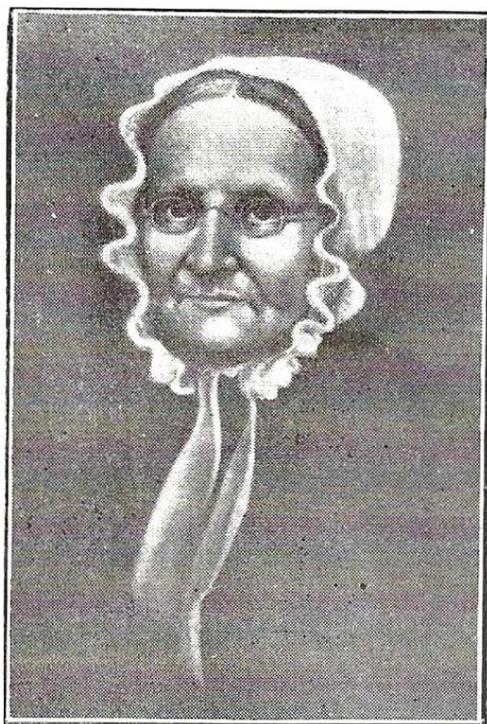


GRANNY FORNEY'S CAKE AND BEER SHOP

PAPER READ BEFORE THE
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BY PROF. THOS. S. STEIN



GRANNY FORNEY

(From an oil painting owned by Mrs. Carrie Eggleston, Burlington, Iowa. She is the daughter of James Forney and thus the granddaughter of Granny.)

Courtesy of Mrs. Emma Troxel Greene.

GRANNY FORNEY'S CAKE AND BEER SHOP: AN OLD-TIME PLACE OF REFRESHMENT, IN ANNVILLE, PA.

*We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without hooks;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without hooks — what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope — what-is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love — what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?*

Lucille.

In these days of varied and, in many cases, vitiated appetites, of well-filled purses, and of finely equipped restaurants, one cannot but look back to former days, and compare present places of refreshment with those of former years. Public places for satisfying the cravings of the appetite have always existed, and always will. But, as great advances in the management of hotels and in the accommodations of the guests, both as to lodging and meals, have been made in modern days, so there have been immense strides in the furnishings and fares of smaller places that minister to the appetite, which we call restaurants, places of refreshment, caterer's shops, cafeterias, cafes, etc. In many instances the places have almost become palaces.

The recent razing of one of these old-time places of refreshment drew the attention of the writer to the great contrast between then and now. His thoughts went back fifty years and more to the days of his youth, when he was an occasional patron of a small, but creditable, place of refreshment. He then decided to put his reminiscent thoughts on paper, thus giving expression to one phase of the life of our forebears which we are apt to forget, while we are enjoying the improvements, conveniences, and luxuries of modern life.

In treating of such topics, there is danger of yielding to the temptation of adding what is interesting and romantic, regardless of the truth of the matter. We would say, however, that we have tried to confine ourselves strictly to the facts of the case, though some additions would, no doubt, have contributed to the attractiveness and charm of the narrative.

We now introduce our friends to the central figure of our sketch, Mary Martin Forney — known to us in our youthful days as “Granny Forney.” She is a middle-aged lady of pleasing appearance, as the frontispiece shows. She had a genial disposition and was of industrious habits. She claimed Scotch-Irish descent and adhered to the Presbyterian faith.

The following is a brief sketch of her career, up to the time of her opening a cake and beer shop in Annville:

“Granny” was born in Lebanon (now S. Annville) Township, Lancaster County, in 1794. Her parents had eloped from home and came to America in 1790, embarking at Liverpool. Her mother was a Miss Day.

About 1812 Miss Mary Martin was united in marriage to John Forney, the son of Peter Forney I, the father of Peter Forney II, a former well-known citizen of Annville. Peter Forney I was a Swiss immigrant of Lebanon Township, Lancaster County, in 1753. His home was the Allen Light farm, on the border of South Annville Township, east of the Witmoyer schoolhouse, south of Annville. He died in 1809, having been identified for fifty-six years with agricultural interests. He left three children, of whom the youngest was John, the future husband of Mary Martin.

