Good times at WE reunion

On October 22, 2010 nearly 300 former West Enders gathered to celebrate the 52nd anniversary reunion at the Irish American Club in Malden. They were together again. They were one in spirit, one in heart and one in mind. They were all “West Enders” and nothing could take that away from them.

The evening began with cocktails and hors d’oeuvres. Dinner was a fantastic Italian buffet table catered by the son of former West Ender Reginaldo Rago of Wall Street. The meal included everything from lasagna to scrumptious Italian entries cappo off with desserts, coffee and a commemorative cake. After dinner and dancing came entertainment, headed by comedian Steve Swee- ney. He re-energized the West Enders to their highest pitch. The entertainment was provided by our own Frank Privitera, whose generosity never ceases to amaze us. Thank you, Frank.

It was a night to remember... a night West Enders will not forget... a night West Enders will want to relive, to re-do and re-enact. See you next year. If you’ve been to one, you will never want to miss one.

West Enders honored by West End Museum

On October 14, 2010, Massachusetts State Representative Paul Donato was honored along with Frank Privitera and James Campano as part of the West End Museum’s celebration of Italian Heritage Month.

“This is the first time we are specifically honoring West End citizens of Italian heritage who have worked to preserve this historic part of Boston,” said Richard Hart­nett, Chairman of the Mu­seum’s Board of Directors. “These men have helped us keep the West End’s contribution to Boston alive and in the memories of all citizens. We are pleased to recognize their good work.”

Frank Privitera is a Somerville attorney and business owner, well known for his philanthropic efforts. He has been a supporter of the West End Museum since its inception and has been honored as the Man of the Year by the Society of Saints Cosmas & Damian.

James Campano is Founder and President of the West End Museum and the publisher of The West Ender, a quarterly newspaper, dedicated to keeping alive the memories and stories of the old neighborhood.

Rep. Paul Donato’s dis­trict in Medford is home to many former West Enders, including his late wife’s
Dear Jim:

Keep up the good work. You’re doing a great job and are the only lifeline left to all the people who lived in the West End. We can never go back to see the streets and buildings we used to live in. The people who took that away from us should have had to experience what we went through. Maybe only then would they feel the same pain.

Enclosed is a check for my subscription and a little extra to defray all the added costs.

I would like to say hi to Carol Z, Carol S., Lovey Red, Brenda Toppi, Armindo, Charlie LaRosa, Stevie Langone, Barbara and Joe Indelicato.... MISS YOU GUYS!

Sincerely yours,
Mike Passanisi

"Investment Club" still going strong

Hi Jimmy:

Hope things are well with you. Please renew my subscription.

You should be aware that the “investment club” other wise known as the “card crowd” is still going strong featuring a solid group of West Enders. There is Joe Messina, Johnny Russo, Stanley Freidman, Bobby Campenella, Sid Boorstein and myself.

Our weekly session features great arguments and many loud voices over wins and losses and dividing the spoils, which is no more than you would suspect from a gathering of “friends” playing cards! We leave it to Campenella to supply sandwiches from the North End and every so often Sid overcharges for a McDonald’s feed. When our night ends, it seems everyone is planning immediately for the next week. It continues to be a highlight and proves the saying that “Once a West Ender, Always a West Ender”.

Best regards,
Steve Curley

Wants to hear from old friends

Due to losing my eyesight, I would like to hear from some of the guys.

Pat Tanso
617-625-4681

It was that simple....

Editor West Ender: Implode the buildings West End north. Construct hi-rises - a plum for city hall, a boon for the developers. The higher the hi-rises the more money the developers make. It was that simple.

J. Almeida
(Bomber)
Bob Vatalaro's story
Continued from last issue........

He took the bucket from me and showed me how to help load the wagon with cantaloupes. I worked for about an hour. It wasn't fun but when it was over I felt I had the right to pet Prince and talk to him. The man said, "Sonny, thank you. You better get out of the way. I have to drive the wagon."

I backed off to the sidewalk. His son came out and said, "Here kid, thanks for the help," as he handed me a cantaloupe.

"Gee, thanks," I said.

