

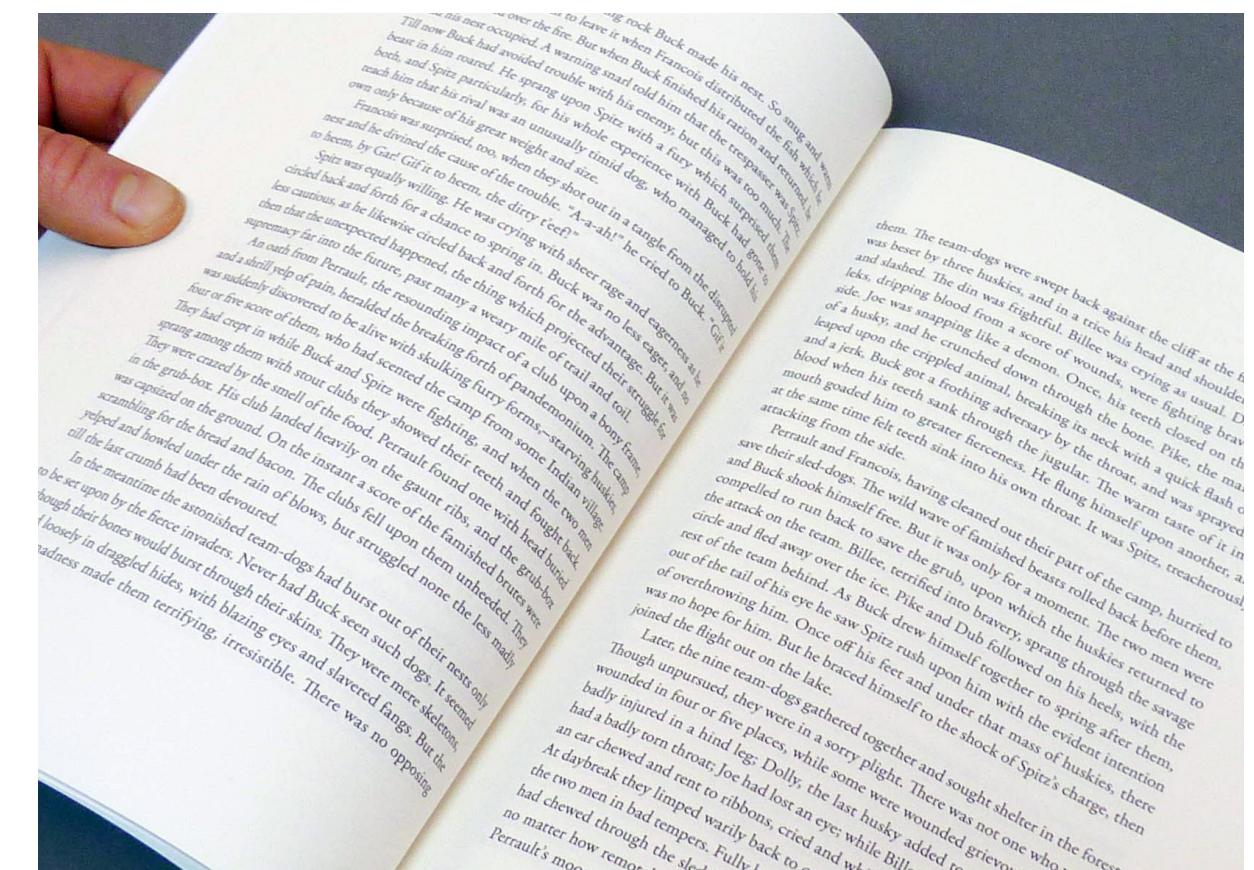
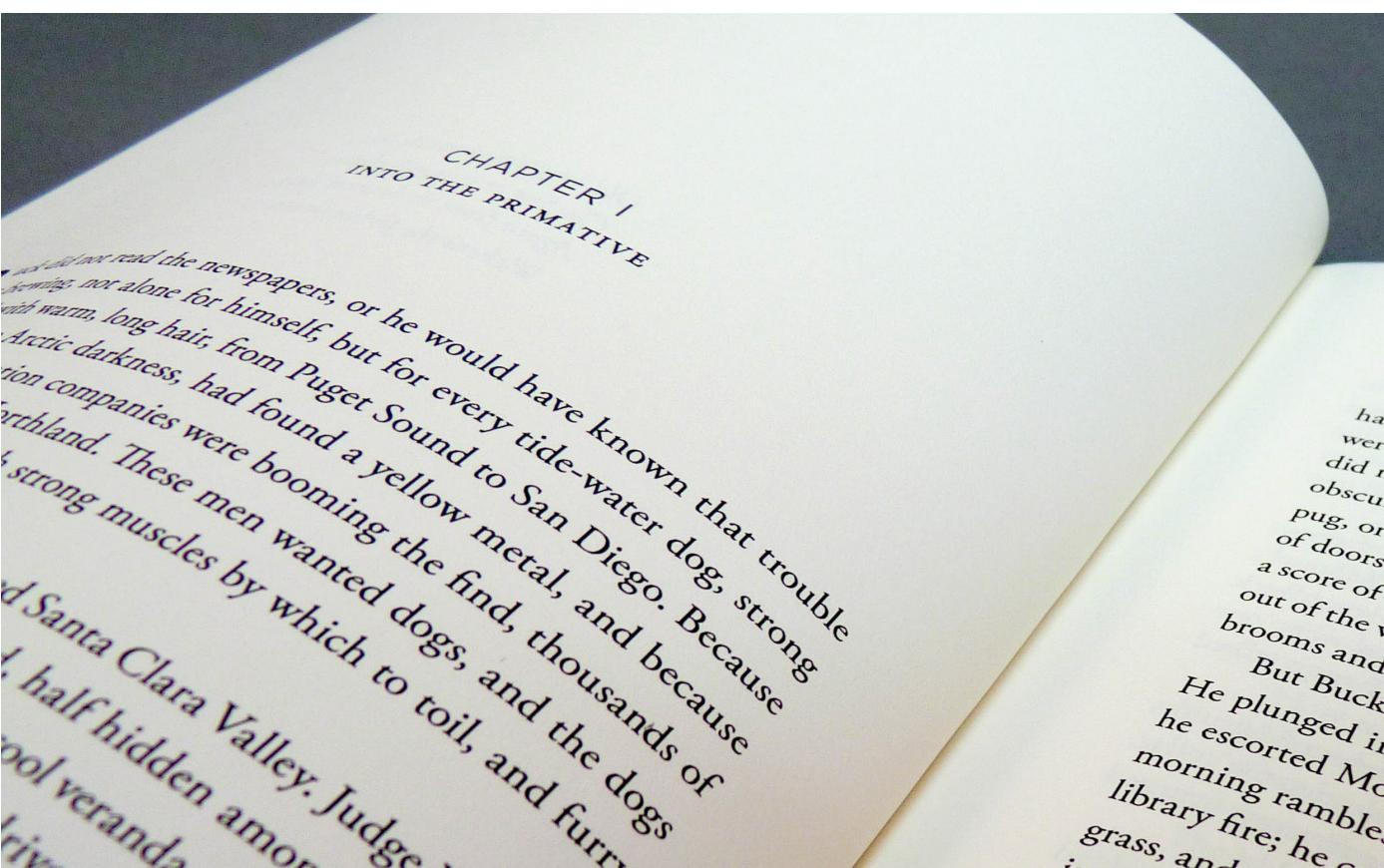
THE CALL OF THE WILD

BOOK DESIGN

Working with Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*, I designed a 6 inch by 9 inch perfect bound softcover cover book. Using the vendor Blurb, I produced 15 physical copies. It is 88 pages in length and includes a copyright page, a title page, an introductory quote, a closing quote, and an author biography. I set the type for every page, paying close attention to type color and the integrity of the full justification of the body text.

