

John Aldrich, interim mayor looks out over housing development in mining town.



—Globe and Mail, Ken Romain

## Instant town for miners in B.C. valley

By KEN ROMAIN

Globe and Mail Reporter

LOGAN LAKE, B.C. — An instant town is under construction in this remote, copper-producing Highland Valley area where deer, moose and bear roam, lakes and streams teem with fish and ranchers in wide-brimmed hats drive cattle over sweeping rangeland.

Builders and residents hope this transferred suburbia will become a miner's dream community.

Only time will tell if Logan Lake, British Columbia's latest instant town, 40 miles southwest of Kamloops, will reach its intended status. Its developers, Lornex Mining Corp. Ltd., and present residents are working to make it so.

The first residents arrived at the end of July and they have been moving in ever since. There first-of-the-month population of 500 is increasing daily and living in contemporary three-bedroom bungalows and two-story houses purchased at cost, \$20,000 to \$25,000. They are situated on wide curving paved streets, with all wiring underground and no television antennas to mar rooftops. Programs are relayed from a tower on a nearby 6,300-foot mountain.

There is a four-room school and four teachers for 105 pupils. Students in higher grades travel each day by bus to Kamloops over a tortuous gravel road.

### 'We are building for permanency here.'

Until the mining companies arrived this was open rangeland that slopes toward the body of water, half a mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, from which the community took its name and which it will eventually encircle.

Thus far, 100 houses have been built and occupied. Another 40 houses and 18 townhouses are to be completed and occupied by the end of the year. And 40 houses and 28 townhouses are scheduled for construction next year when the population is expected to reach 1,000.

If other mining developments being considered reach the production stage, the population is expected to range between 4,000 and 6,000 within a few years.

"You tell me what the price of copper is going to be and I'll tell you how big this place will be," said Joseph Foss, who opened his small supermarket, the first store in town, in August. He is already planning to expand. "We are building for permanency here."

The Highland Valley of the southern interior plateau has always been a source of copper but in recent years it has seen the development of massive deposits of low-grade ores that are mined by the open-pit method.

John Aldrich, the interim mayor who is assisted by four interim aldermen, all appointed by the provincial Government until elections can be held, said the town's attractive tourist location means Logan Lake can develop so that it can sustain itself even after the mines are gone.

"But we are now starting from scratch and we have a long way to go. A year ago there was nothing here at all."

He has been with the project since its inception as townsite manager for Lornex.

The company's purpose in developing a modern townsite and building houses is to attract and retain a stable and efficient labor force for its \$138-million copper-molybdenum mine, 11 miles down the road.

When the 38,000-ton-a-day open-pit operation comes into production in the second quarter of 1972 it will be the largest base-metal mine in Canada with a starting work force of 550 employees. It holds 12-year contracts to supply a Japanese consortium with copper concentrate and has a mine life of 21 years.

Mr. Aldrich said that while Lornex is primarily building for its workers the town is open to anyone. He has received numerous inquiries, especially from those who are considering retirement and looking for a new community in which to settle.

Logan Lake, he said, is not a

company town. It has its own letters patent, which call for municipal elections at the end of 1973. After an initial shepherding period, the company plans to retire from its early supervision and turn over to the new municipality the sewer, water, street lighting and other services it is providing for \$1.

### 'Human relations must come first'

Mr. Aldrich said the company's object to provide for an efficient and stable labor force is not an engineering or technological concept, but a sociological one. "Human relations must come first."

Logan Lake is the newest of a number of instant towns that have sprouted in the province in the past few years under the impetus of major mining and forestry developments, mostly in frontier areas well away from more settled areas.

Many have suffered teething difficulties, Mr. Aldrich said, which left homeowners dissatisfied with their houses and resulted in an often dictatorial approach by some

companies to town affairs under the guise of protecting their investment in the community.

Therefore Lornex plans to withdraw as gracefully as possible and turn over town administration to the residents. "I don't know if our approach will be the right one, but I think we are on the right track."

An immediate problem is to get the new residents, many from different parts of the country, interested in community affairs. Municipal administration is nothing to be taken lightly and it is they who are going to decide what this community will be.

"The town must be in a position to attract citizens to participate in affairs and not force residents to seek entertainment and diversion outside the community."

As for commercial development, "we expect the businessman to decide for himself whether an establishment will be a viable proposition and have made no efforts to predict the future possibilities for him. He should know his business better than we do."

Commercial activity now centres on Mr. Foss's store, a bank, a matchbox-size post office and the new beauty salon of Mrs. Dolores Schmid, formerly of Toronto by way of Labrador City.

