Calling all West Enders for
the annual West Enders Mass — Sun., Sept. 19th

It’s hard to believe that it is that time of year again! On Sunday, September 19, 2010, St. Joseph Parish will host the Annual West End Mass at 11:30 a.m.

This annual tradition was started as a special Mass of Thanksgiving for the West Enders who were displaced during the urban renewal project of the past and has continued as a wonderful opportunity for friends and neighbors to come together. This gives the former members an opportunity to visit with neighbors, to revisit the days of their youth and call to mind their Baptisms, First Communions, Confirmations, and Weddings. It also is a chance to reminisce with former classmates who attended St. Joseph’s School. We had a wonderful time last year and are looking forward to this year with great expectations.

Today, St. Joseph is once again a thriving parish; the neighborhood has stabilized and is once more a growing community. St. Joseph is a key part of life in this part of town and we invite you to become a part of it. St. Joseph Parish Community is a place that remembers the past, looks to the future and welcomes the former West Enders to join us for prayer and fellowship. Your prayer and support has been and continues to be an important part of our community.

A special booklet with the names of deceased West Enders will be published and distributed at the Mass. This booklet will help us recall names from the past and helps us all to remember our loved ones prayerfully into the future.

A reception and light
Continued on page 4
Where was this photo taken??

Dear Jim:

I'm enclosing a photo taken in the mid-1950s. I'm included in the photo along with several West Enders. These include Joe Setapane, Gloria Esposito, Arlene Gigante, Dotty Cardosi, Josie Spinale, Helen Zanti, etc. I have no idea where the picture was taken. Can somebody help me out?

Enclosed is a check for my renewal for The West Ender.

Thanks,

Phyllis (Flossy) Manfredi

Hello to The Gellers

Please renew my subscription and say hello to Arthur and Margret Geller, two of the beautiful West Enders which all the West Enders are.

Winners of the $1500 Club June drawing

Ritchie Settipane - $1500
Arthur Centanni - $300
Paul Donato - $100
Frank Privitera - $100
Francine Wilson - $100
Andy Anderson - $100

Poplar St., Mr. Hurwitz, Benny and Prince

by Bob Vatalaro

The spring of 1941 produced a surprise for my brothers and me. We were moving from 9 Willard Street! I was almost 8 years old and I realized something was happening when my mother handed me an empty bureau drawer and told me to go with my brother Johnny.

"Where are we going Ma?" I asked.

"Follow Johnny to Poplar St. and then come back for another load."

Before I could fully understand what was happening, I was following Johnny down the stairs. He was carrying a bureau drawer also but his contained clothing. Apparently since he was 3 years my senior and stronger, he could carry a bigger load.

"Johnny, why are we taking this stuff?"

"We're moving to Poplar St."

"How come?"

"Mom said she's tired of the broken water pipes and having no bath tub."

"You mean we're gonna have a bath tub?"

"Yup."

"Wow!"

We were off on a great adventure. We crossed Leverett St. and traveled Spring St. Then we crossed over Chambers St. We could smell the deli aromas from Barney Scheff's, (Benny's).

"Johnny, wasn't I born on Chambers St.?"

"Yuh ... I think it was 143 Chambers St.," Johnnie replied.

"Wasn't it that building over there?," I asked.

"Naw, that's 202. We lived there after you were born."

"Oh yeah, that's where I got hit by a car, but I was OK."

We reached Poplar St. and turned left. We passed Chris-to's small store and Poplar Place, a real "gated community." Johnny stopped at number 35.

"This is it," he said. "We're gonna live one flight up."

"Boy, I like just one flight."

I followed Johnny up the stairs and into the flat. After depositing the drawers in the "front" room we inspected our new home. I counted six rooms plus a bathroom... with a bath tub. In the kitchen I was confused by a big tall water tank looking structure.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Mom called it a boiler," Johnny replied. "That's where you get hot water when you take a bath."

I really didn't understand, but I quietly accepted it because I was convinced that Johnny knew something about everything.

"Let's get another load," Johnny said, as he started down the stairs.

As we retraced our steps back to Willard St. we saw something that became forever etched in our memories. It was my father, all five feet, five inches of him carrying our wringer type washing machine on his back. There were two straps around the machine, one of which was tied to his waist and the other bound around his forehead. The actual wringer mechanism had been removed to lighten the load.

His head was down as he passed us. We said nothing. I think we were afraid that an interruptive "Hi Pop" would have destroyed his motion.

We can report that he made it to the kitchen at 35 Poplar St. after climbing the stairs carrying two thirds of a washing machine.

Poplar St. became a whole new saga in our lives. Although Johnny and I visited Willard St. on several occasions, Poplar St. became the new "Adventureland." There were new kids, new neighbors, new stores, and Poplar alley. Add to this the fact that you could look down the hill and see the Charles River and Cambridge. If you looked the other way toward the Mayhew School, you could see a big beautiful poplar tree on the left side of the street. There had been no trees on Willard St. Across the street was a boarded up tenement building we called the haunted house or "Hauntie." It became part of my life on Poplar St.

Just a few months after we moved the Pearl Harbor attack started World War II for all of us. By early 1942 my oldest brother, Frank, was drafted. Except for a 5 day emergency furlough because of surgery on my mother, he was not to be seen again for almost four years. My new Poplar St. friends and I became members of the Junior Commandos collecting scrap and anything else to help the war effort. It would take a book to recount the wartime Poplar St. years including breaking into the "Hauntie," and playing my first kissing game, usually suggested by the girls. Suffice to say that what occurred during that period left an everlasting impression, including an indelible scar on my right forearm... a

Continued on page 10
Some more remembrances of the Old West End

Dear Jim;

Enclosed please find two photos from West End, and some “Remembrances”. Hope you can use them in upcoming issues.