The cover design is derived from the quote that I chose to end the book with. It relates to the triumph of being alive under the stars. Rather than perpetuating the played out lone wolf theme, I chose to use stars set above a geometric representation of the Alaskan mountains. The stars form a constellation that spells out the last word in the title. It was produced under the fictitious publishing company, Telltale Publishing.





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JACK LONDON WAS BORN ON January 12, 1876. By age 30 London was internationally famous for his books *Call of the Wild* (1903), *The Sea Wolf* (1904), and *White Fang* (1906). His writing was filled with the literary and journalistic accomplishments. Though he wrote about the great questions of life and death and the struggle for integrity, he also sought peace and quiet inspiration. His books were based on his own experiences in the fields and factories of California and the controversial political movements of the time. London was also

CHAPTER V THE TOIL OF TRACE AND TRAIL

Thirty days from the time it left Dawson, the Salt Water Mail, and his mates at the fore, arrived at Skaguay. They were in a worn out and worn down. Buck's one hundred and forty pounds had been reduced to one hundred and fifteen. The rest of his mates, though relatively lost more weight than he. Pike, the malingering dog, had often successfully feigned a hurt, but Sol-leks was limping, and Dub was suspiciously lame. They were all terribly footsore after a day's travel. There was a dead tired. It was

LAGUNITAS PACKAGE REDESIGN

Lagunitas makes some fantastic beer. Unfortunately, their design is somewhat lacking. I studied their current product and liked the hand-tooled typographic approach, but felt it fell short in the execution. I wanted to do their product justice by updating their design to match the quality and sophistication of their beer. Finding inspiration from Hatch Show Print and The Hamilton Wood Type Museum, I created a letterpress inspired typographic labeling system that utilizes a consistent lock-up and relies on color to differentiate between the different styles of beer. Their dog identity is based on Petey from *The Little Rascals*. I updated this by applying a halftone texture to a photograph. This allows for the mark to function in a variety of sizes and settings, and the halftone treatment relates to the traditional printmaking techniques that served as the source of inspiration for this project.

The project includes three styles of beer in two sizes. The 12 ounce bottles feature a primary label and neck label, and the 22 ounce bombers have a primary label only. Working with a vendor found online, I produced physical caps for the three varieties of beer and capped the bottles for the final photography.





FOSTER

INSTITUTIONAL IDENTITY

Animal shelters and rescues experience a lack of resources when it comes to connecting with the general public. To combat this, I created Foster, an institution dedicated to providing marketing and design materials to animal shelters and rescues in order increase public awareness and free up resources that can be used to care for animals in need. The cornerstone of Foster is a mobile application that connects dogs that are in need of a home with potential care providers. The application allows shelters and rescues to create profiles for dogs that are in need of care and allows users in the general public to create a profile to search for dogs that might be a good fit for their home and lifestyle. Through information gathered in the onboarding process, the application cross references dogs' needs with the limitations of users to quickly and intuitively match dogs with potential care providers.

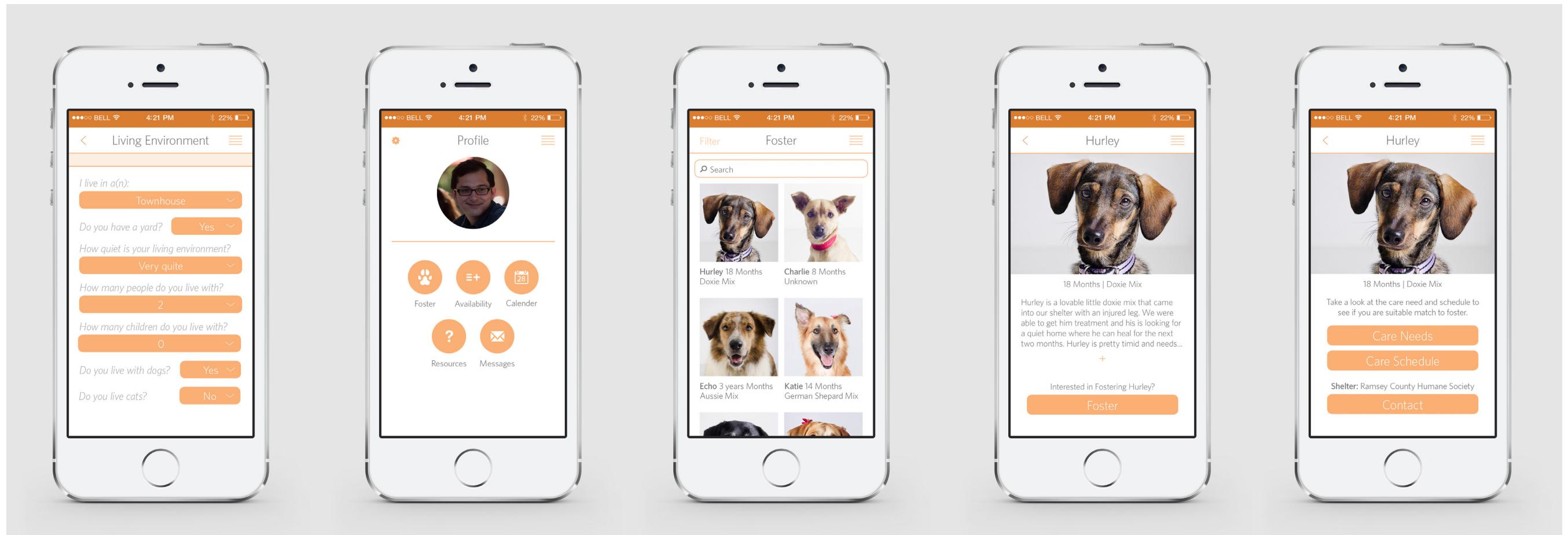
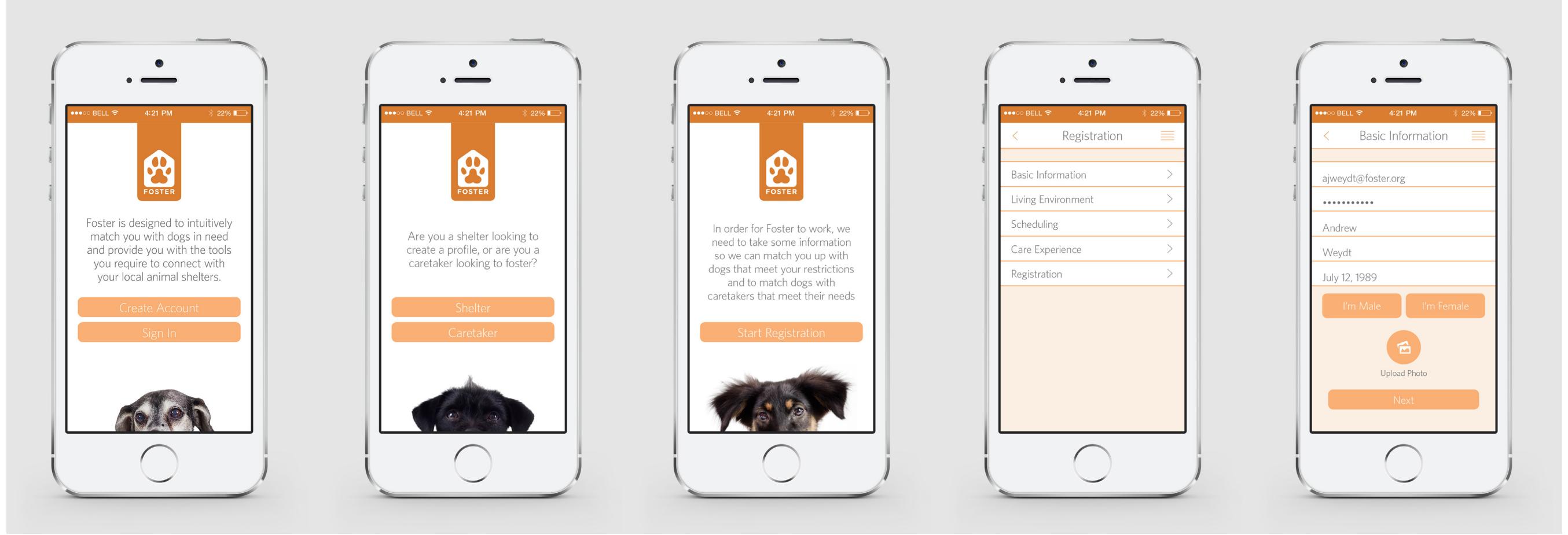
I came across these wonderful dog photos on social media. They came out of Cão em Quadrinhos Pra Sempre Cachorro, a studio in Brazil that takes portraits of rescue dogs. I got in contact with them and explained my project. They were more than happy to provide me with photos for this project. It includes an identity, a mobile application, a stationery system, a print advertisement, and an Iphone case.

