Childhood memories of the Old West End

Hi Jim! Here's a photo of some of us who lived in the Cambridge House, Anderson Street area. Missing from the group the day the photo was taken were Arthur Geller and Sandy Gilligan. Old West Enders after their weekly Sunday breakfast get-together: (l-r) George Manzelli, Arthur Athas, Julius Breslouf, Joe Toronto, Charlie Smith, Rusty Falzone (submitted by Julius Breslouf)

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Childhood memories of the Old West End

Jim,

Your card was a gentle reminder to renew for next year.

Just recently I had to walk from M.G.H. to the North End and I decided to go on a sentimental walk. First past my elementary school — The Winchell — which is now a dorm for nurses. Past the Blackstone Jr. High, which has been torn down and now is the Blackstone Apartment Building. Past St. Joseph’s Church, the only West End building still standing. To Stanford Street, the first thing you see is the backside of a big government building (garage). To Merrimac, to approximately where Norman Street would be and all there is is a small walkway between two towering buildings. No sign of life, no one walking around, and my thoughts were — "This was supposed to be an improvement?" Everything from my childhood memories was gone and I was amazed 50 years later how angry I was at that.

So you keep up the good work. Keep reminding people that once there was a West End and all the people that were forced to move against their will.

Thanks for the memories.

Eleanor Venezia

Thank you for your support!

I want to thank all of our readers who voted for me for Democratic State Committee Man in Somerville, Medford, Winchester and Woburn.

I received 18,000 votes to my opponents 6,000 votes, even though the State Senator from the district Pat Jehlen endorsed my opponent.

--James Campano

West End Museum kicks off 2008 fundraiser & even more support

On January 27th the first drawing of the West End Museum 2008 fundraiser was held.

Here are the winners:

$1500 - Esther Aisen
$300 - Angelo Noe
$50 - Bruno Roberto
$50 - Bruce Guarino
$50 - Ashley Bates
$50 - Joe Peterkin
$200 Prize - Angela DeLuca

The next drawing to be held April 27, 2008 at 1 p.m. Subsequent drawings will be held on the last Sunday of July and October.

For only $45 for the rest of this year, you will be eligible to win $1500 three times during the year. At each drawing, prizes of $1500, $300 and four $50 prizes will be awarded. There is also a $200 attendance prize, but you must be present at the time of the drawing to receive the prize.

The West End Museum direly needs your support if it is to continue. So please support this endeavor. You could benefit by winning and even if you lose, you benefit by supporting the museum.

The $1500 Club

West End Museum
150 Stanford Street, Suite 7
Boston, MA 02114
617-723-2125

DRAWING DATES FOR 2008

Last Sunday of April, July
& October at 1 p.m.

DOOR PRIZE - $200

Must be in attendance to win door prize
If no one wins door prize, add $50 to next door prize.

Drawings:

Museum 617-723-2125
Joseph Petenhin 617-750-4679
Paul Jobst 781-322-4230
The West End 617-628-2479

Prizes

$1,500.00
$300.00
$50.00
$50.00
$50.00

Donations are tax deductible.

If you haven’t renewed your subscription to
The West Ender, now’s the time — $10 Per Year

The West Ender
P.O. BOX 440-413
SOMERVILLE, MA 02144
West End Museum donations

If you are a West Ender and your name is not on the West End Museum’s donation list—it should be. Fill out the donation form below and drop it in the mail.

WEST END HERO - $25,000 or more
Frank Privitera
GOLD PHILANTHROPIST - $3,000 or more
Bruce Guarino
PHILANTHROPIST - $1,000
Sean Jackman—In honor of his Mother and Father Jim and Claire Jackman
Judge Domenic Russo
BENEFACTOY - $500
Jim Campano John DeMarco
Paul Joliki Leonard Nimoy
SPONSOR - $250
Joe Anello +$100 Alan Groppman
Bet3 & Marshall Arkin Kevin McGrath
Al & Anna Cohen Dorothea (Koresky)
John Cucinotta + Pastore
Angela DeLuca Arnold & Barbara Phillips
PATRON - $100
James (Jay) Almeida
Sam Bellistri
Alan Berkman - in memory of his father, Oscar Berkman
Robert Bova
Carlo Caccia
Louis & Laura Caccia
Joseph Calabruso - in memory of his mother, father, sister Connie and brother Mario
The Cancellieri Family
Kevin Clifford - in memory of his father, John Clifford
Bernard Condelli
John Cucinotta
Angie DeLuca
Tony DeMarco
Joe DeSantis
Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Francina
Herbert Gans
Arthur Geller
Conrad Geller
Richard Hartnett
Agnes Iwanow
Shirley Kressel
Joe Lecce
John Locatelli - in memory of his brother Lee
Tony LoVoulo
William MacAuley
Joseph J. Mataro
Richard Nedda
Jim Noe
Anthony Pallotta
Joe Peterkin
John Raso
Vincent Raso
Sal Raggio - in memory of his parents, Frank & Eufemia Raggio
Bruno Roberto
Mimi (Baker) Roberto - Remembering Vinnie Roberto
City Councilor Mike Ross
Judge Santo Ruma
Vincent J. Russo
Andrew Samo
Ms. Margaret Scimeca - In memory of her Husband, Michael "Mikey Shoo" Scimeca
Carmella Scott
William Sharrio
Spina & Delia Families
William Tomczyk
Robert Vatalaro
Zina Venezia
Arthur Venditti
Malcolm Zimmerman
SUPPORTER - $50
S. James Alberino
Teresita Arias - In memory of Isabel & Conato Arias
Santo Aurelio
Louie & Bebe Aurelio
Mr. & Mrs. James Bramante
In Memory of Dominic J. Bruno
Francis Carlotano
Anthony Castagnozzi - In memory of Mille Castagnozzi
Irene Collyer - In memory of her deceased parents
Salvatore Condielli
Joe DiFazio
Josephine Zizzo Dzylgala - In loving memory of parents
Rose & Joe Zizzo
Mrs. Helen Feeney
Gloria Fernandez
Ed Fitzgerald
June Getchell
Lawrence Grove
Laurence Goodman
Theresa Lombone
Tom MacDonald
Christopher Nicola
Reginald Rasi
Virginia Rogalski
John Rosato
Barbara Ruchames
Mary Ann Russo - In memory of her parents Bernard & Francesca Bettinielli
Mr. Vincent Saraceno
John C. Saraf
Mark Skiffington
Richard Settipane
Jonathan Slate
Dorothy and Leonard Sudenfield
Richard and Lois Testa
Eleanor Venezia
Bill & Carolyn Wood
Nade Zdanovich

We are stopping listing anything under $50 more than once because this list is getting too big and cutting down on space used for letters. Sorry.

NEW
Joseph Cancereh
Jean D’Attito - $25

The reason we cut the list is because The West End is not a part of the Museum — it is a separate entity — and the friends part of the list is the biggest. If we keep printing the list, we will not have space for stories and pictures of the old West End. So we have to shorten the list. In the future we may have to cut the supporter list also. Sorry.