—Tony Taro

The Blackstone School

We went from awkward pre-teens to assured high school freshmen at the William Blackstone School, known affectionately as the “Blackie”. The Blackie was a huge edifice on Blossom St and nurtured us through the difficult years and prepared us to go into “the world”.

Up until now, all of our schooling came in the West End, either at the Mayhew, Winchell, and Faneuil schools where we studied and played with the kids from “OUR” neighborhood. However, after we left the safe and familiar confines of the Blackie, we had to do to those far exotic places like Charlestown, Dorchester, Hyde Park, Jamaica Plain to get our education and to meet “new” people.

My memories of the Blackie remind me of the truly dedicated men and women who taught us, who became more than just teachers. We had the feeling that they really cared about us and did their level best to educate and prepare us.

There was Mr. Clark, science teacher, who literally devoted his life to the very end for us when he suffered a heart attack on stage during the 1955 graduation ceremonies. Miss Russo, the home-ec and gym teacher who taught the girls how to cook, etc. Everyone’s favorite was Miss Schlaflmann who was not only a teacher, but a “best friend” and mentor to many of us.

Pretty as a picture: Rosalie Troyan poses in her Easter Sunday best on South Margin Street in 1957.

In the basement of the Blackie were the vocational shops with Mr. Todd teaching the printing class. Mr. Curran, who not only taught electricity, but became a true confidant to many of the boys. Always cheerful was Mr. DeMattia and his woodworking class.

Miss McCormick held sway on the second floor teaching us art appreciation. Miss Houlihan, whom was said to have eyes in the back of her head so she keep an eye on us while she was at the blackboard. Mr. Ashford who taught English. There was the “sweater girl” Miss Deegan, who taught music, and Miss Haggerty home room and math classes.

There was Mr. Foster, a friendly, but stern teacher of history. There was Miss Quinn, a gentle soul, who taught us French. The principal was Mr. Kelly.

The Class of 1958 was the last regular graduating class. The Blackie was closed, torn down, and replaced with the Blackstone elderly apartments. The building may be gone, but for us, the myriad of memories of the Blackie will live forever in our heart. That’s the way it was. That was the West End.

A Walk Down South Margin Street

It’s funny that we tend to remember our old neighborhood by specific businesses on our own street. For me, it was the area of South Margin, Hale, and Norman streets.

South Margin Street started at the corner of Pitt Street where the laboratory for electronics building was located. Across the street was Sally’s Luncheonette, on the opposite side was DiMaggio Brothers Garage. A short walk down the street brought you to the intersection of Hale Street where Silvestri’s Bakery emitted the aroma of hot fresh baked bread. Next door was the Sansone sisters’ store, and across the street was a walk-down to Sadie D’Ariggo’s little store, where everyone would go to each night to get the next day’s Daily Record to check out “the number” for the day.

Further down was the Cassaro Bakery with Gracie Castro behind the counter, always smiling and happy to see you. The corner of South Margin and Norman street hosted Mrs. Miller’s variety store with those big jars of pickles on the counter. Across the cobble-stoned street was Frank Bucchieri’s Meat Market, where three generations of the Bucchieri family worked. The old Washington School, then

Considered on page 7
Babe Ruth at Fenway Park 1920s

Mr. James Campano,
The children of my best friend and his wife, John and Marion Russo’s sent me this photo that was from the 1920s at Fenway Park. Notice Babe Ruth on the right side. Thought it would be of interest to put in The West Ender.

I was born at 4 North Anderson St. November 26, 1917 in the West End. I’m now a 92 year old priest. I live at Alexian Village Nursing Home, 9301 N. 76th Street, Room 10, Milwaukee, WI 53223.

Sincerely,
Father Redemptus Short

Information on singer Buddy Clark

Jim,
I am the son of two West Enders and am very proud of my heritage. I am also a freelance writer and have written letters for your newspaper.

I found recently on the internet a story I had never heard. A singer named Buddy Clark, whose real name was Samuel Goldberg, grew up in the West End before moving to New York to promote his singing career. In 1946, he had a huge national hit called “Linda”. Interestingly enough, the Linda in the song was taken from the name of his agent’s 6-year old daughter, Linda Eastman, who later married Paul McCartney. Clark died tragically in a plane crash in 1949 in Los Angeles, and the fact that he was a West Ender seems to have been forgotten. I wonder if any of his family members and still alive and can be reached.

Sincerely yours,
Mike Passanisi

Reminiscing about my childhood

Dear Jim,
Thanks very much for your reminder to renew my subscription! Never want to miss an issue!

The West End was surely a great place to grow up. I often reminisce about my friendships with great kids, the good times at St. Joseph’s School, the grand variety of games at the three playgrounds of the Blackstone School, and my experiences at the West End House, its phenomenal camp in E. Parsonsfield, ME and the clubs to which I belonged — the Crusaders and the Rockets. What a most memorable and happy childhood!

Besides my subscription, please send my sister, Marilyn, a year’s subscription. She’ll love it! The remaining funds may be used as a donation “to the cause.”

Best regards always,
Phil Pisano

Anyone know “Slim” Lucacio?

Hi Jim,
I want to say, “Thank You” for all your hard work in putting together The West Ender. Great job.

Enclosed is my check for my subscription, along with a little something for postage.

Does anyone know of a barber named “Slim” Lucacio. He owned the shop. I met his grandson, but he did not know what street the shop was on. Was that the one down near Barton Street? I knew of another on Monot Street — Joe, the Barber.