In 1816, John Forney and Mary, his wife, with their two children, removed to a farm at Silvers' Springs, Cumberland County, where they farmed for seven years. Here Mr. Forney lost his life in 1823 in a runaway accident, while returning home from a trip to a neighboring mill. "Within sight of his home, before descending a steep hill, he got off the wagon to apply the brakes, leaving the children on the wagon. Suddenly the horses ran up a bank and threw the wagon on him, breaking his back. The children were uninjured. Mr. Forney died June 25th, 1823, aged about 35 years."

As the widow of John Forney, Mary was left largely dependent upon her own resources, and nobly did she make her way with her five children in her struggle through life. She exhibited that sturdiness of character for which the Scotch-Irish are noted.

In 1832 John Forney's widow ventured a second matrimonial union, casting her lot this time with that of Jonathan Ensminger, a son of Nicholas Ensminger and a brother of Capt. Peter Ensminger, who served in the American Revolution. Mr. Ensminger was a widower with two children older than Mrs. Forney's, who ranged from ten to eighteen years.

After marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Ensminger returned to Annville Township, to the farm now occupied by Elmer Detweiler, on the Manheim Road, two miles south of the town of Annville, which farm Jonathan and his brother, Peter, had acquired from their father, Nicholas. It was on the east side of the road leading to the Horseshoe Pike, almost opposite the Colonial homestead of Peter Ensminger, now held by the latter's descendants.

Now comes a sad time. The new conjugal union was not a happy one. Why, we have never heard, nor do we very much care to know. Marital troubles never had much attraction for us. Many gloat over them, as they read the newspapers. Alas! that there are so many, and that the papers are so full of them.

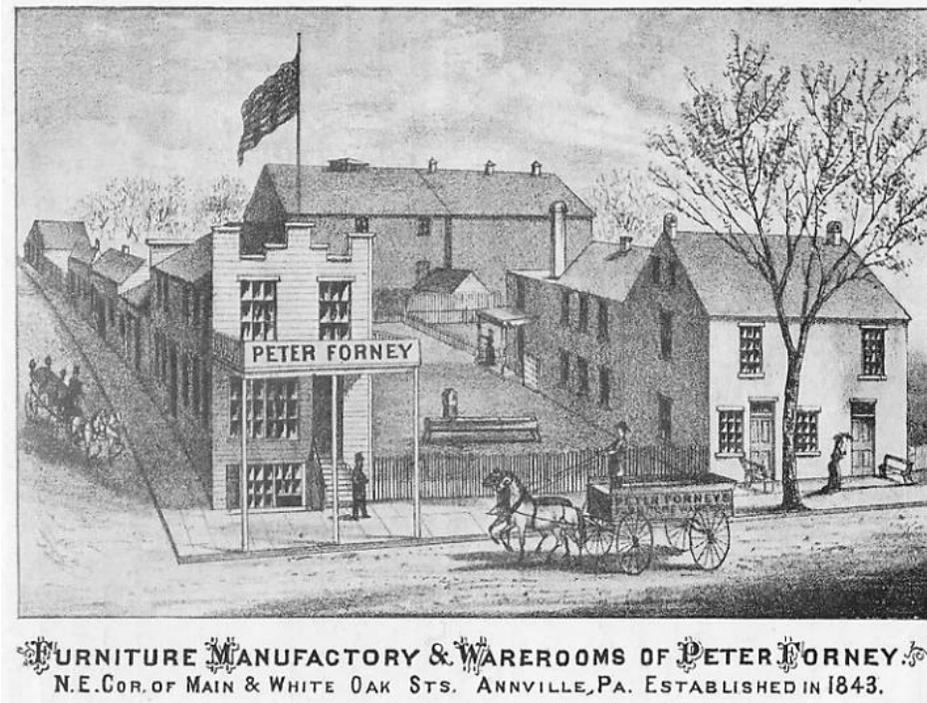
After Granny and her husband found out that they were not happily mated, they agreed to separate. They sold their personal property, he keeping two horses and a wagon, and she a few household articles. They divided the cash on hand into two equal parts and placed them on a table before them. It seems the separation was agreed to without exhibition of anger. On the contrary, it is said Granny, feeling that it was not just the right thing to take as much cash for her share as Mr. Ensminger did, who was about to go West and might need some funds — with this feeling in her heart, she went to the table, took a few banknotes from her pile, walked up to him, pinned them on his coat, and then bade him good-bye. This action showed that she was able to take her own part and that she also had sympathy and compassion for her unfortunate husband. A divorce was obtained in 1835.