Addition to Memorial plaque

Hi Jim;

Congratulations on running for The Democratic State Committee! If the people up there have any sense at all, you’ll be a shoo in.

Enclosed, at long last, is a copy of my uncle’s World War I war record. I tried to e-mail it to you, but it didn’t work. You’ll note on the last page is a list of Jewish boys from the West End that he knew had been wounded or killed during the war, including an additional name of someone killed that was not on the West End Hero’s Memorial plaque: G. Levitt of Allen St. Perhaps he could be added at some future date. Also enclosed is a contribution to The West End. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours, Beth and Marshall Arkin

Editors Note: Unfortunately we have to a family member call city hall and request that be added to the plaque and they will verify his record. Because of space limitations I will publish the record in the June West End. Sorry.

The West End Museum needs a fundraiser who has the ability to explore all phases and avenues of fundraising. If you know of anyone with these skills please contact the museum: PO Box 8996, Boston, MA 02114.

The West End Museum is resuming its Video Oral History program. Call the museum 617-723-2125 for an appointment to tell your story.

The West End
P.O. BOX 440-413 * SOMERVILLE, MA 02144
TEL. 617-628-2479

Editor ..................................... JAMES CAMPANO
Co-Founder............................. RAYMOND J. PAPA

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The West End will return pictures if you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, but will retain all rights to publish them and to use the images.

The West End is a quarterly publication.

West End Museum Donation

I wish to donate to The West End Museum to hasten its progress so the story of the West End will not be forgotten. Send donations to: PO Box 8996, Boston, MA 02114. Donations are tax deductible.

West End Hero $10,000+ Sponsor $250
Gold Philanthropist $3,000+ Patron $100
Silver Philanthropist $2,000+ Supporter $50
Philanthropist $1,000 Friend $25
Benefactor $500 Other ________

Donations to The West End Museum do not support or in any way go to the West Ender Newsletter.

Donations to the Museum are tax deductible.
West End Career Paths

by Bob Vatalaro

Almost always, or certainly very frequently, or maybe just "lotta's times," when we reminisce about the West End, the conversation or the written word describes nostalgic and wistful memories. Why not? Though happy and pleasant memories tend to be exaggerated, West End impressions are truly genuine memories because, (in my opinion), we experienced a magnificent lasting education and who can argue with education, especially the "out of school kind."

I doubt that anyone who lived in the West End would deny that that the frequent sojourns along Leverett or Spring and Poplar streets, or Wall Street, or Barton and Willard streets, or Chambers, Allen, Mclean or Blossom streets added to the formal schooling of St Joseph, or Blackstone, or Winchell and Fanueil schools, We grew up thinking that the world was made up of Polish, Irish, Jewish, Italian, Armenian and African American, etc., etc., people. However, the difference was, these people lived next door or "upstairs." We didn't need National Geographic photos to reveal their appearance.

If ever you wonder about what the rest of the country might have been deprived of, one day I asked my gorgeous wife who is from L.A., (In Georgia that means Lower Alabama), "What are you?" I meant her ethnic background. She immediately replied, "Baptist." I discovered that when I pursued the subject and really held her feet to the fire, she said, "Oh probably Scotch Irish." It's been a long time since Jamestown.

However, also present, (and possibly hidden), within the boundaries of Nashua, Charles, Cambridge streets and Scollay Square was almost a microcosm of the world of jobs and career advancement woven into the ethnic tapestry of our West End world. There was labor to be performed, wages or other monies to be earned, and experiences to be learned and honed. There was the world of retail on Spring Street, the service industry on Blossom and Charles streets, the medical profession at the Mass. General. Legal and political careers grew on Beacon Hill and if you wanted to be a bookie, bootlegger, or wise guy, there was plenty of opportunity.

Breaking it down a little further you could find an entry level odd job such as turning the lights out in the Synagogue on Poplar Street. This "paying" activity, (5 or 10 cents), might gravitate to walking the streets carrying a shoe shine box every day after school and all day Saturday. Past that, when the muscles grew you might find yourself working on Plantimura's or Germmato's ice and oil trucks.

My first venture into the world of earned income and independent businessman started one bitterly cold Saturday morning while we were living on Willard Street, (before moving to Poplar Street), in January 1941. I was seven and a half. My brother, Johnnie, (older by three years), told me about earning a nickel for lighting a stove for a Jewish lady the previous Saturday. He said her religion wouldn't let her light the stove. I said, "Why?" to which he replied, "I don't know, but she told me that if I were on the street next Saturday she would let me do it again." It was now the following Saturday. I was up early drinking coffee with my mother. My father had already left to shop in the North End market. I could tell it was freezing outside. The kitchen window had frost on it.

My mother said, "Bobby, what are you doin' up so early on a Saturday?"
I said, "Ma, Johnnie said he could make a nickel for lighting a Jewish lady's stove, but he's not up yet."
My mother replied, "I don't think Johnnie is gonna leave that warm bed honey."
"Well, do you think the lady will let me light the stove? I'd sure like to get a nickel." (A nickel was five times what I could usually beg from my parents.)
"Sure, why not? Besides, Johnnie is practically nailed to the bed. Why don't you go so the lady won't be disappointed."
"How do I get picked? How do I tell her I'd like to do it?"
My mother laughed and said, "Bobby, just go out on the sidewalk across the street about two doors from Nunziatto's store and wait. Don't worry, she'll see you. It's real cold, wear Johnnie's sweater under your jacket."
"OK, but Mom, how come the lady can't light her stove?"
"It's her religion. The have different rules than we do."
"Oh."
I grabbed Johnnie's sweater, then I put on a jacket. No hat .... had plenty of hair. No gloves, had two pockets. The air in the hallway of 9 Willard Street wasn't too cold, but after descending two flights and standing on the sidewalk, I realized that I was not going to allow very much time for this money making venture. I crossed the street and took a standing position on some steps two doors up from the store. (It might have been Frankie Lisio's, or Richie Cordis' or Mario Rocuzzo's doorsteps. It's hard to remember.) I was cold. There was a frigid breeze that seemed to emanate from the ice house on Lowell Street. There were three old International trucks with rear wheel chain drives parked there. I wondered if it was warmer inside the truck. (I had never been inside a vehicle.)

Willard Street had patches of ice over the granite bricks that served as a road bed. It would be months before we could play "gummines" with marbles. The sidewalks were decorated with hard frozen patches of snow and ice. The cold was already seeping through my shoes. I stared at the buildings across the street fantasizing about the lady calling me into a warm house. I could feel my face becoming chapped from the breeze. My hands had already experienced this common occurrence. A couple of people walked by with hardly a glance. A man came out of the building where I had taken up a waiting post and I moved out of his way quickly in order to avoid questions.

