



The Tremonger

A Tremont Neighborhood Newspaper by and for Tremongers | TheTremonger.org

FREE

Celebrate Tremont Clambake & Fundraiser to Benefit Tremont West Programs on 10/11 ...page 4

"I'm No Italian" —a Poem by Giancarlo Calicchia ...page 6

The Doctor Is In: Dr. Joy Marshall Joins Tremont Functional Rehab and Health ...page 7

The Beauty Room Invites Tremont Skin Care Clients to its Refreshed Salon ...page 9

INSIDE

Warming Up to Compete:

Check the Results From the Merrick House Baby Walk & Crawl Competition 2025



"Parents who attended told us the Baby Crawl is more than just a race. It's a joyful space where families come together, share resources, and celebrate milestones big and small. "
[Competitor Avery Osborne pictured above]

TREMONSTER CONTEST: Where's the Bird?



Where's the Bird? Submit your answer to win a Fat Cats gift certificate.

If you think you know the mystery location of this issue's bird character, submit your answer:

Scan the this QR code,;

or mail to P.O. Box 6161, Cleveland, OH, 44101 or email to:

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If your correct answer is selected at random, you will be awarded our contest prize, which will be announced in the next issue of *The Tremonster*:

GRAND PRIZE: **\$25 gift certificate to Fat Cats!**

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We Have a Winner!

Announcing Last Issue's 'Where's the Bird' Contest Winner



Dear Sagar,

Thank you so much for your participation in The Tremonster's "Where's the Bird?" contest!

CONGRATULATIONS!

From a fishbowl containing correct contest answers only, your answer was selected at random: The bird mural location is "On Auburn ave and 14th street. There is a garden."

We are proud to forward your prize of a \$25 gift certificate to Fat Cats.

Yours,

~The Tremonster

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In-person and Virtual
September 20, 2025 @ 10:30 AM
Jefferson Branch Library

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www.tremonthistory.org



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Fairfield Hall (later the J. Harding Bldg)
To the right is Hi & Dry In,
Now The South Side



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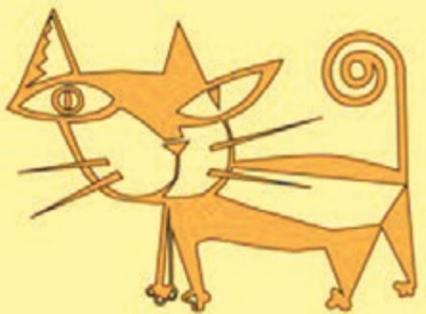
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ScottRadkeArt.com

The Tremonster Mascot: Abbey

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Merrick House Baby Walk and Crawl Competition Results



At the 2025 Merrick House Baby Walk & Crawl, Baby Stefan crawled his way to victory, a win his proud mom credited to lots of practice at home. Photos by Merrick House

by Tiffany Ashley

On Saturday, September 6, Merrick House’s program **The Affinity Pulse (T.A.P.)** proudly hosted the Annual **Baby Crawl Event** in honor of *National Infant Mortality Awareness Month*. Thanks to our generous sponsors—**Starting Point, CareSource, and Molina Healthcare**—families from across the community came together for an afternoon filled with laughter, learning, and, of course, plenty of crawling. The room was alive with energy as babies scooted, paused for photo ops, and raced across the mat to the cheers of parents and neighbors. In the end, **Baby Stefan** crawled his way to victory, a win his proud mom credited to lots of practice at home. Beyond the adorable competition, the event provided families with access to local resource vendors who offered vital information and support. This year’s Baby Crawl was made even more special by the leadership of **T.A.P.**, which put fathers at the heart of the event. Dads weren’t just cheering from the sidelines—they were active hosts, helping run the show and showing just how important

fathers are in shaping healthy families. Research consistently shows that when fathers are involved early, children are healthier and families are stronger. As one dad shared, *“It feels good to know we’re part of the solution.”* That solution matters deeply because, while Ohio has made progress in reducing infant mortality, challenges remain. **Did you know** that in 2022, Ohio’s infant mortality rate was **7.1 deaths per 1,000 births**, higher than the national average of 5.6? Preliminary data from 2024 shows improvement, with the rate dropping to **6.5 per 1,000 live births**—a record low for the state. Yet, the racial disparities remain staggering. Parents who attended told us the Baby Crawl is more than just a race. It’s a joyful space where families come together, share resources, and celebrate milestones big and small. With mothers surrounded by support, fathers fully engaged, and babies cheered on by their community, the event reflects what it truly takes to give every child a chance to thrive. As we look ahead, one thing is certain: next year’s Baby Crawl

will be even bigger and better. Mark your calendars now—we can’t wait to see which little crawler claims the crown in 2026 and how our community will continue to rally together for healthy beginnings.



Photo by Rich Weiss

Event attendee **Bri Osborne** (above, left) said, “I’m Bri Osborne, our daughter is **Avery Osborne** (middle), and her dad is **Ashton Bernard** (right). We live on the east side, in Cleveland Heights. I think it was Facebook—I learned about Merrick House and then we saw the crawl competition. So that’s why—that’s exactly why we came today. That is the sole reason. And then we learned about all the resources that would be here. We’re huge library buffs; we go every day to the library. So, I learned that they would be here, too. I was like, ‘Perfect. Perfect!’”



Photo by Rich Weiss

Event volunteer and CPL Jefferson Branch children’s librarian **Karen Kelly Grasso** (above) spoke to how the library helps to work on early reading: “We’re going to play with the kids while their parents can collect information, but also all of these activities are pre-reading activities. Learning to follow paths (and sequence) is reading. Learning to go left to right is reading.”



Merrick House Little Learners Harvest Vegetables They Planted in June

Little learners in the garden! You might not be able to see it from the curb, but Merrick has a garden and greenhouse! In September, students harvested the green beans, squash, peas, and sunflowers they planted in June as a part of their summer learning experience. The vegetables harvested by the students will become a part of their meals at the center.