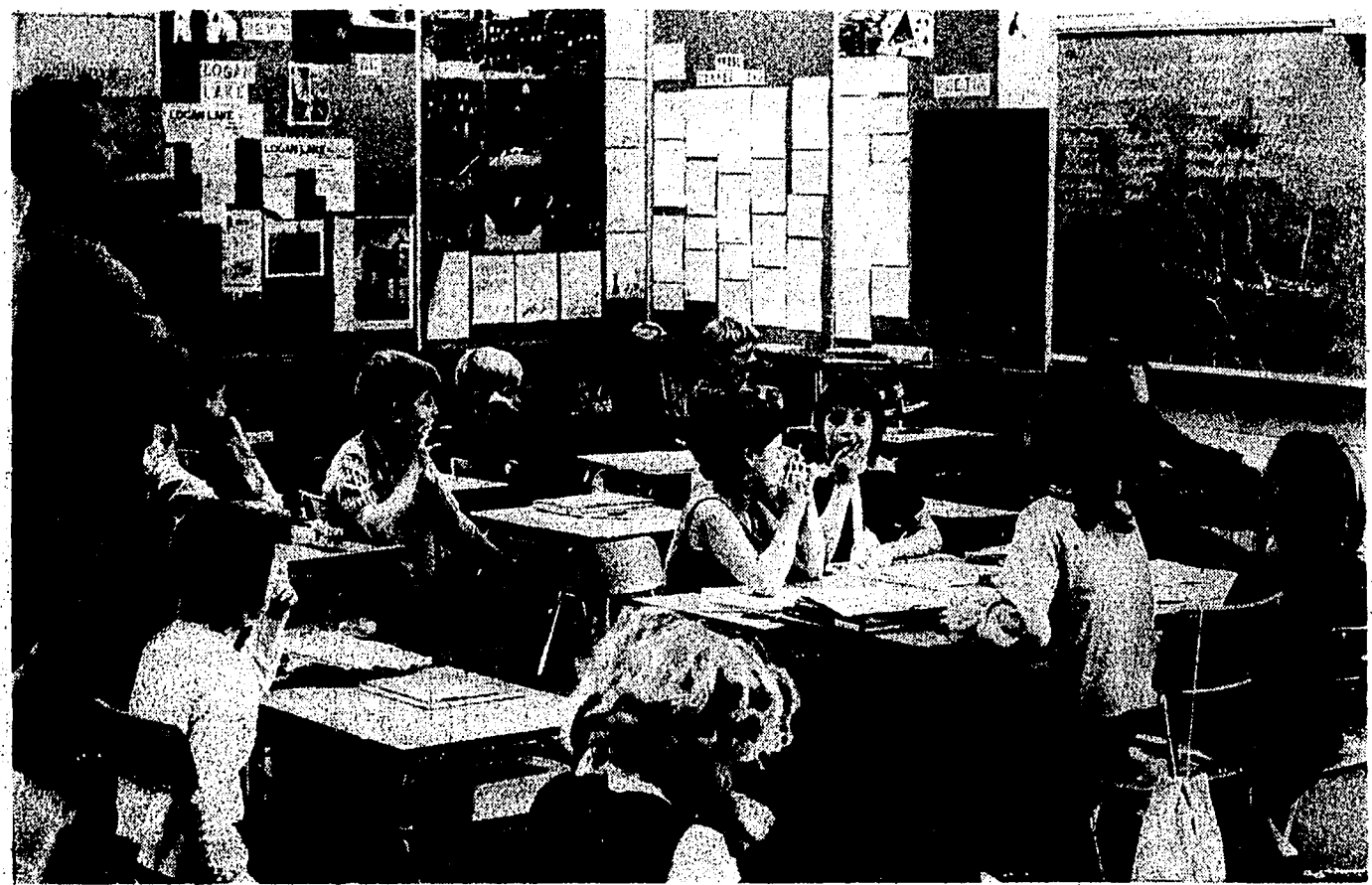
The municipal building, smelling of new cedar siding, has a staff of one, municipal clerk Douglas Henderson, who left a similar position at Mission in the Lower Mainland to start afresh in Logan Lake. There is a just-purchased red-and-chrome fire truck providing new-toy pleasure to the 20-man volunteer fire brigade, offices for a two-man RCMP detachment with no jail and none planned.

Mrs. Schmid's salon serves as unloading station for housewives suffering a touch of "new-town blues." The main complaint is boredom. The daily outing is down to the store, the post office and back. It is a community of women and children until the men return from work at night.

A hotel-motel complex is somewhere in the wind and until it is



Dolores Schmid's beauty salon is one place where Logan Lake women can shake new-town blues.



Gary Kalloch teaches Grade 2 class at elementary school accommodating 105 pupils.