Also, could you please put this obituary of my cousin Richard Smith in The West Ender?

Thanks,
Dottie (Sidor) Ventresca
Minot and Allen Streets

Keep up the good work

Dear West Ender,
We are the Pecker Family, 23 Eaton St. Am the youngest of 5 children. My brothers are, Mendy, Morris, and Myer. Morris and Myer passed away. Mendy changed his name to Peck and lives at Chestnut Hill.

Sincerely yours,
Freda Pecker Kravetz

Corrected letter

I recently received my June issue of The West Ender, I wrote an article on page 8 titled “Liked seeing cousin in last West Ender.” There is an error in the article and some of the words in the sentences are not in the correct order that I submitted. The article should read as follows:

The March edition was especially exciting when I saw the photo on page ten of my cousin Frank Fischella and read his article on War Bonds. His very cute face was easy to recognize and brought back childhood memories of the West End. That young boy has grown to be a handsome man and I am proud to call him my cousin.

It would be greatly appreciated if this could be corrected and reprinted.

Thanks,
Nina (Zizzo) Schifone
Dedham

West Enders Mass

Continued from page 1

West Enders Mass will be held in the Parish Hall immediately following the service. A small donation of $10 per person would be appreciated.

Validated parking is available in the Charles River Park underground parking facility next to the Holiday Inn. The fee is 50 cents, so bring your parking ticket to the event and we’ll validate it for you.

St. Joseph Parish is looking forward to welcoming many old friends on September 19th to the Annual West Ender Mass and reception.
Kathryn (Oddo) Maggio

Kathryn (Oddo) Maggio, 80, formerly of Arlington and the West End of Boston, passed away in Scottsdale, AZ after a brave struggle with heart disease.

Kathryn was known for her intelligence, quick wit, loving nature, boundless generosity and supreme cooking skills. Her home was open to all, and friends and family spent many hours enjoying her cooking, conversation and lively sense of humor.

Born in the West End on December 2, 1929, Kathryn lost her mother at age 11 and took care of younger siblings. She was a hard worker and talented seamstress who taught tailoring for many years, managed Fabric Corner and became top salesperson at PWLC in Arlington.

She was the beloved daughter of the late Benedetto and Rose (Serio) Oddo. Devoted wife of the late James V. Maggio, Kathryn is survived by loving children Elaine Guthridge (and her husband Gary) of Scottsdale, Steven Maggio (and his wife Karen) of Duxbury, James A. Maggio of Scottsdale and adoring brothers Philip Oddo of Beverly Hills, FL. Kathryn doted on her grandchildren Erica, Michelle and Nicole Guthridge of Scottsdale, and Luke Maggio of Duxbury. She is also survived by “West Enders” who were treasured friends for life. Predeceased by loving siblings Salvatore Oddo, Nicholas (Buddy) Oddo, Benedict (Chubby) Oddo and Marianna (Tootsie) Oddo.

Interment was in Scottsdale. Funeral Mass will be at St. In lieu of flowers, donations may be sent to the Hospice of the Valley, 1510 E Flower St., Phoenix, AZ.

Harold L. Goober

Harold L. Goober, of Chelsea, passed away on July 8, 2010. He was a long time resident of Sharon. Born and raised in the West End of Boston, he was a World War II veteran with service in the pacific theater on Guam and Saipan.

Harold was an accountant and life long member of the West End House Boys and Girls Club. He was past chancellor of the Knights of Pythias Lodge and past president of the West End House Alumni Association.

He was the beloved husband of the late Lillian. Devoted father of Joel Goober and his wife Karen, Robert Goober and his wife Amy. Loving grandfather of Jessica, James, Samantha, Captain Gregory Goober, USMC and his wife Courtney and Lesley Rotchford and her husband Gilbert. Loving great grandfather of Charles Wyatt Rotchford. Dear brother of Melvin Goober.

In lieu of flowers, remembrances may be made to West End House Boys and Girls Club or West End House Camp, 105 Allston Street, Allston, MA 02134.

Frederic Weinstein

Frederic Weinstein, age 95, of Boston, Mashpee and Palm Beach, FL, passed away on Monday, May 17, 2010.

He was the beloved husband of Serena F. (Rosen) Weinstein. Devoted father of Leslie Fishman and her husband Ralph Fishman of Waban, Joanna Chodes and her late husband Stephen Chodes of Brookline and Walter Weinstein of NH. Loving grandfather of Gabrielle and Jeffery, Rebecca, Jacob and Jessica.

Orphaned at age three, by the great flu epidemic, he was raised by elderly Yiddish speaking grandparents, on the immigrant side of Beacon Hill and delivered newspapers. He attended Boston University on a scholarship as a “brown bagger,” when the College of Liberal Arts was located where the Boston Public Library wing now stands and Daniel Marsh was University President. He took medieval art and many science courses, including one on the life of a bumblebee taught by Professor Otto Plath (Sylvia Plath’s father).

At the end of his sophomore year, he was accepted direktly into Tufts Dental School. He began a career in general dentistry, including a stint as a Navy dentist during World War II in Japan, and eventually turned his avocation, real estate management, into a vocation.

In lieu of flowers, contributions in his memory may be made to the charity of your choice.

Lena (Catania) Cammarata

Lena (Catania) Cammarata, from Dedham, formerly of West Roxbury, passed away on April 25, 2010.

She was the beloved wife of Guy J. Cammarata. Devoted mother of Joseph P. and his wife Donna of Dedham, Pasquale J. “Patrick” and his wife Ellen of Walpole and Marie Prevett of Dedham. Also survived by 11 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren.

