

"A Chip Off the Old Block and Cleaver: A Memoir, A Cookbook, A Dollop of Poetry" represents a rather whimsical literary amalgam combining a life history in less than 40 pages; a cookbook collating some favorite dishes; and a poetry sampler.

**A Chip Off the Old Block and Cleaver:
A Memoir, A Cookbook, A Dollop of Poetry**

By cg williams

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13302.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**



A Chip Off the Old



BLOCK & CLEAVER



A Memoir

A Cookbook

A Dollop of Poetry



by cg williams

Copyright © 2024 cg williams

Print ISBN: 978-1-64719-820-6

Ebook ISBN: 978-1-64719-821-3

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia, U.S.A.

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data

williams, cg

A Chip Off the Old Block and Cleaver: A Memoir, A Cookbook, A Dollop of Poetry by cg williams

Library of Congress Control Number: 2023919012

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2024

Table of Contents

Preface	1
Introductory Folderal	3
The Meaty Memoir Part	7
My Rules – and Some Sage Advice.....	35
Index to The Recipes Themselves	39
Metric Conversion Table and Abbreviations.....	41
Appetizers	43
Soups.....	49
Salads and Dressings	65
Entrees	73
Side Dishes	101
Desserts and Beverages.....	108
The Poetry and the Prose Some Old, Some New.....	115
A Tip of the Author's Hat.....	141
About The Author	143

Introductory Folderal

Welcome to the strangest cookbook you will ever read, replete with: foolish food puns; a competent collage of remembered recipes; a personal history (of me) that never seems to end (in that I am still quite living and getting on and about); and, can you believe it - a sampler of early and current original poetry I finally decided to let loose on the public -- all tossed into the final Lenovo blender yielding my word salad slushie, along with a light dusting of a few of my “new rules” for kitchen dwellers (grant you, nothing nearly as witty and acerbic as Bill Maher’s Friday night “new rules” routine...but I try). About the only thing which I did NOT throw into this published mix is a wine review I started writing once I started joining wine clubs for cost-effective reds (and because it *is* a health food, don’tcha know).

The compendium of recipes found in the meat of this inaugural clambake of pages contains food stylings derived over the past thirty-five-and more years, though a stout lot of them were first germinated into this world following my formal retirement from the proverbial daily grind of ‘the old salt mines,’ which, for me, was laboring in the personally gratifying adjuncts of the mental health services domain (more on that life passage later). I can really relish life anew now that age - and a sufficient rainy day fiscal situation - has permitted me at long last to climb off that exhausting full-time hamster wheel and vacate that proverbial salt mine. Having checked off the mandatory goals in my life list, I am now in the position to pursue one long-held ambition of consolidating and bundling tried-and-true kitchen mischievousness, jotted down for so long on scrap sheets of paper in those early years. I have collated them -- finally -- into a publishable hodgepodge for what I hope will be a very hungry public. My creations have once and for all been pulled off the back burner and given a new lease on life, this time nicely dressed and immortalized in conservative Calibri fonts. Here’s hoping this endeavor will go a long way toward rehabilitating my leaky ego while at the same time memorializing dishes perfected over a lengthy lick of a taste-tested life. I just pray the bio part of this undertaking does not put the reader in a glassy-eyed, ‘comatose light’ state.... *that* would indeed be an unwelcome outcome of my saved-for-posterity labors. Just gut it out, reader; the lip-smackin’ grub stylings lie just over the history lesson horizon (just after the ‘new rules’ section).

As I introduce myself to an assumedly literate audience, I find I ought to mention right off the bat a bit of an embarrassing and trifling little personal peccadillo: consuming my own cooking has, at times, according to witnesses within earshot, resulted in hushed, ‘mmm...mmm’ guttural mumblings I am not even aware I am making. Dreamy, palate-perfect creations shoveled into my hungry piehole invariably can, and often does result in the unconscious issuance of a subtle utterance, and I will not apologize for that audible quirk. Some have good-naturedly quipped that it sounded as if I was (heaven forbid!) endorsing my own food. Well, *excuuuse* me if I happen to get a mild, mini-orgasmic “Tom Jones” * pleasure from my own cooking (*who can ever forget that bawdy, some say erotic Albert Finney/Susannah York feasting scene). I view my unconscious expressionism as a compliment to the chef (moi?) and it is far less embarrassing than a boorish, bellowed *BURP!* (Though I did read somewhere that in some cultures, the burp is a (sic) ‘hail to the chef’ gastronomic shout-out).

