



The

remonster

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

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"...Offering this workshop is about giving back to our community and creating space for women to feel safer and stronger."
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TREMONSTER CONTEST: Where's The Bird?



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:

TheTremonster@TheTremonster.org.

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!**

Submit your answer to win today!

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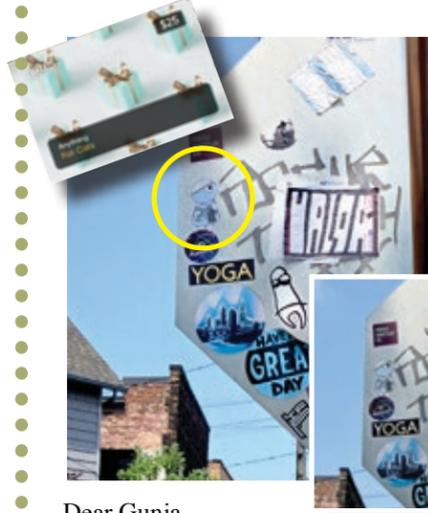


Scan to enter! ...or email or snail mail!

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

We Have a Winner!

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



Dear Gunja,

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: "I saw this bird at literary rd and w 10th street. Its behind the STOP Sign! Which is right before BATR on literary rd."

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

Yours,

~The Tremonster

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The Tremont History Project's mission is to research, preserve, and celebrate the rich history of our community.

All are welcome!

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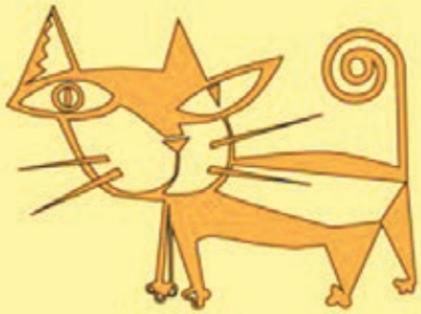
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Do you have an idea for The Tremonster?

Our next deadline is October 15th (for Nov. 2025).

What makes our neighborhood special to you?

Please let us know!

Keep Tremont Quirky!

Yours, The Tremonster



The Tremonster is a newspaper by and for the neighborhood of Tremont in Cleveland, Ohio. A Tremonster is anyone who loves our shared neighborhood of Tremont. Any Tremonster may submit content for consideration by the 15th of each month to:

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ScottRadkeArt.com

The Tremonster Mascot: Abbey

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Lucky's Café Partners with Soul Punch Cleveland for Community Self-Defense Workshop



Photos by TJ Smith

The “Soul Punch” curriculum is specifically designed for women and is different from traditional martial arts classes. Instead of focusing on flashy moves or long-term training, Soul Punch emphasizes practical skills that can be applied immediately.

by TJ Smith

On October 7, Lucky's Café will stay open late—not for coffee, but for something a little different: a self-defense workshop led by Soul Punch™ Cleveland. The two-hour training, set for 6 to 8 p.m. at the café, aims to give women in the community the tools to feel safer and stronger in their daily lives. The idea for the event started with the café's own staff. Earlier this year, Lucky's invited Soul Punch to host a private session for its employees. The group gathered not to discuss menu specials, but to learn how to set boundaries, practice situational awareness, and respond with confidence when facing unsafe situations. They practiced simple, body-mechanics-based techniques, role-played scenarios, and even trained with pepper spray. The team walked away feeling more prepared and empowered. It wasn't about learning how to fight—it was about knowing how to stand tall, use your voice, and protect yourself in ways that feel realistic.

That emotional impact, coupled with the realities of working in the food service industry, motivated the café to bring the workshop to the public.

“Food service can mean early mornings, handling cash, and spending long hours in public-facing roles,” Heather Haviland, Chef/Owner of Lucky's Café shared in a statement. “We know firsthand those challenges can carry safety risks, especially for women. Offering this workshop is about giving back to our community and creating space for women to feel safer and stronger.”

For Lucky's Café, the workshop is about more than just safety—it's about community care. Known for its commitment to local partners and

community, the café sees the partnership as a natural extension of its values.