Mildred F. Gallo

Mildred F. (Johnson) “Dolly” Gallo, 73, passed away on June 13, 2010, at Southern NH Medical Center surrounded by her family, 73. She most recently lived in Pelham, NH, but was formerly of the West End of Boston.

She was the beloved wife of Peter A. Gallo; mother of Lauren J. CaraDonna of Pelham, NH, Peter A. Gallo, Jr. of Barnstead, NH and Paul Gallo of Billerica, MA; grandmother of Stephen Gallo and Jenna CaraDonna; sister of Helen Limone of Boston, Joseph Johnson of Portland, ME; many nieces and nephews.

Contributions in her memory to the American Cancer Society, 360 Rt. 101, Bedford, NH 03110.

Richard Smith

Richard (Richie/Smitty) Smith, age 72, beloved husband of Carol (Freeman) Smith of Marblehead died Wednesday, July 21, 2010.

2010 Memorial Circle

The following West Enders have contributed $100 or more in memory of their loved ones for 2010. Now is the time to send in your donation to be included in the 2009 West Enders Memorial Circle.

Kathy Campano from Donato and Maryanne Gentile
Catherine LoGuidice and Mario Stancato from Charlie LaRosa
“Tut” Johnson from Ricky Johnson
Barney Sheff, Ida Sheff, Lillian (Sheff) Wallack, Ruth (Sheff) Rosenberg and Manny Sheff from Dr. Michael Sheff
Joseph and Anita Russo, Donald and Sylvia Grey, Moe Guarino, Joe Solano and Carmine Sterite from V.J. Russo
Jack Gropman, Miriam Gropman and Frank Gropman from Alan Gropman
William (Bill) Sharrio and his family from Rita Sharrio
Jean Privitera from Frank Privitera
Gaetano and Josephine Privitera from Frank Privitera
Kathleen Pagliuca from Charlotte Ploss
Frances Spinale Ruma (Bellis) from Fran (Pudgy) Ruma and family
Members of the Toronto, Costanza (Cousins) and Comperchio families from Phyllis Budreau
Vincenzo and Rosario Interrante, Salvatore and Olympia Bramante, Mary and John Marchesini and Rose Interrante from Joseph Interrante
Anthony (Junior) Comperchio, William (Boissy) Hoar, James (Gusie) Guskiewcz, Roger Jackman and Joseph Lanza from Tony LoVoulo and Ralph Santoussouso
Smith
(Continued from page 5)
at the Lafayette in Marblehead.

Richard was born in the West End of Boston. He lived on Cambridge Street. He was the son of Vera (Sidor) Smith and the late John Smith.

In addition to his wife and mother, Richard is survived by his three sons, Adam Smith, Matt Smith and wife Shana of Marblehead; Jason Smith and girl friend, Lauren Melone of Brighton; one sister, Eleanor Dares and husband Harry of Randolph and one brother, Jim Smith and wife Marie of Mashpee. He was predeceased by a brother, Robert Smith and his daughter-in-law Sara Smith.

Smitty served his country in the United States Coast Guard. He was a graduate of Brighton High. He was employed with Raytheon as a draftsman, and was also a general contractor in Marblehead. He loved living by the ocean and enjoyed recreational lobstering, boating and swimming in the North Shore waters and beaches, especially in Marblehead, the town he called home for 40 years.

Above all else, his greatest source of pride and joy was his family, and it was for them that he accomplished his greatest works. There was never a finer Pinewoods Derby entry, no better soapbox car, rabbit hutch, or tree house, his sons recall. Together with his grown children, he helped create a most beautiful backyard oasis for his family and friends to treasure and enjoy always.

Dr. Anthony Minichiello

Dr. Anthony Minichiello died on Thursday, December 24th at the age of 96 following a brief illness.

He was born in Boston in 1913 to Carmen and Concetta Minichiello. One of 10 siblings he is predeceased by the late Fr. Michael, George, Theresa, Joe, Antoinette, and is survived by the remaining siblings, Mary Mugnai of Arlington, Charlie Minichiello of Stoughton, Richard Minichiello of Winthrop and Bob Minichiello of New York. He was loving husband to the late Irene Minichiello for over 60 years.

He will be deeply missed by his son John of Winthrop, Richard DeAmelio of Lynn, Theresa Smith, Matt Smith and wife Shana of Marblehead, Kathleen Clark of Westwood, Kathleen Campano from Groton, Richard Minichiello of Winthrop and Bob Minichiello of New York.

Boston’s clientele including those from the old West End. He eventually bought the practice and combining his medical skills and love of jazz, he helped provide dental care to many of the great jazz musicians as they made their way through Boston in the 1950’s, including Jack Teagarden, Cozy Cole, Barney Bigard, Trummy Young and Louie Armstrong. Dr. Mini also worked at the Teamsters Local 25 practicing at the Charlestown Health Center for many years. Once retired, Tony joined then Treasurer Bob Crane’s team at the State House, working with some of his favorite people and enjoying some of the biggest laughs of his life.

Tony was a passionate tennis player. He was a long-time member of the Boston Badminton and Tennis Club and the helmsman for a weekly tennis group that played together for over 4 decades in Newton. He bestowed such care on these courts that the Mayor of Newton recognized his efforts by renaming the courts the Dr. Anthony Minichiello Tennis Court.

For nearly 100 years Tony touched lives and made people smile with gestures both grand and simple. His generosity was boundless, sharing his humor, sugarless chewing gum, and good will with all who were fortunate enough to cross his path. He was good to everyone, treating all with equal respect and kindness. He seemed never to judge, able to see the good in each soul.

