

Lindsay Misses Parade, Little Else

A Day in the Life of the 'Great 9th District's' Councilman

By MARYLOUISE OATES, Times Staff Writer

There has been a slight mix-up and the band has marched into the Hyatt Regency Hotel without Councilman Gilbert W. Lindsay leading the way.

It's the downtown complex's 10th anniversary and the hotel has arranged a public-relations raffle dance that includes a round-the-block parade by hotel employees, some dressed in pajamas and some as angels.

Lindsay rushes outside to meet the parade, but it passes him by. It appears as though he's missed his chance.

Ready to Leave
The hoopla continues. Mayor Tom Bradley comes and goes, the lunch-time crowd eats into a 3,000-pound roast cream sculpture and finally, after a half-hour of glad-handing, Lindsay is ready to leave.

But wait. The Belmont High School Band is coming down the staircase. Lindsay staff member Pandora Hollister shakes her head and sighs. "We almost had him out

of here."
Lindsay races through the crowd to the bottom of the steps.

He might have missed leading the parade, but Gil Lindsay doesn't miss much.

Saving the day for himself, Lindsay becomes a make-shift conductor. Gilbert Lindsay is leading the band.

In a month or so, Lindsay will celebrate an anniversary. For 60 years, the 60-year-old councilman will have lived in what he calls "the Great 9th District." Six decades and "I've never lived west of Figueroa."

The anniversary is pressing on him as he drives from his home on a neat street of grill-windowed bungalows to his office in City Hall. It's a short ride, but the flamboyant councilman will make the most of it—a little history, a little tour, a little slice of his view of life.

"Let's roll," he tells the staff member whose turn it is to drive. And he adds, "The best speed we can make safely."

The car moves north. All through the day as he follows his very public schedule, from City Council meetings to the hotel elaboration to lunch at a fancy private dining room, Gilbert Lindsay will stay in the Great 9th District—all the while recasting pieces of his history there.

Part of History
A parking lot has replaced the building where he was a porter, but there's the "until a few years ago, segregated and prejudiced" Department of Water and Power, where he moved from junior to administrator. Nearby is where, in 1908, he sold shoes when "there was no such thing as a Negro, a colored person getting a job like that." He points out building complexes and skyscrapers, the Jewelry Mart and Angelus Plaza, all the massive urban development and redevelopment that he claims "a small part" is bringing to downtown.

It's all part of the Great 9th, part of his history. 60 years from that

Photo by LINDSAY, Page 2



RUB CHAMBERLIN / Los Angeles Times

Councilman Gilbert Lindsay views senior citizen Bunker Hill housing during his tour through his district.

'A Preserve for Eccentricity'

The Spirit Survives in Pioneertown

By DANA KENNEDY

PIONEERTOWN, Calif.—It's quiet on Main Street nowadays. The Red Dog Saloon is all boarded up, the Golden Saloon long since burned down and the OK Corral (sic) is only a faintly legible scar.

Even the old-fashioned cowboys and Indians who chow down at the Grubstake Cafe and "sit 'em up" in Pipes Canyon have ridden off into the sunset.

Roy Rogers is living with a few miles north in Victorville while Dale Gribble is sufficed, and Gene Autry has traded in some Oakley's for Tommy John.

More Than 100 Films
But Pioneertown, developed in 1947 by Rogers, Autry and other period stars as a Western movie part, is not mourning its past.

It was the site of more than 100 films and the home of such Western TV shows as "The Cisco Kid," "Gunsmoke," "Judge Roy Bean" and "Range Rider" during the 1950s. Pioneertown's population of 100 residents, few having



"Dazzlin' Dallas" Morley recalls a "rip-snortin' town."

much to do with the movie business. The town is located in the high desert above Palm Springs, accessible only by a smacking canyon that winds back seven miles into desolate, rocky hills of Twentymile

Palms Highway in Yuca Valley.

It lies in a tranquil valley of more than 11,000 acres, ringed by low, scrubby mountains, some 22 miles from Big Bear Lake. The surroundings are shrouded in both fact and fantasy, with names like Deadman's Dry Lake, Old Woman Springs, Dunson Place, Black Lava Bottle and Devil's Garden.

Sleepy Village

Russell Hayden's wife, Maudie, still lives here, but Curtius Kato, said to be the First Lady of Pioneertown, reportedly died in early July at a Los Angeles convalescent hospital.

The legend of Willie Boy, the outlaw Indian who murdered the father of the girl he loved and then kidnaped her, still is alive and well in the area. Willie Boy died in San Bernardino County Sheriff's posse on an 11-day, 500-mile chase through much of the high desert before killing the girl and eventually himself during an ambush on Oct. 7, 1900, on Pioneertown's Ruby Mountain.

