

BIO- AND WORK BACKGROUND OF WALLACE H. LITTLE-Rev 12 May 2012

IN THE BEGINNING...

I was born at the Orange Memorial Hospital, in East Orange, New Jersey, on 14 June 1924...which means I ain't no "spring chicken."

I grew up during what is called now, "The Great Depression," so I have a close-up and personal acquaintance of what poverty means. We raised most of our food, in our garden and the chickens, ducks, and turkeys that provided us with our eggs and most of our meat. Our property was too small to handle raising hogs or cattle, so we have very little of that kind of meat. Dad had a job delivering mail in Morristown, and while the pay, though low, was at least steady. On weekends, he would often go out and look for pickup work, sometimes shoveling gravel with road crews to earn \$0.75 to \$1.00 per hour.

My mother was a registered nurse, but worked only when work was available, which was not steady. After World War Two, she told me she often thought she would be closing in on "Seventh Heaven if her wages ever got to \$1.00 an hour - - and when that did happen during the war, she said she saw no significant difference in purchasing power.

My father would dig up the garden as soon as the ground stopped freezing, plant it, then leave it to my sister, our four other brothers and me to take care of it. If spring was late, our meals became pretty skimpy. I can recall going to bed hungry more than once, and having a plate of boiled dry beans and two slices of bread for Sunday dinner. For our desserts, mostly, these were wild fruit we picked in season and my mother canned. One year, she canned 87 pints of blue berries. Wild fresh strawberries tasted so much better than the flat-tasting domestic variety we buy in stores today, but they were difficult to harvest in quantity.

Dad drove us to the nearest place of worship - - the Presbyterian Church in Morris Plains, New Jersey. He would sit in the car reading the newspaper while we were "in church." He and Mom were determined we would have religious training.

We had a family of eight (my youngest brother died at three days). My dad converted a closet into a very small bedroom for my sister putting a dormer on the roof to have a window. Mom and Dad slept in one of the two bedrooms, and us five boys in the other. At times, my parents took in neighbor's kids when their families were unable to feed them.

For me, and partly for my brothers, most of our clothes, including underwear, were hand-me-downs from others whose kids had outgrown them. When we were no longer able to use them, we passed them on to others. All the families in our general neighborhood in north Jersey were the same as we were, so we did not think much about "being poor." This was just normal for all. My mother made most of my sister's dresses out of chicken-feed sacks. I did not get my first pair of store-boughten clothes until my graduation from elementary school. I understand what real poverty is because I lived through it. Irrespective of the weather, we walked. Excepting for cold weather, boys wore shorts. In the winter, we wore knickers and long socks. My Mom knitted each of us a sweater annually as our Christmas gift.

Both my parents were believers in work. Each of us as kids had assignments. For the boys, it

was something in the house AND outside. For me, the outside was keeping the chicken house clean. If you have not cleaned a chicken coop, believe me, it is a job with which to call attention to yourself - - you end up stinking like chicken poop, and there is no other odor like it. Afterward, my Mom always stopped me outside the house, to disrobe before going in, depositing my dirty clothes in the wash tub, then taking a bath in the single bathroom we had.

We all had household tasks, but by the time I was 14, I was getting odd jobs for some cash payments. I worked on a milk route during the winter months, for a dollar a day. In the summers, I hitch-hiked to West Lebanon, New Hampshire, a 300 mile trip, and worked for my uncle who owned a bake shop. I worked five days a week for \$.50 cents per day for a 12 hours day, and found. I had to work Saturdays for 18 hours without pay to be allowed to work for pay during the regular work week. My uncle laid it out plainly - - "If you don't want to take the job, there are six other kids out there who want it. I'm giving you first shot at it because you are kin."

In my three summer seasons with him, I managed to save \$150.00.