To wit, I mused: *if* my humble kitchen trickery has been creating such a contented eater’s ‘purr’ in me, then perhaps I should at some point begin to formalize these delicacies for posterity. I could then take comfort

in knowing that once I am ultimately relegated to the “dust to dust” category of earthly existence, others that I leave to the world of the living could conceivably be whipping up one of the devilishly simple dishes featured in these first-time published recipes. From some considerable distance – heaven I pray - I will train my ear to hopefully hear munchers unconsciously exuding the same sonic utterances of nirvana that ultimately became my little signature -- *my* simple, one-syllabled mantra of contentment: *not* “Ommm” - but, rather the quite involuntary muted “mmm.”

In the interest of full disclosure, there is one other little behavior related to me and eating which used to trouble a few of my uptight UBHC (University Behavioral Healthcare) cohorts at lunchtime. The most disgusted among my lunchmates could not fathom why I would willingly pick up, dust off, and scarf down food that I accidentally dropped on the floor (such as a shrimp, chicken wing, piece of brownie, etc.). There were, in fact, some instances when I went just a wee bit ballistic and needed to be counseled by calmer therapist heads that it was not an end-of-the-world caliber catastrophe for my precious little morsels crashlanding on a floor. BUT - by all that is holy - the wasting of edible sustenance of any sort is sacrilegious blasphemy in my admittedly primal purview of what is salvageable and what is not. One might easily have thought I had grown up a poor, Dickensian waif but for my desperation to not lose ANYTHING placed on my plate. I mean, c’mon – *shrimp*, and other marvy tasties are a terrible thing to waste, after all. And anyway (many people do not know this), I am - no joking now - impervious to any germs which would surreptitiously attempt to seek refuge in my body *that* way. I swear it’s true (tee-hee). Now, please know I would of course never exhibit such crass impudence in the queen’s presence...*even if* an extra-jumbo shrimp or a medallion of pork tenderloin overshot my mouth and headed tragically to her polished parquet flooring. I would mourn its loss but would leave it there for some royal Welsh Corgi to enjoy...though he probably feasts on much better each night).

As one may probably have discerned from the wordy subtitle of my literary shortcake (and from comments already cited above) this is not just a cookbook with a list of recipes; that is only the half of it. The actual upshot of this book, perhaps even more important (to me, at least) is the chronicling of sundry chunks of a personal history that features pedestrian, yet memorable little life events from way back when – to a little slice of the present. It’s mostly mundane -- but it’s my mundane, and it has molded who I have come to be, much like some scalloped tin Jell-o mold, shaping unique, albeit wobbly permanence to its malleable content (I am the Jell-o here). I pray that my kind foodies are prepared to stiff-upper-lip it through my personal journey and exercise a bit of patience while scanning through what is essentially my self-serving (and late-blooming) vanity project of sorts. Go ahead – you have my permission – jump ahead hungrily, to the unsung heroes of the word salad lineup: the recipes that made the final cut for this work. I trust that any of those who *do* slog through my meandering narrative to the bitter end will come to better understand who I am and just where I came from. It has been a supremely enjoyable self-maturation process (‘maturation’ a term used loosely here) and one fortunately sprinkled with comparatively few trauma-tainted, ‘take-two-steps-back’ psyche-challenging episodes. I do say that, at the end of the day, I feel kindred in spirit with George Bailey, who, by movie’s end (in “It’s A Wonderful Life”) came to realize that he was, in fact, the luckiest guy in Bedford Falls...” the richest man in town.”

What I really wish for is that the more intrepid readers of this tasty tome become imbued with the capability of one day recreating some of these unconscious ‘purr’-creating classics on their own terms in their own homes. It is incumbent upon all fellow pseudo-chefs to become more emboldened: *modify* any of the

dishes you see fit – not only my delicacies, but ones from cookbooks you prefer to refer to (catchy). That's how I fly...I modify old staid classics; I would expect nothing less from the adventurous master of his/her *own* kitchen.

