

The Bucke Family of Perry County

by Dr. Elizabeth Bucke Miller, 1976

Jacob Bucke (1739-1817), came with his family from Wurttemberg, Germany. They arrived in Philadelphia aboard the ship *Neptune* on September 24, 1751. In 1771 Jacob settled in what is now known as Buck's Valley, Perry County, where he spent the rest of his life. Among the children of his grandson, also named Jacob Bucke (1815-1907) were Samuel Elias Bucke (1839-1894) and Jacob Ressler Buck (1850-1945). The influence of these two devout Methodist men and their offspring would reach far beyond Perry County, Pennsylvania.

Samuel stayed in Buck's Valley and raised three sons who served appointments in the Central Pennsylvania Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church: Lawrence, Fowler, and Jacob. Ressler moved to Philadelphia and became a local pastor in the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city. But "Uncle Ressler" returned to Perry County at least once a year, and the three future pastors and their children would remember him well as a positive influence in their lives. One of those future pastors was my father, and this is the story of that extended family – three brothers and their uncle.

Brother #1 – Lawrence

John Lawrence Lee Bucke (1858-1933) married Clara Crowe. He was a respected school teacher who was active at many levels. In 1905 he was under consideration for county superintendent of schools, in 1919 he was elected county surveyor (at one time a very prominent and important position) and held that office for many years, and he served as the treasurer of Perry County 1928-32. In addition, he was the owner of the *Duncannon Record* from 1901 to 1913. He was also a local pastor and served Duncannon circuit (Roseglen and Pennell's) under appointment 1907-1909. It was through his son Harry that Lawrence's piety and influence would reach around the world.

Harry Crowe Buck (1884-1943) was born in Liverpool and graduated from Springfield (MA) College in 1910 with a B.S. in Physical Education. The turning point in his life came in 1919, while he was teaching and coaching basketball at Galesburg High School in Illinois. He accepted the invitation from the International Committee of the YMCA in New York to serve as the Physical Director of the Central YMCA in Madras, India – a land lying on the other side of the globe, a land unknown to him altogether, a land which perhaps he had not dreamed of seeing or much less serving in.

The Bucks arrived in Madras in 1919. India was in an unsettled state of social and political ferment, as the first World War had brought about many economic difficulties. Into the confusion of constitutional changes, political dissatisfaction among the leaders, and the unsettled outlook of the masses, the Bucks came.

Perhaps Madras and its suburbs were somewhat of a shock to the Bucks. Indeed, the climate was hot enough to sap their strength. The people had customs and habits so varied and opposite from their American training that it was an entirely different environment. Yet, Buck was wise enough to know that the success of his service must include "gentleness, love, and regard for all those whom he had come to serve."

Buck was essentially a man of action, so he went straight to his assigned task. The dingy, small gymnasium of the Central YMCA and an open space exactly the dimensions of a basketball court were the only facilities; but with his magic touch, the gym became one of the best Youth Centers in the city and the basketball area was used as a multipurpose play field.

Requests for admission began to soar, and Mr. Buck slowly expanded his work to nearby schools and colleges. Within a year he was being sought after by sportsmen and clubs in Madras for technical help and advice in their programs.

Although Buck was jubilant about his success thus far, he remained silent and brooding over the future. His first mention of future plans was in his first report to the International Committee, where he pinpointed this thesis: "If India is to be sound, she must save herself... This program of physical education should be carried on by the sons of India – our attempts at depending upon foreign Physical Directors to do the job here have been futile."

The National Council of India supported this analysis, so five young men were selected to take the training course. They looked ahead to a new India with strong, virile men and healthy, happy women.

Suddenly a demand arose from schools, playgrounds, Native States, and other private bodies to train men for this new type of physical education work for their institutions. Enrollment increased, and the training facilities at Central YMCA were judged inadequate. Subsequently the training center was moved in 1924 to a five-acre site at Royapettah.