Serving the Tremont Community

Celebrate Tremont Clambake & Fundraiser to Benefit Tremont West Programs 10/11



Lincoln Park Gazebo

Photo by Tremont West

by Julie Dahlhausen

Dear Tremont Community,
As the days grow shorter and summer heat fades, we at Tremont West Development Corporation are already busy at work planning how best to serve our Tremont community throughout the following year. This is always the time of year we make sure we have all the funding in place for the plans and programs that make Tremont the neighborhood we know and love. But this year, there will be many changes. This year, we wanted to shake the dust out of it. Yes, we'll raise money for Tremont West, but we're also going to have a fun night of connectivity, community, and celebration of the businesses that are around us. For example, our annual fundraiser "Celebrate Tremont" (October 11th from

5:00 to 9:00pm), is going to be held at Riff's Libations & Creations (2418 Professor Ave.). We chose the location as a welcome to one of Tremont's newest successful businesses. And Celebrate Tremont 2025 is boasting an exciting list of neighborhood business sponsors: Our event Clam Bake will be presented by Fat Cats; our Drinks presented by Mosaic Brewing, Lion's Share Spirits; our Event will be hosted at Riff's Libations and Creations; our Presenting Sponsor is Ted & Co. | The Bentley Group (of Howard Hanna Real Estate); our Friends of Tremont Sponsors are Strategy Design Partners, North Coast Events, and Werner G. Smith, Inc.; our Community Sponsors are KeyBank, Progressive Urban Real Estate, and Tremont Athletic Club; our

Raffle items will include swag, gift cards, and merch from local businesses. This event wouldn't be possible without the reliable support of our Tremont neighborhood businesses. We originally created Celebrate Tremont as a direct infusion of support to the initiatives of Tremont West. This is our annual opportunity to raise money to support the big Tremont West programs you've heard of: Taste of Tremont, the Tremont Arts and Cultural Festival, and Walkabout Tremont. These signature events are all supported through our annual fundraiser, and these events top the list of reasons why many buy tickets to support our Celebrate Tremont every year. But our annual fundraiser also infuses our programs that support all our block clubs, our farmers market, and an "unrestricted" pot of funds to keep even the smallest of Tremont West programs thriving—from arranging help with senior home repairs to navigation of the small business storefront

renovation program, and from affordable housing development to the printing and mailing of your dependable, monthly block club invitation post card. To be blunt, the financial situation for Tremont West is still precarious (see *The Tremontster* issue #90: "Julie Dahlhausen Sees Uncertainty in the Future for Tremont West, Asks Community to Take Action"). The threat to our future is ongoing, and that's what happens when you're reliant on federal dollars and the whims of Washington D.C. While diversifying our revenue has always been important, now it's pivotal. Celebrate Tremont is our annual opportunity to raise funds free of restrictions from the politicians in D.C. This event enables the residents of Tremont to raise money with us, and for every dollar raised to be directly infused into our neighborhood in the way that we think is most appropriate.

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PROCEEDS BENEFIT TREMONT'S PUBLIC GREEN SPACES
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TREMONT, ARTS & CULTURAL FESTIVAL,
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PRESENTED BY:



Tremont Arts & Cultural Festival in Lincoln Park 9/20-9/21



The 2024 Tremont Arts & Cultural Festival featured the Senior Hellenic Dance Troupe of Saints Constantine & Helen Greek Orthodox Cathedral Cleveland, Ohio.

Photo by Tremont West

The Tremont Arts & Cultural Festival celebrates its 26th season on Saturday, September 20th (12:00 P.M. – 5:00 P.M.) & Sunday, September 21st, 2025 (12:00 P.M. – 5:00 P.M) in Cleveland’s Lincoln Park. This regionally acclaimed festival is presented by Tremont West Development Corporation and Cleveland City Council members: Kerry McCormack (Cleveland, Ward 3), and Rebecca Maurer (Cleveland Ward 12), and Jasmin Santana (Cleveland Ward 14).

The festival celebrates the cultural and artistic diversity of Tremont and the greater Cleveland area, and supports the endeavors of its visual and performing artists.

Now in its 26th year, the 2025 Tremont Arts and Cultural Festival is comprised of five Festival Villages:

Children’s Village: hand-on arts, historical, and educational projects:

Community Village: area non-profit organizations presenting material about their mission and services, along with local, independent merchants and vendors;

Cultural Village: food sales by Tremont and Greater Cleveland restaurants, and fair trade merchants and non-profits reflecting the ethnic diversity of the neighborhood and region;

Artists’ Village: Applications for exhibiting visual artists were accepted online in 15 categories: 2D Mixed Media, 3D Mixed Media, Ceramics, Digital Art, Drawing, Fiber, Glass, Fine Jewelry, Leather, Metal (non-sculptural), Painting (Oil, Acrylic, & Watercolor), Photography & Digital Photography, Printmaking, Sculpture (Paper, Bronze, Clay, Metal, Stone) and Wood.

Food Court: A dynamic area featuring a variety of food trucks and booths offering an eclectic mix of delicious eats from local vendors.

The Festival has free music and dance performances Saturday and Sunday on the TACF Main Stage.