See PIONEERTOWN, Page 6



Relic of Pioneertown's western-movie past sits outside Pappy and Harriet Allen's family-style saloon.

The Attack of the Couch Potatoes

A Growing Cult of TV Addicts Keeps Its Eyes Peeled

By BETH ANN KRIEHL, Times Staff Writer

In our country today, there are more homes with television than there are people. Ronald McDonald is more readily recognized than Ronald Reagan, our Prime Time Live is the time for Couch Potatoes everywhere to be down and be counted. To come out of the closet and show with dignity. The *Real House of Western Civilization* has begun.

The Official Couch Potato Handbook, a Guide to Pioneering Television Viewing

It's contrary to its sedentary nature, but the Couch Potatoes, the international organization of guilt-free television addicts, and their ladies auxiliary, the Couch Tomatoes, are apparently on the march.

Little more than a year ago, the groups were essentially an underground cult of addicts with about 100 members nationwide, the most privileged of whom confined their

activities to marathon viewing sessions at their "country retreats" (multiviewing center/video tape) headquarters in Dixon, Calif.

On occasion they'd venture to Los Angeles, TV Mecca, where they could watch 30 or 40 channels, as opposed to the five they could receive (and view simultaneously with sets stacked on top of each other) in cable-free rural Dixon. The Potatoes were also known for their view publicity while lounging on a car-drawn couch in Pasadena's annual Dog Day Parade (until motor vehicles were banned and the Potatoes could not recruit any members to pull the couch).

They'd sometimes appear as televisioners—or vidots, as some prefer—on comic strips drawn by weekend musician and Couch Potato to Elder Robert Armstrong. And the

Potatoes were known for promoting their members they'd eventually publish more copies of their now-out-of-print "newspaper," "The Tubers' Voice," if and when they could. Not did have too many TV specials to watch. Then, they were discovered by the media.

A Book Deal

Like anthropologists in search of archetypes for Chomsky Gardner of Jerry Kossmik's "Being There," newspaper reporters, magazine writers (including one from the Couch Potato bible, TV!), and television crews began flocking to Dixon.

Johnny Carson persuaded the Potatoes to trade their couch for his long enough to discuss their philosophy with the media.

Photo by POTATOES, Page 2

Jack Smith

It was gratified the other day to read that Gen. Paul X. Kelley, commander of my old outfit, the U.S. Marine Corps, had made what he called a "Freudian slip" while testifying before Congress on the Lebanese situation.

What he said was this: "The role of the Marines that went into Vietnam—I mean Lebanon—a Freudian slip—one year ago has not changed. It is a peacocking mission and remains a peacocking mission."

By trying to explain away his blunder as a Freudian slip, the commandant was only making it worse. A Freudian slip, I believe, is the unintentional expression of a thought that is bottled up in the unconscious, but slips out when released by some key word or catalyst.

Evidently the general was concerned by the similarity between the Lebanon and Vietnam situations, but had repressed the idea, since his commander-in-Chief, the President, had publicly denied it.

In identifying his slip as Freudian, therefore, the general was admitting that the idea had been mucking around in his unconscious, and had slipped out under the pressure of a congressional hearing.

I mention this incident only to show that even a four-star general can make an embarrassing slip, and that sometimes such a slip is better left unexplained.

I have an idea that the one I made the other day would

be better left unexplained. I was hoping that it would just pass unnoticed. But I have received one letter about it so far, and if it is noticed by one, it will have been noticed by others, perhaps including certain persons in the highest echelons of the newspaper's work force.

Ironically, as often happens, I made the slip while trying to deal with a couple of rocky complaints about something else I had written. Commenting on "Dare to Be Dull," a paperback that promises guiltless, I had written that it described a dull woman as one who "wears sensible shoes and comfy sweaters, knits cardigans at parties, wears a Lady Time watch, and

talks baby talk to a Pekingese or a parakeet named Pretty Boy..."

I wrote, "My wife's canary is named Puss-Sing, but she doesn't wear sensible shoes and her watch is a Mickey Mouse watch."

A couple of my more pedantic critics said it sounded as if my wife's canary doesn't wear sensible shoes and wears a Mickey Mouse watch.

"This, of course, is impossible, or at least improbable," I pointed out, "and the astute reader rejects the idea without a thought, his unconscious taking care of it, and gets the intended picture—if my wife in her high heels

and her Bulova watch (which happens to be inscribed to me on the back for 25 years of faithful service to The Times...")

Reading that book, I can't blame any reader for getting the impression that the watch given to me by The Times for a quarter-century of faithful service was a Mickey Mouse watch, though a Bulova.