Plans were almost complete to make the Royapettah YMCA the Institution's permanent home when the government at Madras, looking favorably on the Institution's growth and progress, offered a 65-acre site at Saidapet. Living quarters, lecture hall, office, library, kitchen and dining hall were soon completed. Youngsters from all over India, Burma, Ceylon, Thailand, Iraq and Egypt flocked to the college for guidance. At times, no less than 14 languages were spoken on campus. All Indian faiths were represented, yet the students worked together as one.

As the founder and acting principal, Mr. Buck guided the college for 23 years. His work ended at his death on July 24, 1943, but he left a rich legacy for others to follow. One Indian official summed it all up as follows: "The early supporters of physical education gathered round the personality of a good man, who filled with the love of God, stood for righteousness, justice and liberty. The person who so effectively attracted others with magnetic power was H.C. Buck."

Yes, under Buck's leadership, physical education gained recognition as an educational activity in less than two decades. This man from Perry County is

rightly called the "Father of Physical Education in India." The college which he started has grown in recent years under Indian leadership to be the leading physical education college in India and the Orient – striving toward a better, healthier people. Rudyard Kipling put it best: "Nations have passed away and left no traces; and History gives the naked cause of it – one single, simple reason in all cases; they fell because their peoples were not fit."

Brother #2 – Fowler

William Fowler Bucke (1866-1941) attended public schools and select school at Liverpool. His educational background is beyond question. He graduated from the Bloomsburg State Normal School in 1887, from Dickinson College in 1895, and completed the course for the PhD at the University of Wooster in Ohio in 1902. He then studied at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he earned a PhD in psychology and education in 1904. Along the way he married Anna C. Moore in 1896.

He taught in the schools of Huntingdon, Perry and Juniata counties from 1884 to 1889. In 1889 he opened a school for teachers in Thompsettown. He served as the head of the Department of Mathematics at Methodism's Centenary Collegiate Institute in Hackettstown NJ from 1895 to 1898. Other positions include four years as the principal of the Newcastle (PA) High School, the first principal (1904) of the Technical High School in Harrisburg, and lengthy employment as faculty member, department head, and principal at the State Normal School in Genesco NY. He is the author of several early twentieth century publications including "Children's Thoughts, Reactions, and Feelings Toward Pet Dogs," "Examinations and Grading: an Historical Comparative, and Psychological Study," and "Dynamics of History."

Throughout his career, Fowler Bucke stayed in contact with his Methodist roots. While living in Genesco NY, he was ordained a local deacon by the Genesee Conference in 1922 and later a local elder. In the summer of 1926 he returned to his native state and offered his services to the Central Pennsylvania Conference. He subsequently served under appointment at follows.

- 1926-28 Rouzerville (beginning 12/3/1926)
- 1928-29 West Fairview & Summerdale
- 1929-32 Gatchellville

He retired to a home in New Buffalo, where he died September 14, 1941.

Brother #3 – Jacob

Jacob Edward Ambrose Bucke (1875-1961) was my father. In 1948, my brother Emory wrote an article concerning this dear gentleman. Because Emory is presently the Book Editor of the United Methodist Publishing House in Nashville, and is in his own right an editor, I feel it proper at this point to include his article in total. I shall resume my commentary with the discussion of our generation...

With full regard for practicality, and perhaps a slight deference to the oddity of such a long list of names gleaned from uncles who were favorites with his parents, Father always signed himself "J.E.A. Bucke."

His father was a schoolmaster, carpenter, and farmer, and died while Dad was still young, leaving a remarkable widow to bring up five sons and three daughters. After completing country school education and working hard on the farm, Dad set out to be educated for teaching and entered the Lock Haven Normal School. During Dad's schooling he worked at a shoe factory in Harrisburg and there joined the Methodist church which years later he was to serve. The pastor of that Harrisburg church who became Dad's first Methodist pastor was the Rev. Emory M. Stevens, the man for whom I am named.

