

Elfie Visits Idaho



Idaho Potato Chip Cookies

Salty and Sweet is a winning combo in these buttery rich cookies

- 1 cup unsalted butter, softened
- 1 cup confectioners' sugar, sifted
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 teaspoon pure vanilla
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans
- 2 ounces plain or sea salt & vinegar potato chips, crushed
- Confectioners' sugar as desired

Before Baking: Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Place silicone baking mats on cookie sheets.

Prepare Cookie Dough: In a mixing bowl, cream butter and confectioners' sugar on medium speed for about 3 minutes. Add egg yolk and vanilla until well-blended. Mix in flour and pecans until dough forms. Stir in crushed potato chips.

Bake Cookies: Using a Tablespoon cookie scoop, drop on lined cookie sheets or roll into balls and lightly pat to flatten ball slightly. Bake in 350-degree F oven for about 10 minutes or bottoms are golden brown.

Cool and Sprinkle with Confectioners; Sugar: Remove from oven; let cool about 10 minutes; transfer cookies to cooling rack. While cookies are still warm, roll in confectioners' sugar to coat cookies with sugar. Cool completely. Store in airtight containers. Before serving, lightly sprinkle with confectioners' sugar.

Yield: about 3 to 3-1/2 dozen cookies

Cook's Note: I found that regular potato chips are better than Kettle chips, which seem a little too crispy in the soft cookie.

Recipe Inspired by: Heritage Holiday Sweets in Holiday Cooking, Better Homes and Gardens, 1995.

About the Recipe: These cookies are buttery rich and tender, a flashback on pecan sandies. Salty and sweet is an unbeatable combination. They are easy to make, using only a few ingredients. The potato chips give them a bonus flavor and crazy crunch.

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A Real Life Christmas Card

Nestled in the quiet embrace of the Rocky Mountains, I traveled northwest to Sun Valley, Idaho; a place that felt like stepping into a living Christmas card. The graceful peaks invited me to slow down, where the soft glow of lantern-like lights illuminated cozy ledges and small houses dressed up with festive, shimmering evergreen trees against a pristine blanket of snow. A whispering welcome drew me toward a brightly decorated cottage; its windows frosted with holiday cheer.

Peering through the kitchen pane, I spotted Wyatt and little Lily giggling together, their laughter warming the cozy space like a crackling fire. They were crushing a bag of Idaho potato chips into crunchy bits, then boldly dumping them straight into a bowl of cookie batter. "Hey, kids! Don't do that!" I whispered urgently to myself, but it was too late, the unconventional mix was already headed for the oven.

To my surprise, the baked cookies emerged golden, and they dusted them with powdered sugar, their aroma irresistible, crisp, and delightfully crunchy from those unexpected chips. I couldn't resist; I waited for my chance and snuck in for a little taste. Oh, so yummy; sweet, salty, and utterly magical! Santa's going to flip for these potato chip surprises. Who knew Idaho's spuds could make such a festive secret ingredient?

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