What Soul Punch Offers

Soul Punch Cleveland is taught by certified Soul Punch trainers, Tara Mercio and Cheryl Haviland. Gloria Marcott, a former police officer with more than two decades of experience teaching safety and defense, developed the “Soul Punch” curriculum. The program is specifically designed for women and is different from traditional martial arts classes. Instead of focusing on flashy moves or long-term training, Soul Punch emphasizes practical skills that can be applied immediately. The workshop includes four core layers of training:

1. Awareness and Prevention –

Understanding how to spot risks before they escalate and developing everyday safety strategies.

2. Boundary-Setting –

Using clear, confident communication to de-escalate situations before they turn physical.

3. Physical Defense –

Learning simple, effective techniques based on body

mechanics that don't require strength or prior experience.

4. Soul DefendHER™

Training – Hands-on practice with Soul Punch's smart pepper spray device, which integrates GPS technology and alert systems to summon help if activated.

The approach is informed by neuroscience, teaching women how to override fear responses, think through scenarios, and act decisively when under pressure.

“It's not just about moves, it's about mindset,” said



Soul Punch Cleveland is taught by certified Soul Punch trainers, Tara Mercio and Cheryl Haviland. Gloria Marcott, a former police officer with more than two decades of experience teaching safety and defense, developed the “Soul Punch” curriculum.

local trainer Cheryl Haviland. “We want women to walk out of the workshop with practical skills and a sense of control, no matter their age, size, or strength.”

Event Details

What: Soul Punch Cleveland Self-Defense Workshop (designed for women, by women)

When: Tuesday, October 7, 2025, from 6–8 p.m.

Where: Lucky's Café, Cleveland

Cost: \$75

Participants can expect an interactive, hands-on experience that blends discussion, practice, and scenario-based learning. The focus isn't on learning to fight, but on building awareness,

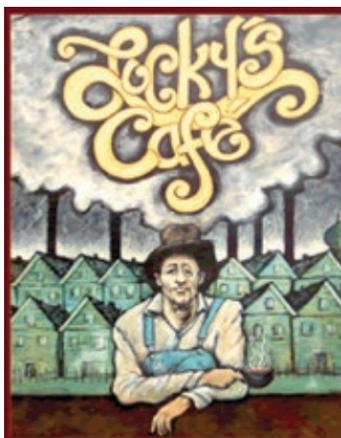
practicing prevention, and walking away with confidence. Register for the course here:



For Lucky's Café, the decision to host the workshop reflects a deeper belief: a thriving community isn't just about good food—it's about creating spaces where people feel safe and supported. By partnering with Soul Punch, the café hopes to bring that sense of empowerment to women across Cleveland—one workshop at a time.



Lucky's Cafe staff gathered not to discuss menu specials but to learn how to set boundaries, practice situational awareness, and respond with confidence when facing unsafe situations.



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Christie Murdoch's Tremont Lifestyle Banyan Tree: New Sweaters Are Here!

New Sweaters are Here!

From soft neutrals to rich seasonal hues, our newest knitwear is made to be layered, lived in, and loved.



Ease into fall with these chic and cozy new styles. The Linea Sweater features an elegant mock neckline, and a beautiful gray and cream knit blend. Or keep it casual with the Torvi cardigan, the perfect layer to add to your favorite Figwood dresses



The Phoenix Distressed Sweater brings effortless edge to your wardrobe with its perfectly worn-in look. Featuring artfully placed distressing, a raw hem, and a relaxed silhouette, this sweater is the definition of laid-back cool.



Designed with a structured mock neck and short sleeves, the Rosell sweater offers the perfect balance between cozy and breathable. Its relaxed, boxy silhouette and textured knit make it easy to layer or wear on its own, transitioning seamlessly across seasons.

Chuck Slusarczyk Jr.'s The Nature of Tremont

Change of Weather, Change of Feathers

by Chuck Slusarczyk Jr.
willichas@gmail.com

As the days grow short and we approach yet another winter, we aren't the only ones who change our external appearance; many birds also change their appearance, although it's not intentional.

Many of our songbird species, and warblers in particular, are known for appearing quite different during the rush of spring than they do in the hush of fall.