Granny then came to the town of Annville and worked for her neighbors, opening at the same time a cake and beer shop to make ends meet. She occupied a house at the southwest corner of Main street and Cherry alley. During the day, while the mother was away from home, helping her neighbors to nurse, cook, boil soap, butcher, and clean house, the older children attended to the sales of the shop.

There was some doubt as to this being Granny's first residence in Annville, but upon investigating the matter the writer found in Raiguel's ground rent accounts of South Annville, that "Widow Forney" paid a ground rent of \$1.11 per year on lot 67, corner of Main street and Cherry alley, in 1842 and 1843. In 1844 the lot was sold to Rudolph Boltz. In 1845 Reuben Clouser bought it. In 1851 one-half of the lot was sold to Christian Lessly and in 1854 both Clouser and Lessly bought re-leases at \$6 apiece. These facts remove all doubt as to the place where Granny Forney first opened her cake and beer shop in Annville.

Soon after the marriage of her son Peter in 1842, Granny made her home with him and remained there for the rest of her life. Her shop went with her, helping her to make a living.

The place was a small log house (subsequently weatherboarded) on East Main street, next west of Graybill's Shoe Shop. It was torn down recently to make room for another building. The lot extended west to White Oak street, on the east side of which Mr. Forney erected a carpenter shop, warerooms, and sheds for lumber, carriages, and hearse, extending back to Lebanon alley. A reference to the accompanying cut will show this.



The east front room of the dwelling house, fronting on Main Street, served as Granny's Shop, where she cheered the hearts of her patrons and satisfied their keen and craving appetites. The furniture was plain and simple. Back of the front door stood a high bureau or chest of drawers, in which she kept many articles for sale. At the other end of the room stood a high cupboard with shelves above and drawers below. The door had wooden panels - no glass. It now serves as a storage place for canned goods in the cellar of an Annville home. A few dishes and tumblers graced the shelves. These were necessary, when a couple or small party partook of refreshments at a fall-leaf table. A few old-style chairs painted green, with fruit and flower designs on the top of the back, were in the room. She never had a sign in front of her shop.

Granny, as said, was an industrious woman. She often worked for her neighbors during the day, and then, on coming home in the evening she brewed beer, boiled "moshy," and baked cakes to replenish her stock. She never believed in an 8-hour day.

Her stock in trade usually consisted of "moshy", candy, peanuts, molasses, sugar and honey cakes, "lebkuche", lady-fingers, beer and mead.

"Moshy" is now known as molasses candy. But it may be made of sugar also. Molasses and butter are boiled to a certain consistency and then poured into small triangular or round, scalloped tins or "patty-pans". Frequently nut kernels were added. "Moshy" was one of the common confections of the day, when the stores were not flooded with innumerable kinds of candy and sweetmeats, as at present.

Peanuts were generally known as groundnuts and retailed at 3c a glass. They were in demand, especially on holidays or at public gatherings, and on battalion days. In the morning the pavements of the village were strewn with the shells.

The consumption of candy has increased enormously in our day. Fifty years ago it was very much less. Among the candies kept on hand by Granny Forney were striped round sticks generally called "mintsticks," though of different flavors. They occupied a higher place among candies than they do now, when the varieties of candy are so numerous.

The "lebkuche" were baked in large rectangular pans and divided into squares. The name and its

origin is German, but can be traced back to the Latin *libum*, a consecrated cake, one offered to the gods; hence lib- or lebkuchen. This takes us back to the early history of the Germans, before they were converted to Christianity, and, no doubt, accounts for the cake making its appearance at funerals and Christmastide. (Compare with the origin of Christmas cakes given hereafter.)

“Lebkuchen” were very popular and are still found in some homes, and especially at country funerals. They are often baked under different names. (See recipes at end.)

Speaking of funerals and cakes, a friend writes: “At funerals and sales, cakes and pies were put upon the table uncut. If a slice had been taken from either cake or pie at one table, it was not served on the second table, but was removed and replaced with a whole one. To have a pie or cake on the table at the beginning of a meal indicated that provisions were getting low. When an uncle of father’s was buried, they had 80 custards, 20 pies, and 18 boiled hams.”

Another favorite cake found in Granny’s shop was the lady-finger. It consisted of two narrow strips of a stiff ginger-cake dough, rolled by hand and twisted together, about 4½ in. long and 1½ in. broad. We did not succeed in unearthing the recipe, but we give something similar, if not the same. Sometimes these cakes are referred to as “twists.”

