



Santa Rosa
WEST END

Neighborhood + Historic District



November 2022

November Meeting at Chops Teen Club

Chop's Teen Club [509 Adams St]

Nov 17th • Thursday • 7-9pm (In-person)

Voluntary membership dues of \$10 a year to support the West End Neighborhood Association.



**NOV!
17th!**

Beloved Neighbors Honored in DeMeo Park

Some people become woven into our daily lives, making the tapestry more interesting and vibrant. When they are gone, their absence is visceral. We lost two wonderful men this past year - they now have memorial benches in DeMeo Park.

Robert Bastoni owned Franco American Bakery. He was always willing to give a bakery tour, donate bread, and chat with neighbors. He began working in the bakery as a driver in 1964 and eventually took over the business. Many of

us remember his sly smile and generous spirit. Robert's bench faces the bakery.

Stanley Gow was a frequent sight in the neighborhood, rolling by in his chair on his way to make a difference. He cared about children, the creek, the community as a whole, the library system, the ecosystem, and transportation for all. He showed up and spoke his truth in such a compelling way that people in power listened and acted upon his input. Stan's bench is near the huge walnut tree at the park's heart.



Our Board Members & Volunteers

President: Deborah Crippen [debcrippen@sonic.net]

Vice Pres: Sher Ennis / Secretary: Jim Bergmann

Treasurer: Allen Thomas

Directors: Kevin Anderson, Susan Hayes, Jessica Heatherington / Newsletter: Pat Power

Stay Connected: check www.srwestend.com for listings of events and meetings. And last but not least, check the Facebook page www.facebook.com/groups/srwestend.

www.srwestend.com

History of 109 W. 7th St.

by Leslie Michels

My maternal great grandfather made his start in America in 1900 from Massa Carrara, Italy. He went to Pennsylvania from New York and then made his way to Sonoma County in what was known as "Little Italy."

The exact date and why he chose Santa Rosa is unknown to me. He first lived at 122 11th St

neighborhood at the market either doing the same, picking up something for their mom, or turning in glass soda bottles to score a sweet treat. There were always familiar faces along the way making it feel safe. My grandparents fed a few of the railroad hobos that they came to know when they would pass through town. They would come to the door for a hot meal. My grandparents would always wonder what became of them when they no longer came by.



Domenica & Antonio Fortunati



Carol & Janet Heryford



Irma Fortunati Heryford

before buying the house at 109 W. 7th St. I would spend most of my childhood in that house, as did my mother and grandmother.

Growing up at that time, there was a sense of community that is unknown to the bedroom communities of today. To see that feeling is alive and well in my old neighborhood brings me so much joy! There is something comforting in knowing that something - which you hold so dear is being cherished by so many ambassadors who will continue to preserve the history and the spirit of The West End.

There were neighborhood markets where all our groceries were purchased; Calori's, J&S Market, and my least favorite as a kid, Barella's. It was where folks went to buy their familiar Italian items. The people that owned the markets knew everyone by name and if someone said go ask Al, Mel, or Dan if they have such and such, you knew exactly what store to go to. I nicked-and-dimed my grandmother daily so I could walk down to Calori's and get something from the glass candy counter or ice cream case. I often ran into other kids in the

The house at 109 W 7th street saw three generations of children grow up there. My grandmother and her five siblings, my mother and her sister, and me. Long after we left the neighborhood we would find our way back on W. 7th to drive by the old house or in hopes of nabbing an orange from the trees that my great grandfather planted. There are none in this world better. I have an excuse to drive down the street every week when I pick up hay from Western Farm Center. Little did "Cowboy" know that the little girl who came in the store and made her way to sit in the saddles and look at the chicks would become obsessed with horses her entire life. I still remember his big old hat. He was such a sweet man.

So - if you see a truck with hay going slowly past, don't worry, I'm not casing the neighborhood. I'm just connecting with my beginnings, my family members who are gone, and those childhood memories that shape us as adults. To those who are raising their families there now, I hope your memories are full of love that runs as deep as mine in the years to come.