After completing Lock Haven Normal School and Juniata College, Dad married Linnie Mae Coulter. She was the greatest human influence in his life. She was a cultured, thoroughly Victorian girl with a strong Lutheran tradition of churchmanship. Her beauty and her dignity were never made to suffer by lack of money nor by the hard work.

Dad was pretty poor at that point. He entered Drew University the year after they were married and went to school in the caboose of a freight train to save car fare. His brother-in-law made the necessary train reservations for that distinctive accommodation! Dad got a student appointment at Oldwick NJ, and his cash salary was \$225.00 per year. Mother did not allow herself to look poor or to invite the charitable interests of their better salaried parishioners. She presided over that parsonage, as she did over all that were to follow, with a loving dignity. While she was understanding of those who differed with her, she held tenaciously to her Pauline theology through the seventy years of her queenly life.

At Oldwick my sister Elizabeth was born. She now practices medicine in Wilmington DE – and carries on not only the physical dignity of Mother, but also her loving and devoted service to the Methodist Church.

After Drew days, Dad went to his first appointment in the Central Pennsylvania Conference. It was at Buckhorn, and the cash salary there was \$550.00 per year. It was Dad's only move where he doubled his salary.

When his abilities were recognized a bit later, he was sent to Sunbury to organize and build the Catawissa Avenue Church. It was there my brother Perry was born, and he is now the pastor of the First Methodist Church in Tyrone.

After Sunbury came Newberry Church in Williamsport – and I hold the record of being the only child born in that parsonage, for soon after my birth they built a new parsonage and a large educational unit for the church. Dad worked hard to raise that money, but by entertaining the Annual Conference and stirring up increased membership and activity, the church made great steps ahead even though we were in the midst of the first World War.

After one year at Hazleton, Dad was appointed by Bishop William F. McDowell to be superintendent of the Sunbury District. It was during this period that I began to understand Dad's shepherding. Sixty-six churches were visited regularly by my father, and I think that during those years I visited almost all of them with him. He was more important than a bishop in those quarterly conferences, although he never showed any signs of pontification. There were a

few men who did not like Dad – I remember how shocked I was to discover that one disgruntled preacher called him "Jake Bucke – Bishop McDowell's boot licker!"

Dad was a brother minister when he visited those churches, and he shared in their work as an interested party and not as a disinterested bystander. He was carrying at this time not only my sister's college and medical school bills, but Perry had also entered college. Yet because of Dad's insistence on tithing, he always found some way of making financial contributions to the needy churches on his district. Naturally in those travels I heard him preach the same sermon time and time again, but I always liked them – and when I first entered the pulpit to preach, I tried to use his sermon entitled "We Are Laborers Together With God."

After serving the Sunbury District, he was sent to Steven Memorial Church in Harrisburg. This was the church that he had joined while a shoe-factory worker thirty-two years before. It was a large church, and since it was in the middle of the depression years, there was no secretary or assistant minister to help. With 1700 members living throughout a wide city area, Dad carried on that work with endless energy. He called constantly, and when he stood up to preach he appeared as a shepherd who knew his sheep well.

I remember those sermons, for they were always timely discussions of eternal things. Two reasons account for his good sermons: he has always been a student, and he has always been a pastor. During his busiest years he always took time to go to summer school to "get freshened up." His study hours were never conventional, and he has not known what regular office hours are. He has always kept at his reading and has as large a library as perhaps any man in the ministry. Calling on his parishioners regularly, he has always known what people needed from his sermons. His copious notes have formed the basis of extemporary preaching, and while he has written full manuscripts only a few times, it would be hard to find much duplication in either subject matter or in stock phrases. I have seen him rise to eloquent heights of oratory, yet no one would call him an oratorical type of preacher. He always appeared as the local shepherd of the flock leading his people into fresh pastures of spiritual nourishment.