The beer brewed by Granny was a refreshing drink, especially on hot summer evenings, and was considered non-intoxicating. It lacked the bitter twang of lager and could be used a short time after making. One patron refers to it as “sweet beer, similar to the root beer served at soda fountains nowadays.” The old earthenware crock with a handle on each side, in which Granny brewed her beer, is in possession of a great-granddaughter, and is highly treasured by her. It is at least 80 years old.

Mead was considered a more refined beverage. It was made somewhat like beer, but, instead of molasses, honey was used. The ingredients and the lesser demand caused it to sell at a slightly increased price.

Mead is an old drink. It was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. We read of it in the Middle Ages. It is referred to in “Beowulf,” the oldest epic of the English tongue. Beowulf, a semi-mythical hero of about 500 A. D., was entertained in a mead hall by the King of Denmark, in return for slaying the sea monsters, Grendel and his mother. Here he was treated as a royal guest and served with mead. The epic “Beowulf” was written about 1000 A. D.

This famous drink is also referred to in the “Nibelungenlied,” the noted German epic of early days. It is the “honigtrank” (honey drink) of later times.

In early German days there existed the custom of what was called the “blood covenant.” Two persons each opened a vein in his arm, caught the blood in a vessel, and sometimes mixed it with mead. Both then drank thereof, whereby an inviolable bond of brotherhood was instituted between the two, as binding as that between real brothers. The explorer Stanley, in his African expeditions, found this custom prevalent among native tribes, and made use of it to insure his own safety.

The Piets, an early race of Scotland, also indulged in mead. They probably brewed it from the honey which the flowers of their native heath yielded in abundance.

In England mead is made at the present day by fermentation of the liquor obtained by boiling in water combs from which the honey has been drained.

Granny’s stock in trade was always fresh. And it was pure and unadulterated which, in the light of the present day, is saying a great deal. If the supply showed signs of diminution, she made use of the twilight and evening hours to prevent a shortage, not hesitating sometimes to encroach upon the night, while the younger generation was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

And how appetizing were her articles! On a hot summer evening how our eyes sparkled and our mouths watered, when the “goodies” confronted our sight! How the village lads and lassies enjoyed the refreshments! How the farmer boy, longing for a bite before his late supper, gloated over the refreshing

menu!—no, not menu, for that foreign word would not have been understood then,—we would better have said “gloated over his fine lunch.”

And the beer and mead! What a pop when the bottle was opened! Almost like the discharge of a pistol! And such a flavor! Everything had a relish and a taste of its own.

Besides being for sale in Granny’s shop, these articles frequently could be purchased at private stands, erected at public sales, at camp meetings, or on battalion fields.

Sometimes, some lads, wishing to earn a few pennies and help the old lady along, furthered her sales. Among these were two grand-sons, a Troxel and a Stein. The former subsequently enlisted in the Civil War, and now resides in Coronado, Calif. The latter became a Reformed minister and achieved an honorable record in establishing the kingdom of God on earth.

A correspondent also tells me that Granny would get orders from the young men for pound cakes, nicely decorated with frosting, to present to their lady friends.

A few days prior to Christmas, she would cut out a lot of cakes in the shape of animals, birds and babies for the children’s trade. Among the children, cakes baked at Christmas in the forms of birds and animals arouse a special delight. The taste and flavor seem to have something added to them which it is difficult to account for. Have you ever thought what is the source of these animal forms? To begin, we are a Teutonic people, that is, we are descendants of ancient German tribes — tribes that were heathen, barbarous, rude, and warlike in their day. The Roman historian Tacitus, gives us the earliest reliable information concerning these tribes. He wrote his “Germania” about 100 A. D., in which he described their customs, habits, traits, and religion. In 410 A. D. Rome withdrew her forces from Great Britain. Then, about 500, the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, from the continent, crossed the Channel and invaded England and finally conquered it. In 1016 the Danes got possession of the island, and subsequently the Normans in 1066. All these invaders and conquerors were of Teutonic or German stock, And thus in process of time the English nation developed from original German tribes, imbibing from other races with whom they came in contact various characteristics.

Our language testified its Teutonic origin. The names of the days of the week are memorials, so to speak, to German Deities. Among the early Germans the arts of reading and writing were confined to the priests and priestesses. To explain runes (*mystical characters used in divination, but subsequently forming the basis of written language*), to write, to bake sacrificial cakes, and to offer sacrifices were among the duties of the priestesses.

