Favorite memories of West End

Dear Mr. Campano:

My father, Arthur Venezia, derived much enjoyment from reading your March 2002 edition of The West Ender, especially because he and my mother, Vera Galanti Venezia, were in some of the pictures featured in “Scenes too,” a visitor to the street, who cannot remember Venezia’s grandchildren and that that “extended family” made us feel welcomed and secure.

One of my favorite memories is sitting on the curb and eating boiled crab bought off a pushcart for a nickel.

I remember... The old neighborhood...

Dear Jim,

Although I was 12 years old when we had to move out of the West End, I have many wonderful memories of growing up there. I hugged a 25 cent piece up 5 flights of stairs for the ice box.

The building we lived in had a kind of “upstairs redtate.”

I remember... The old neighborhood...