In spring, hormones kick in as the birds prepare to head north from their wintering grounds, and this alters their appearance in sometimes startling ways. This is all about looking their best and appearing fit enough to the females to be a worthy mate and capable of helping to raise the next generation.

Most of these birds are Neotropical migrants, meaning they breed in the north and migrate to the tropics of Mexico, the Caribbean, and South America for the winter, where they share the forests with all sorts of exotic birds that we don't see up here. In spring, the urge to get to their nesting grounds becomes strong, and spring migration is a loud and boisterous affair with males singing constantly and showing off their bright breeding plumage.

This northward migration happens rather quickly, peaking around mid-May here in Ohio.

By contrast, fall migration is a much more subdued affair with a slower pace and no songs to hear, only the occasional high-pitched contact calls. No longer needing to impress, their breeding colors ('alternate plumage') are exchanged for a duller, more simplified look known as 'basic plumage'. If you're a birder, you're familiar with the term "confusing fall warblers," and for some, it is confusing.

Although there are exceptions: many show enough of their gaudy breeding colors to make an easy identification possible; however, when you start seeing females or the young birds undergoing their first migration, it can become difficult indeed. Sometimes you can't tell males from females or young from old! (It CAN be done, but that's more detail than I can give here!)

Not all warblers undergo this drastic plumage change, as some appear the same year-round, and warblers aren't the only birds that change their colors. The American Goldfinch deserves a special mention here, especially since it's a bird that is with us in every season. People often ask me, "Where did my finches go?" When they no longer see the bright yellow birds at their feeders, they assume they are gone, and I have to tell them that they are still here, they just don't look the same! Here's a selection of birds that pass through Tremont in the spring and fall and how different they look at those times. Enjoy!

If you have any questions about local wildlife or plants or a topic suggestion that you would like me to address, feel free to send me an email at:
willichas@gmail.com



Bay-breasted Warbler - (*Setophaga castanea*)
The Bay-breasted Warbler undertakes one of the most dramatic changes in appearance between spring and fall. These birds are currently traveling to the Caribbean, Costa Rica, and Colombia, in South America.



Blackburnian Warbler - *Setophaga fusca*
The fiery Blackburnian Warbler migrates to the mountainous areas of Colombia, Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, Panama, and Costa Rica.



Blackpoll - (*Setophaga striata*)
The Blackpoll (warbler) is a true spring/fall chameleon and a champion long-distance migrant with many traveling as far as from Alaska to the Amazon Basin, and most make an extraordinary 72-hour overwater non-stop flight averaging 1,800 miles from the east coast to the shores of Venezuela and Brazil. Read more about the amazing migration of the Blackpoll here: 



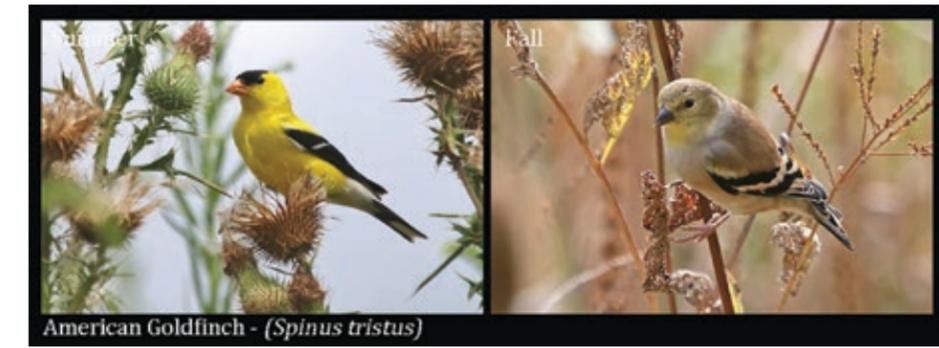
Magnolia Warbler - (*Setophaga magnolia*)
The Magnolia Warbler spends its winter in Mexico, the Caribbean and Central America, not making it as far as South America.



Yellow-rumped (Myrtle) Warbler - (*Setophaga coronata*)
The Yellow-rumped Warbler (Myrtle in the east) is much more of a homebody, with many wintering in the southern US states, but some will go as far as Central America. This is the only warbler we might find in Ohio during mild winters.