Dad was a hard and strict disciplinarian. He had one basic rule, subdivided into three elements. The basic rule was do what he said, when he said to do it, the way he said to do it. He told me years later that he never minded having to say it twice as long as we didn't "object" to him whopping us while he was doing so. Dad used a straight razor, and sharpened it on a razor strop - - two wide belts in tandem. one was cord and the second was made of leather. So for a whopping, we got two swats for each stroke. Later when my youngest brother got fed up with that, he came home from school one afternoon, went to the bathroom, took Dad's razor and proceeded to cut the straps of the strop into pieces about a quarter of an inch square. When Dad got home, he did not blow his top. He handed my brother a paring knife with instructions to "go cut three lilac switches" from the large group we had growing at the entrance of our driveway. For those unfamiliar with lilac, it has the interesting characteristic that if it is not wholly unbendable, it is like a willow - - and would wrap itself around the leg of the kid being whipped. I know, I've "been there, had that done to me," too. Dad certainly knew that, too. He used all three switches on my brother, dropping one when the bark was coming off, and grabbing a replacement.

Dad was a stickler on respecting women. When I was six or seven - - somewhere along that "road," I smart-talked my Mom. I did it that once, and ONLY that ONCE! When Dad came home and found out about it, he used that razor strop on me till I thought he was trying to wear it out! This was the kind of weather when we still wore shorts to school - - and everyone, my friends, teachers, all, saw those red welts on my legs leading up to my butt for ten days. Guess what? I never, ever sassed my mother again! Or for that matter, any other women.

SCHOOL

Elementary school was in Mt. Tabor, NJ, - - half a mile from where we lived. Summer, winter, wet or dry, we walked. The students were divided into four rooms - - first and second grades in one, third and fourth grades in another, fifth and six grades in a third, and seventh and eighth in the fourth. Each room had a single teacher, and about 35-40 students, some for each class. The seventh and eighth teacher also served as principal. There were no substitutes for sickness, no special classes or facilities. Education was locally controlled and locally funded. Teachers performed to the local standards or were summarily fired. Guess what? I got a good elementary school education.

High school at Boonton, NJ, class of '42. Boonton High School was the first consolidated school I attended, as this money-saving phase in education was barely beginning. I do not recall how many

moved or otherwise left, and cannot recall what we had in the beginning as freshmen. My class graduated 187. I was ranked at number 37.

COMPLETE CHANGE OF LIFE-MILITARY SERVICE

I lived with my family at RFD Morris plains, New Jersey, until graduating at 18. On 7 December 1941, my life completely changed - - the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. My brothers and I, along with two friends - - Johnny Hoover and Martin Henes were out in our yard tossing around a football. When we came back into the house sometime shortly after 2:30 P.M., laughing and shouting as boys were wont to do, we saw him with his head almost plastered against the radio speaker. "Shut up! Shut up!" He growled.

When we did, we heard the scratchy short-wave radio voice saying over again, "The Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor! The Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor!" My life changed completely that day.

As with most of my class, we wanted June and graduation to come quickly. I turned 18 on 14 June 1942, graduated on 16 June, and the following day, took the train to the Newark, New Jersey Army Recruiting Office to get enlistment papers. I had to get the necessary supporting documents from school, persuade my parents - - my Mom resisted most, but finally gave in and signed when she realized I would be drafted anyway, but signing now she thought I might get a safer assignment. On the next Monday, I went back to Newark, and took the written test for application for flight training. Then on 6 July, along with three strangers, raised my right hand and swore to defend the US Constitution against all enemies, domestic or foreign.

I lived with that oath for my 28 years of service, including combat in World War Two and Vietnam. I missed Korea only because the Air Force had me on a classified directed-duty assignment in Germany, and refused to release me back to fighters until I completed the assignment. By then, the shooting in Korea had stopped. If it had not, as fighter pilot, needing only upgrade training, there is little doubt I'd have been in the Korean fur ball, too.

At the time I enlisted, there was no United States Air Force, so I left my father's house to join the United States Army on 6 July 1942. My high school class numbered 187, about 60% boys. With but three exception, all saw military service during World War Two (WWII). These were refused enlistment for medical reasons. I entered military service on 6 July 1942, at Camp Dix, near Trenton, NJ. There, went through basic infantry training. In sequence, September, I was transferred to Mitchell Field, Long Island, to Blytheville, Arkansas Army Air Corps field, to Nashville Air Corps Evaluation and Testing Center, then when I passed the series of tests there, to Maxwell Air Field, Montgomery, Alabama, for Preflight Training. Our preflight class numbered 147 or 148. When the remnants graduated, we were down to 51. The entrance figure was the results of the Darwinian process described below:

OFF WE GO,.....