BRUCE WEST

## \$3 viewing

I must say I was shocked the other day to read the report in this newspaper by Kaspars Dzeguze about the possible prices for first run movies which will be offered early next year to guests in Toronto hotels. The new, closed circuit method of showing these films was tried out in Atlanta, where a guest wishing to see a brand new movie could call room service and have the picture transmitted to his room, after which the fee of \$3 for this special attention would be placed on his bill. It is to be assumed, of course, that these movies would never be interrupted by commercials of any kind. Now, there may be those in the audience who would say that a movie—even the kind they're turning out today—was worth every cent of the \$3 fee provided they didn't have any commercials. Normally, I would heartily agree with them. There are certain commercials on the airwaves these days which drive me right up the wall. But I have been through the no commercial experience, while watching movies on TV, and discovered that it wasn't all that glorious. Out in affluent Etobicoke, where garbage must be gift-wrapped and tree branches must be cut to a prescribed length before they will be picked up, an enterprising organization once tried to introduce paid, no commercial television movies. The project eventually sank without trace, and for a very good reason.



Hotel viewing

The dismal truth seems to be that we have become so conditioned to TV commercials that we miss them when they're not there. The very act of cutting at them gives us a certain lift, on a dull evening.

With this closed circuit system that was tried in Etobicoke, the technicians fitted a little box on the top of your television set, into which you could drop coins to pay for the movie of your choice. The first time I tried it, I didn't like it.

For one thing, the fact that what I was looking at in my own living room was costing me 75 cents or \$1 (in quarters) had a vaguely disturbing effect on me. I may be a cheapskate, but any time I have to pay money to any kind of machine, I develop certain feelings of hostility. I don't mind paying where you can see the receiver eye to eye. But there's an impersonal thing about a slot machine that offends me deeply.

The other objection to these closed circuit movies was that you could never, in good conscience and spiritual tranquility, leave them even to go to the bathroom. Nor could you go out to the refrigerator for a beer, as you can, with high heart, during a commercial break on a regular television program. You just had to grimly sit there, making sure you didn't waste even one mill of your 75 cents. This sometimes worried me so much that I lost the thread of the story.

Now we have the possibility that a guest in a Toronto hotel will be obliged to pay \$3 for the denial of his right to go to the bathroom. At \$3 a picture, I would be afraid to blink my eyes in case I missed something.

Of course, the project may succeed. But, if it does, and visitors to Toronto are willing to spend \$3 to sit in their rooms looking at television—even on a Sunday—then our fair city richly deserves the reputation it has acquired.

KENNETH BAGNELL

## Yorkville jewel

If Yorkville village was a business desert, an economic disaster in municipal eyes, a case could be made that it should be bulldozed for more profitable use. Yet Yorkville has not been a business failure, but one of our jewels of free enterprise, for at the height of the hippie era in 1966, while businessmen decried the presence of troubled youth, Yorkville's 167 shops did sales worth \$33-million. This, I contend, ample evidence why the village should be maintained even by those politicians who can think only in terms of cash inflow and taxation return. To alter that character—as Hugh Bruce was ready to do in 1969 by pleading on behalf of an outrageous high rise in the dead centre of the village—is to throw out of kilter, not just the personality of Yorkville but also its acquisitive capacity. Yet it may be the latter that is the only appeal to which such men as Alderman Fred Beavis will listen, for to argue on grounds of conservation of the past escapes both their intellects and imaginations. Money is their reality. If that be so, then I am ready to argue on their own terms.

Taking the steps recommended by Works Commissioner Ray Bremner, that is widening Yorkville, Cumberland, Bellair and part of Hazelton will be economic folly, the kind of decision a no-nonsense businessman should scorn.

If, for example, these streets were lined with drive-in restaurants, gas pumps, service stations, automatic car washes and drive-in-theatres, a case could be made for widening them because it is imperative that cars get to such amenities.

But Cumberland, Bellair, Hazelton and Yorkville do not have these facilities; in truth they have the exact opposite: boutiques, art studios, galleries, dress shops and so forth. Of the 167 stores in what is called the Yorkville triangle only 13 catered in 1966 to the needs of the automobile.

Yorkville therefore, by both its physical design and business character, is a pedestrian community and to toy with that fact, seeking a compromise, is to throw it off course as surely as a magnet disrupts a compass. Consider what will happen, if Commissioner Bremner has his way, to the most necessary of pedestrian facilities, the sidewalk.

A two-lane roadway such as Yorkville Avenue may have 24 feet of pavement and 14 feet of sidewalk on either side. If the street is widened to 40 feet, the width the commissioner envisions, the sidewalks must be cut to six feet. A Yorkville with sidewalks six feet wide will be a shopping area with no customers: I invite the Hugh Bruces and Fred Beavises of city hall to weigh that fact.

The most joyful places in the world are not deserts but the sidewalks where people laugh in Paris and London and yes Toronto. To turn those sidewalks into six-foot passages where men cannot stroll in comfort is to tell them they are not welcome. And if that happens they will stay away and their dollars with them.



Pedestrian place