The horse, ox, sheep, boar, wolf, bear, and raven (*symbol of omniscience, seated on the shoulders of Odin, the father of the gods*) were among the animals frequently sacrificed. Hence sacrificial cakes took the forms of those animals. The Valkyries (*Odin’s attendants, armed with helmet and spear. These warlike virgins bore the souls of those slain in battle to Valhalla, the garden of the gods. Mounted on horseback, they rode through the air over the rainbow, the celestial bridge which gods and men must tread to reach Valhalla*) were also thus honored.

Thus Christmas cakes are a silent reminder, in form at least, of the “long ago.” The Christmas tree, Kris Kingle (Christ Kindlein), Belsnickel (Pels Nichol), and Santa Claus (Saint Nicholas), are later importations from over the sea.

The preceding may seem a digression from our topic. But it is interesting, and for this reason we insert it. Besides, it reminds us of the “rock whence we were hewn and the pit whence we were digged”, and makes us thankful that we were taken out of it.

But to return. At the time that Granny Forney’s cake and beer shop had the patronage of Annville, there were no saloons nor restaurants in the town, though liquor was dispensed freely at the hotels and even sold at general stores. Lager beer had not yet invaded our dry town. This was before the Brook’s High License Law. Furthermore, the soft drink mania had not yet arisen. Now it seems we have gone into extremes in this matter. It seems some live to eat and drink, not eat and drink to live. It is doubtful whether

the dainties and luxuries now consumed are enjoyed as much as the simpler fare of our ancestors was.

In the days of Granny's cake shop, the high prices of the present did not prevail. A few cents would satisfy the appetite. Good, fresh, non-intoxicating beer could be had for 5c a bottle, and cakes and "moshy" for 1c each. But the young people were not as flush of money then as they are now. Their wages were not as high. The writer vividly recalls the fact that he as a young boy felt pretty well off, when he had ten cents of his own in his pocket. Now with most young people it is "easy come, easy go."

At last the summons came to Granny. She lived a life of care and toil, but toil and care borne without murmuring. She died April 17, 1872, and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Annville, Pa. The inscription on her plain tombstone reads as follows:

MARY MARTIN
Wife of John Forney
Born Aug., 1794
Died April 17, 1872
Aged 77 yrs., 8 m.

Mary Martin Forney was called "Granny," not because of her age; nor was the term used in a disrespectful sense, as when one is called a "granny" nowadays, when she is unprogressive or somewhat eccentric or cranky; but the cognomen was given her in a kindly, endearing sense, as children often use it.

Granny had five children: Sarah, who married Joseph Troxel. They moved to Iowa. Mrs. Emma Troxel Greene, of Burlington, Iowa, who manifested a great interest in the writing of this paper and sent the writer encouraging words and furnished the cut of Granny, is of this branch. Also Joseph Troxel, of Coronado, who furnished some reminiscences of his grandmother.

The second daughter, Catharine, married Daniel Stine, the writer's uncle. Some of their children still reside in Annville, George, the well-known banker, and Mrs. Michael Batdorf.

John, the third child, married Susan Fisher and lived at Palmyra, Pa. Mrs. Mary Rigler, of Annville, is one of their daughters.

Peter, the fourth child, was married thrice, first to Maria Henning, secondly to Mary Henning, and thirdly to Mary Ann Witmoyer. Twelve children issued: one, William, of Seattle, Wash., from the first wife; four from the second, and seven from the third.

James, the fifth child, married Sarah Mellinger. They also went West. Mrs. Carrie Eggleston, of Burlington, Iowa, from whose oil painting of Granny the frontispiece was made, is one of their children.

Granny's descendants are numerous and are spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and their offspring number, no doubt, over 200. Up to the year 1911, they numbered about 160. And by this time they have added to their number. Granny's five children gave her about fifty grandchildren. Surely her progeny must look back with pride to their ancestress who left them such an example of industry, fidelity, perseverance, and faithfulness.

THOS. S. STEIN, Annville, Pa., Jan., 1927.