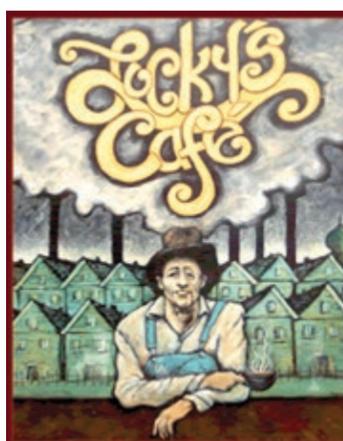


Tremont Arts & Cultural Festival 2025

Lincoln Park
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21
AT 12-5 PM

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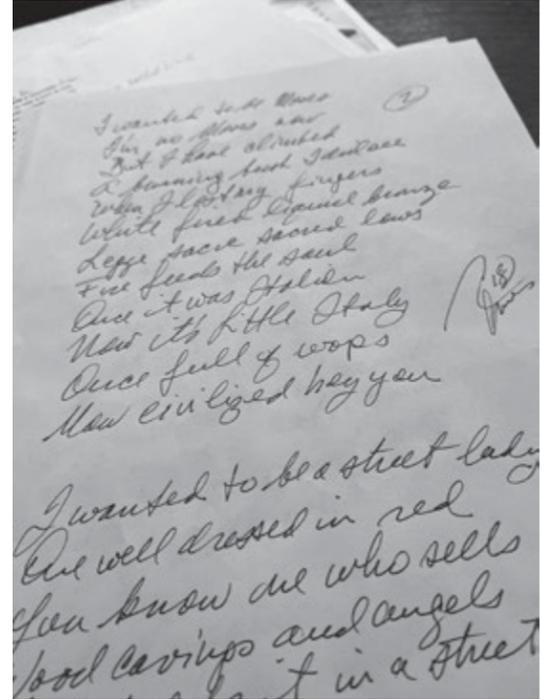
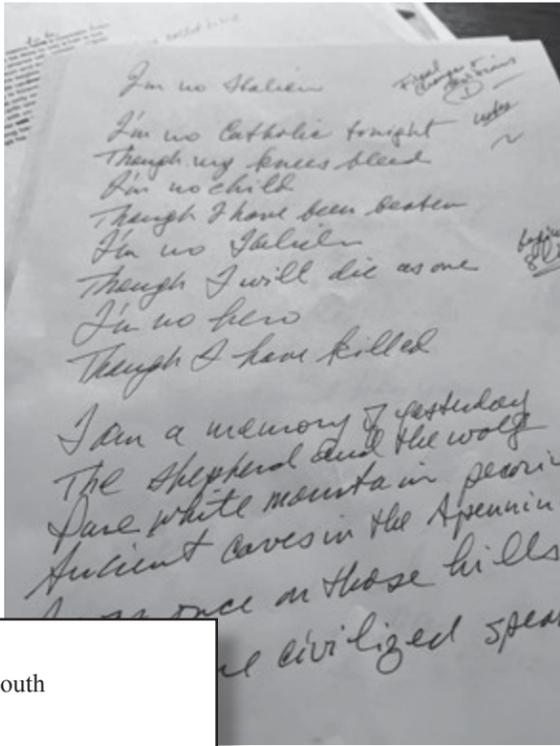
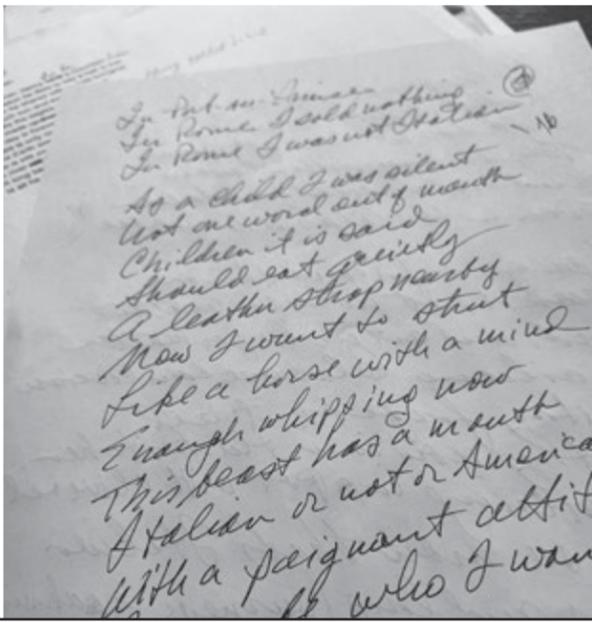