After another frozen five minutes of walking up and down the sidewalk in a 10 foot radius I heard, "Sonny, are you waiting for somebody?" It was a late middle aged lady across the street two flights up looking at me from an open window, a shawl over her shoulders.
"No," I replied. (This was before the Air Force taught me to say "Yes Ma'am and No Ma'am.")
"Do you want to light my fire?"
"Yuh"
"Then you should come up now Sonny."
I zoomed across the street, took the steps two at a time. She was waiting for me at her kitchen door. I immediately noticed that she was shorter than my mother. Her hair was a mixture of gray and streaks of reddish brown. She was wearing a well worn bathrobe. There were slippers on her feet. (No one wore slippers at my "house." I walked in somehow."

Continued on page 8
LETTERS

Wonderful memories of a terrific childhood

Dear Jim,

I have been reading The West Ender for some time now, sporadically at times, but with the help of my nephew, somehow that wonderful reminder of a terrific childhood found its way to me.

I am now seventy six years old, feel forty six, and am forever cognizant of my beautiful memories while growing up and living in that wonderful place, "The West End". I was born and lived at 16 Barton Street, Boston, and that building was occupied by my entire family, sister and family on the first level (Famie and Frank Rabbio), my parents and family on the middle floor (Cosimo and Grazia Carbone, my brother Steve and myself), and then on the third floor was my other sister, Rose Galimi and her husband Jim and family.

I can remember staying up all night, huddled around the living room stove, waiting for my father to come home from shoveling snow from the trolley tracks to earn a few extra dollars. My brother Steve started out his career pedalling his bike with ice cream chest attached, and no wonder that ice cream is my most favorite desert.

I feel so blessed as a member of my family, and the joys and experiences that I was privy to living there. Whoever said we West Enders were poor? I attended most classes at the Peabody House, thanks to Mrs. Peabody. Saw all their plays, was included in all their holiday celebrations, including dancing around the Maypole on the banks of the Charles River each year.

I attended St. Joseph's School for eight years until Mr. Rappaport decided he wanted to change the climate of that area to tall buildings featuring condos, and losing the closeness of our enchanted city with so many kind and friendly neighbors who would sit on the outside steps each evening and exchange the stories of the day. When anyone was ill, the pots of soup were made and passed out to whomever needed them.

I could go on and on about the virtues of the entire neighborhood and the beautiful friendships made, which continued on forever.

When the edict came down that we had to leave, my parents had friends who lived in Watertown, and that is where we moved to. I graduated from St Patrick's High School, and went on to night school to continue my education.

I love reading The West Ender. It always brings back beautiful memories and old friendships.

God Bless you for your work with this newspaper, and for all the happy times we again experience by reading it. I would like to order a subscription and would appreciate your reply informing me of the yearly cost and anything else that you feel I should know.

God Bless.
Josephine Cerrone
(ocjto710@aol.com)

Hello from California!

Hi Guys

Just a hello from California. Love the paper as usual. Gives us a connection to you back there. God bless you for all you do for us. Wonderful memories. God Bless you all.

Eddie and Marlene (Stan-cat Sicari)

P.S. Enclosed is something for subscription and a little extra too.

Thank you for hard work

Thanks for all the work you do, we West Enders are so grateful.

Roz "LoPiccolo" LaFond

God Bless You!

Connie Savoia

Nova Bostonia?

Dear Mr. Campano,

In the 1500s the British drove the French out of Acadia, burned down their homes and renamed it Nova Scotia. In the 1900s when we should be much more civilized, the West Enders were driven from their homes, and had their houses torn down. Wouldn’t it be proper to rename the West End, NOVA BOSTONIA? (Tongue in cheek of course)

Enclosed please find my check in payment for the renewal of my subscription to The West Ender, and a bit more to be used as you see fit.

Sincerely,

Ralph Saya

Enjoy reading about friends

Dear Jim:

Please find enclosed a check for my subscription to The West Ender. Also, included is a donation for the museum.

I really enjoy reading about my friends from the West End and seeing some of their old and recent photos in the paper.

Please keep up the good work! Keeps us old timers entertained and updated on the activities of West End. Your efforts are really appreciated!

Joe Anello
Castle Rock, Colorado

Great to be in the area

Good newspaper and I enjoyed seeing my friend Alan Siegal finally get a subscription. Hello to my brother Fred, we had a great Thanksgiving in Boston. Great to see the West End and Beacon Hill and Philips St. where my grandmother lived, also the Public Gardens and the Cape. Enclosed a few bucks from Las Vegas.

Barry Shulman

Hello from California!

Eddie and Marlene (Stan-cat Sicari)

P.S. Enclosed is something for subscription and a little extra too.

Great to see in the area

Dickie Intravaia, Phil Zucco, Bruno Luzzo - Friends golfing in Jupiter, Florida

Hi Jimmy!

Enclosed are a couple of pictures taken in Florida this January. Please insert them in the upcoming issue of The West Ender. Thanks,

Regards, Phil Zucco

(below) Cousins meet in Marco Island — Phil Zucco and Myra (Zucco) Carroll visit Barbara Indelicato (left).
Charles A. Vozzella

Charles A. Vozzella of Somerville, a retired police officer and Korean War veteran died on December 21, 2007. He was 75.

Born in Boston, he lived in the city's West End for 12 years before moving to Somerville, where he lived most of his life.

Mr. Vozzella served in the Air Force during the Korean War. He was a Metropolitan and state police officer.

Beloved husband of Marjorie (Caparella) Vozzella. Father of Valarie Turner and her husband Jeffrey of Arlington, Robert Vozzella, Somerville police officer and his wife Cynthia of Wakefield, John Vozzella and Somerville police officer of Somerville. Brother of Anne Marie DeLeo of Revere and the late Mildred Capone. Papa to 5 loving grandchildren.

Funeral was from the George L. Doherty Funeral Home, Somerville. Interment was in Oak Grove Cemetery.

Frances M. Bellis

Frances M. “Nanni” (Spinale) Bellis, of Sun City, California, formerly of Medford and the West End of Boston, age 96, died on January 12.

Beloved wife of the late John Bellis and James Ruma. Devoted mother of Roseann “Dolly” Ferraguto and her husband Dominic of Medford, John “Jack” Ruma of Florida, Joseph Ruma of Medford, Frances “Pudgy” Ruma of California and James A. Ruma of Boston. Daughter of the late Rosa (Bramante) and Giuseppe Spinale. Loving grandmother of James and Steven Ferraguto, Marianne Rogers, Andrea Wickwire, and James Ruma.

Loving great grandmother of Diana, Colette, Jimmy and Lauren. Loving great grandmother of Jordan, Kailyn and Ava Sofia. Sister of Dominic Spinale of Nashua, NH, Lee Schell and Connie Marchio both of Florida, Frank Spinale of Medford, Anna DiFranco of Stoneham, and the late Joseph Spinale, Josephine LeMier and Mary Ragusa. Also survived by many cherished nieces and nephews.

Funeral was from the Dello Russo Funeral Home, Medford. Burial was at Oak Grove Cemetery, Medford.

In lieu of flowers memorial contributions may be sent in Frances’ name to The Salvation Army, 147 Berkeley St., Boston, MA 02116.

