We would like to hear from more people from the West End and to have more reader input to see the different perspectives on nostalgia, please send in any of your rememberances or treasured memories so all of us can share them. As we grow older all these memories of different people, places, and situations will just quietly disappear but if we write them down there will at least be a record so please let's hear from you.
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.

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REMEMBERING WHEN?

Situated on Spring Street about halfway between Poplar and Chambers Streets across from Milton Street and the 5 & 10 was a fruit and vegetable store its main attraction was Snipper. This issue's remembering when, is about Snipper, why he was called Snipper I don't know but I'm sure our readership will inform me as they did about Tabashnic (see we even spelled it right). I always remember Shipper sitting on a chair and the fat on his butt overhanging the edges of the chair. Snipper supposedly weighed between 450 or 500 pounds. He was reportedly seen swallowing a small Table Talk pie in one bite and legend has it he killed a woman while making love, and when he died they had to build a special casket to bury him in. Snipper is gone but he left a big memory.

West End Notes

We would like to thank Alfred Grosser for the news article on Camp Gannett printed in 1935 we will try to print it in future issues.

Peter Lucas or his family was formerly from the West end, he is a columnist for the Herald, and it reminded me that we had quite a few Albanians living the the West End.

Any business owned by a former West Ender will be listed free of charge just send us a note with the name of the business and your name.

While doing some work in Danny’s Bar in Magoun Sq. I ran across quite a few former West Enders I don’t know if is was just coincidence or if they always drop in.

Like two Jackles fighting over a bone from a dead carcus without any thought of the rights of the cadavor the City and Rappaport are fighting in court over a small section of the West End.

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 Jackles 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 kabitz about the old days.

Rappaport could also follow suit but he won’t, he could already have done many things that he was supposed to like, making a place for former West Enders. The idea was that former West Enders would have first choice at the West End Apartments, but the Apartments went for $300 a month and most West Enders were paying around $50 a month in the West End at that time (1959).

Rappaport never made one attempt to soothe the emotional hurt and economical cost he heaped on West Enders, and now he is selling the soul of the West End piece by piece, condo by condo, and for a man who had no right to that land in the first place to demand his rights in court is a slap in the face to all former West Enders.

Rappaport used the courts to take the land and he is using the courts to keep the land. Is there any Justice in Boston.

Camp Gannett Reunion

Under rainy and gloomy skies this years cookout had a very good turnout if it had been a nice day it might have been twice as large. We had a lot of new faces but we were also missing some familiar one's
it is a nice way to spend the day cooking out, swimming, and playing psuedo softball.

People Looking For People

We are still looking for any information on Norm Swanson a social worker at the Peabody House, Rick Schonblum another Peabody House instructor and Anthony Nastasi who lived on Chambers Street and new to the list Gabby Tuffo, Donald Libby, Virginia Rogalski who lived on Poplar Street across from Willy’s Variety Store.

Letters We Get Letters

Thanks for sending me the newsletter. It’s good reading about day’s gone by. About 10 years ago I was up at the nut house in Mattapan visiting, I think I was visiting . . . ? But to the joy of my eyes I saw Tabashnic! He was sitting on a one of a kind lawn chair, gazing into space. I stopped the ambulance I mean the car and got out. I asked the attendant his name he said Al Jones; I said not you maloof, him, Al Tabashnic he said, a model (inmate) patient.

He said he didn’t know too much about him. I told him I remembered him about 25-30 years ago in the West End. (He used to sing very quiet most of the time. He used to sing a song from Willy’s Variety Store. He sang it when he was visiting . . . ? But to the joy of my eyes I saw Tabashnic! He was sitting on a one of a kind lawn chair, gazing into space. I stopped the ambulance I mean the car and got out. I asked the attendant his name he said Al Jones; I said not you maloof, him, Al Tabashnic he said, a model (inmate) patient.

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Under the bridge we came upon the Community Boat Club, a place where many of us would later become members.

At last the Hatch Memorial Shell, all is quiet in anticipation of the great Arthur Fiedler, lets listed and watch him perform. I would give anything to return for one moment to that wonderful time.

I.M.