As an alternative to flowers, donations can be made in his memory to either the Lahey Clinic, Philanthropy Department 41 Mail Road, Burlington, MA 01805 or The Sportsman Tennis Club, 950 Blue Hill Ave., Dorchester, MA. 02124 (a non-profit, using tennis to help develop underprivileged children).

William J. Similewich


He was the beloved son of the late William and Annie (Grisig) Similewich. Loving brother of Ann Balboni of South Boston and the late Mary Rogalski and Helen Curran. Devoted uncle of Virginia Rogalski of Burlington, Constance O'Shea of Lexington, Louise Curran, Paul Curran both of Winchester, Joseph Curran of Tewksbury, Kathleen Clark of England and the late Charles Balboni and Richard Rogalski. Also survived by many great and great great nieces and nephews. Interment was in Westview Cemetery, Lexington.

Carol (Sarcia) Hoy

Carol (Sarcia) Hoy, 62, of Ipswich, passed away August 31, 2010 at her home after a lengthy battle with cancer.

She is survived by her loving husband of 41 years, Stanley J. Hoy of Ipswich. She was the daughter of Suzanne (Noel) Sarcia of Lynn and the late Charles Sarcia. She is also survived by her daughter Noelle Hoy Phillips and her husband Paul of Chelmsford, her brothers Charles Sarcia of Lynn, Richard Sarcia of Georgetown, Gary Sarcia of Ipswich, her sisters Lorraine Sarcia of Revere, Jacqueline Sarcia of Lynn and Sandra DeAmelio of Boxford as well as many nieces and nephews.

Carol was born in Cambridge and spent her early years in the West End of Boston before her family moved to Lynn where she met the love of her life Stanley, in the eighth grade. She graduated from Lynn English in 1966 and went on to earn her degree from the Chander School for Women, in Boston. Carol and Stanley were married in 1969.

In 1982 they moved from Lynn to Topsfield where they lived for 15 years before settling in Ipswich. Carol enjoyed cooking, gardening and oil painting. She worked for the town of Topsfield as an assistant assessor for 25 years before her recent retirement.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Hospice of the North Shore, 75 Sylvan Street, Ste. B-102, Danvers, MA 01923.

IN MEMORY OF

Kathleen Campano from Dom Saia
Julio Scala from Mrs. Loretta Scala
In Memory Of.....

East Enders,
In memory of my husband, Julio Scala. Also, thanks for the update.

Mrs. Loretta Scala

I was sorry to read in my recent West Ender that Kathleen Pagliuca had passed away. I immediately remembered an escape we shared.

Kathy was going to sleep over my house on Anderson St. (on the hill). After dinner we snuck up on the roof with water filled balloons.... (it was a very hot night). Just as we dropped the first balloon, my mother came walking out of the doorway!

Soaked, she must have taken three steps at a time because she reached the roof top before Kathy and I had time to start down. I tried to explain, “we were only going to drop them on friends”. Kathy was sent home, I got a good old fashioned “West End” beating ... (Barbara Pasqua LoVuolo, my friend next door, remembers how my mother was famous for those) ... and was punished for a week.

Kathy and I shared other fun times, but this one stands out the most.

I was fourteen when I moved out of the West End and unfortunately lost touch with her. May she rest in peace.

Margie (Stolman) Alberti

Dear Jim,

I just received a copy of The West Ender which comes to my address because my father, Anthony Minichiello, is on your mailing list. I am writing this to tell you that my father passed away last December.

My father was one of 10 siblings of Carmine and Concetta Minichiello who emigrated from Italy in the early part of the 20th century and settled in the West End. The family operated a restaurant, the “Mass Spa”, on Cambridge St. for many years. Later, when MGH decided to use the property for expansion, the family opened up Evergood grocery on Charles St.

I had only a brief stay in the West End, moving out to Newton when I was 7 in 1950. I attended St Joseph’s School and the West End House camp before I left.

My father was a dentist in Boston for many decades; many of his patients were from the West and North End. I am including a couple of pieces of info about my father for your consideration. I think a lot of his old patients might like to read about his passing.

You can continue to send The West Ender to the above address under my name. Thank you for your wonderful work as editor; I look forward to your next issue.

Sincerely,

John Minichiello

Looking for Marie Manzelli

Thanks for all you do. A little extra to keep our memories alive.

Also, I am looking for Marie Manzelli. She lived in Somerville. Her husband Mario passed away about 2 years ago. She has since moved. I would like to see that she is doing well.

I have since moved also, but my telephone number is the same, so she can reach me. Or her family could write to The West Ender to let me know.

Thanks,

B Laskus-Takacs

A nostalgic tour of Beacon Hill with a good friend

Dear West Ender,

Enclosed is subscription check. It is hard to believe that a year has flown by in the blink of an eye.

I am hoping to do a nostalgic tour of Beacon Hill with Joyce Spector Mekelburg. I remember the last one well — a stop at her home at 30 Garden Street and up the hill to mine at 108 Myrtle Street. We did a tour of the Vilna Shul on Philips Street and then walked to Charles Street for lunch. It was a wonderful day.

Thank you for keeping the West End alive.

Peggy Adelson Saslow

Remembering Anthony Minichiello

Dear Jim,

Enclosed is a copy of an obit for William Similewich, an old West Ender, and most importantly, the Best Man at our wedding almost 65 years ago.

We were truly West Enders — a group of guys and girls, who used to gather on a regular basis on weekends and school vacations on the corner of Parkman and Blossom Street, or at Mr. Russo’s Variety Store. On Sunday, after church, the guys would play handball off the wall at the William Blackstone School.