Shortly after Dickinson College gave him an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, I went with him when he was to preach at a neighboring church. Unknown to him, I carried the Dickinson diploma along to show the people. I was very proud of my father's new honor and wanted people to call him Dr. Bucke. I think Dad was proud, too, but he continued to have himself announced as J.A.E. Bucke! Since those days, whenever I heard a few ministers refer to themselves as Dr. So-and-So, I have come to understand why Father did not want to parade his dignity. We did get him dressed up with his hood several times, however, for he has been a popular baccalaureate preacher. My class elected him to give the sermon when we graduated from high school, and later other high school classes asked him to do the same thing. Lock Haven State Teachers College had him preach its baccalaureate sermon on both his fortieth and fiftieth graduation anniversaries from that school. I think he enjoyed wearing his hood on those occasions, but there are no signs on its velvet from

overexposure! Some people even call him "Uncle Jake," and you simply can't associate a D.D. with that.

After Stevens Memorial he went to a short pastorate at Lock Haven, and there two tragedies occurred: a disastrous flood swept the city, and Dad had his first serious illness. I left Boston University School of Theology for a semester to go home and be Dad's assistant. While my work as assistant pastor was official according to the Discipline, my salary was paid by my father.

From Lock Haven he went to Shamokin, and with his health completely restored he led in a tremendous task of defeating a terrible debt that had been depressing that church for many years. Mother became very ill after a few years, and they asked for a lighter appointment.

They were sent to Newport, and soon after their arrival Mother died. With every moment of his ministerial life shared with Mother, and a devotion that was unique to bind them heart to heart during all those years of service, it might have been natural for Dad to break down in his efforts to be a shepherd. The most glorious testimony to the power of the Christian faith that I think he has given to anybody has been the thoroughness of his devotion to the kingdom of God since that heart-breaking loss. He has done his weeping where it will not hurt others, and he has given of his best strength and devotion to his high calling as a shepherd.

Dad continued his pastorate at Newport until the age-law made his retirement necessary last spring. The constant obsession that had been his during all of his pastorates was to usher young people into Christian service. He cultivated friendships with a few wealthy people during his ministry and got their financial help in putting young people through college – even now a senior in one of our colleges is being helped by money Dad has raised in this way.

When the day came last spring when Dad was to retire, the usual custom was followed and the men who were to be granted that relation were presented to the conference for their valedictory address. Dad did not make a speech, but instead presented his boys in the ministry: twenty-two men, including his own two sons, made up that list. How many other men were inspired to give their lives to full-time service in the church because of his ministry I do not know, but in looking over the list of names known to my father I know of at least three additional Methodists who claim to be indebted to Dad for influencing their decisions to enter the ministry.

The way of the shepherd from Perry County has not always been glamorous. He has served on all of the major boards of his Annual Conference, and has been chairman of his Conference Board of Evangelism for the past eight years – but he has never been elected to the General Conference, thought of as a possible bishop, or in any way connected with the political upgrading within the Church. Honors have come to him, but the ones he likes best are those coming from the areas where he does his best work: the pastorate. He has taken a supply appointment now at Patton and still continues his shepherding. He will probably be embarrassed by this article and will write me one of his rare letters of "special admonition." But it is with an honest pride and a grateful heart that I thus present him.

I now resume my commentary with the discussion of our generation...

Alma Elizabeth Jane Bucke Miller (1901-[1983]). Since I am the oldest child in our family, I continue now about with just a word about myself and my husband Dr. Edgar Miller. It has been our good fortune to practice medicine in Wilmington DE for thirty years after having met in Dickinson College and then gone on to medical school together. The thirty years of medical practice in Wilmington prepared us for ten years of pioneer medicine in the little country of Nepal in southeast Asia.

With Dr. Robert and Dr. Bethel Fleming, we had the privilege of helping to start the Shanta Bhawan Hospital in Kathmandu in 1956. As we revisited Nepal in February of 1975, it was a truly thrilling and inspirational experience to see the results of 19 years of progress. So much had happened out of such a tiny beginning.