Rosario “Roy” D’Angeli

Rosario “Roy” D’Angeli, 90, of Framingham for 50 years, formerly of the West End in Boston, died Tuesday, January 15, 2008.

Husband of the late Marie (Lazzaro) D’Angeli who died in 2003. Son of the late Domenic and Josephine (Scarpato) D’Angeli. Father of Richard D’Angeli and his wife Brenda of Framingham, Stephen D’Angeli of Winthrop, Donna Libby and her husband David of Sutton and Terri Gilligan and her husband John of Grafton; grandfather of Racquel Tersoni, Domenic and Deven D’Angeli all of Framingham, Jade and Brittany Libby both of Sutton, Samantha and Shaye Gilligan both of Grafton; great-grandfather of Isabella, Sabrina and Sophia Tersoni all of Framingham and Mackenzie Libby Snow of Sutton.

During WWII, Mr. D’Angeli served in the U.S. Army Air Corp as a airplane and engine mechanic. He was a self-employed draftsman in the electronics industry.

Funeral was from the Norton Funeral Home, Framingham. Burial was in Edgell Grove Cemetery, Framingham.

In lieu of flowers, expressions of sympathy may be made to the Alzheimer’s Assoc Mass Chapter, 311 Arsenal Rd., Watertown, MA 02472.

Edward G. Ciarletto

Edward G. Ciarletto, of Somerville, formerly of the West End, died on January 18, 2008.

Beloved husband of Rita L. (Smith) Ciarletto. Father of Edward Michael Ciarletto of Norwood, Catherine Frielas, Christine DeSilvio, both of Chelmsford and Debra Ciarletto of Somerville. Brother of Carmen Ciarletto, Anna Cogliano, Florence Rizzo, the late Joseph Ciarletto and Rose Armstrong. Also survived by 8 grandchildren, many nieces and nephews.

A funeral service was held in the George L. Doherty Funeral Home, Somerville. Interment was at St. Michael Cemetery, Boston.

Dennis F. LaVita

Dennis F. “Papa” LaVita, Sr., 59, of Somerville, died unexpectedly January 3, 2008 at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, MA.

Mr. LaVita was born in Boston, he lived in Somerville most of his life and was formerly of the West End of Boston. He was the son of the late Helen M. (Testa) and Anthony J. LaVita.

Dennis was an Engineer employed by the former Kinetic Systems in Roslindale for several years. He worked as an engineer for the former Kinetic Systems in Roslindale for several years. For many years he played guitar with the Julie Christie and 7th Heaven Band, also taught guitar and piano. He attended Berkley School of Music in Boston and Roxbury Community College for Computer Aided Design.

He was the husband of Thomasina (Wilks) LaVita. Devoted father of Dennis F. LaVita Jr. and Michelle D. LaVita both of Cambridge. Loving grandfather of Latoiya, Shaline, Giovanni, Shaquelle, Destiny, and Zion LaVita. Loving great grandfather of Anthony “Titi” Wallace. Brother of Charlotte Fraser and her husband William of Stoneham. Uncle of Carla Cheng, Deanna Longo, Anthony Fraser, Janeane Pennucci and 7 great nieces and nephews.

Funeral was from the Dello Russo Funeral Home, Medford. Burial was at Woodlawn Cemetery, Everett.

In lieu of flowers memorial contributions may be sent in Mr. LaVita’s name to the American Cancer Society, 30 Speen St., Framingham, MA 01701.

Rosaria “Sarah” Tuttle

Rosaria “Sarah” (Danielle) Tuttle, of Dorchester, formerly of Boston’s West End, died unexpectedly December 26, 2007.

She was the loving mother of Carol Donovan and her husband Gerry of Holbrook, Charles “Chuck” Tuttle of Dorchester, and the late Constance Tuttle. Dear daughter of the late Giuseppe and Concetta (Bori) Daniele. Devoted sister of Melina Lucontoni of Chelmsford and the late Paul Daniele. Also survived by 2 grandchildren, Brian Donovan and Matthew Donovan as well as many nieces, nephews and cousins.

Funeral was from the Cartwright Funeral Home, Holbrook. Burial was in St. Michael’s Cemetery, Boston.

Should friends desire, memorial contributions may be made in her name to the Caritas Carney Hospital, 2100 Dorchester Ave, Boston, MA 02124.

Rose C. DiMare

Rose C. (Gattuso) DiMare, of Burlington, formerly of Medford and the West End of Boston, died on February 4.

Beloved wife of the late James J. Devoted mother of Joseph J. DiMare of Burlington, and Gerald M. DiMare of Medford. Loving grandmother of Gioia G. DiMare. Sister of Lucy Selewich of Roslindale, Frances Olszak of Norwell, and the late John Gattuso and Connie DeAngelo. Also survived by many nieces and nephews.

Funeral was from the Dello Russo Funeral Home, Medford. Entombment was at Holy Cross Chapel Mausoleum, Malden.

As an expression of sympathy memorial contributions may be sent in Rose’s name to the Sawtele Hospice, 320 Haverhill St., Reading, MA 01867.
Dear Jim,

I've enclosed money, I'm probably way overdue for a new subscription. My mother (Jeni) moved and was kind enough to give me many of the back issues. I really enjoy reading all of the letters although at my young age of 59 I can't remember many of the names. I do still attend the “West End House Camp” every August. It is something I look forward to all year.

I've enclose an obituary for Ann Minichiello. I taught with her son for 16 years in Vermont. My wife Mary and I often had dinner with her and her son Dennis and would talk mostly of the West End. She and her husband Joe lived behind “Feeney’s” (sp?) for a short while before moving to Winthrop and eventually to Hanover, NH. I also had the opportunity to meet Joe, her husband, shortly before he died. I was told that the Minichiello’s owned the “Mass Spa” across from Mass. General Hospital. They are a wonderful family of four sons and one daughter and I still keep in touch with their son Dennis.

Thanks again for sending me The West Ender.

Sincerely,

Mark Skiffington

Anna Mae Minichiello

WEST LEBANON—Anna Mae Minichiello, 83, died at her home on Saturday, Jan. 12, 2008.

She was born in Herrin, Ill., on Feb. 24, 1924, a daughter of Samuel D. Grady and Millie J. Grady, and was raised in Woodstock, Ala.

She moved to Boston in the early 1940s, where she worked as a welder in Charlestown Naval Shipyard during World War II.

In 1944, she was married to Joseph J. Minichiello of Boston. In 1954 she and her family moved to Hanover, where they resided until moving to West Lebanon in 1988.

In 1959, and for the following 10 years, Mrs. Minichiello and her husband were proprietors of Minichiello’s Pizzeria, the first pizzeria in Hanover. She was a mainstay at Eastman’s Pharmacy, where she worked for 37 years.

She was an avid Boston Bruins fan, and loved tending to her irises and lilac bushes. She enjoyed quilting, gospel and country music, crossword puzzles and her volunteer work at Brookside Nursing Home in Wilder.

She was predeceased by her husband, Joseph J. Minichiello; and sisters, Jonnie S. Martin and Ethel S. Hodge.