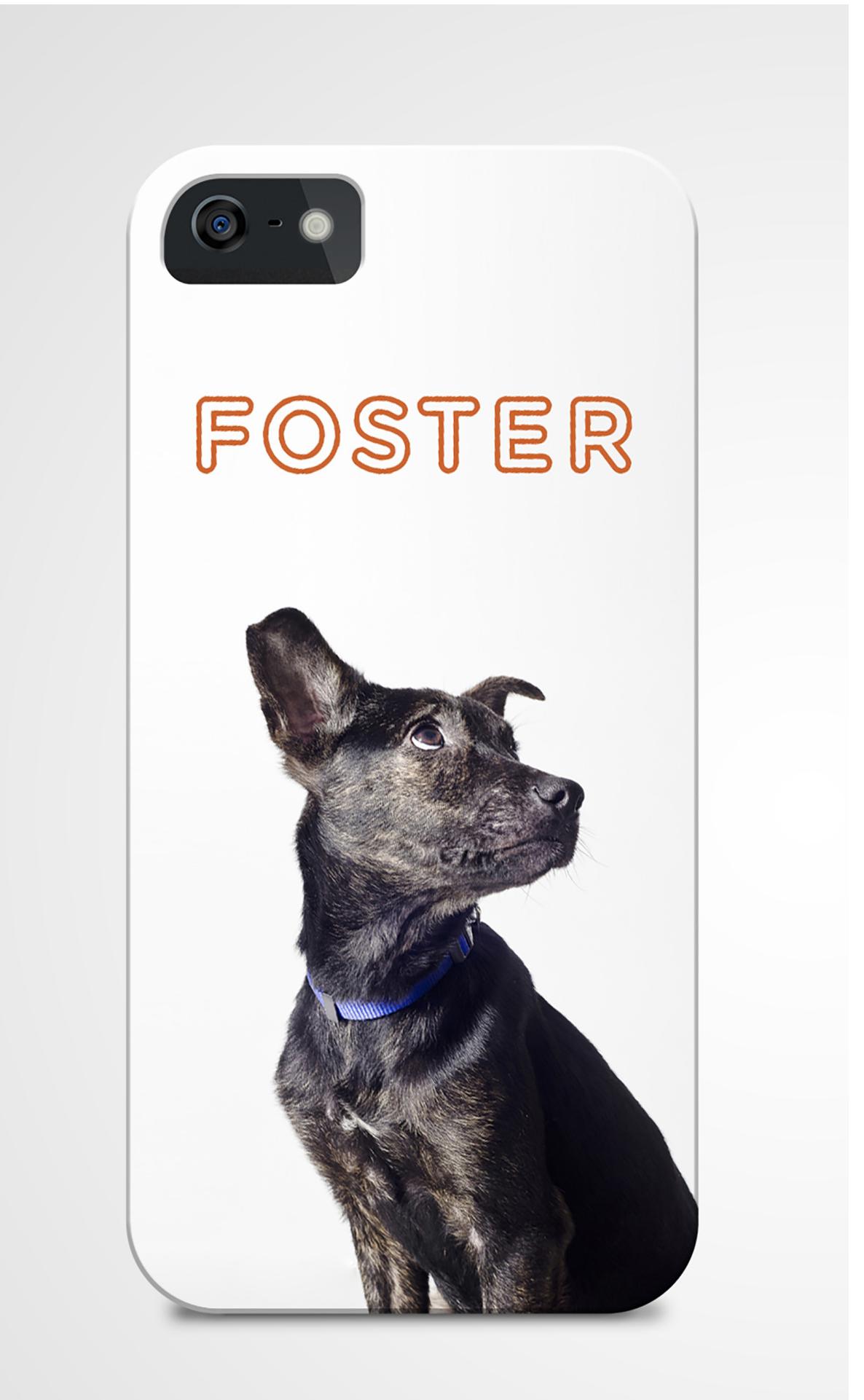
To view interactive components of this project, visit www.ajweydt.com and click on Foster.



FOSTER









586 Randolph Ave.
St. Paul MN, 55012
P 507.380.0451
E ajweydt@foster.org
www.foster.org

December 12, 2016

Mr. John DuFresne
996 Grotto Street
St. Paul MN, 55012

Dear Mr. DuFresne:

I am writing you to tell you about a new branding project that I've been working on. It's for Foster, An organization that helps animal shelters by addressing the way they communicate and interact with the public. Apparently, all animal shelters are independently operated non-profits. Most of them pour all of their resources into caring for animals, so they don't have a lot to work with when it comes to marketing and design work. That's where Foster comes in. It gives these animal shelters the resources they need to get the word out about dogs that need foster care.

The identity that I've come up with is pretty simple. As you can see, it's a dog print in an abstracted shape of a house. The corners are softened to give it a playful, friendly, and open conveyance. This also mirrors the smooth shapes that form the paw print, which gives the logo mark a strong sense of coherence.

The logotype is HTF Gotham Rounded Book. I chose this particular font for its large, open counters and its smooth geometric shapes, which serves to unify the elements of the logo and logotype. It is used in two varieties, a standard version, and an outlined version that is only to be used when the width of the logotype is greater than two and a quarter inches.

The color palette made of a single dark orange. I wanted to use a warm color for its friendliness and energy. This particular dark orange for its high contrast against whitespace. This allows for versatile applications, ones where the logo mark and logotype can be reversed out.

Let me know if you have any thoughts or feedback that you'd like to share.