Cape May Warbler - (*Setophaga tigrina*)
The Cape May Warbler is named for Cape May, New Jersey, not because it lives there but because that's where early ornithologists first described the species as it was passing through on migration. This one doesn't migrate quite as far as some with most only going to Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and Jamaica. Some also winter on the Yucatan in Mexico.



American Goldfinch - (*Spinus tristis*)
The American Goldfinch: Here is the only non-warbler in this article. This is the aforementioned American Goldfinch, a bird that is with us throughout the year in Ohio. They make a definite change in their appearance for winter!



Chestnut-sided Warbler - (*Setophaga pensylvanica*)
The aptly named Chestnut-sided Warbler spends its winters throughout the Caribbean, Central America and as far south as Colombia and Venezuela.



Serving the Tremont Community

Calling All Neighbors and Art Lovers: Volunteers Needed to Restore the Lincoln Park Tremont Community Mural

by Julie Dahlhausen

Tremont West Executive Director

Dear Tremont Community, I'm excited to announce a new community art project for Tremont's Lincoln Park! In the coming days, keep an eye on our Tremont West website and social media for calls for volunteers to join us as we come together to move and restore our beloved Lincoln Park mural wall. The Tremont community ceramic tile project was created by our Tremont community members and directed by Tremont's own Angelica Pozo.

The original project wall has been a colorful landmark along the southern edge of the Lincoln Park gazebo area for years, thanks to Angelica and a giant turnout from Tremont's community members. Almost eight years ago, our Tremont community, including residents, businesses, organizations, and school children, hand-painted hundreds of tiles representing our neighborhood, which were affixed to the original, bland, cement retention wall as a beautification project. Over time, the original cement wall allowed moisture to seep in, making the surface damp, and loosening entire segments of the mural, tile by tile.

It's time to bring it back to life! This isn't just about a wall. It's about preserving the stories we paint, the memories we share, and making our neighborhood shine. I think this project is particularly important and exciting because it highlights so many

different facets of our neighborhood. We have a long-term, highly accomplished artist and Tremont resident who is revisiting a past project that needs a little T.L.C. This project is made possible through the support of city council, using council casino funds (Council members receive 15% of the total amount the City of Cleveland receives in Casino tax Revenue). This highly visible artistic neighborhood project is supported by our city government, and then Tremont West will support the project as its fiscal agent. It feels like many neighborhood forces coming together to support the common good, which is the ceramic tile project, with Lincoln Park as the focal point, to highlight the heart of our neighborhood. Angelica has been salvaging the tiles still affixed to the wall and we've been carefully collecting tiles as they fall off the old cement wall. The mural will be moved to the more visible Lincoln Park Pool exterior wall, and we will use moisture-appropriate paint to beautify the old cement barrier to the south of the gazebo with rainbow colors. New community tiles will be added to the original 2018 community tiles to fill out the exterior wall of the Lincoln Park Pool. This allows us an opportunity to incorporate new tile reflections of our current, 2025 Tremont community.

I love Angelica as a throughline for this project—she's such an accomplished artist

and such an engaged resident that there's something poetic to her being the lead of both the original 2018 installation and, here years later, being the lead to revive the project in 2025-26. She deserves to be a highlight of this project as well, herself. In fact, there's a more recent Tremont community tile installation that I pass multiple times a day in front of our office at the corner of Professor Ave. and Jefferson Ave. It's a flower bed (built from scratch on a base made by Angelica to last an eternity) that's surrounded by another round of Angelica's community-created tiles. I went out and took a closer look just before submitting this column to *The Tremontster*.

I saw tiles that are painted by The Sign Guy. I saw a mural of the beautiful St. Theodosius domes. I saw art from Tremont's school children. I saw a tile for our Tremont mainstay, the Doubting Thomas Gallery. I saw a tile representing a child on a bike studying our Tremont History Wall across the street from the Paul Duda Gallery. So, it's like everything that makes Tremont us has the opportunity to be represented in our Tremont community tile projects.

I hope you engage with our shared neighborhood on this true community restoration project. It's time to transform Tremont again with paintbrushes, tiles, and teamwork.



Photos by Rich Weiss

Tremont Artist Angelica Pozo in 2018, explained her project to *The Tremontster* during a block club tile painting workshop.