Actually anything that was done in Nepal in those early days of 1956 would be classified as a national first – first operating room, first x-ray machine, first hospital beds, first medical clinics, first blood transfusions, etc. And, of course, it was the first nurses' training school which was started in 1957. There were no nurses in Nepal then, except for missionary nurses. Now there are more than 300 Nepali young women who have been trained or are in the process of training to be nurses. A tremendous public health program has been set up, which started so simply in our village clinics where one village at a time would be immunized against smallpox, typhoid, cholera, and the like. So much progress has been made.

It was my sentimental husband, Edgar Miller, who was inspired to build a little house on the very foundation of the home where my father J.E.A. Bucke was born 100 years ago in November 1875. He likewise was inspired to build a protective covering over a delightful coldspring at the base of the mountain on the way to our mountain Ashram. Here again J.A.E. Bucke has been honored, as his name appears on a little brass plaque applied to the structure covering the spring – which the locals delight in calling "Jacob's Well." We are still a very definite part of Schoolhouse Corners down at Mount Patrick and are proud to be part of Buffalo Township.

David Perry Bucke (1907-[1993]). My brother's service in the Central Pennsylvania Conference may be summarized as follows.

1927	license, recommended by Harrisburg Stevens Memorial
1930	admitted on trial
1932	ordained deacon
1934	ordained elder
1929-31	Jeddo-Milnesville
1931-33	student, Drew Theological Seminary in Madison NJ
	1932-33 West Fairview-Summerdale
1933-37	Mercersburg
1937-42	Gettysburg

1942-47	York Grace
1947-53	Tyrone First
1953-59	Phillipsburg
1959-62	Berwick First
1962-67	Waynesboro
1967-71	York Asbury
1971-74	Millersburg First
1974	retired

This represents 44 years of pastoral service within the Conference. He married Amy McCallum in 1930.

Perry's most recent endeavor has been in his retirement years when he served our Liverpool United Methodist charge that included the churches of Salem and Reward. He came at a very important time in mid-year when our pastor, Mr. Beistline, was transferred to Mount Holly Springs. Here again in my big sister capacity I can state that he and his good wife Amy served most graciously and spiritually in these three churches, piling up many more delightful friendships. Indeed presently, very shortly after the death of his good wife Amy this past February, Perry went to bat again as an interim supply pastor on the Whiteland charge that includes St. James and Bethlehem United Methodist churches.

Emory Stevens Bucke (1913-[1987]). Emory married Barbara Burns, the daughter of Bishop Charles W. Burns, on November 5, 1938. He joined the New England Conference on trial in 1939 and went into full connection in 1941. His service record may be stated as follows.

1936-38	Winchester NH Federated Church
1938-42	Oxford MA
1942-44	Hyde Park MA
1944-53	editor, Zion's Herald
1953-56	field editor, Board of Publication
1956-	book editor, Board of Publication

He is listed in the 1966 *Who's Who in The Methodist Church*.

Emory's responsibilities and accomplishments for the General Church are many. He has served on the Joint Commission on Membership and Training Materials of the Church, and other important commissions on which the Book Editor traditionally serves. Since 1956 he has been a member of the Commission on Worship and the Curriculum Committee of the Board of Education, and he was made a member of the executive committee of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies in 1960. He is the editor of *Religion in Life* and of the *Discipline* for the denomination – 1956, 1960 and 1964 for the Methodist Church; and 1968 for the United Methodist Church. He was on the Hymnal Commission 1960-64 and is the general editor of the three volume *History of American Methodism* which was published in 1964.

As we have seen true for other members of our extended family, the influence of this man of God from Perry County has also extended across the

ocean. He was a delegate with Protestant groups going to Yugoslavia in 1947, and was a member of the executive committee of the American Christian Friends of Israel.