Sincerely,

Andrew Weydt

FOSTER



586 Randolph Ave.
St. Paul MN, 55012



John DuFresne
996 Grotto Street
Apartment 4
St. Paul MN, 55012

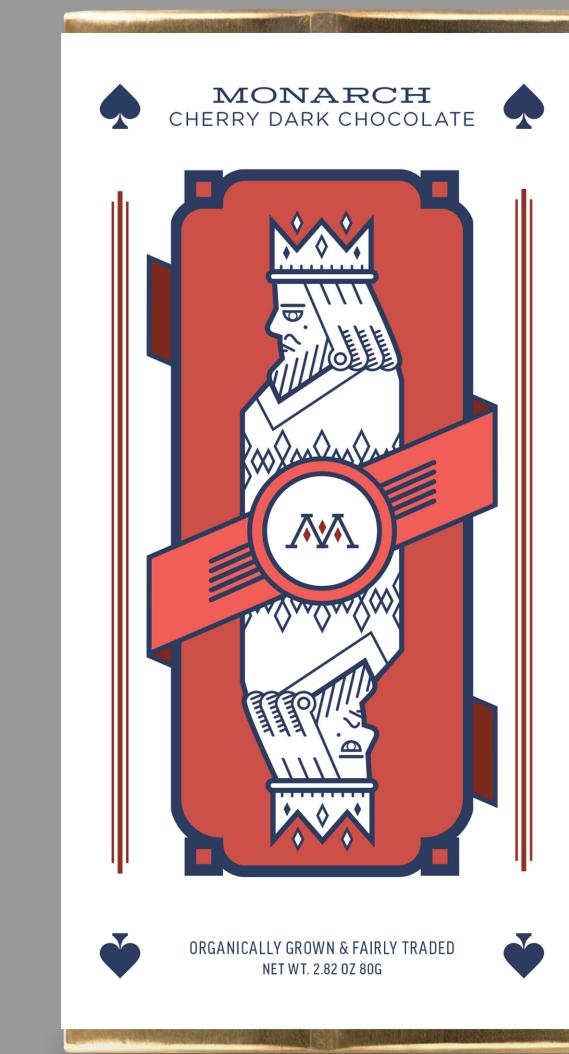
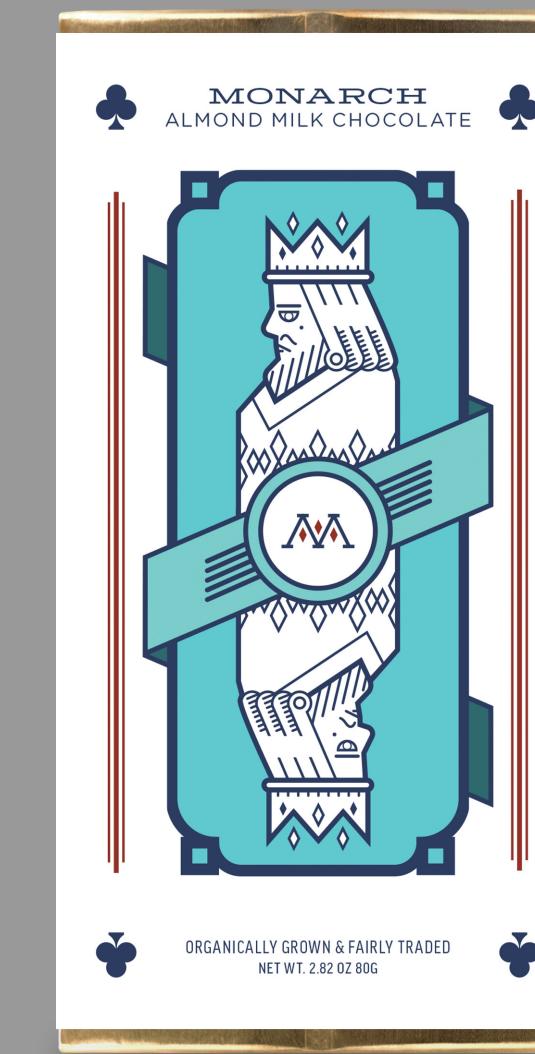
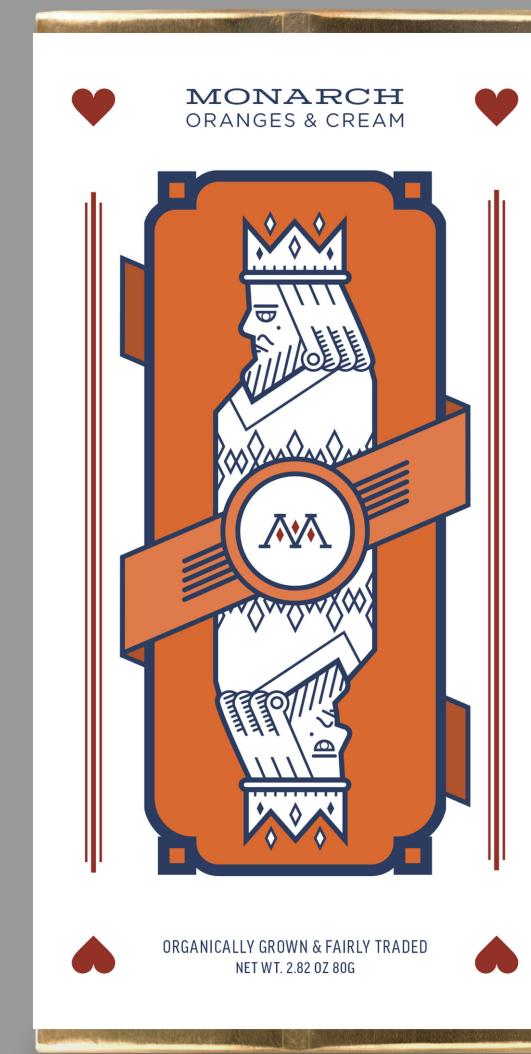
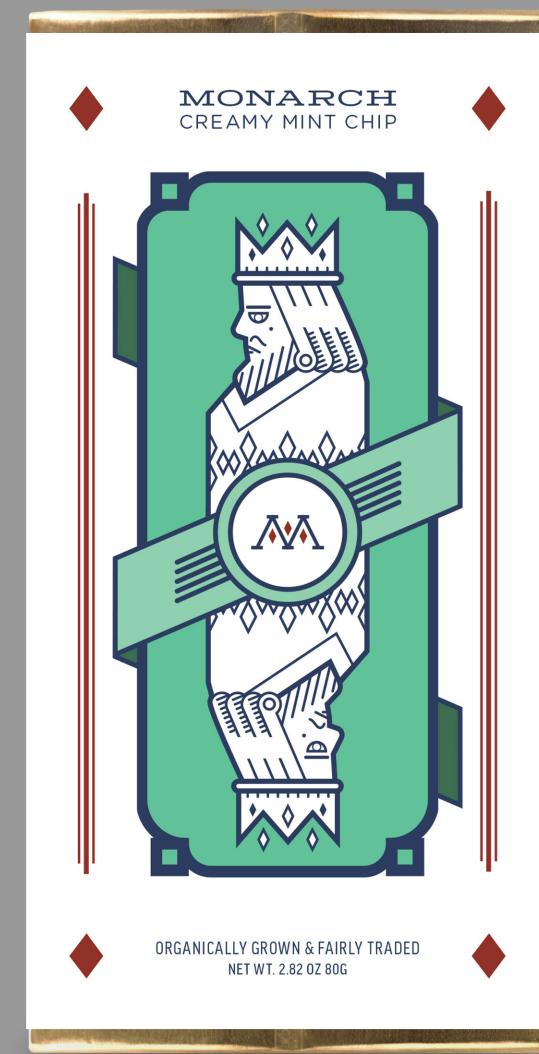
FOSTER



Andrew Weydt
Senior Designer
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MONARCH IDENTITY & PACKAGING

Monarch a fictional company that produces out of this world chocolate. The institution's identity is derived from the decadent and luxurious product that they make. The logomark is an m with diamonds placed in the negative spaces, producing an abstraction of a crown. The aesthetic theme of the packaging is based on playing cards. Each feature a playing card-like illustration of a king. Different suits and color are used to differentiate between the flavors of creamy mint chip, oranges and cream, almond milk chocolate, and cherry dark chocolate. I created the icons for the different card suits and the packages include treatments for the tops, sides, and backs of the chocolate bars.