The fact is, my wife has two watches—both Bulova Accutron. One is a Mickey Mouse watch—that is, it has a picture of Mickey Mouse on its face. Mickey's arms stretch as the watch's hands. The other is the plain gold Bulova that was given to me by The Times—in fact by

the publisher of The Times, in person.

Because I already had a watch, I allowed my wife to wear the 25-year watch on occasion, when we dressed for the evening, and she gradually came to think of it as hers. Now she generally wears the Mickey Mouse watch for roughing it, and the Times watch for going out.

But I fell into the same confusion that the reader undoubtedly feels now, and produced the disastrously ambiguous sentence quoted above.

It was embarrassing on one count. A Mickey Mouse watch in capital letters is one made, on a Disney franchise, I assume, with that picture of Mickey on the

face. But the phrase *mickey mouse*, uncapitalized, is a common derogatory term meaning of poor quality, cheap—like a piece of kitch or schlock.

So it was a slip, but it was not a Freudian slip, since not even in the deepest recesses of my unconscious did I harbor the notion that the Times had given me a Mickey Mouse watch or a mickey mouse watch, or even would.

One question may remain. How does my wife happen to have a Mickey Mouse watch, considering that she's a grown woman of generally sophisticated taste?

Well, a few years ago the irresponsible entertainer Dick Winlow, a Belmont High School classmate of mine, reached absent-mindedly for a handful of vitamins, threw them back into his mouth and gulped them down. Something stuck in his throat and slipped down into his gullet.

He went to an emergency hospital, they told him to drink a lot of water. He went to a chiropractor. He tried dozens of remedies suggested by friends. He bounced on a trampoline. Three painful, sleepless weeks later, he went to a doctor, who had him X-rayed. He indeed had something stuck in his gullet—a strapless Mickey Mouse wrist-watch which a friend and fellow-worker at Disneyland had given him.

I told that story there, and Winlow sent me a Mickey Mouse watch. I don't know whether it was the one that was fished from his gullet in surgery. But it was not a Mickey Mouse watch.

My wife liked it, so I let her wear it, and gradually she came to think of it as her own.

Is that fairly clear?



Constance Walsh, husband Wil Hanson and friends like the old town just the way it is, thank you.

LARRY DAVIS / Los Angeles Times

CATHY by Cathy Gulswrite



Alfred Sheinwald
On Bridge

Don't be to blame. Lew Stansby and Chip Martel, winners of the 1982 World Cup Championship, had too much courage in today's hand, which was played a few weeks ago during the Grand National Team Championship.

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When West passed the redouble, he indicated (according to the Stansby-Martel methods) that he would have passed for penalties if South had passed instead of redoubling. But after a redouble, a cautious East should opt for cover.
Atlanta expert Richard Freeman took the king of spades and led dummy's jack of diamonds. East covered, and South cashed three good diamonds. He continued with the ace of spades and ruffed his last diamond in dummy. The defense got only a heart and two clubs, and Freeman scored 1,510 for the contract and two overtricks. Without the redouble, Freeman would have scored only 520 points.
At the other table of the match, East ran from the redouble and got out for only 200 points, thanks to a slip in the defense. Stansby and Martel won the team championship, but this hand didn't help.

Peter's Almanac for Sept. 26, 1983

By DR. LAURENCE J. PETER
MEDICAL REGISTRATION DAY
—On Sept. 26, 1772, the New Jersey Legislature passed a bill forbidding the practice of medicine without a license. The new law made exceptions of those who pulled teeth, drew blood or gave free medical advice.
—On Sept. 26, 1914, the U.S. Federal Trade Commission was established.
—Peter's Prediction: You will never be as sick as you just before you stop breathing.
—Affairs of state are conducted so that one generation pays the debt of the last generation by issuing bonds payable by the next generation.
—On Sept. 26, 1882, John Philip Sousa and his band presented their first public concert, playing Sousa's "Liberty Bell March."

PIONEERTOWN: Spirit Survives

Continued from First Page

Since the demise of the Western cavalry and the 1950s, Pioneertown has until recently been a sleepy village consisting largely of dismantled movie squatters, some hippies and old-timer desert rats.
"It's a preserve for eccentricity," said W. Hanson, 65, a Malibu architect who moved permanently to Pioneertown with his wife, Constance Walsh, 27, in 1981. "This is the great escape."
But according to Hanson, Walsh and other residents, the town's history has been a place where washing machines are shared and electric stoves virtually nonexistent—soon may be obsolete.
Their fear stems from the recent formation of a county water district in Pioneertown that could pave the way for future development in the community.
Spurred on by Hanson and Walsh, who act as political leaders for Pioneertown, residents have formed a homeowners' association and are trying to learn how to protect themselves and their homes.
"We're at a crossroads now," Walsh said. "When you have a sleepy town, you're leaving yourself open to someone who's not so sleepy."
Hanson and Walsh, who live on Mane Street and operate the Mane Street Gallery, are just two of the widely varying personalities found in the town. Most of the residents share little in common in the way of age, vocation or appearance but they do agree on one point: Pioneertown is more than just a place, for them it's a way of life.