Uncle Ressler

Jacob Ressler Buck (1850-1945) married Esther Albright. Both the Buck[e] and Albright families were of German extraction and among the first settlers of Buck's Valley, having their lands surveyed there in 1772. After his marriage he had three children, all of whom accompanied him to Philadelphia, where he would spend the rest of his life.

But "Uncle Ressler" would visit his friends and relatives once every year until about 1939, when he was unable to make the trip. If his vacation could include the third Saturday in August, he was always the main speaker at the Buck's Church Sunday School Picnic which was always held in Deckard's Woods. This picnic was like a family reunion, since almost everyone in the valley was related. Long tables were set with delicious food, and any person from a distance need not worry about going hungry. There was food for everyone, and a good ball game finished the afternoon. This was followed by a supper of leftovers, and before dusk became apparent, people returned home to do their farm chores and feed the livestock and milk the cows.

In Philadelphia in 1906, he finished his masterpiece, a book called *Personal Memoirs of Religious Life*. It was published in 1907 by Daniel Miller of Reading PA. To quote a few passages from his book would tell you more about this righteous man than I could write in so many chapters.

When he joined the church, he says, "I do not remember my exact age, but as near as I can tell I was about eight years old. It was in Perry County. I yet well remember the place. God came to David when he was watching sheep. He came to me when I was driving my father's cattle home from the pasture field." Another paragraph states, "At the time there was a protracted meeting at Buck's Church in Buck's Valley. I had attended night after night, but had not thought of doing anything particularly good, until one evening before church time, I was sent on an errand to a neighbor's house. Here I met Isaiah Potter, the preacher in charge, and there he asked me if I did not think it would be well for me to seek the Lord. I began to think over the matter, and the more I thought it over, the more needful it seemed, until I resolved to make the attempt."

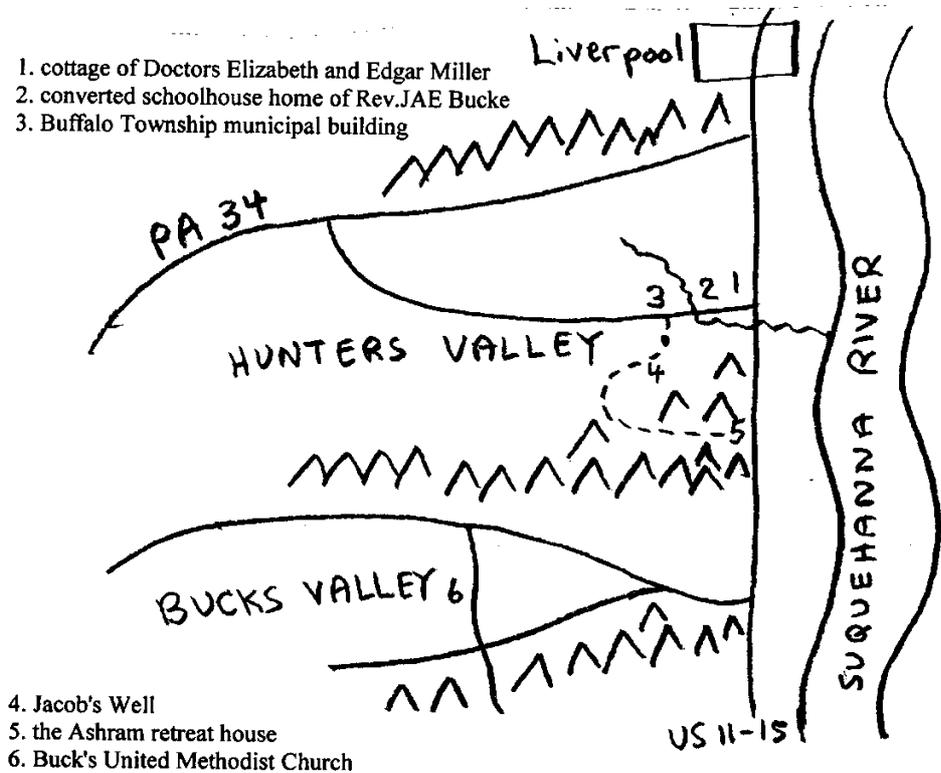
Another revealing quote from the book is the following. "I remember an instance in my experience which I take as a trial of my faith. It was in the year 1881. There was a subscription gotten out to pay off the debt on what is called the Hill United Brethren Church, on such conditions that it would be binding only provided there was enough money subscribed to pay off the debt. Now I had subscribed a small amount on that, and I had decided as to what I would pay on our own church – which amounts put together, I thought, made a pretty fair sum for one of my standing. Well, shortly after this, one of my best horses took sick