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Tremont Poetry

“I’m No Italian” a Poem by Giancarlo Calicchia

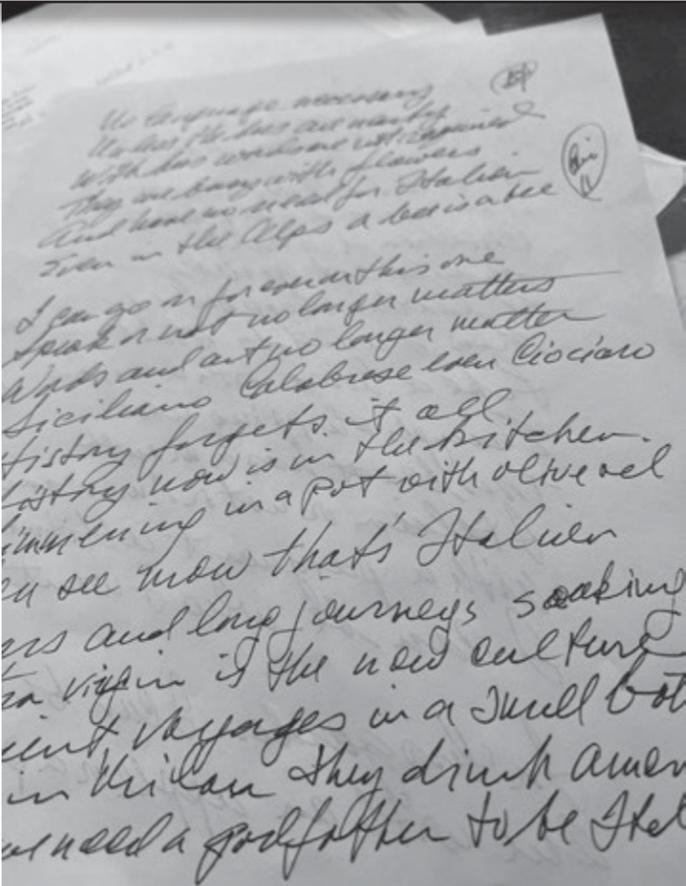


<p>I'm No Italian</p> <p>I'm no Catholic tonight Though my knees bleed I'm no child Though I have been beaten I'm no Italian Though I will die as one I'm no hero Thought I have killed</p> <p>I am the memory of yesterday The shepherd and the wolf Pure white mountain pecorino Ancient caves in the Apennines I was Italian once on these hills I became civilized speak English</p> <p>I wanted to be Moses I'm no Moses now But I have climbed A burning bush I did see When I lost my fingers White fired liquid bronze Legge sacre sacred law Fire feeds the soul Once it was Italian Now it's Little Italy Once full of wops Now civilized hey you</p> <p>I wanted to be a street lady One well dressed in red You know one who sells Wood carvings angels Arrested for it in a street In Port-au-Prince In Rome I sold nothing In Rome I was not Italian</p>	<p>As a child I was silent Not one word out of mouth Children it is said Should eat quietly A leather straps nearby Now I want to strut Like a horse with a mind Enough whipping now This beast has a mouth Italian or not or Americano With a poignant attitude I can be who I want</p> <p>In this garden I can be me One with an apple a peach No language necessary Unless the bees are nearby With bees words are not required They are busy with flowers And have no need for Italian Even in the Alps a bee is a bee That is one more dream for me</p> <p>I can go on forever on this one Speak or not no longer matters Words and art no longer matter Siciliano Calabrese even Ciociaro History now is in the kitchen Simmering in a pot with olive oil See you see that's Italian Scars and long journeys soaking Extra virgin is the new culture Ancient voyages in a small bottle Waiting quietly with a baseball cap Even in Milan they drink americano We needed a godfather to make us Italian</p>
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A brief story that inspired this poem,
I'M NO ITALIAN

I was born in Italy in the ancient town of Veroli, on the lower Apennine Mountains chain, not far from Rome. We spoke the traditional dialect of Ciociaria, Ciociaro. On my first day of school, almost six years old, our teacher rather angrily announced that he did not want to hear a word of Ciociaro, not even one, he emphasized, only Italian was to be spoken in our classroom. This surprised me because I did not fully grasp the concept that I was Italian but did not speak Italian! When I was eleven and a recent immigrant to Rome, New York, a sixth grader speaking Italian, on the first day of school, taken there by my Uncle Vito, my grandfather's brother, in a lovely blue 1957 Buick, my new American teacher, also rather angrily, as if perhaps he did need or want a foreigner in his classroom, and wearing a bow tie, which I had never seen before, and which I intensely disliked and have disliked for the rest of my life, talked loudly and agitated in English-American. When we got back to Uncle Vito's car I asked him what the teacher had said. He said, in Ciociaro, "Figlio mio, ha ditto che nella sua classe si deve parla inglese, ne vo senti na parola ditaliano. Translation- My child, he said that in his classroom he does not want to hear one word of Italian, only English is to be spoken. What should I do, I asked. He said that I should be quiet and keep my head down, and keep my ears open, have my ears learn English and the ears would transfer English to my brain and then to my mouth. This was good for me since I always preferred my ears being open rather than my mouth, having learned from early childhood that an open mouth got me into trouble but open ears were much more safe, rewarding and enriching. Years later, after I went back to Italy for university and fine arts, I was treated as a foreigner because all my studies and school documents were from America. In Italy, therefore, you know, where I was born, I was now a foreigner, not Italian. Later, as I continued exploring the world, I spent three years in Haiti, carving wood, then Mexico working with clay and stone and back to Italy,

of course, doing stone and bonze, this identity crisis continued. In Haiti I was neither American nor Italian, and, of course, not Haitian, and I became known as Messiu Blanc, Mr. White Man, later I was referred to as Messiu Barb, Mr. Beard. In Mexico I was neither of the three or four possible categories but rather several new ones, for a while I was Gringo, later Carlito, without any ethnic or linguistic assignations, most Mexicans speak Spanish, imagine that. Later again, in the Little Italys of New York City, Montreal and Cleveland I became again a modified version of an "Italian", Eyetalian, but not from the neighborhoods. It did not help that I wasn't fitting into the standard Italian categories. I was not Abbruzzese, nor Siciliano, nor Calabrese. It wasn't until the great mafia-Rocky movies that came out that the Italians of whatever part of Italy or Little Italys became truly respectable and real Italians-or real Eyetalians, and the various Italian characteristics and speech-body patterns became suddenly in vogue, although of questionable origins for the real Italians. Finally, it's okay to be Italian, I mean Italian born in America, maybe. And I want to say that I am still perplexed and still working on it. Keep in mind that before we became Americans we were, for thousands of years, speaking all kinds of languages. Also it is said that once Italian always Italian. There is always hope. My cousins and friends in Italy still call me Americano, with a smile. I would like to add a personal reflection to this brief story. In all these identity interchanges, I was never asked who I thought I was, or even what language or languages I spoke, or, for that matter, why a language would make me who I am. I, personally, have always thought, in silence, of course, that long ago I was being transported from one planet to another and the vehicle transporting me ran out of fuel and crash landed on the Apennine Mountains and, as the only survivor, my tiny sky shape tumbled through the window of the house that claimed my birth, no language needed.



Tremont Health

The Doctor Is In: Dr. Joy Marshall Joins Tremont Functional Rehab and Health



Photos by Rich Weiss

Dr. Joy Marshall moved her existing general practice in with the practice collaborative at Tremont Functional Rehab & Health this past month.

by Bruce Checefsky

Tremont Functional Rehab (2401 Scranton Rd) began with Dr. Alex Frantzis, the Chiropractic Physician, and Dr. David Perse, a general surgeon who had the idea of combining their practices in a singular site, handling both chiropractic, physical therapy, and general surgical needs.

The collaborative of practices feels they recently filled out their full, original vision with the addition of the general practice of Dr. Joy Marshall.

Bruce Checefsky, writer for both Plain Press and The Tremontster community outlets, caught up with our new doctor in the Tremont neighborhood for an in-depth interview. The following is a collaborative report co-published in The Tremontster, Plain Press, and La Villa CLE.