I ran outside feeling good about my successful morning. I learned how to feed and water a blind horse, and earned a cantaloupe. Sporadically throughout the summer the owner of the wagon looked for me and other kids to help him with his loading or unloading. We were infrequently paid in small produce such as cucumbers, potatoes, cantaloupes, etc. Very often we were paid nothing. However, one day Walter Antonius managed to "drop" a large watermelon which broke into enough pieces to keep it from being sold but just right for eating by three or four kids. The code was broken. Our pay increased by broken fruit every time we "helped."

Throughout that summer I petted and talked to Prince at every opportunity. One day I received a lesson in where not to stand when a blind horse is eating his oats. I was standing directly in front of Prince when he rapidly raised his head to fill his mouth with the oats at the bottom of the bucket. The bucket hit me flush on my chin. I landed against the trunk of a car in front of the wagon. The pain was terrific and I could feel a trickle of blood on my face. It hurt but amazingly, I wasn't angry. I guess I realized that Prince was blind and meant me no harm. However, I never told anyone how the injury happened. I knew my buddies would laugh at me. I told anyone who asked that I tripped and hit a curb.

Several times while petting or talking to Prince I took notice of a man who had a Ford Model A pick-up truck that was always parked on the corner of the center entrance to Poplar Alley. He also had a store-front where he stored all kinds of junk. On the doors of his truck was printed, "S. Hurwitz" and below that was the word "Produce." One day I walked by the store-front and looked through the open door. Christie DeFazio was inside picking up junk from the floor but he didn't seem to know where to put it.

I said, "Whatta ya doin', Christie?"

"I'm cleaning up. Mr. Hurwitz said he'd give me a dollar if I cleaned up the floor."

"Wow," I said, "A whole buck?"

"Yeah but it's a big job. Look at this stuff."

I looked around at the most cluttered floor I ever saw. There were broken tools, shovels, big gears of some kind, engine parts, bicycle parts, peach baskets, coat hangars, stacks of newspapers, a car or truck door... all of it caked in dust.

"Gee," I said, where are you supposed to put everything?

Christie said, "Mr. Hurwitz said to put it in piles and sweep up. He's gonna get rid of the junk later. Then he's gonna' store stuff like apples in here."

"How do you know which pile to put it in?"

"I don't know for sure, ya wanna help? I'll split the dollar with ya."

"I sure would. I never made a half a buck before."

I immediately picked up an old fan blade and said, "Why don't we make a mental pile?"

"Christie said, 'That's a good cause.' Mr. Hurwitz said he wanted to sell metal to the junk man."

It wasn't long before we had several piles. The problem was that we had so many piles of junk that there was really nowhere to walk or sweep.

"Gee," I said, "Do you think Mr. Hurwitz will like what we did?"

"Christie said, 'I don't know but I'm not doing anymore. We should get a buck apiece."

No sooner had Christie spoken when a man appeared at the door. He was wearing a black leather longshoreman's cap and beneath it was a round face with a double chin. A short cigar was between his lips. His pants were a shiny brown and his upper torso was loosely encased by a cardigan sweater that had seen several better years. His shoes were a very dusty brown. He wasn't much taller than my father's five feet five inches. He spoke first.

"Vell, Sonny, have you been working? I don't see progress. Maybe you haven't started yet." He was staring at Christie.

"Gee, Mr. Hurwitz, me and Bobby worked real hard. It was a lotta' work. I think it looks great." There was a slight plea masked in Christie's "enthusiasm."

Mr. Hurwitz turned to me and said, "Sonny, I didn't hire you."

I replied, "No, I know you didn't Mr. Hurwitz, Christie asked me to help him."

"Did he offer you money?" Mr. Hurwitz questioned.

"Yeah, he said you were paying him a dollar and I could split it with him." "Vell," said Mr. Hurwitz, "There's only two things wrong. Your friend didn't do vot I told him to do and if you think this is a good job and you are finished then you're going to have to ask your friend for 12 and a half cents because vot you did is worth only twenty five cents, total."

Christie immediately started waving his arms at the multitude of piles and at the same time exclaiming to Mr. Hurwitz that we had in fact done a great job. Mr. Hurwitz patiently waited for Christie to take a breath. Then he took a quarter from his pocket and handed it to Christie.