To the best of my memory, there was Leo Balko, Leo Weinberg, Benny Lipski, the Amtonowitch brothers, Tony, John, Stanley and Walter, John Manganaro, Stanley Swiechowicz (Swiky), Stanley Wollach (Sugar) and, of course, Bill and myself. We all lived in and around Poplar Street. Some of the girls were Mary and Isabel Sciarrio. Marion Cashman, Helen Hughes. and my wife, Ceil. We broke up, thanks to the “iron ball” which was tearing down everything around us.

Also, enclosed is a check as a donation in memory of Bill to the West End Museum. We have contacted his family of this decision.

We have not been able to visit the Museum, but hopefully we will get there in whatever future is left for us.

We’re never quite sure when our membership needs to be renewed, so we are mailing a separate check to cover our membership, plus, We really look forward to our copy of The West Ender. It’s a nice way to remember our childhood growing up in the West End. Good Luck in your faithful efforts to keep this feeling alive for so many of us.

Warmly,

Joe & Ceil Franchina

Some more remembrances of the Old West End

Continued from page 3

being used as a store house for school supplies, and the fourth corner was Fred Pagano’s Butcher shop.

South Margin Street also was the home of the Petruzzelli Family produce business, the Ruma Family Fruit Produce, and finally, Mike Pennachio’s store-front funeral parlor, with Mike always dressed would be outside cleaning the sidewalk and engaging in small talk with passers-by. Then there was Anasto’s coffee shop, where coffee was a nickle.

Staniford Street was a veritable shopping mall with such stores as Brilliant Jewelers, George Gee Laundry, Sami Cleaners, Godfried’s Bakery, where Sunday morning donuts were 35 cents a dozen, Ralph Pill Electrical Supply, Vena the Florist and Collona’s Bar.

The one thing all of these businesses had in common was that they treated their customers with respect, and would know almost everyone by their first name. Those were the days.
Patty-Lombardi Sacco’s Memories of the West End

More than a location, more than fond memories, more than a place in time best described and always remembered as a way of life.

As a young girl born in the West End, my life was shaped first by family, influenced by the neighborhood once known as the West End of Boston. The neighborhood was a mixture of immigrants, their cultural traditions, values, ethics and morals.

This neighborhood was a working class community which was built together by respect, appreciation of the basic necessities and commitment to the well being and welfare of each other. Material wealth was not a priority and therefore minimized the feelings of envy and jealousy. Supporting and enjoying each of the socially and spiritually was the fabric that bound our neighborhood with safety and security.

More than just a community, the West End was an extension of the families who contributed to its well being and the individuals whom seldom if ever felt the need to face the challenges and joys and sorrows of life alone.

Things I Remembered
1) Iceman, oilman and crebman, (gouda gouda (hot hot)).

We would buy the crabs off the push cart, hot and then sit on the stoop and enjoy.

2) Horse and cart would come by with fresh produce, we would run down the stairs to purchase it. I remember a funny thing about the ladies in the neighborhood running the down the stairs after the horses deposit their manure in the street. They would then pick it up in a proper manner and use it to fertilize their plants. I always remember having lots a plants in their fire escapes and homes.

3) We use to have a Jewish salesman come to our homes every Saturday with their wares — clothing, bedsprads and a larger array of home items. Then they would come back to pay them a dollar or two.

4) The post office was being torn down and me having to go down to get wood for our stove to cook and heat our homes. Some pieces fell on my head and I will always remember this.

5) Going to the railroad tracks — when the trains stop they would throw out old ice and you would pick it up in our homemade red wagons.

6) The old Lancaster theatre — every Tuesday evening talent show and if you wanted to collect a set of 14k gold trim dishes you would pay an extra 10 cents and saw 2 movies.

7) We were forbidden (but we did sneak so often) to go to the Scollay Square. Reasons being: sailors at the penny arcade, burlesque shows, etc.

8) My mother would try to earn extra money by cooking for the burlesque queen. Her name was Ann Corio, She would deliver the food and we would go with her try to peak in.

9) My dad would go to the Penalty Box after work with his cronies. I would be the one to tell him to come home for dinner. Before he started to go the Penalty Box there was a restaurant called the Lucerne connected to it is an annex. I remember it more because it was on Billerica Street, the street I lived on.

10) My grandfather worked at the Boston Garden cleaning so I had many opportunities to sneak in the circus and rodeo.

11) As a young girl I remember bringing home cold cuts, olives, cheese and pizza every Saturday. That was our treat and listening to Frank Sinatra on the radio.

12) We had an opportunity to plant veggie gardens near the Hatch Shell. They gave us a small piece of land and cultivated it and staked it off. We took care of it and harvested the wares.

13) We swam in the Charles River until it became polluted. Then they built us a pool in 1949-1950 and we paid a penny to get in.

14) We had Joe Nemo’s — the best hot dogs.

15) We had meat markets, bakeries, fish shops and five & dimes (we had it all). We had the best hospital, Mass General, church of all denominations, four schools, Madame Bass beauty salon and antique shop on Lowell Street (now is the Lansky’s Way) just laden with antiques. Wealthy people would come to shop.

16) We had the West End house dances, basketball (the guys mostly went there).

17) We had the Peabody House cooking classes, gym, library and dancing every Friday (which I never missed one).

18) We had every nationality there including the black families that lived on Spring Street. There was never a problem and we all got along and helped each other.

19) About 1950, the rich families got TV’s and we got invited and brought food and it was a party. Then in my teen years we formed 2 groups the Whips and Whipettes. We had satin jacket made up with the names and we were the cream of the crops in the West End.