Dr. Joy Marshall, from Cleveland Heights, attended medical school at the age of 36. By most standards, starting medical school at that age can be a significant challenge. Living off welfare prior to that for years with her two kids, she earned income by working the local restaurant scene. Married at age eighteen, Dr. Marshall lived in Oaxaca, Mexico for a year. Returning to Cleveland, she and her husband started a restaurant in University Circle called Fantomas (now L'Albatros). Two children later, they ended up divorced and she began working as a barmaid and specials cook at Nighttown on Cedar Road.

One day, the president of Case Western Reserve University, Louis A. Toepfer (presidency years 1970–1980), came to lunch as he often did and struck up a conversation with her. He asked her what she was doing with her life. “I know it sounds ridiculous,” she told Toepfer, “but I want to try to go to medical school and am thinking about doing the undergraduate work at Cleveland State.” He told her “We have a nice little university down the hill (CWRU).” She thought about her age. He reminded her that despite her age, life experiences were worth something—learning to speak Spanish, helping to establish a successful

restaurant, and raising two children as a single mother were significant achievements. But she could not afford the tuition. “You get in; there are grants out there,” he told her. He gave her the name and phone number of the pre-med dean at the university. She got in. Dr. Marshall now relates this story to her patients.

“Even though I was a middle-class kid, my parents were never encouraging me to go to college, to have a profession. When I started work as a doctor, talking to my patients felt like I was looking in the mirror. But somehow, I had the wherewithal to believe I could make it. A lot of my patients were beaten down

before they could even get started.”

Dr. Marshall figured out how to attend college while on welfare as a way to support her family. “Back then, college was considered a job by the government: my family was eligible for Welfare. I got rent and food stamps, health care, and day care for my children. Those days are gone.”

When she was a little girl, her father, a doctor at Huron Medical Hospital in Cleveland, would take her on his rounds on Saturdays. The experience scared her, but every time her father walked into a patient’s room, regardless of their medical condition, the patients smiled.

“After that experience, I told my father that I wanted to be a doctor,” she said.

“I could see how his presence helped patients for the better. I wanted to do that,” Dr. Marshall explained. “Funny thing, he would tell me I would just get married and have babies—which, truth be told, I did.” She didn’t go to college until she was 28.

Following a tough upbringing and life, her father discovered the overwhelming healing powers of the doctors and medicine after injuring his back, and that alone convinced him to go to medical school. He too did everything “late.” Dr. Marshall followed in his footsteps, joining the medical profession later in her life.

When asked about the current vaccine debate issue under the Trump administration, she did not hesitate to express her opinion. “Robert F. Kennedy Jr., currently the U.S. Secretary of Health and Human Services has a long and highly controversial history of promoting false and misleading claims about vaccines,” she said. “Back when I was a resident doctor, every Wednesday there would be what they called ‘Grand Rounds,’” Dr. Marshall explained. “Doctors and nurses would meet in the auditorium for a lecture by a specialist. That week, it was an Infectious Disease doctor. He said to his audience, ‘For all of you out there who don’t get your flu vaccine

because you never get sick: how about getting it so that when you breathe on someone more susceptible than you are, you don’t give it to them!’ I had never thought of that before,” she recalled. “It’s a public health issue. For me it’s also a moral issue.”

Dr. Marshall also speaks Spanish, which helps patients struggling with English in a very diverse part of the city. The Clark-Fulton neighborhood on Cleveland’s West Side, just a few blocks from her office, has the highest concentration of Hispanic residents in Cleveland and Cuyahoga County. “Working with surgeon Dr. David Perse (the former head of both Lutheran Hospital and then St. Vincent Medical Center) at Tremont Functional Rehab and Health, has been a remarkable experience,” she explained. Dr. Perse can see her patients the following day, rather than having them wait weeks or months for an appointment at the larger medical centers and hospitals.

“I want to send my patients to a person, not a department, like

orthopedics, for example. I want them to know the doctor taking care of them,” she said. “It is getting harder to do, but here, at Tremont Functional Rehab and Health, we have specialists I can recommend who are readily available and personable.” From the start, Dr. Marshall defines her doctor-patient relationships differently than larger medical centers. “Whenever I see a new patient, I make sure that they understand this is a partnership. I work for them.”

Tremont Functional Rehab and Health accepts health insurance of all types. With medical costs soaring and fewer people able to pay for health care, Dr. Marshall has an opinion about medical coverage in the United States.



Tremont Functional Rehab & Health

“We are the only developing country in the world that does not take care of its own people,” said Dr. Marshall. “I want to see universal medical care in this country, much like in Canada, and avoid wasting money on navigating the complex health care system.”

Office hours are Monday through Thursday, from 9 AM to 5 PM. For appointments, call Tremont Functional Rehab and Health at 216-284-3007. Walk-ins are welcome.

<https://www.functionalrehabneoh.com>

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Ken Scigulinsky's Memories Of Tremont Avenue

Being Part of the Family



Oleo Package

Photos courtesy of Ken Scigulinsky

by Ken Scigulinsky

When there are children in a household, it is important to make them feel part of the family unit. There are always little chores that can be assigned to children to make them feel helpful or lessen the workload of the mother; but sometimes an assignment can be solely for the satisfaction of a child. I think my mother knew how to make my sisters and I feel that we were an integral part of the family unit, so there were always little tasks we were given for the opportunity to participate. They were never hard work assignments but were mostly fun jobs that produced some satisfaction of accomplishment. We never were tasked with washing or drying the dishes, probably because we were too young. Also, there was no table setting routine for us to help with since we were told to sit for a meal, and then my mom would place a plate in front of us, followed by the appropriate utensils.

When my mom was baking, we would assist by using a hammer to crack open walnuts and then separate the nuts from the shells. Of course, she was the second level of quality control to assure no shells snuck in before the nuts went to the hand grinder. While she did most of the nut grinding, we were allowed to turn the crank a few times.