He said, "Listen Sonny, I told you vot to do and you didn't do it. You didn't separate vot I told you to separate. You didn't throw out vot I told you to throw out. You left so many piles nobody can walk in here. There's no room for my produce. You didn't sweep up. I think maybe I should've paid you nothing."

"Gee Mr. Hurwitz," Christie wailed, "We worked hard. A quarter isn't fair."

Mr. Hurwitz said, "veil, if you and your friend vant to come back tomorrow and finish?"

After witnessing this exchange and feeling very tired and hungry I looked at Christie and said, "Let's go, I'm really tired."

"Yeah," said Christie. He added, "Mr. Hurwitz, I don't think we want to clean up in here anymore."

Mr. Hurwitz said, "It's OK vit me. If you change your mind, you know vere I am."

Christie and I walked to a little store where he changed the quarter. He gave me 12 cents. I stared at the dime and two cents and said, "Christie, I don't think we really did a good job. Mr. Hurwitz is a smart guy he knows."

"Well," Christie said with a smile.

Continued on page 10
Renewing our subscriptions

Dear Jim,

Enclosed is my subscription and little more for the memories of days gone by. We were the best and still are!

So sorry about your loss this year.

Keep up the good work.

Love to all the readers,
Anna May (Gigante)

Riminiscenza

Hi Jim,

Every issue of The West Ender is read cover to cover. Enclosed is a check for my subscription.

Thank you,
Leo Salvato, Jr.

Hi Jim,

Enclosed is a check for my subscription renewal. Just received the September issue and enjoyed every article and letter, as usual. I hope that you are doing OK. Stay well old friend.

Sincerely,
Chuchi

Dear Jim:

Thanks for the reminder! 2010 just flew by! Enclosed please find my check for the annual dues and little extra for expenses. I enjoy reading The West Ender — keep up the good work. Happy and healthy holidays to all.

Sincerely,
Rose Matthews

Hi Jim,

I know I must be overdue sorry about that. Enclosed is my check for renewal of The West Ender. Hope you had a great summer. Wishing all a happy Fall and hopefully a mild winter.

Take care Jim and thanks for everything you do.

Sincerely, Fran Meucci

West Enders honored

Continued from page 1 family.

“The Ruma’s were proud West Enders and shared countless fond memories of their experiences growing up, working, and living in the West End,” Donato said.

Opened in 1997, the West End Museum is one of only a few neighborhood museums in the city of Boston and is a center of culture and history. Its ongoing exhibit, The Last Tenement, features photos, historic wares and pieces of the neighborhood that was razed in the name of urban renewal in the late 1950’s. The museum is located at 150 Staniford St., suite 7.

Often called the “Greatest neighborhood this side of heaven,” the West End was a true Boston melting pot. Immigrants from across Europe found their way to the West End in the 19th and 20th centuries.

Author Herbert Gans wrote about the values of the neighborhood and its residents in his book, The Urban Village.
Touring the West End in the Summertime

Hi Jim,

My wife Marcy and I took a tour of the West End Museum this summer and it brought back fond memories for the short time I lived there. I was born in 1952 and lived on Green Street then moved to West Roxbury, then on to Staniford Street. Too young to remember West End streets. Would appreciate a copy of a street map of the West End. I am enclosing extra funds to cover the mailing and to renew my subscription for 2011.

Thank you,
Richard Mignosa

PS Enclosed are pictures for use in future editions. They are yours to keep.
West End Girls (maiden names): Diane LaRosa, Angela Lupo, Carol Zucco, Bootsie Doucette, Lovey LoVuolo, Carol Spinale, Angie DeLuca, Joanne Brogna, Cookie LaSpina, Barbara Pasqua, Stevie Langone, Charlie LaRosa

Thank you to: Barbara LoVuolo and Frank Privitera for providing the photos of a wonderful West Ender Reunion

Stevie Langone Gallarelli and Joanne Brogna Compiano

Charlie LaRosa and Tony LoVuolo

Barbara Indelicato, Cookie Gabrielson and Barbara LoVuolo

Diane LaRosa, Angela Lupo and Carol Zucco

Charlie LaRosa, Barbara Indelicato and Joe Indelicato

Jimmy LoGrippo with unidentified beauty.
A page full of fun & memories!