Survivors include her five children, Joseph of Wilder, Betty Pizzuti of Etta, Dennis of Bennington, NH, James of Peacham, and Anthony of Colchester; her stepdaughter, Nancy Hout of Manchester; four sisters, Lorraine G. Hoit, Ellen G. Wade, Margret G. Landrum, and Sammie G. Lee; nine grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Memorial contributions may be made to Visiting Nurse Association & Hospice of Vermont and New Hampshire, White River Junction, VT. 05011; or West Lebanon Baptist Church, 14 Seminary Hill, West Lebanon, NH 03784.

Joseph Corso

Joseph Corso of Lynn, formerly of Melrose, died November 6, 2007 at his home. He was 72 years old.

Born on March 15, 1935 to the late Joseph and Phyllis (Leone) Corso, Joe was raised in Boston’s West End and a resident of Melrose for over 35 years. He was a member of St. Mary’s Church of Melrose where he served as an usher and collected the money for Mass. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus of Melrose since 1956. Joe dressed up as a clown during special events with the Knights, worked Bingo and was a bartender.

Mr. Corso loved his family, dancing, traveling, all sports, especially the Red Sox and even tried out for professional baseball at Fenway Park, hitting a double to right field! He worked as a truck driver with Fox & Ginn Freight Company for 37 years.

He was an avid fan of the “Boston Red Sox” He never missed watching a game. Thebig excitement was them winning the pennant and the World Series in 2007. He saw it all.

Donation to his memory can be sent to the American Kidney Fund 6110 Executive Blvd. Rockville, Md. 20852.

Thank you for the renewal reminder.

We lost my dad, John Saraceno, a little over 8 years ago. He was born on Hale Street. I lived on Leve­rett Street until I was 71/2.

My godparents were Rose and Jimmy DiMate. We lost Jimmy (who was also my Dad’s best man) 4 years ago. Rose passed away the beginning of Feb­ruary. They were a very special couple and will be missed tremendously.

Carol Williams

Hi

I would just for the record inform you that Marie Manzelli Finezza passed away December 13, 2007. Two days before her 81st birthday. She lived at 5 Grove St. in the West End until she married and moved to Worcester in 1947.

She leaves two brothers, Mario Manzelli from Somerville and George Manzelli from Reading.

Michael Finizza

Dear West Ender,

I am writing you this to inform you that Vincent B. Saraceno (91) passed away February 4, 2007.

I apologize for the late notice. I was reminded when I received your notice about the subscription was about to lapse.

My dad and I had lived together the last ten years. He looked forward to getting The West Ender. (He read it top to bottom.)

I would like to receive The West Ender. You may send it to the same address.

Again, I apologize for the late notice.

Sincerely,

Vincent G. Saraceno

son of Vincent B. Saraceno

Sophie Calabruso from Rose Abaid
Vincent Nigro from Camille Carter
Eddie Fitzgerald from Elizabeth Fitzgerald
Kathy Pagliuca from Donato Gentile
Martin White from Barbara Indelicato
Catherine Loguidice and Mario Stancato from Charlie LaRosa
Mayo G. Onessimo and Edward Onessimo from Joseph Onessimo
Patrick Palmisano from Carmella Palmisano
Rita Papa from Ralph Papa
Joseph & Anita Russo, Donald & Sylvia Grey, Moe Guarino, Joe Solano & Carmine Steriti from Vincent Russo
Julio Scala
Bill Sharrio
Barney, Ida, & Manny Sheff, Rutj Sheff Rosenberg & Lillian Sheff Wallack from Michael Sheff

In Memorium

Sophie Calabruso from Rose Abaid
Vincent Nigro from Camille Carter
Eddie Fitzgerald from Elizabeth Fitzgerald
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Julio Scala
Bill Sharrio
Barney, Ida, & Manny Sheff, Rutj Sheff Rosenberg & Lillian Sheff Wallack from Michael Sheff
In memory of...

Reprinted with permission from the Boston Post-Gazette, January 4, 2008

Dear Paul,

Enclosed is a check in memory of our friend Kathy Pagliuca.

If you can arrange to have the enclosed info printed in The West Ender, it would be appreciated.

Thank you, Marianne
Kathleen M. Pagliuca, 66, years, formerly of Brighton Street, West End, died in St. Petersburg, FL on Feb. 5.

She lived in Florida since 1972, and is survived by her sisters, Charlotte Ploss and Dolores and brother, Frederick, all of Boston.

Enclosed is a check for The West Ender and also in memory of my husband Julio Scala.

Donation enclosed for the remembrance of Benjamin “Beanie” Fazio with 90th birthday March 10, 1918

Sue Fazio

Dear Sirs,

Sending along a donation and subscription renewal to The West Ender.

In memory of my husband Eddie Fitzgerald.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth D. Fitzgerald

Enclosed is a check for my renewal fee and an addition donation in memory of my brother Patrick Palmisano.

Thank you,
Carmella Palmisano

Thank you for sending me The West Ender. This is in memory of my husband Larry Savoia. Keep up the great work in keeping us up and in touch with other West Enders.

Enclosed is my subscription for The West Ender.

Also a little extra in memory of the Sicuso Family from Hale St.

Thank you so much,
Fran Sicuso & Jospehine (Sicuso) Polcari

---

Who is Frank Privitera?

by David J. Saliba

Francis D. Privitera was born in the West End of Boston on August 2, 1931. His father came to America from Augusta, Italy in 1928. His father’s name was Gaetano Privitera; Frank’s mother’s name was Josephine Morello.

Augusta, Italy is a beautiful island village on the east coast of Sicily. Fishing is a principal industry on this island. Frank’s father was a fisherman.

After he arrived here he bought a fishing boat. Even with the fishing boat, little money was made.

When World War II started, the FBI confiscated Gaetano’s fishing boat. This was done because Gaetano was an Italian immigrant. We were at war with Italy. The FBI did not want an Italian immigrant with a boat off the coast of Boston.

Fishing was the family’s livelihood, as a result there was no money coming in. Gaetano had five children, Frank, Peter, Dominic, Nancy and Rosemary. Dominic passed away at the age of 9.

The Privitera family lived on Hale Street in the West End. Frank went to Winchell School in the West End, then to the Peter Faneuil School on Joy Street. He then went to the Blackstone School and from there to the High School of Commerce. He then entered Northeastern University majoring in English and Literature and later went to Boston College Law School and received his Law Degree in 1956. He then joined the Army during the Korean War, Frank served as a Judge Advocate in the Army. After being discharged from the Army he started practicing law in Somerville.

One day in 1956, Frank went to a dance at the Oceanview Ballroom in Revere. When the music started playing a Strauss Waltz, Frank spotted the most beautiful girl in the world. He asked her to dance and she accepted. It was during this first dance with Jean Fiorino that he hoped to spend the rest of his life with her. He and Jean got married on April 24, 1960. They have three children, Francis, Philip and Jeanine.