20) We used the Charles River for a place to hide and make out (in kid stuff).

21) As we got older we use to meet at the diner and hung loose — never any trouble.

22) Our second hangout was at Lazzaro’s ice cream parlor and they had a juke box and have fun.

23) Everything was great, then when I had turned 15 we got the horrible news they sent us eviction notices and had “x” amount of months to find new places to live and it was devastating news. People fled here and there and every where. They all wanted to go to the North End but it was impossible because it was too small.

24) All our friends and families were torn from us.

Many people had nervous breakdowns. My mother was one of them and the adjustment was too hard to bear.

25) We moved to Blue Hill Avenue in Dorchester because my dad was a fruit and produce buyer for a company that was located there.

26) It was my most devastating time of life to see my mother deteriorate in front of my eyes. She cried every single day and finally had a break down.

27) I just turned 17 at the time and had graduated hairdressing school. Luckily enough I had a customer whose husband was a bigwig in the North End industrial school and he helped us to get back into the North End. Unfortunately, she was never the same person again.

From what I hear of this during the course of all these years, when Rappaport bought the land they had given Cardinal Cushing the right for some land to be put aside for the West Enders. After he died it was passed on to Cardinal Law. Not being a real estate person and not having the money to build with for 40 years, then Cardinal Law sold to Maloney. Thusly, we have the West End Place. Which unfortunately is NOT REALLY THE WEST END PLACE. That is my story. I’m 72 years old and still living in my old junior high.
LOS ANGELES—Mike Procopio grew up near the old Boston Garden, close enough to view the iconic building from his living-room window along the city’s West End. With basketball in his heart, but not in his genes, he lived the dream of many Boston children by working his way up to become part of the Celtics eight years ago.

Procopio, who joined the Celtics as a scout, still instigates more Celtics basketball than nearly anyone, although his loyalty can be debated. He spent the postseason watching, editing and analyzing game footage with Kobe Bryant. Throughout the postseason and particularly in the finals, Procopio delivered Bryant scouting reports through meetings, late-night e-mail messages and phone calls.

“I sort of felt like Matt Damon in ‘The Departed’ a little bit,” Procopio said, referring to Martin Scorsese’s film of undercover agents and informants that was set in Boston. “I don’t think half my family is talking to me at this point of time.”

Bryant compared Procopio to the fictional special agent of “24.”

“He’s my Jack Bauer,” he said after clinching his fifth title in the Lakers’ Game 7 victory over Boston. “He gave me all the edits and scouting reports and wrote defensive rotations of the Celtics. He was my eyes and ears, so when I played the game, I’d use all the scouting reports and all the information, and it was huge for me.”

Their relationship is an N.B.A. version of the odd couple. Bryant, one of the league’s premier players, has a select inner circle. Procopio, who is shorter than some of the ball boys and never played more than a few minutes in high school, is in the middle of it.

This year’s postseason served to expand the alliance that developed during the Lakers’ title run last year. When Procopio, 35, left the Celtics four years ago, he joined the trainer Tim Grover’s Chicago-based Attack Athletics and is now its director of basketball operations. Grover snatched Procopio when he watched his workout with Paul Pierce.

“After watching him work out Paul for 10 minutes, I offered him a job on the spot — he’s that talented,” Grover said. “That’s the thing. He’s had to overachieve at everything he’s had to do because he’s the furthest-looking basketball person there is. But once you get past that and talk to him about the game, hell blow you away.”

Grover, known for his work with Michael Jordan, soon became Bryant’s trainer and also has Dwyane Wade and Gilbert Arenas as clients. Soon after he began working with Grover, Procopio showed him his capabilities in video editing. For some, it could be information overload.

“I said there’s probably only one guy I know of who’s currently playing who would probably be interested in what you do on a regular basis, and that was Kobe,” Grover said.

The timing worked. The New York Times Magazine had just published an article detailing Houston Rockets forward Shane Battier’s use of analytical methods to defend players, particularly Bryant. If there was an advantage to be had, Bryant wanted in.

After games, Procopio edited clips of Bryant, the Lakers and their opponents using film from Synergy Sports Technology. When it was finished, Bryant was delivered a package of his touches; those of many of his teammates; and defensive situations, separated quarter by quarter.

The two used a web site for the video database and changed the password every couple of days to protect it.

Bryant’s response could arrive immediately, at 4 a.m., or not until after the next game.

“I always tell him I’m like a McDonald’s drive-through,” Procopio said. “I never close.”

Procopio said he was used as a soundboard. Most of the information, he said, Bryant had heard in one form or another from the Lakers’ coaches.

“Maybe one out of 20 things, I’ll suggest he hasn’t heard from the staff,” Procopio said.

But he was an aid to Bryant, especially during a playoff run that Bryant called the toughest of his career. When Oklahoma City’s Russell Westbrook stymied the Lakers at the start of their first-round series, Bryant switched to him on defense. Before Game 5, Bryant and Procopio discussed how to defend Westbrook.

“Force him to his left,” Procopio told Bryant. “That’s where most of his turnovers come from. If he gets to his right, he turns from a streaky shooter into a solid one.”

In the pivotal game, Westbrook turned the ball over eight times and missed 9 of his 13 shots. The Lakers won, 111-87. Hours after the Lakers beat the Phoenix Suns in the Western Conference finals, Procopio had compiled all of Bryant’s possessions against the Celtics this season, showing not only the best place to get Bryant the ball, but also where his teammates were most efficient. Procopio had been an assistant with Boston’s Development League affiliate, the Maine Red Claws.