West Enders at the bar: Peter J. Limone and Peter thanas (at far left)

(l-r) Zina Venezia, Gay Petrella, Gina Saia, Frank rivitera, Andre Mignosa

(l-r) Gilda Saliba, Andrew Mignosa, Dave Saliba, Jimmy LoGrippo

(l-r) Michael Limone, Jimmy Limone, Silvio Maccarone, Peter J. Limone

(l-r) Gina Saia, Frank Privitera and Carol Zacco

(l-r) Zina Venezia, Gay Petrella, Gina Saia, Frank Privitera, Gilda Saliba, Dave Saliba

(l-r) unidentified, Theresa Raso, Frank Privitera, unidentified

West Enders danced all night!
Carol (Sarcia) Hoy

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

She was the beloved wife of Stanley J. Hoy, and loving mother of Noelle (Hoy) Phillips. Daughter of Suzanne (Noel) Sarcia and the late Charles Sarcia.

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 Chandler 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.

She is survived by her loving husband of 41 years, Stanley J. Hoy of Ipswich, her mother Suzanne Sarcia of Lynn, 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.

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

Grace (Tolson) Spinale
Grace (Tolson) Spinale, of Medford formerly of the town of Topsfield, passed away on November 18, 2010.

She was the beloved wife of the late Domenic Spinale. Devoted mother of Robert Spinale and Annette DeBilio of Saugus, Richard Spinale of Medford and his late wife Marie, Donna Reardon and her husband Daniel of Gloucester, Ronald Spinale and his wife Sharon of Medford. Lovingly survived by 8 grandchildren. Dear sister of Dorothy Regolino of Billerica and the late Edward Tolson. Also survived by many dear nieces and nephews.

Burial was at Oak Grove Cemetery, Medford.

Laura (Tomczyk) Caccia
Laura (Tomczyk) Caccia, of Newtonville, passed away peacefully in her home, surrounded by her loving family on October 28, 2010.

She was the beloved wife of 61 years to Louis Caccia. She leaves her children, Stephen, Lois (Collins), John, Anita (Harmon) and Lawrence along with her beautiful 8 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. She was the daughter of the late Victoria and Stanley Tomczyk. She also leaves her sisters Stella Moroz and Virginia Joltki and her brothers, Joe and Bill and late brothers Walter and Alexander.

Interment in Newton Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations in Laura’s name may be made to: American Cancer Society , 30 Speen St. Framingham MA 01701.

Antonio L. “Tony” Correnti
Antonio L. “Tony” Correnti, age 89, of Brockton died August 24, 2010 surrounded by his family after a period of failing health.

He was the devoted husband of the late Concetta M. (Ternullo) Correnti for 62 years. Tony was born and raised in Boston’s West End, a son of the late Giovanni and Maria (Carasi) Correnti. Since 1958 he had been a resident of Brockton.

Tony was a 1938 graduate of Boston’s High School of Commerce and during WWII served in the US Navy in the South Pacific aboard the USS Alsbah.

Tony was a daytime bartender at the Cape Cod Café a job he truly enjoyed. He had a passion for music and a great love for Italian Opera. In his later years Tony became an avid fan of the Boston Red Sox and wore his Red Sox cap until the day he died. He was especially proud of the achievements of his three children. He will be remembered as a man who loved people and loved to laugh.

He is survived by a son John Correnti and his wife Marguerite of Sagamore Beach; two daughters Maria Baldwin wife of the late George of Plymouth formerly of Easton and Lisa Correnti and her husband James Anas of Arlington; six grandchildren Anthony and Phillip Correnti, Tricia Mahoney, Tony and Marissa Baldwin and Andrew Barter; five great-grandchildren; a brother Joseph Correnti of Somerville and many nieces and nephews. He was the brother of the late Salvatore Cambria, Fortunata.
Simeone, Lilly D’Angelo and Mario Correnti.