He decided that the law practice alone was not providing enough for the living standard he hoped to achieve. He started investing in real estate.

Frank continued to acquire more apartment buildings, better locations, with more units per building. This continued on until the present time. He has amassed thousands of apartments in great locations.

Having acquired great wealth, Frank Privitera decided that he would share his wealth with the less fortunate in the world. He has made hundreds of donations to various charities totaling millions. A sample of his many charitable contributions are as follows: $200,000 Don Orione Home; $25,000 to the Alliance for the Mentally Ill; $10,000 Society for the Prevention of Blindness; $25,000 European Culture; $25,000 Sacred Heart Parish; $25,000 Pirandello Lyceum Scholarship Fund; $100,000 Scholarship Fund Sons of Italy; $10,000 Girls Town of Italy and $50,000 Handicapped Triangle Foundation.

The foregoing is only a sample of the charitable giving by Mr. Privitera. Frank Privitera has also given help to individual people in need. He has given financial help to families without advertising.

His generosity. One of Frank’s principal virtues is his loyalty and affection to his family.

Frank Privitera has socialized with influential and prominent people. He has also remembered where he came from. He has kept in touch with friends he grew up with whether they are successful or not. He has not lost the common touch. Frank is a good man. He is honest, kind and charitable.
Love the paper - Keep it coming

Hi Jim:
Enclosed is my subscription for The West Ender and a little extra. Keep up the good work.

Sophie Worob

We enjoyed your newspaper and it makes us feel young and brings back wonderful memories of a WONDERFUL TIME IN OUR LIVES.

Thank you,
Mike and Gert Leavitt

Hi Jim;
Please renew my subscription. Thank you for your great work and dedication.

Regards,
Steve Maio

Hi folks;
LOVE THE NEWSPAPER! Keep up the good work. My dues and a little extra for postage.

Irene Collyer

Enclosed is my subscription for The West Ender. Keep up the good work. Enjoy reading all the issues.

Joe Zimbone

Thank you for keeping our memories alive with The West Ender. Meeting friends from the past.

Yours Truly,
Alice Rosenthal

Dear Jim,
I am grateful to you for keeping the West End alive in my memories. Enclosed find a renewal and also some for postage. Much gratitude.

Ida (Caccia) Ordway

Thanks for the reminder. Love the West End. Great time at the church reunion. Wish I lived there.

Gloria Bocchino

Dear Jim,
Thanks for the reminder, as usual I look forward to receiving The West Ender. Use the extra as you see fit. Hope you have wonderful holidays.

Margaret Gianino Donioan

West End Career Paths

Continued from page 3

strike the match. “See everything is ready,” she said.

I looked at the kitchen stove. Both of the top lids were removed. I could see kindling wood lying on newspaper with a few chunks of coal spread over the pile. She pointed to a box of “strike anywhere” matches. (Now outlawed).

“Do you know how to use a match? Where’s the boy that came last week? He’s older. He knew how to light the match.”

“That was my brother, he showed me how to light a fire.”

“All right sonny, light the match.”

I grasped a wooden match scratched it on the side of the box and it lit immediately. I put it against the paper. The paper ignited and started to burn rapidly. The lady began giving directions. “Now you shouldn’t let it go out. Push more paper in the fire. Put the little pieces of wood on the paper that’s burning. Now wait a minute . . . let it burn.”

The paper was burning with a small roar. The kindling had caught fire. I could feel the heat. She handed me more, pieces of wood and told me how to lay them on the kindling. It caught fire. We waited a few minutes.

She said, “Sonny use that little shovel and put some coal on the fire. Not too much.”

I reached for the shovel, scooped some coal and looked at her. She said, “That’s nice. It’s not too much.”

I was uncertain about how to spread the coal. She said, “Just make it even.” I spread the coal. We got a little smoke “That’s OK, Sonny,” she said, “Now close the stove.” I put both lids back on the stove with a “stove key” my mother had shown me how to use. The lady went to her purse, opened it and pulled out an old nickel I wish I had today. I put out my hand and realized that the stove had already started radiating heat and the flat was getting warmer. I took the nickel and said “Thanks.” She said, “Are you going to be out there next Saturday. What about your brother?”

“Uh . . . whoever gets up first.”

“Be sure one of you is there.”

“OK”

I flew down the steps. I was warm and I was rich! I couldn’t feel the cold or the frozen snow beneath my thin soled shoes. I had actually earned money for working! Now the dilemma. Do I run into my building and up two flights of stairs and show the nickel to my mother and Johnnie, (when he wakened)? No! On to Grants! (or Cramer’s). They had a fabulous display of penny candy. I zoomed to the store. It was open! I entered with the air of J.P. Morgan walking into a small country bank. A nickel brought a variety of penny candy. There were Kits, Walnettos, Squirrels, Chicklets, etc., etc., I saved one Walnetto for Johnnie.

The days passed. I lit the lady’s stove maybe two more times. Johnnie took over the “waiting station” the rest of the winter. He was older, he was faster. Winter turned to Spring and Summer. We abandoned the five cent employment. However, now that we had tasted the monetary fruits of labor we knew the future would hold magnificent opportunities for riches.

My second oldest brother, Tony, presented a new opportunity for employment and the next step in our career path.

Somehow he managed to do two things. One was “finding” ice along the railroad tracks at the Boston and Maine railroad station, and toting it to Willard Street on a cart that I had never seen before. Secondly, he knew where to take the ice and sell it. However, one day in the recent past I learned that “securing” ice from the Boston and Maine railroad yards turned out to be a little more complicated than finding it along the railroad tracks.

One day, with some other kids from Willard Street, I ambled across Lowell Street and Nashua Street to the B&M railroad yard. We came upon a veritable ant colony of boys climbing on and through both ends of a parked refrigerated freight car. In those days a “refrigerated” freight car had a compartment on each end which was filled with ice through a hatch on the roof. The boys managed to get both hatches open and were able to reach large chunks of ice and throw them to the ground. Their “associates” would load the ice on some kind of cart and off they would roam to sell the ice or take it home for their own ice box.

On this particular day I saw a boy about thirteen with his head in the lap of an elderly Polish lady. She seemed to be trying to comfort the boy. She rubbed his face and his head and uttered some sympathetic words. The boy was crying.

“What happened?” I asked to no one in particular.

Some kid walking by said, “He fell off the freight car.”

“Wow, off the roof!”

“Naw, the ladder was all wet and when he started to come down his foot slipped and he fell. He landed on his back across the next track. We thought he was dead.”

I looked again at the boy and the lady. His sobs had quieted. I learned later that the boy survived the fall. Amazingly, the lady turned out to be neither relative nor friend. She was there for ice and decided to help the boy. I never did learn who she was.

“Bobby, you wanna help me sell ice?” It was Tony asking.

“I’ll help.” It was Johnnie yelling from the background. When Johnnie yelled agreement, I immediately decided it was good idea so I yelled, “Me too.” Frankly, I had no idea what in the world we were supposed to do.

Tony said, “Let’s go, you guys push the cart.”

