DEATH OF A NEIGHBORHOOD

To a casual observer at first glance, this place would look like a ghetto or even worse, a slum area. This would be because of the congestion: the crowded three-decker buildings and the narrow winding streets. Also noted would be children playing in the streets, owing to lack of pushcarts around, loaded with revolution, jobs were very scarce and could eke out a livelihood for their produce by hollering out what they could about their homes, their families and their neighbors along fine. Nobody cared about the color of anyone's belief or his place of origin. If a person needed help cared. And worse, in a black and white world.

Where's The West End? Don't Ask

By Jack Thomas, The Boston Globe

At Davio’s on Newbury Street the other night, a middle-aged man arrived for dinner.

“You look frozen,” said his son.

“I just walked over from the West End.”

There was a pause.

“Where’s the West End?”

Well, it’s a reference rarely speak of the West End.

The destruction of the West End is a textbook example of government gone beserk.