'Almost Like Destiny'
"I've been looking for this place all my life," was Walsh, a free-lance writer and photographer who married Hanson four years ago. "It's almost like destiny. Pioneertown isn't my town, it's my vocation. It's turning out to be a lifetime project."
Her husband first was introduced to Pioneertown in 1964 when he was hired to do an architectural master plan for a 30,000-acre, \$400-million resort in the area to be called the "Golden Empire."
"I drove in from Malibu Colony," he recalled. "It was at dusk and I fell in love with the place instantly. People stared at my automobile as if it were a brand new thing. I immediately had doubts about the morality of my profession—of the rapine of the land."
The project eventually fell through, in part because of the inadequate water system in Pioneertown.
Harriet and Pappy Allen, who live about five houses down from the Hansons on Mane Street, are not as vocal as some of their neighbors about the dangers Pioneertown faces, but are worried nonetheless.
"We don't want subdivisions and trailer parks around here," says Harriet, 42, who married Pappy, 66, when she was 15 years old. "We're trying to preserve one of the few Western towns left in the country."
The Allens own, operate and provide

much of the entertainment as the Pioneertown Palace, a cross between a rodeo bar and a "Cuzumock" area saloon. They moved to Pioneertown with their three daughters in 1978 after spending the first 15 years of their marriage traveling the country in a bus, the "Rambling Rose," making their living singing country and western music.
Now the Allens live in a three-room stone-and-wood cottage, with their daughter, her husband and children next door and Harriet's sister and parents down the street.
Friends like Buzz Connor, 64, the reigning "Big Desert" fiddle champion, his son Steve, 40, or Nettie King, 74, one of the oldest members of the Pioneertown Volunteer Fire Brigade, drop by the house or the Palace to listen to Harriet and Pappy sing songs like "The Rambling Rose," "Making a Living Singing Country and Western Music," "Walkin' Through the Pinyon" and "You're the Reason Our Kids are Gay."

False Movie Sets
The Allens, like most of the residents, treat the old sound stages and few remaining false movie sets that make up their village with respect.
"People of the '60s are remember Roy Rogers and Gene Autry," said Harriet, "but then you see these buildings and you can still walk in them and feel the love. It's right in them, it's the love of the past."
At least one Pioneertown resident remembers all the Western stars who worked in Pioneertown.
She's Dallas Morley, nicknamed "Dazzlin' Dallas," who first moved to Pioneertown in 1949. She remembers a "tip-morin" town" surrounded by "hazy miles of desert and sagebrush with weather so gorgeous that at night you could practically go out and suck the stars."

In those days, Morley played honky-tonk piano for the casts and crews of the various movie and TV companies in town.
"They all stayed at the Pioneertown Motel and did all their shooting on the soundstage on Mane Street and out in the canyons," she recalls. "At night, they'd all come to the Red Dog or the Golden Stallion. I'd play piano and they'd sing and dance and neck. All except Gene Autry. He never came in."
"This was a real fun town," Morley said. "At the time, I had black hair and I used to get dressed up in red feathers and all. They made a painting of my face on the barroom floor."
Curtis and Marie Bush first came to Pioneertown in 1946, just when actor Dick Curtis formed the Pioneertown Corp. and dreamed up the idea of a studio village.
"The idea was that if you were a producer, you could come up here and have everything you needed all in one place," said Curtis.
The Curtises, who now live in Cactus Kate's old house on an isolated dirt path

behind Mane Street, spent their first years in Pioneertown in hastily erected tents on the edge of town. There was no road into the area, recalled Marie, and Twenty-nine Palms Highway, now a four-lane highway that cuts through the booming Morning Basin, was little more than a rough dirt lane.

"You had to make your own entertainment in those days," said Marie. "All we had was a record player. We used to go out and whistle that we had a couple beers and next thing you know we had a houseful."
Kennedy is a Palm Desert free-lance writer.

"I lost 60 pounds without my husband's knowledge."



—Karolyi Yarn Hunnallice, housewife and Weight Watchers Leader, lost a total of 75 lbs., has kept it off for 3 years.

"I joined Weight Watchers while my husband was away on an extended Air Force assignment. Having seen me try and fail every full diet around, was he stunned and overjoyed to see his 'new' wife!
Last year we had a beautiful baby girl. And thanks again to the Weight Watchers program, I got back to my goal weight in six weeks. If I could have one more wish, it would be for every shirt I own to say 'Weight Watchers.' Come and join us. Lose weight once and for all."

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