After Game 2 of the N.B.A. finals, Bryant asked Procopio and Grover to join him in Boston. They remained with him the rest of the series.

On defense, they planned for Bryant to pick up Rajon Rondo near the free-throw line, use his length, and escort him into interior defenders. On offense, they noticed that Boston never left the ball-side corner and hoped to counter that with quick passes to the weak side for open shots before Boston could recover.

The results were not always pretty: Bryant made 6 Of 24 shots in Game 7. Boston’s defense was suffocating, but the series resulted in another finals Most Valuable Player award for Bryant.

And maybe, in time, Procopio will hear from his family.
continued from page 2
souvenir of my friendship with Angelo DeFazio.

As the country became fully mobilized to fight World War II labor shortages sprang up everywhere. My father was almost immediately employed by the Charlestown Navy Yard. He progressed from a semi-skilled worker to a well trained riveter, repairing U.S. navy destroyers and light cruisers. In the non-critical or non-defense areas, the older kids on the street who were still too young to get drafted were getting jobs as ushers in theaters, delivery boys at places like National D grocery stores, pumping gas at the Jenny station on Cambridge St., bus boys, and if their body was warm, the ice truck owners would hire them in a heartbeat. Even Schraft's Chocolates on Sullivan Square in Charlestown begged them to work there.

Early in the war I was too young to fit in with this group and still too young for shining shoes and the follow-on ice truck career path. However, I was not too young to experience a youthful West End work education. It started one early summer day in 1943. I was 10. I had just finished a cup of coffee in the kitchen. My mother was home. My youngest brother, Ronnie, (age 8), was on the street all day Poplar Alley running with his eight year old friends. My brother Johnny, (age 13), was working at First National grocery helping to unload a truck. Mike and Tony were building muscles delivering ice. My father was firmly entrenched at the Charlestown Navy Yard. (The WPA paving jobs of the depression were becoming a memory and the butt of several jokes.)

"Ma," I said, "I'm gonna go outside to see if any of the guys are around."

"O.K., check on Ronnie while you're out."

"O.K."

I went down one flight of stairs to a landing where the Guinta family lived in the "stoopt." Mrs. Guinta was sweeping the steps that led from the landing to the street level.

"Hi Mrs. Guinta," I said.

"Hi Bobby. How do these steps get so messy."

"I don't know. Maybe people just throw stuff on the floor."

"Bobby, I saw you sweeping the steps going up to your flat. Did your mother make you do it?"

"Yuh, I didn't want to do it but they sure looked good when I was finished."

"You did a good job."

"Thanks," I replied as I walked outside. I didn't tell her that I secretly didn't mind sweeping the steps because I was fascinated by the difference between neat looking and messy steps. (I still admire clean steps of all kinds at age 76).

As I left the building I turned left and immediately saw my brother Ronnie and his friends running toward Poplar Alley yelling, "Bang, bang." Well, my duty was done. Ronnie was alive and well playing cowboys and Indians.

Then I spotted the horse and wagon that was often parked at a store-front next door to where Walter and Ed-
**Reunion - 50 years later**

Dear Jimmy,

Please print this picture in *The West Ender*.

We all were born and raised in the West End and knew each other from grammar school till present (50 years later reunion). Rita (Salamone) Papa, Leverett Street, Dorothy (Cordaro) Cardarelli, Minot Street, Carol (Larforello) Carcerano, Minot Street and their husbands.

Thank you,

Dorothy Cardarelli

**Message to Benny Tankle**

My name is Bill Black. I am a Storrow Jr., born and raised on Willard Street (same as the Marinellas).

When I was young you helped me and my future wife with some bullies in Roxbury. You went there and "Tankled" them. No more trouble from them. It's been 58 years and I haven't forgotten. Thanks and hope all is well!

Bill Black

**Hi Riverside buddies**

Jim,

Enjoy the newspaper. Here is a little extra. I wish all my Riverside buddies a healthy 2010.

Jim Melloni

**Thanks for taking the time**

Dear Jim,

Thank you or taking time out to speak with me today. Please send me a copy of the West End map.

I have enclosed my check for the subscription.

Thank you,

Paul R. Athanas

**History of an urban village**

There's even an Urban Village Tattoo Studio in far away Samoa.

This summer, *New York Magazine* praised a fancy and fashionable upper middle class Brooklyn neighborhood, Park Slope, as an urban village. Once upon a time, before it was gentrified, Park Slope was a low rent neighborhood, but even this article did not mention the urban village in Boston that was gentrified more brutally over fifty years ago.

**Renewing our subscriptions**

Dear Jim,

Enclosed is my check for the renewal of *The West Ender* and a little extra. Sorry for the delay, but I'm in the process of moving. Take care and thank you.

Rose Parisi

Dear Jim,

Enclosed is my check for Ann M. Foster's *West Ender* paper. And a little bit more to help you out.

Sincerely,

Everett J. Foster

Hi Jim,

The old days are gone, but not forgotten. Enclosed is my check and a little more.

Sincerely,

Vincenza J. DeMarco (Zena Bucceri) from Hale St.

PS My deepest sympathy on the loss of your wife.

A few small bucks from someone who went to The Wells, the Peter Faneuil, the Blackie and Boston Latin. No West Enders in Pumo Beach.

Sincerely,

Barry Shulman

**Paul Joltki’s Annual St. Rocco’s Feast Get-together**

Paul and Virginia Joltki host the annual event at their home.

Enjoying the annual event are: (l-r) Paul Joltki, Virginia Joltki, unknown, Stevie Joltki, Frank Rothwell, Jim Campano and Bruce Guarino

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