ORIGINS

SUPERHERO CHAPBOOK

Comic books are near and dear to my heart and have been a subject matter that I've always wanted to work with. *Origins* is a 5.5 inch by 8.5 inch 36 page french folded chapbook that documents the origin stories of some of my favorite superheroes and examines how the pathos of these stories has effected our popular culture. Before each origin story, the first letter of the superhero's name is laid out in a double spread. The letters bleed off the sides of the page and peek through the edges of the french folds. This gives block color and texture when the book is closed. Within the forms of the letters, enlarged images depicting the superheroes taken from classic comic book scans fill the space. These images were given a slight blur to reduce defects and to unify them as a set. Following these compositions are the origin stories of Batman, Superman, Ironman, Green Arrow, Captain America, Green Lantern, Spiderman, and Captain Marvel. Both the front and back covers feature the title, which wraps around the fold, relating to the wrap around elements in the book block.







SORROW ON THE MOUNTAIN

EDITORIAL DESIGN

Sorrow on the Mountain is a six page editorial piece that was the feature story of *National Geographic's* November 2014 issue. It depicts the tragic events that took place on Mount Everest in the spring of 2014. It examines the issues that the tragedy brought to light, questioning the ethics of the adventure industry that has come to surround the Mountain. The event changed the way the public perceives the place and this concept carries through to the cover spread. The usually serene landscape of Everest is broken up and segmented. It's fractured, much like the identity of the mountain after this terrible event. The photos depict the individuals effected by this tragedy, as well as the local village where many Sherpas live, to provide context as to the scope and impact of the event.



SORROW ON THE MOUNTAIN

How the shocking avalanche that killed 16 expedition workers unfolded on Mount Everest—changing life on the mountain forever.

By Chip Brown

ON WHAT WOULD BE THE DARKEST DAY in the history of the world's highest mountain, Nima Chhiring, a 29-year-old Sherpa from the village of Khumjung with sun-burned cheeks and a thatch of black hair, marched to work at 3 AM. He had a 65-pound canister of cooking gas on his back. Behind him was the temporary village of Everest Base Camp, where the members of some 40 international expeditions were asleep in their tents or tossing restlessly in the thin air of 17,290 feet. Above him a string of headlamps flickered in the darkness, as more than 200 Sherpas and other Nepali workers filed through the Khumbu Icefall. Considered among the most hazardous sections of any regularly climbed mountain anywhere, the icefall is a steep, constantly shifting labyrinth of teetering seracs, crevasses, and contorted ice that spills 2,000 feet down a gorge between Mount Everest's west shoulder and Nuptse, the 25,791-foot peak that looms over Base Camp.

Many of Nima Chhiring's fellow Sherpas had trudged into the icefall even earlier on that morning, April 18. They'd had their typical breakfast of tea and a barley-flour porridge named tsampa, and shouldered loads packed the night before. Some were hauling ropes, snow shovels, ice anchors, and other gear they would use to set a handrail of fixed lines all the way to Everest's summit at 29,035 feet. Others were lugging the equipment with which they would establish four intermediate camps higher on the mountain—sleeping bags, dining tents, tables, chairs, cooking pots, and even heaters, rugs, and plastic flowers to pretty up mealtime for their clients.

On some Sherpas were traces of the roasted barley flour they had rubbed on each other's faces during the puja ceremonies the previous day, when they petitioned Jomo Miyo Lang Sangma, the goddess who dwells on Everest, for safe passage and "long life." A number of the climbers already had made several round-trips since the

Namche Bazaar is popular with trekkers in the Khumbu region, especially for altitude acclimation, and is the gateway to the high Himalaya. PHOTOGRAPH BY GALYNA ANDRUSHKO



already had made several round-trips since the route had been opened in early April by the Sherpa specialists known as the Icelfall Doctors. The line of fixed ropes and aluminum ladders spanning cliffs and seams in the ice was not markedly different from the route of recent climbing seasons, though it was closer to the avalanche-raked flank of the west shoulder, where a hanging glacier bulged ominously a thousand feet above.

Even with loads of up to a hundred pounds, most of the Sherpas were fit enough to make the 2.1-mile climb to Camp I in three and a half hours or less. An hour above Base Camp, Nima Chhiring, who was working for a Chinese expedition, reached the area known as the Popcorn, where the route steepened through a hash of broken ice, and ladders were numerous. Further on, at a flat area known as the Football Field, climbers often paused for a rest, and it was common to hear ice groaning as the Khumbu Glacier shuddered forward at the rate of a few feet a day. Above the Football Field was another especially dangerous zone of mansion-size ice blocks and precarious towers, past which Nima Chhiring's trip would get easier as the Khumbu Glacier leveled out in the massive white plain known as the Western Cwm.

About 6 AM, above the Football Field, Nima Chhiring reached the base of an ice cliff about 40 feet high. Then he began the awkward task of climbing three lashed-together aluminum ladders with the heavy pack on his back, metal crampons on his boots, and an ascender in his hand that he had to clip and unclip as he moved past the anchors of the fixed rope. When he reached the top, he was dismayed to see scores of mountain workers backed up on a sloping ledge of ice about the size of a teahouse dining room. Some were standing around smoking. Some were queued up and waiting to climb down a trench on two lashed-together ladders. At least once that morning, shifting ice had caused the anchors on the low end of the down-climb ladders to come loose and had backed up traffic on the route. Those who had arrived at this section at 5 AM had noted long delays. When Nima Chhiring got there an hour later, he found the anchors had come loose again.

"I think there were more than a hundred people stopped there; many were down-climbing, holding on to the rope. It would take half an hour to get past the backup. At that moment I became very scared," he said.

IN NEPAL PREMONITIONS OF DANGER are sometimes experienced as a buzzing, high-pitched sound, a phenomenon called kan runu, or crying ear. Nima Chhiring, who had been to the summit of Everest three times, had heard his ear cry before and knew better than to ignore it. He was racked with indecision: Continue dutifully on to Camp I with his load, or deposit the gas canister as far as he'd carried it and go down immediately? He tried to radio his sirdar at Base Camp, but the boss had gone to Namche Bazaar for supplies, and Nima Chhiring could raise only the camp cook. Nima Chhiring told the cook that his ear was crying and that he was going to leave his load clipped to the fixed ropes and descend. Other Sherpas asked him what he was doing.

"I said, 'My ear is crying, and we will hear something bad has happened. I am going down; you should go down too,'" he recalled. He estimated the time was about 6:15.

Word of Nima Chhiring's crying ear spread. Five Sherpas above the triple ladder dumped their loads and started down. Two working for the Canadian outfitter Peak Freaks had been delayed below the triple ladder and retreated because their feet were freezing. Others didn't feel they could alter their itinerary on the edict of a crying ear or a cold foot. Between the jam-up and the Football Field, Nima Chhiring passed Sherpas he didn't know and Sherpas he did. Among the latter: Phurba Ongyal, 25, from Pangboche, who had told his sister this season on Everest would be his last; Lhakpa Tenjing Sherpa, 24, who had a wife and two-month-old daughter in Khumjung; and Ang Tshiri, at 56, one of the oldest Sherpas on the mountain, who was heading up the icefall for what he said was the last time. After 13 years as a cook at Camp II, he planned to retire to his restaurant in Thamo, also called Camp II. Nima Chhiring also passed Ang Tshiri's half brother Dorje Sherpa, 39, who lived in a dirt-poor house with his family way up the Bhote Kosi river valley in Tarnaga, a two- or three-day walk from Everest.

"I told many of them my ear was crying, and they should turn around," Nima Chhiring said. "They said, 'We have pressure to get up there. We have to go on.'"

"Nima Chhiring told me not to go up," said Mingma Gyaljen Sherpa, a 33-year-old from Namche Bazaar better known as



TOP Birds ride the wind as Lakpa Sherpa, a guide and expedition company owner, pauses for tea and a moment of reflection in 2013 among the peaks near Everest. PHOTOGRAPH ARRON HULEY
BOTTOM Rescuers in the Khumbu Icelfall dig for survivors and bodies among mansion-size blocks of ice about three hours after the avalanche. Eleven of the 16 victims died at a single spot at upper left, where climbers are searching. PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY TYSON



I HAD NO CHANCE TO RUN

Babu, who was headed up to Camp I with oxygen bottles and other equipment. "I had to climb on. I had clients' gear. I had no trouble on the down-climb ladder. It was not broken at 6:34 AM when I went past. But there were inexperienced Sherpas waiting to climb down who were very slow."