Burial was in Massachusetts National Cemetery, Bourne. Donations in memory of Tony may be made to Old Colony Hospice, One Credit Union Way, Randolph, MA 02368 or to the Resident’s Activity Fund at Copley at Stoughton, 380 Sumner St., Stoughton, MA 02072.

Nancy A. (Solazzo) Grasso

Nancy A. (Solazzo) Grasso, 88, of Quincy, died on Saturday, October 2, 2010, surrounded by her family.

She was the beloved wife of the late Leonard J. Grasso, Sr. and mother of Rev. Anthony R. Grasso, C.S.C., Wilkes Barre, PA and the late Leonard J. Grasso, Jr. Daughter of the late Antonio & Serena (Grippa) Solazzo. Loving sister of Frank Solazzo of Quincy, Marie Schilling of Weymouth, and the late Mae Frank and Rose Solazzo. Cherished grandmother of Leo J. Grasso, III, Michael D. Grasso and Nicholas A. Grasso, all of Ventura, CA, and leaves a great granddaughter, Hailey Rose Grasso, also of Ventura, CA. Born in Boston.

Nancy grew up in the West End, what is now Charles River Park, and lived in Roxbury before moving to Dorchester. The family moved to Quincy in 1978, where she and Leo spent many happy years.

She was a devoted fan of the Red Sox and the New England Patriots, never losing hope in her teams. Nancy enjoyed being a homemaker, cooking and shopping, but especially relished spending time with family and friends to whom she was devoted. She liked to discuss and argue ideas, kept up on current events and was very proud of the fact that she’d never missed voting in an election, local or national.

Her direct manner and warm smile made Nancy very approachable. She touched the lives of many people in conversation, listening to their problems and being a good neighbor to all whom she met. Although small in stature, Nancy was a stalwart presence who will be sadly missed by all those who were blessed to have known her.

Burial was in Blue Hill Cemetery, Braintree. Donations in memory of Mrs. Grasso may be made to St. Ann’s Church, 757 Hancock St. Quincy, MA 02170.

George B. Kubitsky

George B. Kubitsky, of Boston, passed away on September 16, 2010, at the age of 72.

Dear son of the late Louis “Chibby” and Rose Berger Kubitsky. Loving brother of Arlene Shalit of FL and the late Mel Berger and Sylvia Kaplan. Caring uncle of many nieces, nephews and great nieces and nephews.

Interment was in Sharon Memorial Park. In lieu of flowers expressions of sympathy in his memory may be made to the charity of choice.

Verna M. (Paci) Tallini

Verna M. (Paci) Tallini, of Manchester, NH, formerly of Winthrop, passed away on November 14, 2010. She was the beloved wife of the late Roger Tallini. Loving mother of Mary Lou McGonigle and her husband Tom of Gilmanton, NH, Roger Tallini and his wife Cindy of Londonderry, NH, Cynthia Kenney of PA, Candace Baxter of Stuart, FL, Sandy Bibeault and her husband Richard of Merrimack, NH, PJ Tallini of Hudson, NH and Robert Tallini of Manchester, NH. Dear sister of Sebastian Paci of Boston and Joseph Paci of Matarie, LA. Also survived by 16 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren.

Interment was in Winthrop Cemetery. Memorial donations may be made to the St. Jude Children’s Research Hospital, attn: Memorial/Honor Program, PO Box 100 Dept. 300, Memphis TN 38148-0552.

Pasquale “Pat” Falino

Pasquale “Pat” Falino, of Medford, formerly of Boston’s West End, passed away on September 19, 2010. He was a US Navy veteran of WWII.

He was the beloved husband of the late Frances (Cartolano). Devoted father of Roseanne Gray and her husband Al of Dracut, Patricia Misuraca and her husband Joseph of Medford, and Joyce Obal and her husband William of Tewksbury. Loving grandfather of Tara, Lisa, Danielle and the late Derek. Loving great-grandfather of Michael, Alex, Isabelle, Jani, Sydney, JD and Jacob. Dear brother of Tony, Gracie, Mary and the late Millie Falino.

Burial was at Oak Grove Cemetery, Medford.

Sister Agnes Paula Connelly SND

Sister Agnes Paula Connelly SND passed away in Worcester, on October 22, 2010, at age 88.