and died. Satan began to tempt me by telling me that I could not afford to pay all that I had intended to. But I reasoned. I had promised to do so, and my promise I had always considered very binding. But says Satan: *in the case of the Hill Church, there was not enough raised to pay the debt, and consequently that is not binding.* That was true, but then I perceived it was Satan tempting me, and I said: *no, I will pay every cent I had thought of paying, and trust the Lord for the balance."*

And so was the life of Jacob Ressler Buck, formerly of Perry County and a member of the United Brethren Church, Buck's appointment – now a resident of Philadelphia and a local preacher of the 29th Street Methodist Episcopal Church of that city.

Editor's Concluding remarks for *The Chronicle*

To the fine article of Elizabeth Bucke Miller, we add two appendices: a 2003 newspaper article about Harry C. Buck as the Father of Physical Education in India, and a 1900 newspaper article about the 29th Street Methodist Episcopal Church attended by Jacob Ressler Buck. It appears that the latter article describes a situation that took place while Uncle Ressler was a regular attendee at that church – but as to whether he may have been the vocal elder who precipitated the situation, we make no statement. These appendices speak for themselves and need no other introduction.



Appendix A. Article on Harry Crowe Buck from the April 17, 2003, edition of THE HINDU, India's National newspaper.

Pioneer of physical education

It was the dream, determination and dedication of an American, Harry Crowe Buck, which saw the setting up of the YMCA College of Physical Education in Chennai, in 1920. Hailed as the best in the South, the centre recently acquired the top-rating authorisation from the National Assessment and Accreditation Council of India.

Pics. by V. Ganesan



The Massey Hall at the YMCA, Nandanam

PHYSICAL EDUCATION as an integral part of the academic agenda was an anathema till the dawn of the last century. But what prompted its growth and transformed this negative school of thought was the success of the Olympic Movement in Europe, under the benign leadership of the French pedagogue, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who revived the Olympic Games at Athens in 1896. Almost a generation had rolled by before the concept of physical education percolated into India. Even then, when the National Council of YMCAs came up with the idea of imparting physical education with a well defined syllabus to students aspiring to teach sport and physical fitness as a professional science, the move met with predictable scepticism.

The whole exercise would have disintegrated but for the dream, determination and dedication of one man — Harry Crowe Buck. With the zeal that might have unnerved even a professional evangelist, H.C. Buck from Liverpool (Pennsylvania), United States, pursued his ideal of involving India in the new area of education, and the standing testimony of this American's dream and vision today is the sprawling YMCA College of Physical Education at Saidapet.

The trials and tribulations that Buck, supported commendably by his wife, Mary, had to go through before stabilising an institution wedded to the cause of physical education, underline a saga of efficiency, endeavour and enterprise. Though Buck's predecessors Dr. J. H. Carry, Dr. Gray and Dr. A. G. Noehren, (he served as the adviser on physical education to the then Madras Government) did some pioneering work in India, it was Buck (born on November 25, 1884), who really pushed the project into a reality.