Base Camp and the icefall were still in shadow, but far above, the summit haunts of the Sherpa gods were ablaze in light. Top to bottom it would be a beautiful morning on Everest—for 11 more minutes.

So vast is the amphitheater of mountains around Everest Base Camp that climbers often see avalanches before they hear them. The sound follows like thunder after lightning, an oceanic hiss as cataracts of snow and

ice and rock pour down steep gullies or over the lip of hanging valleys. But the avalanche of April 18 sounded different, especially to Sherpas who heard it while in the icefall itself. Almost all of them described it the same way: a deep tuuung, like the blow of a hammer against a muffled bell or a plucked string from some titanic bass.

A section of ice shaped like an enormous canine tooth, 113 feet tall and weighing 16 to 30 million pounds, exploded off the great ice mantle on the west shoulder of Everest and came hurtling down, fracturing into pieces and driving before it a wall of wind. As it gathered momentum and material, some Sherpas thought the avalanche took minutes to reach them; others said it struck in a matter of seconds. About two dozen climbers were directly in the

path of the avalanche, and many others were at the margins above and below.

At 6:45 am Kurt Hunter, the Everest Base Camp manager of Madison Mountaineering, was on a radio check with Dorje Khatri, the company's 46-year-old sirdar and a well-known union man who had unfurled different trade union banners each of the nine times he'd reached Everest's summit. Khatri had just gotten to the top of the triple ladders. Suddenly over the radio Hunter heard "shouting and yelling" and then "absolute silence." As the roar of the avalanche reached Base Camp directly, he dashed out of the communications tent to see the upper icefall consumed in a boiling cloud.

Hustling down for ten minutes, Nima Chhiring had reached the Football

"I had no chance to run. There was a shocking wind. To protect myself, I got down on my knees by a large block of ice and tried to save my face. I was covered by two inches of snow."

Babu Sherpa was about a minute above the broken ladder in a group of six Sherpas. "We huddled together. When the snow cleared, I looked down, and there was nobody below me," he said.

Fifteen minutes before the avalanche, Chhewang Sherpa, a 19-year-old working for New Zealand-based Adventure Consultants, had scraped through the section where the broken ladder had been. He was on his first Everest expedition and traveling with his brother-in-law, Kaji Sherpa, a 39-year-old father of three. Kaji clambered up a small ice cliff, secured to the fixed rope by his safety line. When the avalanche hit, Chhewang quickly unclipped from the fixed rope and ran, and then crouched under his pack. As he later told his uncle Chhongba Sherpa, the Nepal-based director of the Khumbu Climbing Center, ice severed Kaji's safety line and quickly knocked his brother-in-law unconscious. Luckily, Chhewang was able to catch him and drag him to a safer spot. He desperately poured a hot drink from Kaji's thermos, hoping to revive him.

"I saw the ice coming, and I thought, We are gone, I am going to die," Pasang Dorje recalled. "The wind was pushing me. I dived behind a big serac. If I hadn't been clipped into the fixed rope, I would have been swept away."

The ice slammed the tent pole against his head. It shattered his thermos and cut the rope. Flying ice punched a hole in Ang Gyalzen's down jacket. When the devouring cloud cleared two minutes later, the two Sherpas hugged each other, then looked around in horror. What had been a yawning chasm in the icefall requiring ropes and ladders to cross was now filled in with ice blocks as big as tables and couches. "Tenzing! Tenzing!" they shouted in vain.

"Kaji slowly woke up. We were very lucky that he had a radio, I pressed the speak button because both of Kaji's arms were not working at all. He said, 'Please save me!' If I hadn't been there to catch him, he would never have been seen again, because he would have fallen in the deep crevasse."

Pasang Dorje Sherpa, a 20-year-old working for Seattle-based Alpine Ascents International, was climbing with two other AAI Sherpas, Ang Gyalzen and Tenzing Chottar. It was Pasang's second season on Everest. He was carrying a large dining tent pole, a thermos, and a coil of ten rope. When he heard the tuuung, he and Ang Gyalzen were about 45 seconds beyond the broken ladder—Tenzing Chottar only steps behind them. Tenzing, 29, was another Everest rookie. He had completed the basic and advanced mountaineering course at the Khumbu Climbing Center and was glad to have the job; he supported his elderly parents and had a three-month-old son. At Base Camp the day before, he had been able to call his wife, Pasi Sherpa, in Kathmandu.

Alerted by Michael Horst, a guide at Base Camp who saw the avalanche, Lakpa Rita, the sirdar for AAI, scram-