J. B. SEZ

Hi West Enders. Also, non West Enders. I just saw a movie titled “Year of the Dragon”. In short it’s a movie based on a fiction novel about a Chinese Mafia gang operating in the chinatown section of New York City. It has the same old theme; you know the one, the good guys against the bad guys: plus plenty of good old fashioned violence. No I am not plugging the movie, even though I thoroughly enjoyed seeing it.

I recently read in the local Boston newspapers that the Mayor of Boston (Father Flynn) in conjunction with other flunkies of the court and statehouse gangs are against the showing “Year of the Dragon” at Boston theaters. They say the movies is prejudicial against the Chinese American and the Chinese Community. A short time ago the City of Boston okayed an Eight-Hundred-Thousand Dollar grant for housing for the late Dr. Stanley Chin and his group. (It’s a fact that the good Dr. is a brother-in-law of Tommy C. of San Francisco, a chinese mafia cheifman of the 1950’s). A thorough check of police criminal files in Frisco would confirm this. The good Dr. is listed in the files as a “Political Fixer” for the gang. (U.S.A. confidential, Lait & Mortimer, 1956).

I would like to get away from the Mid-Town Journal stuff for a few seconds and say hi to Tony Oddo. As a matter of coincidence I went to grammar school with him many moons ago. I know definitely that Tony and I didn’t attend high school together, because there wasn’t a high school situated in the old West End that was in use to accommadate us. All kidding aside; Tony said some nice things pertaining to ex-fellow friends and neighbors missing each other. I feel the same way as you do Tony and I think most of the ex-westenders do ditto-wise. Especially the real old timers.

Well what do you know; what’s his name, oh I remember — Attorney Gerry Rappaport Esquire just bought a prize Holstein cow for 1.3 Million. We all know that Gerry Esq. always gets his moneys worth. As soon as the super-cows udder runs dry of milk Gerry Esq. will squeeze every last ounce of blood from it.
People are suggesting that the City of Boston have its name changed to “Condo City”.

The realtors from Brookline and Newton are having a party refurbishing apartment buildings, then going condo. Boston, being mostly the object of their endeavors. New York and Montreal investors have also invaded the land of the bean and the cod. It behooves me to know that a portion of American foreign aid, especially to Isreal and some of the Arab nations is redirected back to the U.S.; is rechannelled into building condos and supporting non-union labor. Note I want our fearless editor J. C. to realize that I'm not trying to convert his newsletter into a scandal sheet. That he is not the only expert on Tabashnicism. So ready or not here are a few tidbits pertaining to the non pariel.

As I recall A.L.T. made his living collecting rags, cardboard, and junk, (not the other stuff) and selling it to local junkdealers. He wasn’t on welfare, and at a younger age attended several top European Universities. he also was a powerful Dude us kids would be playing baseball at the ballpark on the esplanade next to the Charles River, A.L.T. would be off in the distance doing prodigious exercise; which consisted of him hefting a huge boulder; (Approximate weight 1000 lbs.) the boulder was enveloped by a rope which in turn was attached around, looplike to his neck; and in short intervals A.L.T. would, using his next strength only, lift the massive boulder off the ground several inches. I also recall that A.L.T. used to eat breakfast at the now defunct Jewish Deli on Causeway Street Cream cheese bagle and coffee. Occasionally somebody would pick up the breakfast tab; A.L.T. would acknowledge the financial gesture by waving at the party or exclaiming “God Bless the Pope” Last but not least, I don’t ever recall him soliciting alms. I guess in his own way he was a proud man.

West End House Alumni

The West End House Alumni got together the last week in August, they hold an Alumni Week each year with Former West Enders getting together at the West End House Camp in Maine and everybody has a great time. We understand a sizable contribution was donated for under privileged campers in the name of A. L. Tabachnic.

A Note From the Printer

I really enjoy setting and printing the West Ender, because I’m just like most of our readers from the West End. I would like to see more input and less of the same subject such as ALT. My opinion is that this news letter is meant for people reaching other people, trying to keep in touch with each other. I know there are quite a few people our there who tell me they are going to write an article for the West Ender, I have not seen one yet. So come on don’t be shy jot down a few lines it will be great to here from you. I could talk a while about the West End but I would rather here from people I have not seen in a long long time. We have two ways of communication one is through the new letter and the other is to put aside one day a year usually the last Sunday in June, for that is the day we go to CAMP GANNEET come rain or shine. I will close now so until I here from you or until I see you at CAMP GANNETT good health.

RJP