Born in Boston, daughter of the late John E. and Anne J. (Connolly) Connelly, With the Sisters of Notre Dame for 71 years. Graduate of Dorchester High School and Emmanuel College, with a master’s degree from Boston College. Graduate work at Northeastern University and Agnes Scott College.

Sister was an administrator and later a librarian at St. Gregory School in Dorchester from 1971 until her retirement. Previously, she was a teacher and an administrator at Cardinal Cushing High School in South Boston.

She also taught at St. Mary High School in Cambridge from 1966 to 1969. She began as a seventh and eighth grade teacher at several Notre Dame schools in the Boston area, including St. Augustine’s in South Boston and St. Joseph’s in the West End of Boston.

She leaves a niece, Kathleen Connelly of New Jersey; a nephew, John Connelly, grandnieces, grandnephews and her sisters in religion, the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Her brothers, Paul and John Connelly, predeceased her.

Burial was in Notre Dame du Lac Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Sisters of Notre Dame Retirement Fund, 351 Broadway, Everett 02149.

Frances Rose (Mignosa) Morello

Frances Rose (Mignosa) Morello, 90, passed away peacefully on November 16, 2010.

She was the daughter of the late Ignazio and Concettina Mignosa of Sicily, and the beloved wife of 58 years to the late Joseph F. Morello. She leaves two children; Paul Morello of Holland, MA and Mary Jennings of Needham, three grandchildren; Zachary and Mikal Morello, and Edward Jennings III; a sister, Angela Laferla, and many nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by brothers Charles, Sebastian, and Joseph Mignosa, and sister Rose LaMattina.

Frances, the oldest of six children, grew up in the West End of Boston then moved to Medford in 1957 to raise her family. She retired from the Department of Education where she worked in office administration.

Frances was a dedicated homemaker and loving mother who enjoyed cooking Italian dishes, being with her family, tending to her flower gardens and spending time on Cape Cod at the family’s summer home. Frances resided for the last five years at the Lodge at Eddy Pond in Auburn, MA.

Burial was at Oak Grove Cemetery, Medford.
In Memory Of.....

Pinto Anniversary Mass
Rose (Danielli) Pinto, (formerly of the West End)
- A 50th anniversary Mass will be held on Saturday, December 18, 2010 at 4 p.m. at St. Clements Church on Harvard Street in Medford/Somerville, MA. Rose Pinto, with family, had the pastry shop on Leveret Street in the West End and passed away on December 21, 1960.

Please accept this donation in memory of my mother:
Marie S. (Roberto) Russo 93, died Wednesday, August 18, 2010 at the Blaire House of Tewksbury. She was the beloved wife of the late Joseph Russo. She was born in Boston on December 15, 1916, the daughter of the late Luigi and Theresa (Primeco) Roberto.

She is survived by her children; Theresa M. Russo and Marie A. Russo, both of Tewksbury, and Pasquale “Butchie” Russo and his wife Sandra of Randolph, three grandchildren; Joseph Russo of Hyannis, Mark Russo and his wife Lode of Attleboro and Robert Seeliger and his wife Debby of Tewksbury. She is also survived by eight great grandchildren; Stephanie, Robert, Emma, Michael, Thomas, Christopher, Ashley and Jacob and one great great granddaughter, Gianna.

Thank you,
Pasquale (Butch) Russo

Here’s my subscription and a little extra in memory of my dad, Larry Naglin and all his buddies from the West End.
Barbara Ruchames

Hi Jim,
Enclosed is my subscription for The West Ender also a little something extra in memory of the Sicuso family from Hale St.
Thank You,
Mrs Josephine Polcari and Fran Sicuso

Hi Jim,
Here is a little something extra in memory of my sister, Carol (Sarcia) Hoy, who loved the West End. My sister cherished her memories of growing up there and mourned the loss of our neighborhood. She supported and was very fond of the St. Joseph Church.
I am forwarding her obituary.
Thank you,
Lorraine E. Sarcia

Enclosed are my dues plus something extra in memory of my dear father, Albert (Allie) Stolman (originally from the West End) who recently passed away (in Florida) at the age of 93 on October 17th.
Margie Alberti

In memory of the Scalisi family Norman St. West End

Continued from page 2
a little smile.
“We really worked hard doing it wrong.”