12-Foot Sunflowers on W. 6th St.



by *The Tremontster*

It all started with an empty tree lawn on W. 6th St. "This is Todd's tree lawn," explained Marilyn Dubasak, "and he just moved in, so he didn't have anything for planting season...and Jim had these extra plants." Marilyn and her husband, Jim Nacarato, helped start the W. 6th St. Garden, a neighbor-watered garden across the street from Todd's treelawn where they planted sunflowers. They and their neighbors on W. 6th St. are gardening enthusiasts, but the street's layered tending of the plantlife on W. 6th St. has yielded some remarkable results.

Todd and his dog, Aggie, happened to come home from a walk, right on cue.

Todd added his perspective as the homeowner of the treelawn: "We were at a garden party, and they said, 'Do you want us to plant?' We said, 'Absolutely.'"

Marilyn and Jim planted the sunflower seeds and started watering. So did the rest of the street.



Together, they ended up growing a 12-foot sunflower.

"It was at 12 feet the other day...we didn't know it was going to be this," said Todd. "And Sherry, my girlfriend, her mother loves sunflowers, so it's been perfect."

There is a palpable sense of community you can feel looking at this street that you don't sense on your average street in your average city's urban core. Maybe it's the gardening.



Photos by Rich Weiss

Marilyn (left), Aggie (left center), Todd (right center), and Jim (right) in front of the fruit of their shared labor: a 12-foot sunflower on a W. 6th St. tree lawn.

Ken Scigulinsky's Memories Of Tremont Avenue

Childhood Confessions



Photos courtesy of Ken Scigulinsky

Space between Tremont St. houses where we started a fire.

by Ken Scigulinski

I must confess that I was not a manageable, obedient kid. I wasn't perpetually bad, but on occasion I did things that were alarming and were a concern for my parents.

When I was five or six years old, another friend and I decided we wanted to start a fire—"playing with fire" was something we were not supposed to ever do. We knew that if someone saw what we were doing we would immediately be stopped, so we decided to go between two closely spaced houses on Tremont Ave., out of the way of adult eyes. We had no intention of burning the houses, just creating a private fire.

We placed a few papers we had gathered against the foundation of one house and lit them using kitchen stove stick matches. I don't know whether someone in one of the houses smelled smoke or whether someone

walking along the sidewalk saw the small fire, but we were quickly discovered and ushered back onto the street and then home by a couple of alarmed adults. My mom was advised of my mischief and, as she usually did when I misbehaved, yelled at me and lectured me about the dangerous act I did. Fortunately, in the days of my childhood there was no such punishment as "grounding." A few years ago, I took a picture of the space between the two houses where we started the fire, and I was stunned by the potential disaster the fire could have caused. Most of the kids I looked up to were older and well versed in dishonest activities, so I learned from them.

After spending some time in the Professor Ave. drug store browsing through the comic books, it was easy to place one under your shirt and walk out. Also, the corner

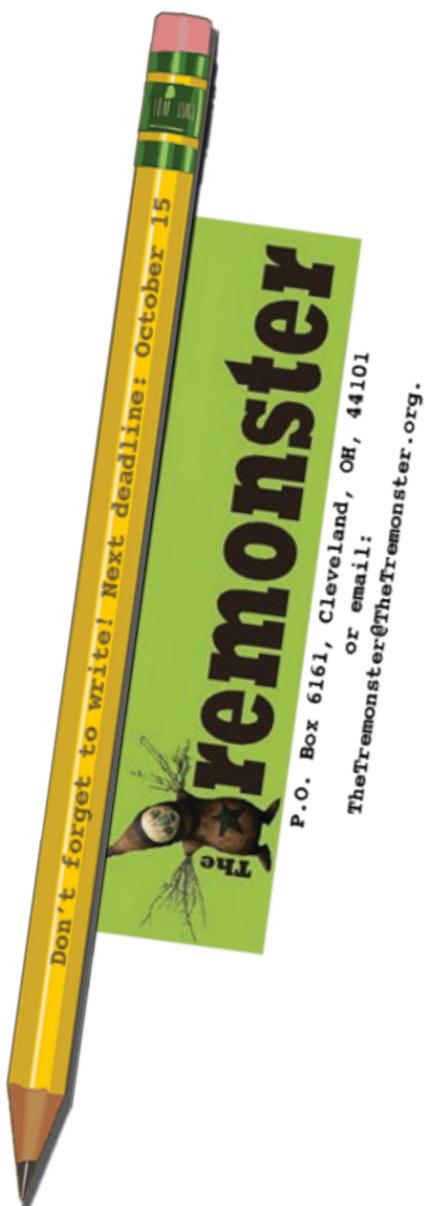
grocery store was usually a target for stealing candy because the candy was placed on shelves to the left and right immediately upon entering. Those acts of theft were random, and sometimes we actually visited the stores specifically to buy candy and comic books. In one of my previous stories, I revealed that although the owner of the candy store lived in the back of the store, he had a mirror that occasionally allowed him to view our thievery. Fortunately, he never directly confronted us, perhaps because he did not view our thievery as significantly affecting his profit.