NOTE—In concluding this paper, we feel that, beside our memory of old scenes and events, we owe a great deal to friends who showed an interest in our topic, and were willing to further the project by supplying lacking information and adding new matter. To all such we offer our sincere thanks. Among these are:

Mrs. Emma Troxel Greene, Burlington, Iowa,
Mrs. Carrie Eggleston, Burlington, Iowa.
Miss Carrie Forney, Middletown, Pa.
Miss Ruth Whiskeyman, Annville, Pa.
Joseph Troxel, Coronado, Calif., and others whose names are given with the recipes

As said before, the "Lebkuche" is originally a German cake, but those given above may be considered "naturalized." The following two recipes, however, may be reckoned German, although they are also found in our country. In Germany the "Lebkuche" usually makes its appearance at Christmas time. It contains extra ingredients and is more highly seasoned than our kind. It is found mostly among the upper classes, while the peasant class content themselves with the ordinary kind.

"Lebkuche" (Foreign).

Recipe I.

Brown sugar, 1 lb.	Eggs, 4	Flour, 3½ to 4 cups
Cinnamon, 1 tsp.	Cloves, ½ tsp.	Soda, ½ tsp.
Cream of Tartar, 1 tsp.	Almonds (blanched and browned), ¼ lb.	
Citron, ¼ lb.		

Cut the almonds and citron in small pieces. Bake in a sheet. Cut in strips when cool.—**Roedel.**

Recipe II.

Brown sugar, 1 lb.	Eggs, 4	Flour, 3 cups
Cinnamon, 2 tbsp.	Cloves, 1 tbsp.	Soda, ½ tbsp.
Cream of Tartar, 1 tsp.	Almonds (blanched and browned), ¼ lb.	
Citron, ¼ lb.	Nutmeg, ½ grated	

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Then add almonds and citron, cur up fine. Add beaten eggs last.—**Meyer.**

SNOWBALLS

Eggs, 6	Sour Cream, 1 pt.	Sugar, 1 lb.	Soda, ½ tbsp.
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Add flour to make it not quite as stiff as noodles. Roll thin and cut with a wheel, 4 slits in every piece. Draw the end through the opening made by separating two strips from the three (every other one). Fry in deep fat. They improve every few days and are crisp and delicious.—**Roedel.**

PEPPERNUTS

Sugar, 2 lbs.	Butter, 1 lb.	Eggs, 6
Sour Cream, 1 pt.	Lemon, 1	Flour, 3 qts.
Soda, 1 tsp.	Cream of tartar, 2 tsp.	

Some old recipes call for two teaspoons of fennel seed and ½ teaspoon pepper.—**Roedel.**

LADY-FINGERS

As near as we could ascertain, the following is the recipe for the old-fashioned Lady-Finger:

Molasses, 1 pts.	Thick milk, ¼ cup	Soda, tip of teaspoon
Lard, ½ pt.	Ginger, 1 tsp.	

Add enough flour to make a stiff cake. Roll, cut in strips five inches long, and bake; or intertwine two strips and bake. Both forms were used.—**Stroh.**

BEER

Whether Granny made her beer just exactly as this recipe shows, we do not know but it is very likely that her method was not much different. The following is taken from an old publication:

When the water is warmed, the molasses is pored in with a little malt or wheat bran, and is well shaken together. Afterwards, a layer of hops and yeast is added, and then it is put into a keg, where it ferments. The next day it is clear and ready for use. It is more wholesome, pleasant to the taste, and milder to the stomach than any small beer or malt.

GINGER BEER

Put 1½ lbs. of granulated sugar into a stone crock, with 2 oz. of pure ground ginger and a lemon sliced thin. Pour on 8 qts. boiling water and when lukewarm, add one-quarter of a yeast cake, dissolved. Stir thoroughly, and when perfectly cold, strain into bottles, and fasten the corks securely. Keep in a moderate temperature 12 hours, and then put the bottles into the coolest place you can find. The beer is ready for use in four or five days and is a very acceptable drink. It is a delicious beverage and possesses valuable medicinal properties as well.

This is an old family recipe used “Down East” for three-quarters of a century. It always seems to taste better during hot weather.

MEAD

Mead was considered a finer and better drink than beer. It was a favored drink among our early ancestors, as far back as the Goths. Songs abound with its praise. It was the nectar of the early Teutons. It was what might be called a poetical drink. When Wodan was given a drink of mead it aroused within him a poetical afflatus. German literature abounds in references to this beverage of the Gods.

Take one part of honey and dissolve in three parts of boiling water. Add malt, yeast and spices. Different recipes vary slightly, but the essential ingredients are the same.