During WWII, there was a shortage of butter and oils that was dealt with by rationing. Consumers were given ration books containing a limited number of stamps for oils, meat, cheese, and processed foods. Grocery store ads listed the

price and points for each product. Because butter required a high number of stamps, my mom, and many other women, bought the cheaper substitute called “oleo” or oleomargarine. Because oleo was almost pure white in color, the product was sold in plastic bags containing a tiny yellow bead of an intense yellow coloring dye that the buyer had to knead into the spread. When that was done, the oleo looked like real butter. That was one of the most sought-after jobs for my sisters and me. Usually, we squeezed the oleo and yellow dye into a bowl and incorporated them after numerous swirls with a large spoon. That was definitely satisfying.

I remember that some laundry detergents had free glasses, dishes, or towels embedded inside the box as promotions, so it was a great pleasure when mom asked me to help open the box for her. I wish I could remember the specific name of the product containing the free items, but there seemed to be so many companies, such as Oxydol, Rinso, Duz, and Dreft.

I always felt like I had acquired a special skill when my mom allowed me to wind up—never too tightly—the small alarm clock in our bedroom. Even better was when I could adjust the hands to the correct time, which was always 10 minutes fast under direction from my mother. She thought it guaranteed that we would never be late, but I’m not sure that trick worked since we all knew the clock was fast. We never had an electric clock, but there was a wind-up clock in my bedroom as well as my parents’ bedroom so if one stopped

working, the other would be used as the standard. Once both clocks stopped, so I carried the clock to a neighbor to get the correct time.

Sometime in the 1940s, we transitioned from an icebox (requiring periodic deliveries of 25-pound blocks of ice from an ice man with an insulated truck). Discarding the wooden ice box meant we now had a Frigidaire refrigerator with a lighted interior and a tray in the small freezer compartment for ice cubes. It always became a squabble with my sisters to see who would be allowed to remove the ice cubes. The metal trays, about 4”x11”, contained metal dividers that sectioned off the water into multiple ice cubes compartments. A lever was connected to the dividers so that lifting it broke apart the individual ice cubes for use. Usually, the cubes were put

into a large pitcher of Kool Aid. My father came to the United States from Czechoslovakia in 1921, leaving some family members behind. After WWII ended, the plight of people in Nazi occupied countries, including Czechoslovakia, was widely advertised, so my dad wanted to help his relatives alleviate their hardship. My mom and dad began collecting used clothes from local relatives and friends, even taking some older clothes from my sisters and me. We had cousins, so many of the clothes we wore were already hand-me-downs. After my mother washed and dried some of the clothes, my sisters and I helped sort the clothes and place them on the couch in our living room. When a large cardboard box had been located, we helped fill it with clothes. I don’t remember if there was some kind of sealing tape, but I know the box was tightly secured with heavy twine before my dad and his friend carried it off for mailing. After the box of clothing had been shipped, we were eager to hear of its arrival, but after many months we never even received a letter. My parents assumed that that the shipment had been lost or intercepted. Recently, I learned that the mail and package delivery system to much of Eastern Europe long after WWII was still in a very unstable state. Besides shortages of materials and manpower, there was a high chance of packages containing useful goods like clothing being intercepted, lost in transit, or delayed indefinitely—sometimes for years. Even official relief packages sent by organizations like the Red Cross were not always delivered intact. My sisters were too young to travel alone, but my mom trusted me to travel into Cleveland to buy special items she needed. She always told her friends how trustworthy I was because, when she gave me money for a purchase, I never lost it and always came back with the correct change. Most of the trips I took were for hearing aid batteries that powered the relatively large amplifying device that she hung around her neck with a cord. My mother was quite overweight, categorized as having a “plus size” figure; accordingly, she tended to buy dresses at Lane Bryant, a plus-size retailer store in Cleveland. She would tell me the size she needed, describe in general terms the pattern and color of the housedress she wanted, give me the money, and away I would go. Never did I have to return a dress I bought. (Lane Bryant began in 1904, and in 2020 the parent company filed for bankruptcy, citing the COVID-19 pandemic for weakening its financial stability. Although many stores were closed after COVID, some Lane Bryant stores are still open in OH, but they no longer have a Cleveland store).



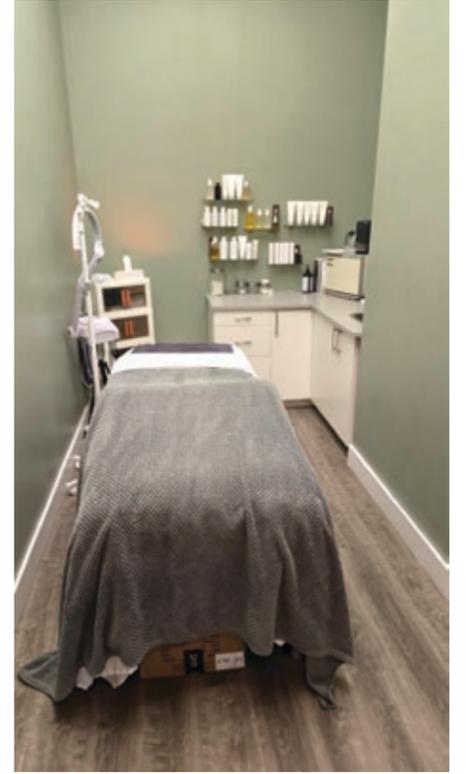
Ice Cube Tray

The Beauty Room Invites Tremont Skin Care Clients to its Refreshed Salon



Jennifer Smith, The Beauty Room Owner and Licensed Esthetician, welcomed us at the reception desk

Photos by Rich Weiss



Beautifully refreshed skin care rooms are situated at the end of the salon's short rear hall, intentionally set apart from the main salon area.

by The Tremontster

"This is where we do facials," said Jennifer Smith, Owner and Licensed Esthetician at The Beauty Room (755 Starkweather Ave., 216-815-2188), "This room actually just had a facial this morning." Jennifer toured *The Tremontster* through the refreshed salon, which emphasizes two simple, isolated environments in two separate rooms specially set up for facial treatments, peels, and red-light therapy. The Beauty Room is attracting an increasing number of nail clients to its Tremont doorstep, but Jennifer wants to make sure Tremont residents know her business provides top-notch facial work, right here in our own neighborhood.