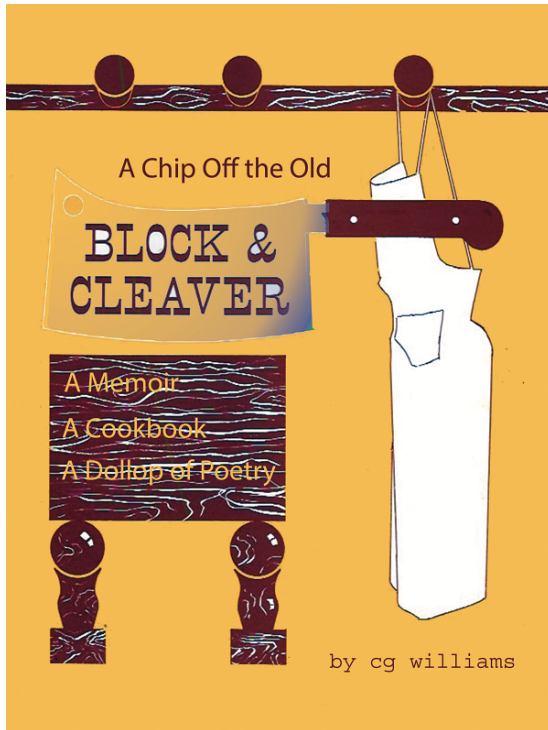
It's now time to come along with me as I reminisce sanguinely in my simmering memories of a blissful relationship with food, and people, and writing -- with *l i f e* -- and with happenstances randomly dredged from the dark recesses of this lunkhead's cluttered brain shelf. I've gussied them up for the light of day with my own twist on good old reportage, replete with a little 'poetic license' doled out for the prose portions as well as the poetry. It has all been packaged for my inaugural publication in something a bit more substantive than a measly trochaic couplet or two (those come a little later, in case you did not happen to catch my subtitle of this book). The long-suffering procrastination of a lazy bones has officially come to an end. The time has come in my mind to make good on a promise made to self some years ago to *do something* – make some sort of scribing splash with that modicum of talent I have too often questioned the veracity of. I have finally commandeered some gumption to put my proverbial foot down and cease frittering away my life luxuriating in (some say squandering) my hard-earned leisure state of grace we seniors like to call retirement. My discretionary free time is something that I have longed for, probably because I started laboring as a rookie member of the workforce at age eleven accompanying my dad to work on Saturdays. Let me next expand a bit more on those days and delve more in depth to the crux of my childhood and beyond as I share a little about how my personal work ethic evolved -- and where it finally got me.



About the Author

cg williams is the pen name for Charles G. Williams, born October 11, 1949, in Buffalo, N.Y. He currently lives in Ewing New Jersey with his wife of *almost* 45 years and change, and is now ready and eager to adopt a dog as ebullient as shelter dog Dakota to make him whole again. He is embarrassed to admit he is a Facebook fan - a guilty pleasure he cannot seem to break free from. He loves to write Trip Advisor critiques and still pens pithy, personal greetings on Christmas cards. He is addicted to the movies and is even getting into the classic TCM channel. He's also a confirmed comedy/late night comic lover. Games - *especially* husband vs wives spades on weekends are his/Dales simple blood sport. Music is the sweetest gift of all from God which he enjoys most nights until 2:30 am. Charles is a lifelong college sports junkie, and a lifelong Buffalo Bills fan, still praying for their elusive Super Bowl victory before he kicks the proverbial bucket.

He has an email account but, regrettably, is not allowed to publish it...not sure just why.



"A Chip Off the Old Block and Cleaver: A Memoir, A Cookbook, A Dollop of Poetry" represents a rather whimsical literary amalgam combining a life history in less than 40 pages; a cookbook collating some favorite dishes; and a poetry sampler.

**A Chip Off the Old Block and Cleaver:
A Memoir, A Cookbook, A Dollop of Poetry**

By cg williams

Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13302.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**