

SUSQUEHANNA NEWS

Ralph M. Snyder
R. D. 2 Box 431
Mount Joy, PA 17552

Vol. 76 No. 29 July 21, 1976

Susquehanna Times & The Mount Joy Bulletin
MARIETTA & MOUNT JOY, PA.

TWENTY CENTS

Edna Guhl knows inside story of Pres. Buchanan's tragic romance

Mrs. Edna Guhl of Mount Joy knows the inside story of U.S. President James Buchanan's tragic love affair with heiress Ann Coleman.

After reading an account of that sad tale in the *Susquehanna Magazine*, Mrs. Guhl called our office and gave us her information.

Mrs. Guhl's story throws

new light on the history of the only president from Lancaster County.

The public facts of the affair are as follows: It was shortly after midnight, Thursday, December 9, 1819, that Ann Coleman, daughter of Robert Coleman, the richest man in PA, very suddenly died at her sister's home in Philadelphia.

The day before, she had been seen walking along Chestnut Street, "in the vigour of health."

Ann was depressed because she had just broken off her engagement to James Buchanan, a tall handsome lawyer whose star was rising in Lancaster Society.

Lancaster had been buzzing the week before Ann's death about her broken engagement and her resulting depression. When they heard of her death, many people felt sure she had killed herself in her despair over James.

Mrs. Guhl of Mount Joy has this to say about the affair:

"James Buchanan was my grandmother's attorney. Her name was Lydia Straub.

One day Buchanan asked Lydia why she didn't get married again. Lydia told Buchanan she had been married three times, and was widowed each time. Her total married life had been six years.

Then Lydia asked Buchanan, "Why don't you get married? There's as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught."

Buchanan answered, "There's only one Ann for me."

Lydia asked what had happened between them.

"Lydia, I'll tell you," said Buchanan.

James Buchanan and Ann Coleman had attended a dance. He wore a swallow-tailed coat with pockets in the back.

When Buchanan danced with a girl who wore long white gloves, the girl asked him to hold her gloves in his pocket.

[continued on Page 2]



Ann Coleman; she died of a broken heart.



Mrs. Edna Guhl, local teacher and historian, sits in front of a dresser that was owned by her grandmother, Lydia Straub. Lydia heard the story of Buchanan's fateful romance from the president's own lips.

Maytown's Spinning Spokes conquer swollen river, pedal 187 miles



Photo shows the Spinning Spokes. From left to right are; top row- Sue Heinaman, John Hay, Kathy Hay, Dorothy Hay, Diane Leonard, and Dale P. Boyer; middle row- Tish Barnitz, Vickie Blake, Radean Gordner, Kim Boyer, Irene Penwell, Bonnie Boyer, Dale

A. Boyer, and Paul Hay; bottom row- Greg Nell, Nancy Heinaman, Sandy Hall, Denny Hall, Scott Penwell and Bruce Sipling. The girl in front is Anne Boyer. Not shown in the photo are bicyclists John and Judy Kerschner, Denny Ebersole, Beth Blake, Donna Hay, David Hall and Brian Hall.

Last Saturday the "Spinning Spokes" of St. John's Lutheran Church, returned to Maytown.

The 29 bikers pedaled 187 miles in eight days. Despite almost nightly thunderstorms, leaky tents, and a steady diet of granola, gorp, and eggs McLeonalls, they managed to traverse most of their route.

The group stayed in a Lutheran campground and various parks. At Ohiopyle State Park they rode rubber rafts seven and a half miles down the rain swollen rapids of the Youghiogheny River.

They had to sit on the edges of the rafts to cushion their bottoms from the jagged rocks. Thanks to this cushioning effect, only ten women and girls fell out.

Diane Leonard, thinking quickly, held onto both her paddle and her glasses when she went overboard. She failed to hang onto a rock, however, and had to be picked up by a kayak.

"I was frightened at the time," she said, "but it was fun. Also cold!" She later volunteered to float down the Swimmer's Rapids without a raft.

The trip was made somewhat more comfortable by Paul Hay's motor home, which accompanies the bicycles. Lloyd Derr's van also went along.

Dale Boyer, scout master, made himself useful on rainy nights by collecting "squaw wood" dead branches that are too high to reach. Dale tied a weight to a string, threw it around a branch, and pulled down the dry wood.

"We taught the other campers to do it, then left before the rangers came to arrest them" Dale explained.

The Spinning Spokes club was organized by John and Kathy Hay, who had been bicycling on their own for some time. They thought it would be a good idea to involve other mem-

[continued on Page 2]