

Grandma Hopkins' Cheese Pie

*Especially good for breakfast with a glass of milk or mug of coffee,
or at lunch time, or snack time, or ..., or ...*

Pie Pastry Crust

We use the "Betty Crocker" recipe for an 8 or 9-inch double crust pie.

2 large Eggs	1½ cups Milk
¾ cup Sugar	½ teaspoon Salt
1 heaping Tbsp Cornstarch	¼ teaspoon Nutmeg
1½ lbs large curd Cottage Cheese	

Make pie crust, using butter for shortening. Roll out all of the dough to line an 11-inch glass pie plate. Beat eggs slightly in a bowl; add other ingredients, adding cheese last. Pour into crust; sprinkle top with cinnamon. Bake at 450°F for 15 minutes then reduce heat and bake at 350°F for 30 to 40 minutes (or longer) until done. **This baking time is for a dark glass pie plate.** If using a traditional clear plate: then once the oven has been reset to 350°F (2nd phase), bake 50 to 60 minutes (or longer) until done.

The way to know it's **done** is really only by how it looks. When you first put the pie in the oven it is very sloshy, be careful not to spill into the oven. As it cooks, it looks more congealed and solid around the edges, gradually looking that way across the surface. When it looks good, and timer agrees with you, pull it carefully to you. There **should be some jiggling in the middle** of your pie; the outer 2½-3-inches should be fairly stable. The pie continues to cook as it cools, and will be hard and tough if cooked thoroughly solid in oven.

This recipe is one of our family's most cherished foods. We always refer to it as Grandma Hopkins', but almost certainly it was her mother's – my husband's Great-Grandmother Bailey.

By way of "truth in advertising": We (Naomi and daughter, Carol) usually use a full two pounds of cheese, and "pinch" or "crimp" the edges of the crust to stand up a quarter-inch or so above the pie plate to hold more custard. Even so, there's usually excess custard that we bake separately in a small custard dish. No other ingredients are changed. Husband, Les, swears that the crust is as important as the filling, and insists on the need for it to be "thick."

Shortly after our marriage 50 years ago, and living in Pennsylvania, we made our first vacation trip to Vermont, we happened on your store (just across the Vermont border), and returned home with several pounds of your Really-Aged Cheddar. On our many return visits, and subsequently by mail, we've been getting and enjoying it ever since.