The Federal Government admits what it did in the West End was illegal and immoral and used the West End as an example of how not to conduct Urban Renewal but just as the Jackals have no concern about the dead animal they killed, Rappaport and the City of Boston have no concern about what is left of the West End except making money. The city could make amends by turning part of the land over for a West End center where former West Enders could gather and generally kibitz about the old days.
The West Ender

Printed in the spirit of the Mid-Town Journal and dedicated to the West End School of Journalism - If you can't say something bad about someone, lie.

The people of the West End were the original urban gurrillas of the sixtys, there was resistance to urban renewal, contrary to popular opinion, it consisted of cutting wires and pipes on the crane in Haskels garage that caused $30,000 dollars damage in an era when $5,000 a year was considered very good wages. After the initial damage 2 cops and a cop car were assigned to watch the crane. A week after the surveilance began the crane was attacked by a Molotov Cocktail by persons unknown. Crane operators were stoned from rooftops and operations had to cease while the Police cleared the rooftops none of which was ever reported in the papers. There was also a save the West End committee, but it was non-violent and ended up being ineffective. The papers refused to cover what was happening in the West End. The Globe was instrumental (aided by the Vault), in tearing the West End down, it called the West End, "a dirty slum and a breeding place for criminals", now in its articles about the West End they say it was a majestic ethnic enclave of vastly diversified backgrounds and flavors and that it should never have been touched. As usual the Globe is a lot of BULLSHIT.

West End Notes

Boston Magazine had an article in the April edition on the West End. It was a good article because although it was not written by a West Ender it shows the anger of the West End. Up to now every article written about the West End showed the people as Apathetic about the West End being torn down.

I received my first copy of The West Ender and wondered why some one didn’t do something like this a long time ago — I remember Mickey Mantle said once "If I knew I was going to live this long I would have taken better care of myself". Maybe if all of us in the West End realized how much we were going to miss it and each other we could have taken better care of it and each other. Maybe if we had the organization of the peace marchers of the 60’s and ecologists of the 80’s we could have done more to prevent the land grab of the B.R.A. in 1960.

The note about the Camp Gannet re-union was great and I want you to know that my brother Phil is going to bite your face for making it seem like he never smiles — he smiles a lot — I’ll bet he smiles right after he punches your lights out (just kidding don’t leave town.)

About out local character, I always thought his name was Al Tabarchnic, because they always used to yell, "A.L.T. for the house" and he would reply "for vot house boy" the answer would come back "for the shit house". Al would yell back "fork you boy, you a celtolic? fork de Pope".

He used to sit on the steps of the synagogue with his battered mandolin that only had two strings. He would sing the most outrageous songs and when they were over he would love to say as he whistled through the one tooth he had left protruding upward from the front of his gums, "say boy, you know who is the greatest ssingair in the world is? Me Al Tabarchnic yess sssairy.

I remember watching him one day as he sat on the curb on Poplar St., near Auburn St. he was sorting out some of the treasures that he had recently exhumed from a nearby trash barrel. He was dressed with his usual rope around the waist which later became fashionable with the nautical set. You see, Al was a trend setter. He had a piece of twine hanging from his ear, with the stub of a pencil tied to the other end, probably for taking notes off the top of his head. He extracted a pair of boots from his pile of treasures and examined them inside and out.

I ask him, "do you think they’ll fit Al? Veelessoon sssee, yasss sssaii".

He took off his shoes and put his bare feet into the boots, tossed the shoes into the barrel, collected his treasures and walked off singing a song that belonged exclusively to the greatest ssingair in dee world-yesssair!

Tony Oddo
Due to a complaint by his brother The West Ender will offer a retraction of a line on the Camp Gannet reunion it read “Phil Oddo was seen smiling” it will be changed to “Phil Oddo was seen frowning” Thank You.

Remembering When!

**MRS. BLOODS HOUSE**

On a day in 1960 a lonely house sat on the bouderies of a man made bulldozed plain reminiscent of a little house on a prairie it was a symbol of courage and determination vs. massive government control and interference.

This issues “Remembering When” is about Mrs. Bloods house, most West Enders probably did not know Mrs. Blood when the West End was up, but we all knew of her when she fought the B.R.A., the City of Boston, and the Federal Government tooth and nail and refused to be moved. Mrs. Blood was the last West Ender to be removed, but removed she was, forcibly and with the blessing of our governmental agency’s. Mrs. Bloods house was a well kept house on Charles St. a few buildings down from the Peabody House, she loved that house and would have never sold it.

The demolition of the West End showed most of us the lie of this, being a free country, it is free as long as the powers that be, don’t want what we have or we will do what they say, if we don’t then the massive weight of government bureaucracy comes into play, as we have seen in the case of busing.

The West End was torn down for petty Politics and money grabbers to make money, people were totally disregarded, and the Mrs. Bloods were given no choice in their destiny, and in the end the money grabbers made their money, but the sight and memory of Mrs. Blood’s house on that lonely plain reminds us that there was some resistance to Urban Renewal.

The West Ender salutes and thanks you MRS. BLOOD.

**PEOPLE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE**

A request for information about Rick Schonblum, who taught science 6 years at the Peabody House an M.I.T. student.

Norm Swanson was a social worker at the Peabody House about 10 years.

Any information about Anthony Nastasi who lived on Chambers St. and was last thought to be in California.

This newsletter is not meant for any particular corners or crowds, its ambition is to be a line running through all ages and segments of the West End and to keep the West End experience alive, an experience which most of us did not realize until we moved out was unique.

All that is left of the West End is in the minds and memories of middle aged men and women who feel the call of their roots, but have only an extraction like the hole left in your gums when a tooth is pulled.

What is left in the West End is Charles River Park (built on the false pretence that West End people would have first choice of living there, “only if you could afford a small increase in rent”) and the dispersed dreams of former West Enders. We will try to keep those dreams alive.

**CAMP GANNET REUNION**

This years reunion will be held on Sunday June, 23, 1985, it is held rain or shine and it costs $5.00 a car. There is swimming but no lifeguards; softball for everybody. We only have a few rules; you must supply your own food, supply your own grill and cook as close to the fireplace as you can so when you put out your fire you can put the hot ashes into the fireplace, and most of all please bring your own trash bags,, so please help clean up the Camp area before you leave.

**WEST END NOTES**

A lot of people have asked about the cost of the West Ender, it is free of charge. Any contributions will gladly be accepted to help pay for the cost of mailing, Thank You.

If you would like to receive a copy of the West Ender just drop us a line with your name and address and any one else’s address that is formerly from the West End, and we will see that it is mailed out.

WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM EVERY FORMER WEST ENDER POSSIBLE. SO COME ON AND JOIN US. SEE YOUR CHILDHOOD FRIENDS AND COME TO CAMP GANNETT.