

Hoover City, Cardboard Town at

Weggas Ovtskirts, Is to Disappear Soon

"Hoover City," the rag and bone and hank of hair, which attached itself to the Boulder dam "boom town" of Las Vegas, away back in the early construction days of the giant barrier, will be no more.

The burlap and cardboard city at the fork in the road at North Fifth street and the Salt Lake highway has been caught in the jam of progress of the rapidly expanding community and will disappear within the next few weeks, it was reported today.

The residents of the area, forced by circumstances beyond their control to reside in the make-shift shacks which dot the triangle, have been ordered to move to make way for some nebulous project which appears in the offing. What that project will be, no one at the present moment has been able to report.

One of the residents of the sec-

tion, with a covey of wide-eyed children around him, said: "I don't know what we're gonna do. We've been ordered off this property, but nobody has told us where to go. I know there are a lot of people around here who have definite ideas where we should go and the Lord knows it couldn't be any hotter there than it got here last summer, but that's not the point. We've got a home here now, but in a week or so, we won't have any place to put it. I don't know what we're gonna do, I swear I don't."

The little family, which looked to the "old man" to find them a place to live, apparently didn't know either, and couldn't see very far out into the desert, which may become their place of abode, because of the mist which had gathered in their eyes.

Another resident of the section,

wasn't nearly so bitter and took a rather philosophical attitude about the whole thing.

"I haven't been here as long as some of the folks," he said. "But I don't think anybody's got any squawk coming. They've been able to live here, rent free, ever since they came, and that's something. Of course, it hasn't had all the comforts of home, but then, it's been a place to live. I don't know here I'll go with my wife, but we'll get along. The thing that's been worrying me most for the past three days, is a bum jaw. It's been hurting like thunder, and it's really been too sore to let me do much worrying about a place to live."

Two women, who were interrupted in the midst of their week-day washing, were amused, rather than perturbed, about the whole thing.

"Yep, we got orders to move,"

one of them said, "and we're getting ready for it. We're building a house on this truck body, and I know we can find some place to put it, eventually."

The other woman merely said: "I'm going home, if I can," when she was quizzed about her future prospects.

The order to scam out of there came several days ago thru a notice, signed by Thomas J. McGrath, and executed by Clement Malone, and gave the residents of the section until November 25 to "pack up and git," as one of the citizens of the area put it.

Hoover City, which will go the way of all landmarks in this area, was a direct result of the depression and the subsequent building of Boulder dam.

Scores of travelers, attracted to the section by tales of much work and a nice climate, were lured to

Las Vegas. When they arrived here they were unable to find any place to live, at a price which they could afford to pay.

So, squatting became the thing to do, and soon there was a regular community in the triangle.

Buildings ranged all the way from plain cardboard shanties to a single roomed adobe shack, and all during the construction days, the triangle boomed. So great became the population that Pete Body, one of the early arrivals at Hoover City, opened up a grocery store to supply the citizens with groceries.

When the dam was completed, evil days fell upon the little community and most of the cabins were vacated. They remained so until this latest development, brot on by the construction of the huge magnesium plant.

The city began to show life.

The shanties were occupied again and the area resounded to the shouts of little ragamuffin tykes who ranged the area from dawn to dark.

Now, all that is changed. The owner of the property has decided the folks must move. Their squatters' rights have run out.

More than 100 families, composed of three or four hundred persons, are affected by the order, and they already have begun to scatter. Soon the city will be another "ghost town," but out of it is expected to arise a more substantial suburb of Las Vegas.

The order to vacate covers the area from the Dog House bar, which is about an eighth of a mile from the fork in the road, up to the cemetery fence, and from Fifth street clear back into the mesquite bushes.

And thus does progress affect the lives of even the most humble.