



THE CRAWDADDY CHRONICLE

ANCHOR ON THE REEF



What's New on the Reef

We are on a ROLL! We have received feedback full of excitement and support as we begin the soft launch of our (soon to be) award-winning gem. We have increased our production by thirty percent to support the sampling process and the supply of inaugural customers. We are growing just fast enough that we can keep up. Soon we'll be able to loosen the reigns and let it take off!

Along those lines, we are in conversation with a local boutique seafood supplier on a deal to market Uncle Squig's Gumbo. Yes, this will make it a little more crowded at the dinner table, but the Uncle Squig's venture is all about bringing people together over good times and great food.

Are you excited about the Uncle Squig's Brand? We are too! Luckily, more Uncle Squig's treasure is on the way. Soon we will have plenty of merch for all of you gumbo aficionados. The proofs look absolutely awesome, y'all are going to love them.

For those already hanging out on the reef, don't be shy! Tell the world about your love for Uncle Squig's! We are looking for folks interested in producing a small snippet commercial pledging their love for the product. Simple productions, in your environment, in your own style---Almost anything goes; you can be the star of your own show. We'd love to hear from y'all.

Lastly, here's a warm THANK YOU to the following folks who have recently dropped anchor on Uncle Squig's Reef:

Steve Stewart
Todd Shumate

Chris Dzurick
Pete West

Mike Nath
Justin Bartlett

Kristin Emery
Donna Long

Andrew Sweat

"You Can't Make Real Friends with Fake People!"
-Uncle Squig

Squig's Squibles: Why Gumbo, You Ask?

My passion for this journey is two- fold. For starters, my appetite adores soups and seafood. I could eat soup (any soup) at every meal and I dearly love seafood. So, Gumbo is the perfect answer for me.... It is my go-to comfort food as an appetizer or a full-blown meal. From a deeper perspective, this Gumbo journey is sibling to a larger guiding force of what it is to be human and our love for food and social interaction. From the dawn of time, from tribe to suburbia to Manhattan there has always been a place of gathering for folks to assemble, give thanks, pay homage, trade stories, and talk about current events. Often these heart-warming events are accompanied by good food and libation of many varieties. These vittles often have origin from each participant's native homeland or their neck of the woods. Across time, the breaking of bread has fostered reconciliation of those with extreme differences, as well as brought friends and families closer than they already were. Food is a universal language- understood and enjoyed by all. Food and drink have brought resolution to conflict and violence, stomped out hate and aggression, and helped to mix the masses into one pot of common harmony that exists only as result of the exclusive contribution of each ingredient to the larger pot.

What better symbolizes this phenomenon of our human nature than GUMBO. My gumbo has a little bit of everything in it...First ingredient being love, then a great creole-based roux, a boat load of fresh seafood with a great supporting cast of gumbo charm. So welcome to Uncle Squigs, where "we have no strangers; only friends we haven't met yet". So, grab a friend or two and get yourselves some Uncles Squigs Gumbo—Best in the Bayou! - Uncle Squig

One More with Winnie

Hello and let me introduce myself. I'm One More Winnie. You're probably wondering why I'm called One More Winnie. That's a story for another time. I will be providing what I hope to be inspirational quotes and a little bit of humor to the Crawdaddy Chronicles. In this issue I have two quotes for you.

"Success is not final, failure is not fatal: it is the courage to continue that counts." Can you guess who said this?

And to keep with our theme,

"The definition of gumbo is almost as slippery as that of Creole. Just as gumbo can contain pretty much any kind of meat or seafood, Creole is a vague and inclusive term for native New Orleanians, who may be black or white, depending on whom you're asking."