With a student-strength of five, the YMCA School/College came on the scene in August 1920 at the YMCA Esplanade. The institution offered a one-year course and the practical training sessions in sports were conducted on the ground adjacent to the Fort Station. The

reference material for the students were books owned by Buck and Mary. There was no published syllabus either, but the idea caught the imagination of quite a few. Slowly, but steadily, things began falling into place. The need to expand became inevitable. The college moved to the more spacious area at the YMCA in Royapettah in 1927, where a thatched hut served as a lecture hall. However, Rev. Canon Coldsmith, "an unassuming and selfless missionary", allowed the use of his house built on a five-acre plot which enabled the authorities lay courts for volleyball, basketball and ball badminton along with an athletics track. Even a temporary boxing ring came up.

It was in 1932 that the institution acquired the label of a college and moved to the sylvan settings, skirting the Adyar River in Saidapet. The vast 63-acre venue grew in stature and became a landmark as the best physical education institution in the South, rivalling almost the more famous Lakshmibai College of Physical Education (LNCPE) at Gwalior. It was now possible for the YMCA to have separate grounds for football, hockey and cricket, apart from the arenas for minor games like basketball, volleyball and boxing. The full-fledged hostel facilities both for men and women not only attracted students from different parts of India but also from countries like Iran, Iraq, Burma, Ceylon and Siam.



The war years proved critical and the greater cause for concern was the deteriorating health of Buck, suspected to be suffering from leukaemia. And when life ebbed out of him on July 24, 1943, it signalled the end of an era. Buck was buried within the campus. Notes one chronicler, "The summer of 1943 came and went and despite his illness, Buck started the work of the year and went on apparently with the usual vigour, nobody ever suspecting his end was near. He had planned a staff meeting on the third Thursday of July 1943, but for the first time ever, he failed to keep a commitment."

Appendix B. Article on the Twenty-Ninth Street Church from the November 21, 1900, edition of New York City's THE EVENING TELEGRAM.

PRETTY CHOIR GIRLS FLIRTED, SAYS ELDER

Galaxy of Beauty in the Choir Loft Charged in Church
With Having Made Eyes at Church's Good Young Men

[Special dispatch to The Evening Telegram]

Philadelphia, Wednesday – Like many another Philadelphia place of worship, the Twenty-Ninth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, at Twenty-Ninth and York streets, has, or had, a choir composed chiefly of pretty young women from the congregation. Whether or not the church still has the choir is the question which is just at present agitating both pastor and members.

The choir was in its accustomed place last Sunday, but many there are in the congregation who will be surprised if each familiar choir face beams upon them next Sunday. The cause of it all is simply this:

The Twenty-Ninth Street Church has always prided itself upon the large number of young men who attended services – not now and then, but with creditable regularity. Last Sunday was no exception to the usual rule. The church was crowded and the services were nearly concluded when, like a veritable thunderclap from a clear sky, came the event which may prove the disruption of the choir.

One of the elders arose and, commanding silence, startled every one with an arraignment of the choir. He charged them with disrespect and misconduct, but he laid especial emphasis upon the statement that the young ladies in the choir had been guilty of flirting during services with young men in the congregation. He demanded that such actions must be stopped.

At the rebuke, whether merited or not, many heads in the choir were hung and blushes suffused the fair cheeks of the singers. The pastor, interrupted in the services, was so agitated he could scarce conclude the exercises. Members cast questioning glances at one another as they passed silently out.

No opportunity was given for an answer to the charge in the church building, but what was said outside amply made up for the enforced silence. The girls and young men indignantly denied the charges, while the elder and part of the congregation insisted that the charges were true and that the alleged misconduct has been going on for a long while, and that they were heartily glad the affair had reached a crisis.

The Rev. Joseph B. Graff, the pastor, when questioned, said that the charge had been made, but as to its truth he would not comment himself. "It is too delicate a subject to converse about," he said. "I have nothing whatever to say.

Several of the girls when asked about the occurrence blushed and smiled – and one pretty miss intimated something about "an old fogy." She would not say what was going to be done. So whether or not the choir will proffer its services on next Sunday remains to be seen.