Over the next few days I was tempted to approach Mr. Hurwitz whenever I saw his Ford Model “A” truck parked at his store front. I envisioned cleaning up the place and pocketing 75 cents. Perhaps the real reason was to have him believe that in the long run I was dependable. However, the vision of the piles of junk stopped me each time. Interestingly I found myself staring at his little pick-up truck while doing walk around inspections whenever I saw his parked vehicle. Frequently, I stared at the 1931 dash board through the open driver’s side window. Although the Model “A” Ford had a minimum of gauges I was enthralled by them. However, I found the most intriguing object to be the thermometer which served as a radiator cap. I knew that the floor gear shift had different positions but understood none of it. Maybe it’s a “guy” thing because I was dying to know how all the parts worked, especially the mysterious long thin shiny tube to the left of the driver’s seat just forward of the door.

“What’s it for? What does it do?” I wondered so often.

Hi Jim.

One day in early September while studying the spokes wheels on Mr. Hurwitz’s truck, he appeared carrying a box of apples. I backed away in a hurry.

He looked at me and said, “You like cars, Sonny?” as he placed the box on the bed of the truck.

“Uh, yuh, but isn’t this a truck?”

He replied, “Dots very good. It’s really a truck.” He walked into the store front and reappeared with another box of apples. I wanted to know more but I was having a hard time forming questions in my mind that I felt wouldn’t bother him.

“Uh, Mr. Hurwitz “
“Vot is it, Sonny?”
“How old is your truck?”
“Vell,” he said with his eastern European accent, “This is a 1931 truck and this year is 1943. So how old is the truck?”

He walked back into the store. I quickly did the subtraction in my head. He appeared with his last box of apples.

Almost shouting I said, “Your truck is twelve years old. That sure is old.”

“Not too old if you change the oil,” he said. Then he added, “You’re a smart boy. You know your numbers. Do you go to that “sister” school?” (Of course he meant St. Joseph School.)

“Yeah, I’ll be in the 6th grade in nine more days. We start school on a Thursday for two half days.”

He locked the store and opened the truck door and sat inside. As he started the engine he looked at me and said, “It’s good you know your numbers, Sonny. Maybe you can help me with the customers next week before you go back to school.”

He pulled away and the truck produced the highly recognizable Model “A” sound which was a combination of a small four cylinder engine coupled to a famous old straight stick transmission. The final audible was muted in the tiny muffler connected to the exhaust pipe. Any person with the slightest interest in cars will always recognize the unique “put-put” of this very unique vehicle.

Continued in next month’s paper
West End Mass brings friends together again

They come from near and far. They were young and old, rich and poor, but they were all West Enders... in heart and soul and in spirit. Nostalgia was overflowing with endless enthusiasm and an abundance of fables and tales of yesteryear.

Father Dan, pastor of St. Joseph's, gave his usual sermon of interest, laden with humor.

After Mass the loyal 200 went to the church hall for a Sunday brunch. The stories of bygone days never ended. After a great brunch there was a raffle with forgetful prizes. Throughout it all, the happy faces wore a tell-tale sign of excitement.

Before Mass some “old friends” gather: Venditti, Privitera, Campano and Limone

Frank Privitera and Reggie Raso

Frank Privitera, Jim Noe and Jim Campano

(l-r) Eleanor Venezia, Jim Noe, Frank Privitera, Theresa Raso and Peter Limone

(l-r) Frank Privitera, Richie Morello and Peter Limone

Theresa Raso greets Frank Privitera and Peter Limone Mrs. Raso was the chair person of teh event and organized the Mass and brunch.

Frank Privitera with Mrs. Jim Noe and Peter Limone.

(l-r) Frank Privitera, Frances Matara and Peter Limone

Marta and Joe Morello with Peter Limone (l) and Frank Privitera (r).

Theresa Raso conversing with Sal Venezia (c) before Mass.

Frank Privitera, Alfred Raso and Peter Limone

West Enders Business Directory

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

"Dedicated to Service"

National Insurance Concepts
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