I looked at the cart. It had several chunks of dirty ice on the bed. The front of the cart had a long “tongue.” The wheels were big and made of metal with several spokes. It looked like the carts that had big milk cans on them at the B&M railroad yard. Johnnie started pulling the tongue.

“Bobby, push from the back.”

“Where we going?” I asked.

“To Cramers,” Tony said.

(To be continued)
**LETTERS**

**Condolences**
Enclosed is my renewal of *The West Ender* subscription for 2008 plus a little extra.
I was sorry to read of the death of Dolores Clitrizi Giuliano in your December issue. She was my upstairs neighbor on South Russell St. when we were kids. My condolences to Maria and Dolores’ family.
Corinne (Warren) Zeman

**Saddened**
I was saddened recently by the death of my good friend Ralph Venezia.
Enclosed find check to pay for mailing
Al “Fred” Ferrara

**Best Wishes**
Another year has come and gone.
Happy New Year to all West Enders............
Best wishes to all for a healthy 2008. May we all enjoy the love of our families and friends, because these and the best gifts we could ever have.
Nina (Zizzo) Schiffone
Dedham, Ma.

**Good memories**
Just can’t thank you enough for the memories! Former Minot Street resident, left in 1952 to Arlington.
Frances (Mignosa) Volpe

**Miss the West End so much!**
Here’s my renewal and extra help. I love your paper.
I lived on McLean St. and my father was so well known, being the insurance man for the Metropolitan Ins. Co. Everyone knew him.
I’m sorry to say I lost my last brother, Samuel Greenwald, last year. He lived in Quincy for many years, then in Florida. He was a pharmacist, a teacher and photographer. My other brother died many years ago at age 34.
I miss the West End so much. Every time I have to go to the Mass. General I tell my son this was the place to live. He remembers it too. Keep the print flowing it’s so great.
Lillian (Greenwald) Bockser

**Brings back memories of 1945**
Mr. Campano,
Enclosed is my subscription to *The West Ender*. My husband Joe Rao and I loved the West End and now he’s gone (11-27-07).
Sincerely, Pauline Rao

**Subscribers look forward to paper**
To Whom It May Concern,
Enclosed check to renew my subscription, plus a check to be applied to the Memorial Fund in memory of my dear beloved husband,
William J. (Bill) Sharrio.
Also enclosed some old snap shots I found. Hope you can use them.
Thanks,
Rita Sharrio

**2008 West Enders Century Club**
The following West Enders have contributed $100 or more to our cause in 2008. We salute them! Now is the time to send your check in the amount of $100 if you are interested in becoming a member.
Beth & Marshall Arkin
Santo (Joe) Aurelio
Frank Celeste
John Cucinotta
Alan Groom
Bruce Guarino
Ted Kozul
Walter Kozul
Kevin McGrath
Leonard Nimoy
Jim Noe
Nino Parisi
Charlotte Ploss
Vincent Raso
Judge Santo Ruma
Yvonne Sannicandro
Richard Terranova
Robert Vatalaro
Donald Zerendow

**2008 West Ender Gold Club**
The following West Enders have contributed $500 to our cause in 2008, aimed at keeping alive the spirit of the West End.
Frank Privitera
Museum reunion was a huge success

Former West Enders had fun reminiscing at the West End Museum’s Reunion event. Old friends gathered and swapped stories about the “good old days.”

Enclosed is my check for renewal of my West Ender and a little extra. Keep the good news coming. I enjoy it immensely.

Lucy Sharaffa-Venezia

To The West Ender:
Please renew my subscription to The West Ender. I always look forward to reading about my long time friends.
Ruth Loftus Berg

Hi;
I’m enclosing a check to cover my dues. There is a little extra included. I’m always so pleased to read and hear from so many people I grew up with. My West End memories are something I will always cherish. Thank you for keeping them alive.
Florence Breslouf (Chess)

Paper keeps the memories going

To The West Ender:
Thanks for the reminder. It’s great to recollect those wonderful days on Chambers St., growing up in the old West End. There will never be a generation to match what we went through in those good old days. Thanks for reviving those memories and keep those issues coming.
Best regards, Joe Pacci

Sure do miss the “good old days”. That’s why when I get The West Ender I have my memories back.
Thanks,
Jane Ralston

To The West Ender:
Keep up the wonderful publishing of The West Ender. I look forward to reading each edition.
Fondly, Dorothy Bornstein Sarnevitz

December paper a big surprise

Dear West Ender,
I am enclosing my subscription payment along with a big thank you. I enjoy each issue so much. The December 2007 issue had a big surprise in it for me. There was an article written by Joyce Spector Mekelburg that was very special to me. And the pictures were wonderful — most were taken at the West End house gala at the Marriott in Newton.

Thank you, Joyce, for your tribute to me. It truly warmed my heart. We share so many memories of days gone by, ones that will never be forgotten.

How many of you out there remember the esplanade concerts, bringing our chairs to the esplanade early afternoon and staying all day so that we would be in the first row to enjoy the Boston Pops.
I think we had signed up for a library program to read a zillion books and so we did. We swam in the Charles River near the jail and now I see that the jail is a high scale hotel — the Liberty Hotel, I believe. Maybe we should drop by and have a glass of wine and do some serious reminiscing. Who wants to join us?
As they say, let me count the ways ...........

Peggy Adelson Saslow
278 Ridge St.
New Milford, N.J. 076
gmapeggy2@aol.com

Appreciate the work

Dear Jim
Just to let you know we all appreciate the hard work you do in putting The West Ender out. It’s great to see so many names I remember. My best wishes to one and all.

Sincerely, Al Grosser
Hello Jim,

I hope you are well and doing OK. I received The West Ender and have read it over and over. I am sitting here at my keyboard while the tears are rolling down my cheeks after reading the obituaries.

Some of the wonderful friends who I grew up with and loved have gone to a better world. Only Heaven is a better world than the West End.

I always preached that if the world could live in peace and harmony with all the different religions and nationalities as we did in the West End it would be a paradise in all countries. I’m sure that God was pleased in the way we lived and worshipped together. There was never any prejudice there. Seeing the pictures and names of old and dear friends has touched me deeply.

I am now living in Winter Haven, Florida. My coming down here was a great mistake. I realized that I wouldn’t be able to cope with the snow and ice up north after last winter. The crime and murder rate here is out of control. I hope that I will be able to return in the future. Until then I will keep in touch with my close friends up north.

God bless you all,

Take care,
Tony Pusateri

Don’t want to miss an issue

Gentlemen:

Thanks for the reminder. We certainly would not want to miss an issue of The West Ender that brings back so many memories of days gone by.

The descriptive articles living in Revere but missing the West End

Gentlemen,

I am so pleased to receive The West Ender.

My family lived there until they tore down the Old West End where we all grew up. My father was a family shoe man on Spring St. (Mr. Jack Wasserman) for over 50 years. I moved out when I got married, but my parents still lived there.

Here’s a sort of help to keep everything going. I now live on Ocean Ave down Revere Beach. I have 3 grown children, but still miss the West End.

