Peter Jennings, a correspondent to investigate the Rock Concerts. Time 10:30 p.m. (See page 10 for details.)

THURSDAY AUGUST 1
THE BEST THING IN LIFE ARE FREE, Dan Crary and Steve Martin. Channel 38, 8 p.m.
ROBOQUAD, Legendary Superhero, Lighthead. Channel 15, 7:30 p.m.
WORLD FOOTBALL LEAGUE, Southern California Bulls vs. the Memphis Grizzlies. Channel 8, 8 p.m.
EVENING AT THE POPS, Peggy Lee joins the Phil Spector Orchestra. Channel 3, 8 p.m.
A STREETCARNAMED DESIRE, Martin Bartlett, Joan Lough, Karl Malden and Joe Mantel (1981). Channel 8, 9 p.m.
THIS FASCINATING... goes. Stephen's column brand opens the entire series of dance and music on Wednesday. Performance. Peggy Lippa. Channel 6, 9 p.m.
Blue Devils, Gary Lynn and Brandon de Wilde. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
A WAR OF CHILDREN, Jerry Andrus and Vivien Melnick (1970). Channel 12, 10 p.m.

FRIDAY AUGUST 2
WAT TIL THE SHUN SHINES, Neil Patrick Harris and David Wayne (1982). Channel 38, 8 p.m.
THE LONG RANGER AND THE LOFT CITY OF GOLD, Charles Moore and Jay Silverman (1981). Channel 8, 9 p.m.
GREEN MANHOOD, Audley Huggins and Anthony Perkins (1982). Channel 10, 9 p.m.
BASEBALL, Los Angeles Dodgers vs. the San Diego Padres meet the Dodgers. Channel 7, 9 p.m.
MASTERS OF THEATRE, Sam Arthur, Conny, Doug, and the rest of the cast. Channel 8, 9 p.m.
GETTING AROUND, Without transportation, the riders are confined to solitary wheels out of time. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
KALDESCOPE, Warren Beatty and Susan Sarandon. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
THE TYPIST, Murray Schick's very comedy stars Elvira and Anne Jackson in a dose-up of 20 years ago. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
IN CONCERT, with Ann-Margret, Carolee Beal and Fanny. Channel 38, 11:30 p.m.
MONDAY SPECIAL, Leon Russell, Joan Baez, Rick Nelson, Wayne Jackson, Doug Kestner, John Hartford and David Garfield. Channel 10, 11 p.m.
JONES ON BROADWAY, Jack Lemmon and Anne Jackson (1981). Channel 8, 11:30 p.m.

SATURDAY AUGUST 3
WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS, Football 400. Bob Long and the Los Angeles Rams. Channel 38, 8 p.m.
THE DESPERATE ONE, Max Baer. Channel 8, 8 p.m.
GREEN MANHOOD, Audley Huggins and Anthony Perkins (1982). Channel 10, 9 p.m.
BASEBALL, Los Angeles Dodgers vs. the San Diego Padres meet the Dodgers. Channel 7, 9 p.m.
MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL, Baltimore Orioles vs. Los Angeles Dodgers. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
BLUE DEVILS, Gary Lynn and Brandon de Wilde. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN, Sherry MacLaine and Alan Arkin (1987). Channel 10, 11 p.m.

SUNDAY AUGUST 4
DIDACTIC, Dick Wood and Mary Morgan (1989). Channel 10, 10 p.m.
THE DESPERATE ONE, Max Baer. Channel 8, 8 p.m.
GREEN MANHOOD, Audley Huggins and Anthony Perkins (1982). Channel 10, 9 p.m.
BASEBALL, Los Angeles Dodgers vs. the San Diego Padres meet the Dodgers. Channel 7, 9 p.m.
MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL, Baltimore Orioles vs. Los Angeles Dodgers. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
BLUE DEVILS, Gary Lynn and Brandon de Wilde. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN, Sherry MacLaine and Alan Arkin (1987). Channel 10, 11 p.m.

MONDAY AUGUST 5
THE BOLD AND THE BEAUTIFUL, Jerry O'Connell and Paul Douglas (1981). Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.
MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL, Chicago Red Sox vs. Los Angeles Dodgers. Channel 10, 9 p.m.
THE AMERICAN TENNIS PROFESSIONALS, 1984. The tennis stars of the 1980s. Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.

TUESDAY AUGUST 6
THE LAST HOURS OF BUREAU, John Wood and Robert Young (1981). Channel 8, 8 p.m.
THE WAGONS ROLL AT MIDNIGHT, Humphrey Bogart (1941). Channel 6, 11:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 7
SALOON, Ray Winstone and Joe Foweraker (1983). Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.
SHALL WE DANCE, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (1937). Channel 8, 8:30 p.m.
BUS ALIVE BACK IN TOWN, Michael Parks and Ann-Margret (1971). Channel 8, 8 p.m.
TO HELL AND BACK, Alec Guinness as Duke Murphy (1954). Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.

THURSDAY AUGUST 8
THE GREAT AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE, Duke Murphy (1954). Channel 10, 11:30 p.m.