-Jay McInerney, Author

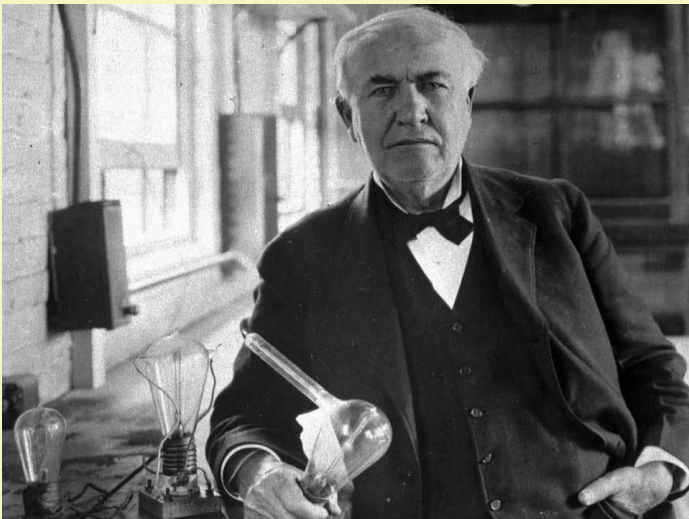


Shorty's Short Stories

There I was, alone...knee deep in shrimp tails, and andouille all around... wondering to myself how I got here. Then it dawned on me, why do I need to know how I got here. I mean, after all we are just a collection of our experiences...and I am what I eat...And I eat a whole lot of seafood.

Icky's Noodle Factory: The Origins

Icky's Noodle Factory is a magical place where creations of all sorts abound. While it is true the Noodle Factory was founded circa 1999, specializing in the elongated doughy creations we all know as noodles, The Noodle Factory has since expanded its market to all sorts of things. See, the Noodle in the Noodle Factory now represents the creative thinking that we pride ourselves on as we derive new contraptions, inventions, doo-dads and thingamajigs. It is our hope that all these wonderful creations can bring joy, relieve pain, and improve the lives of our wonderful patrons. It is my hope to use this space to share not only news of and ideas for new inventions, but also some whimsical wisdom and all-too-often inconvenient truths that come with the ideation, invention, and innovation process. In a lot of ways in life, it's easy to be discouraged by failure. We are taught from a young age that success is rewarded, and anything else is less than desired. In the world of invention, however, this is the exact opposite. The bedrock of modern science and engineering is centuries of experience, writings, and knowledge passed on through the generations until it becomes as rigid as fact. However, if we want to make something unique, we must stray from the Bedrock of Knowledge, sometimes in venturing we fall off the edge, our invention smashing to pieces at the bottom. The bedrock, however, is entirely built on these remnants of failures of those before us. Everything humans have built, we first failed at. As these failed inventions crumbled to pieces, the next iteration is built upon their ruin; albeit by starting a little higher this time. This is how all invention proceeds. So, the next time one of your creations crumbles or explodes in a glorious manner, dread not, for you will have learned, like Edison said, "how not to make a lightbulb."



The JukeBox: The Meaning of Gumbo

My dad, Squig, is making a family affair out of gumbo. Our Crawdaddy Chronicles brings all the different members of our family, and their personalities together to tell stories, share ideas, and entertain you, our gumbo-loving reader. They call me The Juke in our family, and for my first segment of The Juke Box, I want to share a special moment in my life. This is the story of why our world could use a little extra helping of gumbo and how I learned what gumbo is all about.

It was five years after Hurricane Katrina, and I was two years away from graduating high school. I was given the opportunity through a young leadership program to volunteer in New Orleans' Lower Ninth Ward. This sub sea-level community would be underwater for most of the year if it weren't surrounded by huge concrete walls called levees that hold back the water of Lake Ponchartrain. This community is made up of mostly poor, black people whose families have lived there for generations. As I learned, it's also made up of some of the most inspiring, genuine, and caring story-tellers whom I have ever met.

Outside of the work we did cleaning or fixing houses, we volunteered at a little community center. The community center offers clean showers, a small library, a playground, and of course, regular "boils" for the locals to come eat crawfish, shrimp, sausage, corn, potatoes, jambalaya, and yes...gumbo.

One of the guys who ran the community center did a fantastic job of running this place, using the labor of volunteer groups like ours. This worked well for all parties. People want to volunteer and feel like they did some good. This gentleman's community needed help and he was the guy who brought this whole thing together.

I remember thinking about how great of a program this was for me. As a kid who always felt a little different, I got to meet other kids like me from around the world. I got to meet some of the real people of New Orleans who really loved us coming to their community and telling stories about their lives and families. I understood how great of an experience this had been, but I just didn't have an eloquent way to describe what made this situation so special.

Before we left, the gentleman who organized the community center boarded our bus to thank us. He said something about all of us being from different places around the world and having different opportunities than the people whom we got to serve that day had. He said that they were fortunate that so many people who spoke different languages or who came from different religions, countries, races, and personalities had come together there at the center to serve. He said that it was all those different parts of people coming together there that made the whole thing work so well. He said, "in New Orleans, we just call that a good pot of gumbo."

I never forgot that moment. A few years later I happened to see the news covering a segment on a little community center in New Orleans. The man I remembered was on the screen, and photos of all sorts of different people were shown working, playing, and eating gumbo and that made me smile for a while.