Well I will end now and don’t forget my paper.

Yours Truly,
Sylvia Werner

Just found the paper last year

The West Ender:

Last year while visiting my sister in New Jersey where a friend of hers, Carmella (Honey) Palmisano told me about The West Ender and got me a subscription.

It was nice to see some familiar names I had not seen in many years. I lived on 82 Leverett St. and attended St Joseph’s School, class of 1957. The newspaper has brought back lots of memories of my old neighborhood. Ice cream from the Greeks, Mr. and Mrs. Crammers little variety store where I would get vinegar pickles on on old wood barrel next to a black pot bellied stove, or the best corned beef sandwich from Rosie Berger’s. I used to sell newspapers on Washington Street, and then head to the penny arcade in Scollay Square or to Joe and Nemo’s for a hot dog.

I remember going to the Lancaster Theater on Wednesday nights where they would give you a piece of china. On weekends it was the Bowdin Theater where for 25 cents I could get a ticket and some candy or sneak into the Rialto (Scratch House) through the roof and watch a movie, if you could bear the smell.

I sometimes worked for my Uncle Tunny (Domonic Ternullo). He owned Tunny’s smoke shop across from Corey’s cafe, where he also bartended. I was his shoe shine guy and sold newspapers up and down Leverette Street.

Great memories from a much simpler life. After St Joseph, I moved to California, went to high school and then into the Marines, college and a career with IBM, now retired. I moved to North Carolina last year to be near my grandchildren.

So if any of my old classmates are out there and reading this, it would be nice to hear from you.

Mike (Butch) Venuti
mikeyvenuti@yahoo.com

Return on investment immeasurable

Jim,

Enclosed you’ll find my subscription payment for 2008 plus an additional amount to maintain my membership in the Century Club.

I’m sitting here looking at the date of this letter and thinking of the old joke: “If I knew I was going to last this long, I would have taken better care of myself.”

Jim, this is still one of the very few times when I don’t mind writing a check because the return on the investment cannot be measured. Certainly, it’s higher than the Prime Rate.

I have also concluded that you have to outlive the rest of us in order to keep the spirit of the West End alive in print and thoughts. It’s a heck of a burden and I am very grateful for your dedication. (And of course the support of Frank Privitera). Take care.

Bob Vatalaro

P.S. I finally got in the same picture with F.P. On page 8 of the Dec. 2007 issue of the WE .... 3rd picture down on the left, the caption reads, “Some West Enders gather before Mass in front of St. Joseph’s Church. I’m the guy on the far left in a light jacket. Next to me is my brother John, then Frank Fisichella. On the far right is John’s wife Rose Vatalaro … my sister in law. (We sneaked in while you were away.)

Peace and harmony could be found in the old West End

Don’t want to miss an issue

Thinking of you all

2008 West Enders Memorial Circle

The following West Enders have contributed $100 or more in memory of their loved ones for 2008. Now is the time to send in your donation to be included in the 2008 West Enders Memorial Circle.

- Catherine Loguidice and Mario Stancato from Charlie LaRosa
- Joseph and Anita Russo, Donald and Sylvia Grey, Moe Guarino, Joe Solano and Carmine Steriti from Vincent J. Russo
- Barney, Ida, Manny Sheff, Ruth Sheff Rosenburg and Lillian Sheff Walluck from Michael Sheff
- Bill MacAuley from Jim Campano and all of Bill’s friends
- Gaetano & Josephine Privitera from Frank Privitera
- Jack, Mirium & Frank Gropman from Alan Gropman
- Philomena Spina from Rose Mercadante
- Philomena Spina from Anne Rameior
- Vincenzo & Rosaria Interrante, Salvatore & Olympia Bramante, Mary & John Marchesini & Rose Interrante from Joseph Interrante
- Anthony (Junior) Comperchio, William (Boisy) Har, James (Gusie) Guskiewez, Roger Jackman & Joseph Lanza from Tony LoVoulo and Ralph Santoussouso
The West End Museum needs your help...
Buy 300 fundraising tickets & we have our condo fees for the year (condo fees are $1200 a mo.)
PLEASE HELP!!

Advertisers: Support the memories.... Advertise in The West Ender
Send to:
PO Box 440-413
Somerville, MA 02144

West Enders Business Directory
288 Cambridge Street
Boston, MA 02114
TEL: (617) 367-3310
FAX: (617) 367-2070

The following West Enders have donated above the subscription amount:

Santo DeGregorio
Stuffed Peppers
$10 a 16 oz. Jar
Contact: Paul Joltki
46 Adams St. - Malden, MA 02148 - 781-322-4230

Donations to The West Ender
The following West Enders have donated above the subscription amount:

Rose Abaid
Charles Abrams
Beth and Marshal Arkin
Joe (Santo) Aurelio
Ruth Berg
Bea Berkman
Joe Bianco
Lillian Boosker
Ruth Bord
James Bramante
Florence Breslouf
Lloyd Brott
Phyllis Budreau
Jack Carroll
Camille Carter
John J. Cashman
James Christie
Edith Cohen
Irene Collyer
Estelle Corin
John Cucinotta
Daniel Curtis
Catherine Curtis
Salvatore DeGregorio
Vincenza DeMarco
Carol Downs
Leatrice Dubeshter
Connie Evangelista
Lucille Fallovolitta
Carmen Fama
Gerald Feld
Alfred Ferrara

Mary Finocchiaro
Elizabeth Fitzgerald
Lena Fortunato
L.J. Freccero
Carol Freni
Flora Gabrielson
Stephanie Gallarelli
Arthur Geller
Gennaro Gentile
June Getchell
Larry Gilligan
Alfred Grosser
Bruce Guarino
Joshua Hurvitz
Bootsy Imperato
Barbara Indelicato
Agnese Iwanow
Lyria Jaffarian
Edwin Kaufman
Lillian Kawa
Vera Kistlein,
Roland LaFond
Angelo Lanzillo
Charles LaRosa
B. Lasheus-Takacs
Mike & Gertrude Leavitt
Joe Lecce
David Leone
Olympia Limone
Celi Lodi
George MacNeil
Stephen Maio
Barbara Martone
M&M Ralph Mele
James Melloni
Michael Messina
Kevin McGrath
Frank & Phyliss
Mischioscia
Marie Morello
Gerri Moscaritolo
Christopher Nikolla
Alice Niland
Joseph Onessimo
Ida Ordway
Joseph Paci
Carmella Palmisano
Frances Paone
Ralph Papa
Chuck & Judy Pastore
Tony Pinto
Charlotte Ploss
Louis Pokat
Jane Ralston
Vincent Rao
Marie Reppert
Anna Riccerato
Sylvia Ross
Charles Russo
Leonard Sachs
Salvatore Sacco
Leo Salmeri
Ralph Santosusso
Connie Savoia
Ralph Saya
Loretta Scala
Dot Schirli
Rita Sharrio
Michael Sheff
J. Eric Schonblom
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Mary Skiffington
Jonathan Slate
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