BRAÜLER DELI

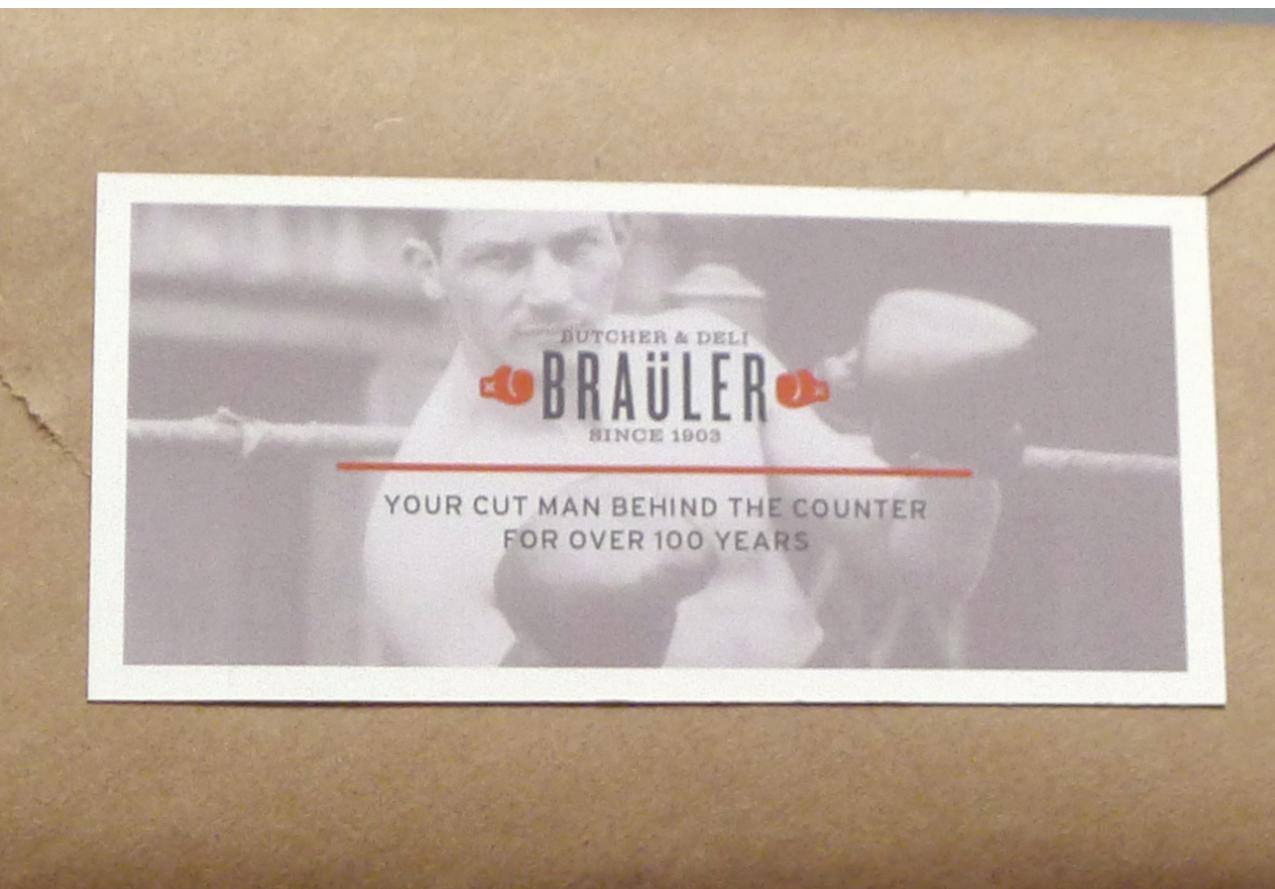
RESTAURANT IDENTITY & BRANDING

Braüler is a fictional boxing themed Jewish deli. Its backstory is one of an immigrant family that moved to New York City from Austria in 1903 and opened a butcher shop under the family name. One of the sons became a famous prizefighter before retiring to run the butcher shop with his brother. It was eventually expanded to include a deli with a boxing theme. It offers order at the counter service for a variety of deli goods, a high quality selection of meats, and packaged products such as cheese.

The project includes an identity and several collateral materials such as a menu, doggy bags, cheese packaging, wrapping for cold cuts, and a web landing page. The packaged materials utilize a system of stickers that are placed onto the surface of craft paper. The paper itself becomes a branding element.

To view interactive components of this project, visit www.ajweydt.com and click on Braüler Deli.





DOWN FOR THE COUNT

BEERS

SUMMIT EPA	4.00
SUMMIT OATMEAL STOUT	4.00
SUMMIT WINTER ALE	4.00
BELLS TWO HEARTED ALE	5.50
BELLS HOPSLAM	7.00
BELLS RASPBERRY ALE	6.00
INDEED STIR CRAZY	5.00
INDEED MIDNIGHT RYDER	5.00
INDEED DAY TRIPPER	5.00
INDEED MEXICAN HONEY	5.00
GRAIN BELT PREMIUM	3.50
GRAINBELT NORDEAST	3.50
SURLY FURIOUS	5.50
SURLY HELL	5.50
SURLY BENDER	6.50
ALASKAN AMBER	4.00
FULTON LONLEY BLONDE	5.00
FULTON SWEET CHILD OF VINE	5.00
FULTON THE RINGER	5.00
LAGUNITAS CZECH STYLE PILSNER	5.50
LAGUNITAS SHUT DOWN ALE	5.50
LAGUNITAS BROWN SHUGGA	5.50
SIERRA NEVADA PALE ALE	4.50
SIERRA NEVADA TORPEDO	4.50
SIERRA NEVADA CELEBRATION ALE	4.50
DANGEROUS MAN PORTER	6.00
DANGEROUS MAN MILK STOUT	6.00
DANGEROUS MAN KOLSCH	6.00
HAMMS	3.50

HAPPY HOUR

MON-THURSDAY 2-5 PM
SELECT TAPS 2.50
SANDWICHES 5.00

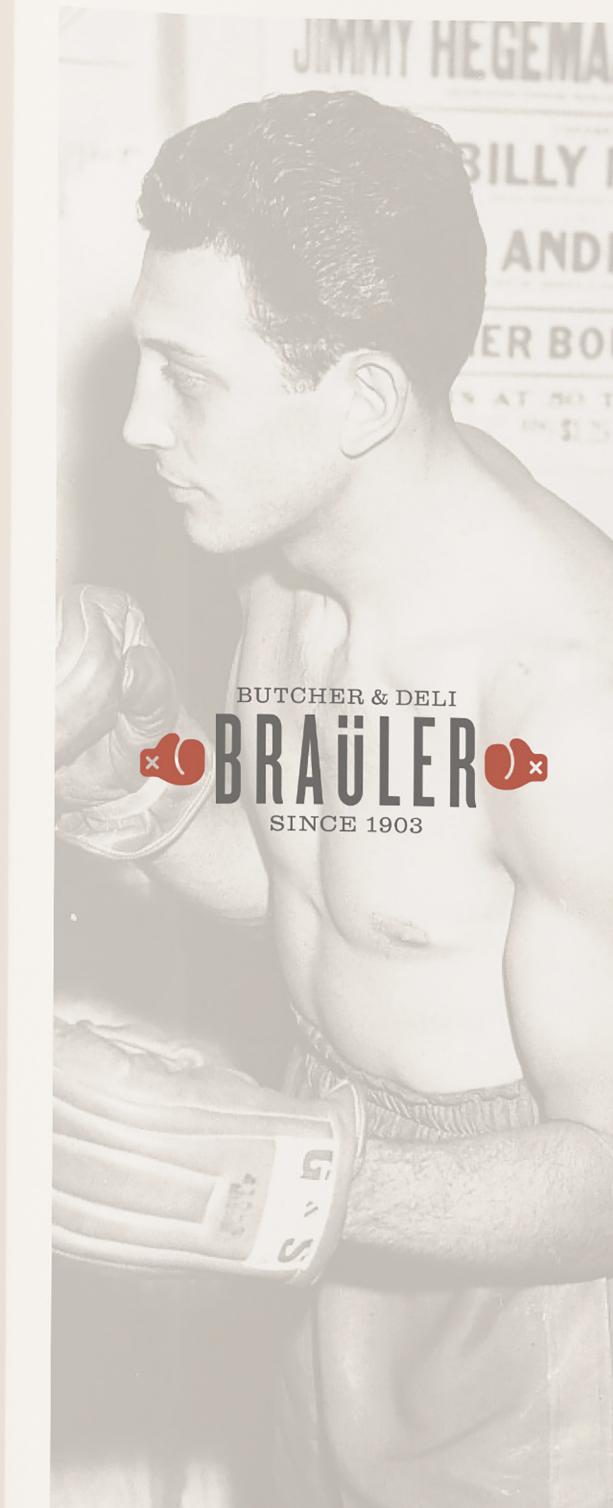
OUR STORY

I'm Mark Braüler. In 1903, my great grandparents, John and Inga Braüler immigrated to America from Austria with their two sons, Benny and Joey Braüler. They settled in Manhattan's lower east side. There, they opened Braüler Butcher Shop. Benny and Joey grew up working for their father and getting into trouble. Joey, who had always been interested in boxing, went on to become a record holding lightweight champion.

When their father passed away, Benny took over the shop and Joey eventually retired from boxing. When the stock market crashed in 1929, times were tough all around. Rather than letting the shop close its doors, Joey sold everything he owned keep it up and running. From there out, the brothers ran the butcher shop together and eventually it expanded into a deli. They talked boxing and specialized in dirty jokes. It's been in the family ever since.

ORDER OUT 507 380 0451

586 HOLLY AVE ST. PAUL, MN 55012
ORDER ONLINE BRAULERDELI.COM



ROUND 1

SOUUPS

DOWN & OUT CHICKEN

Get it plain, with matzo balls, or with noodles. Just like ma' used to make.

BARN BURNER BAKED POTATO

Thick cuts of russet potatoes simmered with select seasonings and smoked bacon in a rich cream sauce flavored with spring onion and chive.

FIGHT NIGHT FRENCH ONION

Sweet onions simmered in a savory broth accented with a classic sherry wine vinegar gastrique and a blend of sea salts. Topped with gruyere cheese and asiago croutons.

CUP

4.00

BOWL

6.00

SLADS

HONEY MUSTARD

ITALIAN

THOUSAND ISLAND

CAESAR

BLUE CHEESE

OIL & VINEGAR

SMALL

4.00

LARGE

6.00

SIDES

POTATO SALAD

HOME MADE POTATO CHIPS

CREAMY COLE SLAW

SWEET AND SOUR SLAW

PASTA SALAD

SINGLE ORDER

4.00

ONE SOUP, SALAD, OR SIDE SERVED
WITH WHOLE SANDWICHES.

