Memories of my cousin & growing up in the West End

I don’t remember seeing even one issue of *The West Ender* that did not mention my cousin Jr. Comperchio (yes, there is an ‘H’ in his name).

Had a “chuckle” remembering the late 40s when I had the task of getting all of Jr’s pals size 14” or 15” peg a long foot and we kid. How he ever got a 14” peg I’ll never know. Funny thing to remember.

I also remember growing up with a great group of kids — some Jewish, some Italian (like me), some Greek, some Irish, Polish and so on and a few African families on Phillips Street.

Our moms taught us to get along with all and mothers shared recipes, ideas and their delicacies.

West Enders related by friendship

Hi,

Many thanks for enabling us to relive our childhood memories and keep our fond memories alive. We applaud your hard work and dedication.

In your June 2000 issue a letter written by Mary Endo (LoGrippo) Frazier of friends of friends Somerville mentioned my neighbor cousin Eleanor Bruno who passed away many years ago from spinal meningitis. I was quite taken back that one of her friends still remembers her.

I also remember growing up with a great group of kids. Place to grow up. Memories are GREAT!!!

Phye (Toronto) Budreau

PS Hi Comperchio...

West End helped make me good

Dear Jim;

Enclosed is my renewal of my subscription to *The West Ender*. Growing up at 18 Barton St. helped make me what I am today—a good father, husband and grandfather. There were always family, friends and neighbors to watch out for you. Please keep the paper coming as I look forward to seeing old friends names and pictures.

God Bless You,

Dominic Calabruso
(Dom Cal)

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