The popularity of her nail offerings is not lost on Jennifer. She said, "Not that we can't continue to grow the nail side—don't misunderstand." She added, "I mean, there were four team members when I bought it. They're all still here. I've hired a fifth." Although many of her nail clients are Tremont residents, it would be easy for Tremontsters to miss the oasis-like skin care rooms, secluded at the end of the shop's back hallway. With the refreshing of the salon, Jennifer wants the neighborhood to know her facial services are just a short walk away from home. One of Jennifer's skin care clients relayed to us, "Jen took time to understand my priorities with my skin, provided wonderful service and made recommendations." She concluded, "Loved the relaxing environment and cannot wait to come back!" Aside from facials, The Beauty Room offers a complete list of services, including their nail care

specialties of manis, pedis, Gel-X, acrylic, and nail art; a full array of hair services from blowouts to highlights and color; waxing of unwanted body hair; and brow and lash tinting and lash lifts. The Beauty Room was busy when we arrived, and we took the opportunity to talk with one of the long-time professional manicurist, Franchesca Lopez, as she placed a lamp on the feet of Tremont resident and client Taylor Lynn Shanower to cure freshly applied toenail polish. "It's curing my polish and my ills," said Taylor. "I started coming here for eyebrow waxing. Sometimes you just wake up in the morning, you're like, where did all these eyebrows come from? And I think at that time they took walk-ins. I was like, please help, please." And what kept Taylor coming back to The Beauty Room after that? "Well, it's very convenient and the pricing was always very reasonable.

Good service—Excellent. And then I started doing these (which are not on yet) gel extensions, Gel-X, and very few salons at the time were doing that. But, then I got one set at a different place and it did not turn out. I found Frannie and now I can't go anywhere else." Frannie: "I've been working here for almost six years. I actually love how the salon is run, and I always do love hanging out with my clients, my regulars, they make work fun, basically. I love yapping with my clients." The salon was not alone in receiving a recent refresh—the east side patio has seen some love from Jennifer and her husband. "We got the umbrella, brought in all the planters—that one's from our house... we weren't using it." Jennifer credited her husband with most of the patio work as she described how she made the already attractive outdoor area into a new living room-like patio for the Tremont community. "Those little trees in the front and the back weren't there—we did a little landscaping." Just before this issue of *The Tremontster* went to print, Jennifer emailed a story update: "We are planning a **customer appreciation/community day on the patio on Sunday, October 12th**. We would love to meet any neighbors who want to come by and say hello!"



The Beauty Room patio invites Tremontsters to hang out on Starkweather along the east side of the salon



Long-time professional manicurist Franchesca Lopez preps the feet of Tremont resident and client Taylor Lynn Shanower for a pedicure that keeps her coming back to The Beauty Room.



Cleveland OWLS September Meeting Hosted Illusionist David Lee



Magician David Lee of Lake Erie Illusions performed for the September 9th Cleveland OWLS meeting.

OWLS (Older, wiser, livelier, seniors) September 10th Get Together!

by Bev Wurm

The Cleveland OWLS gathered on September 10th for our lunch meeting at 2700 W. 14th St., Zion UCC Church, where they hosted speakers, including Cleveland Clinic/Fairview Hospital breast health for Men and Women and Magician David Lee, Lake Erie Illusions. Lunch featured chili with meat and beans and vegetarian chili with spaghetti for chili mac. Cornbread, crackers, cheese, and onion toppings were also served. Desserts included cherry squares, apple cake, and mini cupcakes. The meeting ended with a raffle, door prizes, and 50/50.

Our October meeting will be on the second Wednesday, 10-8-25, 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. OWLS gatherings are held at 2700 W 14th, Zion UCC Church on the 2nd Wednesday of month from 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m.

RSVP by phone to 216-216-310-6810 or email owls.cle13@gmail.com.

Our Cleveland OWLS event series is brought to you through a Neighbor-up grant from Neighborhood Connections, Cleveland Foundation, and Tremont West Development Corporation.

Catching Up with the Cleveland OWLS: Summer Meeting Recaps from June and July

An OWLS meeting was held on June 11th.

We enjoyed the company of 28 seniors enjoying the theme “Salad Days of Summer.” Salads included pasta salad, cowboy caviar, chicken salad, Dorito taco salad, and broccoli/apple/cranberry salad. Dessert included three different cakes, muffins, and grapes.

Carol sent cards to those unable to attend due to illnesses or treatments.

Our speaker was Val Gesting, Friends of City Dogs Cleveland, with four-legged companions available for adoption. Door prizes and 50/50 participation were enjoyed by all.

An OWLS meeting held on July 9th and was enjoyed by 29 attendees.

The July meeting carried the theme of “Picnic in July!” Lunch consisted of fried chicken, mixed baked beans with meat, potato salad, tortellini salad, Mexican street corn salad, and sliced baguettes. Dessert consisted of chocolate cake, watermelon, and red, white, and blue Jello mold. Our original speaker was unable to attend, but we arranged for a backup doctor, who was able to provide great information for seniors and families. Alyssa Coreno, PHD, SLP, CDP, Cognitive Connection, provided information concerning family health connections, memory, dementia, and similarity in family health DNA. Several games of bingo awarded prizes and candy bars. We had door prizes, and our 50/50 raffle produced some winners.



In Memory of Abbey

by Rich Weiss & Amanda Lloyd

We’re so sad to report that we lost our sixteen-year-old dog, Abbey “The Dabber” Lloyd Weiss, at the beginning of September.

We first met Abbey when she jumped in front of our car on the Abbey Ave. bridge in 2010.

Our lives have revolved around Abbey ever since.

Wherever we went, she went. If she wasn’t allowed where we were going, we frequently wouldn’t go. Until she got too old for it, she would insist on riding along with me on the long journey to pick up issues of *The Tremonster* from the printer. On trips to my parents or my mother-in-law’s, Abbey would get uncontrollably excited when she recognized we were getting near.