ROUND 2

COLD

ROPE A DOPE ROAST

9.50

Beef, sliced onion, lettuce, tomato and our signature special spicy dressing on a fresh baked kaiser roll.

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

10.75

A delicious combo of corned beef, turkey, swiss cheese, and special sauce on fresh baked black russia rye.

UPPERCUT

8.75

House Smoked turkey, our mild horseradish sauce, home made sweet and sour cole slaw, lettuce and tomato on a fresh baked caraway rye bread.

CORNER MAN

11.50

A spectacular size corned beef and our famous sweet and sour cole slaw with home made 1000 island dressing, served on fresh baked caraway rye.

SAVED BY THE BELL SALAMI

9.75

Thin sliced spicy grilled salami with fresh red onions and a zesty sauce on a fresh baked kaiser roll.

KTFO

12.00

Delicious Chicago hot pastrami with cream cheese and onions on fresh baked caraway rye.

BUM RUSH BBQ BEEF

9.25

Thin sliced roast beef with our tangy BBQ sauce, piled high on a fresh bakery roll.

SPICY ROAST BEEF

11.75

Hot roast beef, melted parmesan cheese, with very hot & spicy "Giardiniera" (hot peppers, carrots, celery, pimentos) on a fresh baked kaiser roll.

ROUND 3

SWEETS

HOT COBBLER

3.50

Your choice of cherry, strawberry, apple, or blueberry cobbler, with a scoop of ice cream, and whipped cream.

PIES

4.50

French Mint, Chocolate, Banana Cream, Chocolate Pecan, Coconut, or Lemon Meringue. Comes by the slice.

CAKES

3.50

Your choice of carrot or cheese cake.

Add Blueberry or Cherry topping (small upcharge)

RUGALACH

5.00

Crescents of flaky dough wrapped around a dollop of cream cheese. Sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar.

HALVAH

6.50

Dense, sweet, and oh so good. We make ours with pistachios and wildflower honey.

PLAIN DOG

6.00

Or homemade all beef Chicago hot dog on a bun.

BAGELDOG

7.50

Chicago beef hot dog wrapped in an old-fashioned bagel, sprinkled with poppy seeds.

ORIGINAL CHICAGO CONEY

8.25

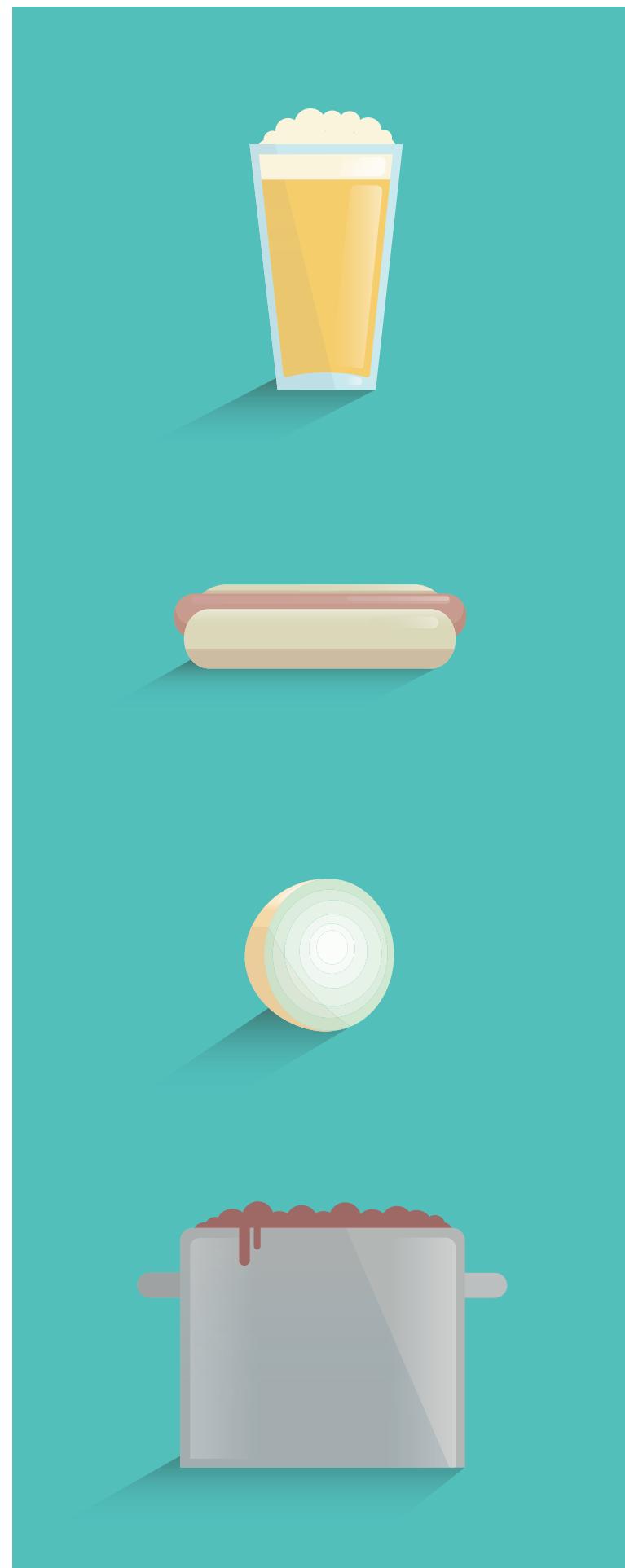
A 100% pure beef hot dog with, tomato, relish, diced onions, pickle, sport peppers, and celery salt.

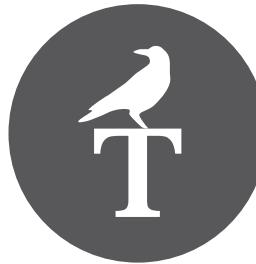
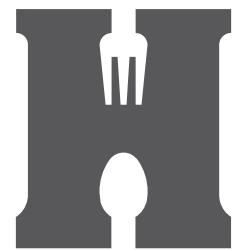
MAKE IT A DOUBLE

CONEY ISLAND

PRINT AD

The Coney Island Cafe and Tavern is all about tradition. Their recipes and menus haven't changed in generations. They offer their patrons coney dogs, chili, soda pop, and beer. Inspired by the simplicity and tradition of the establishment, I created the "simple" campaign. Laid out in a type of formula. It adds together the simple elements that The Coney Island Cafe and Tavern has to offer. Hot dog is added with secret sauce and onion. Everything is summed up with the "simple" tag line. Each element is illustrated in a simplistic style with flat color, which conceptually relates to the theme of the campaign.



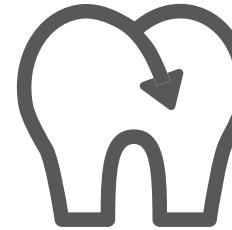
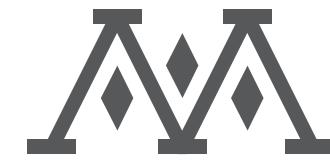


Highland Grill
Telltale Publishing
Lagunitas Brewing Company

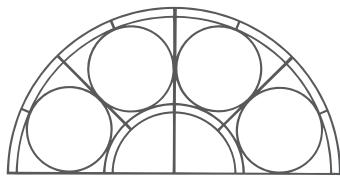
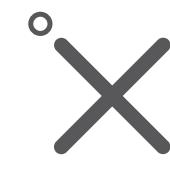


uffda

Braüler Deli
Uffda Winter Beer Festival



Foster
Monarch
Direct Dental



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