Chelsea's Cupboard Creations

Cooking and eating seasonally is a great way to vary your diet, increase the freshness and nutritional value of the meals you eat. It can even save some money, and you may find a new hobby in growing your own garden. The chilly seasons have some amazing seasonal vegetables: varieties of squash, beets, potatoes, garlic, and bush beans just to name a few. Beans are a wonderful fall vegetable full of protein and fiber. They can be dried or canned to be stored almost indefinitely. Potatoes are also a wonderful fall vegetable that, if kept in a cool dark location, can last for a very long time. They are very filling and high in vitamin C. Experimenting with seasonal vegetables can be very exciting. See the below recipe as a first stop on your journey.

Creamy Cannellini Soup

Ingredients:

- ½ Red Onion
- 3-5 Large Cloves of Garlic
- 2 Cans of Cannellini Beans Drained (white kidney beans)
- 1 Can of Garbanzo Beans Drained
- 2 Cups of Chicken Broth
- 1 tsp Oregano
- ½ Bag of Small Golden Potatoes
- 1 tsp Basil
- 3 Cups of Spinach 1 Cup of Heavy Whipping Cream
- 1 Pack of Meatballs (Writer's personal favorite are Aidells Chicken Meatballs: Teriyaki and Pineapple. Homemade or any other brand will do.)
- (OPTIONAL) 1 Cup of roasted squash of your choice (add

Directions:

Chop half a red onion, and several cloves of garlic and roast with some olive oil in a large pot. Pour the cans of beans into the pot with seasonings and chicken broth. Bring the pot to a boil. In a separate pot, boil the potatoes. Use an immersion blender (or blender) to blend the beans and broth until you get the desired consistency. Pre-cook the meatballs in a pan to your preference of temperature. Add the spinach, cream, and meatballs to the soup pot and bring soup back to a boil. Once the potatoes are fork soft, drain, cube, then smooch them with a fork and add to the soup. Once your meatballs are warm and the spinach is wilted, serve and enjoy!



The Buck Naked Truth: Kilroy was Here

Motivation is a force to bring change. Historically, it's often found in the most unlikely places or in the least likely people. There's a particular motivational slogan that didn't start as one. **"Kilroy was here"**

"Kilroy was here," if you haven't heard the saying before, was a message of motivation during World War II. How, you might ask? Where did he go? Who was he? Why was he such a motivation? Let not your heart be troubled. I am here to tell you the whole Buck-Naked truth of it. James Kilroy "Kilroy" was a naval shipyard worker during WWII. As a "Checker," his job was to "check" the number of rivets completed each day by the workers, called Riveters who were paid by the rivet. Kilroy would count and sign-off a block of rivets with a check mark in semi-waxed lumber chalk, so the rivets couldn't be counted twice. The Riveters, looking for an easy bonus on their wages, had often taken to erasing these marks after Kilroy went off duty, which often resulted in them being counted and paid out twice.

Eventually, the scheme was uncovered, and Kilroy had to find a new way to mark the completed rivets. The tight spaces he crawled through didn't lend themselves to lugging around a paint can and brush, so he decided to keep marking each job he with his customary wax-chalk checkmark. To add the additional layer of authenticity needed, he simply wrote **"KILROY WAS HERE"** in king-sized letters next to the check. Eventually, he added the sketch of the long-nosed chap peering over the fence and the Kilroy message was born. With the war around the world raging on, ships were leaving the yard so fast that there wasn't time to paint over the markings. Kilroy's inspection trademark was taken around the world by thousands of servicemen who boarded the troopships on their way to war.

"Kilroy" had been here, there, and everywhere on the long hauls to Berlin, Tokyo and beyond. The U.S. Servicemen didn't know what this cartoon meant, but only wherever they went, someone named Kilroy had "been there first." They thus began copying the message wherever they landed, claiming when they arrived that Kilroy was already there! As the war went on, the legend grew and the pranks more robust. By the war's end, Kilroy had been in some of the most unlikely places imaginable, motivating the men to be like Kilroy and get there first.

At the 1945 Potsdam Conference, an outhouse was built for the exclusive use of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill. After being the first to use the facility, Stalin emerged and asked his aide (in Russian), "Who is Kilroy?" You can still find Kilroy's motivating message today, if you know where to look. He is engraved in stone in a hardly-noticeable alcove at the National War Memorial in Washington, DC. And that is **The Buck Naked Truth!**