Two brothers, Earl and Larry, lived across from our house on Tremont Ave. with their parents in their grandfather's single-family home. Their grandfather had a reputation of being mean, and we kids called him the mad Russian. I don't remember why he did it, but I recall that once he shook his fist at me, and when I told my parents, they advised me to avoid him. Earl and Larry were older than me, and one summer night we were running around, chasing each other, eventually migrating into their yard. Earl and Larry were chasing me through their dark backyard, and I was unaware of a large, deep hole dug for some repairs and covered with a tarpaulin. I ran too close to the edge of the hole and slid into it. It was partly filled with water, and I frantically started hollering for help, saying their grandfather was going to kill me. My friends pulled me out and laughed at my panic. It became a long-standing joke that we shared with the rest of our gang of kids. Of course, my mother had angry words for me not only because of my wet, muddy pants, but also because I had disregarded her warning to stay away from the mad Russian.

While I was in the third grade, I sat behind a boy who was always dressed in fine clothes. I was not friendly with him, but I recall that his parents always walked him to the school building and spoke to him in a foreign language, probably Polish. Once, when he wore a fuzzy sweater-vest over a shirt, I became mischievous, got out my scissors, and proceeded to carefully cut a tiny hole in the back of his sweater. I'm still not sure why I did it, but I remembered a movie where a kid received approval from friends for doing something nasty to another kid. I thought it would be funny and amusing to my friends. Unfortunately, my shameful

act was brought to light the very next day with monumental repercussions. My mother was called into the school, and I was scheduled for a session with a special counselor to make sure I did not need any professional intervention. I was assessed to be normal but "highly strung," so my mother was advised to work with me to control my impulses better. That's what my report card showed: "highly strung." I think I need to balance my childhood confessions of misbehavior with something more positive. It was during my preparation to make my Holy Communion in spring 1947 that I performed a good deed.

Late spring afternoon, before my supper time, I was walking along Kenilworth near the Holy Ghost Church, waiting for a catechism lesson to start. An elderly man came out of the front door of a large house onto his porch and called to me. Because it was a nice neighborhood and I had never been educated to avoid strangers, I approached him. I was a little suspicious but believed I could run if I felt threatened. He asked me if I knew how to read. When I told him that I could, he explained that he was partially blind and had a letter that he could not read. He asked if I would read the letter to him. Apprehensively, I walked up the front steps and entered his living room. He pointed to a chair for me to sit in and sat in a nearby easy chair. The room was beautifully furnished with a rug, paintings, and lamps. It gave me the feeling that I was in a rich person's home—and it actually was in an upscale section of the Southside. He gave me a couple of sheets of printed material to read that seemed to have something to do with a lawyer, and I commenced reading. As I slowly read the letter's contents, I occasionally stumbled across words I did not recognize. When I tried to pronounce a strange word, he was able to guess the correct word, and I continued. After a few minutes, I completed the reading and told him I needed to get to my catechism class. He thanked me and gave me a quarter for my help. I wish I could say I didn't accept the money, but a quarter had a lot of buying power for a nine-year-old kid, so I took it. When I reported late to my catechism class, the instructor did not reprimand me when I told him the reason for my lateness. I guess it was a good deed for me before my communion.



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