If Amanda and I were away, we would return to Abbey’s “Tip-Tap-Tippie-Toe” dance, which involved jumping up and down on her hind legs in a unique spectacle that worked its way all around the kitchen to celebrate our arrival.

We cooked for her every meal. I found ways to cook her dog food, but Amanda’s chicken and rice was her absolute favorite. The three of us were an inseparable team for a decade and a half.

Abbey was the most expressive dog I’ve ever met. It never took much guessing to know how she was feeling at any given moment, but she had breathtaking ways of expressing how much she cared about us. Cataracts left her all but completely blind, arthritis slowed her gate, but she adapted and always found ways of expressing how much her love of life outweighed these smaller setbacks. At the age of 16, she made it clear to us that her ongoing neurologic issues had become too much. Abbey forced us to stay healthier than we would have throughout the pandemic by getting us out of the house for extended, daily walks throughout Tremont, the neighborhood she loved her whole life. She also proudly served as our mascot for *The Tremonster* for 15 years.

As all our friends, family, and community know, we miss her so very much.

Join Us for The Tremmonster Content Mind-Meld
Every Wednesday from 4:45 to 5:45 pm
@ Jefferson Library (850 Jefferson Ave.)



Caffo GATO
 Cat Café
 761 Starkweather Ave | (440) 941-5130

La Bodega
 All that and a bag of chips
 869 Jefferson Ave. | (216) 621-7075

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Tremont West Popped-Up a Museum for Arts in August: ‘Storied Threads: Natural Fibers from Past to Present’



‘Storied Threads: Natural Fibers from Past to Present,’ a temporary exhibition, was co-organized by Case Western Reserve University Art History PhD student Luke Hester and TWDC’s Programming and Marketing Manager Rebekah Utian (CWRU Art History MA ‘24).

Early last month, Tremont West Development Corporation hosted a Pop-Up Museum titled “Storied Threads: Natural Fibers from Past to Present” as part of its Arts in August summer event series. The temporary exhibition was co-organized by Case Western Reserve University Art History PhD student Luke Hester and TWDC’s Programming and Marketing Manager Rebekah Utian (CWRU Art History MA ‘24). The Pop-Up Museum developed out of a class project for the Spring 2025 CWRU course “Embodied Fashion: Textile Production, Consumption, and Waste from the Nineteenth Century to Now,” taught by Andrea Rager, Associate Professor of Art History. This class foregrounded contemporary issues of plastic fiber overproduction, which has resulted in a notable rift between consumers and the means of clothing production. The Pop-Up Museum addressed these weighty matters by offering visitors a first-hand experience with primary historical textiles crafted from a wide range of naturally sourced fibers. The exhibit featured numerous objects from the Cleveland Museum of Art’s Education Art Collection and the Hellenic Preservation Society of Northeast Ohio. Over two hundred visitors attended to view fabrics representing varying time periods and global cultures, ranging from 20th century American attempts at the cultivation of a domestic silk industry to West African trade cloth and Chinese rank badges.

As a Public Humanities program designed for community engagement, the Pop-Up Museum inspired visitors to think reflectively about how textiles producers have paid careful attention to materiality and expressed meaningful cultural identities through clothing. The installation also prompted visitors to see how innovative clothing production is being revitalized in the present day, demonstrated by the presence of local Cleveland-based designers and makers alongside the historical objects, which included Time Change Generator, Found Surface, Faan Slow Clothing, and others. Viewers reacted positively, remarking on well-made heirloom pieces still within their families or how the exhibited textiles were more like “wearable art” which would prompt higher care if they owned such clothing. The Pop-Up Museum successfully demonstrated audience interest in educational programming and the power of personal experiences with objects of cultural heritage. The organizers, Rebekah and Luke, would like to thank Professor Andrea Rager, Sabine Kretzschmar and Amanda Sisler of the CMA Education Art Collection, and Dean Peters of the HPS for their generous collaboration and participation in the event. Rebekah and Luke also appeared on the local television program *New Day Cleveland* to help promote the exhibit and respective programming.

Dracula: A Comedy of Terrors Opens at convergence-continuum on October 3rd



Dracula: A Comedy of Terrors by Gordon Greenberg & Steve Rosen directed by Scott Zolkowski October 3rd - 25th

Ever wondered what would happen if you took Bram Stoker’s legendary vampire tale and put it into a blender with Mel Brooks, Monty Python, and The 39 Steps? That’s just what happens in this lightning-fast, laugh-out-loud, 90-minute, gender-bending romp. When her sister Mina falls ill with a mysterious disease of the blood, Lucy Westfeldt and her fiancé, Jonathan Harker, enlist the help of famed female vampire hunter Doctor Jean Van Helsing. Their hunt for the dangerous and sexy Count Dracula abounds with clever word-play and quick-change antics. Five actors play over a dozen roles in this bloodcurdlingly hilarious send-up of the literary classic. Casting is flexible and expandable up to 24 actors.

“A brilliant new send-up of Bram Stoker’s gothic horror novel. This hilariously reimagined take, created in the spirit of The 39 Steps, is a lightning-fast, laugh-out-loud comedy.” – Broadway World

“Over-the-top and bloody hilarious... a must-see!” – DC Theater Arts

“If you’ve been craving a break from the frights of real life, this campy, vampy romp is a scream!” – TimeOut NY

“A raucous, 90-minute party in full swing.” – New York Sun

“Sexy and campy with non-stop hilarity... I didn’t stop laughing for 90 straight minutes... you don’t want to miss this!” – Forbes

Content Advisory: Contains some adult humor and situations. PG-13 recommended.



Host Your Holiday Party at The Elliot



Don’t frown because summer is almost over...smile because it’s basically the holiday season already! Even though the snow isn’t here yet, we’re gearing up for the end-of-year party season in our festive Good Tidings Bar (aka The Rosehip Room) and in our glamorous ballroom. We’ve got the merry and bright vibes for your gathering of any size.



***Pole not included**
***Please allow 2 to 3 weeks for delivery**

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