In World War One, almost 40,000 applied for the [flight training] program, with 22,000 passing the very tough physical examination that became an enduring characteristic of the aviation cadet programs... Standards for the flying cadets were extraordinarily rigorous from the entrance exam to the flight line. An estimated 90 percent of applicants failed the physical or the entrance exams...Flight instruction was often conducted in a rigorous, almost brutal manner, with the average student expected to solo in 10 hours [later changed to 12 hours]...the standards were considered so high, only the most gifted could meet them...In March 1941...Graduating 30,000 pilots required 60,000

candidates and 300,000 applicants...in August 1941 the annual pilot requirement was estimated to be 85,236...When war began in December 1941, there were 16,733 cadets in flying training. One year later, there were 89,973, peaking at 109,000 two years later.-Walter J. Boyne.

In November of 1942, The United States Army Air Corps sent me to a series of schools for pilot training. First was to the Hawthorn School of Aviation in Orangeburg, South Carolina for Primary Flight where I learned how to fly the Boeing PT-17s. After one crash, I made it out, and was then sent on to Gunter Field, Montgomery, Alabama, for Basic Training in the Vultee BT-13s. Graduating from that, I was transferred to Spence Field Moultrie, Georgia, for Advanced Flight training in North American AT-6s. Graduating, while still 18, on 28 May 1943 (Class 43-E), rated a pilot and commissioned a second lieutenant, I was the youngest second balloon in the Army Air Corps at that time. Along with many of my classmates, I was dragooned into the Army Air Corps Training Command as a flight instructor back at Gunter, where I had taken my Basic training, while all the while craving for fighters. I was stuck as an instructor for nearly a year. That possibly saved my life, as teaching others whose flying was poor, you thought they were trying to kill you. That really taught me how to fly and live.

We wiggled out of that training assignment into fighters in May 1944, at Bartow, Florida, training in the best fighter in the world--the North American P-51 (Mustang). Hemingway wrote that "with fighter pilots, the plane in which 'you lose your virginity' is your love for life."

He was right!

In October of that year, we were sent overseas. En route through Puerto Rico, British Guiana, Brazil, Ascension Island, British West Africa, Egypt (today, Sudan), Southern Arabia, on to Karachi, India (now, Pakistan), flying P-40s across India to the upper end of Assam Valley in the shadow of "The Hump," then flying the P-40s over it ending up in Kunming, China. I was assigned to the 75th Fighter Squadron, 23rd Fighter Group, 14th Air Force, Major General Claire L. Chennault, Commanding. I flew my first combat with my unit on 14 December 1944. My base for much of my time in China was a hacked out airfield near a nondescript village named Chihkiang. I was promoted to first lieutenant on 1 April 1945. By this time, I was leading flights, and sometimes, small-ship missions.

Chennault was the leader of the American Volunteer Group (AVG, commonly known as the "Flying Tigers"). The 75th was one of the three military fighter squadrons formed out of the AVG when it was disbanded on 4 July 1942. Depending on which of my official records one checks, I flew 27, 47, 49 combat missions, or on stolen personal log, between 60 and 70 before the war ended. Records keeping was not high on our priority list of things to do, especially when the Japs kept kicking us out of bases, and we had to pack and leave in a hurry. On 1 September 1945, with five other pilots, I was chosen to fly escort the US Army generals officers to Shanghai, for the official surrender of the Japs military personnel in China the next day. My group - - the 23rd - - left China on 10 December 1945. Following a 28 day (+ one rough typhoon) Pacific crossing on the USS Alderamin (AK116), we arrived at Tacoma Washington on 6 January 1946. After three days "processing" in Northwest Ft. Lewis, those of us whose homes were in the same general area, traveled by train across the US to Camp Dix, where I had started nearly four years earlier. There I was offered the choice of, A)--- Remaining in, and getting an assignment to some US base, or B)---Immediate discharge, or C)--- accepting a reserve commission. A. and B. meant I had to remain in Dix for two weeks or longer (out processing was on a first-come, first served basis), while C. allowed me to depart for home immediately. My choice was easy.

I arrived at my parents home around 3:00 A.M. on 14 January 1946.

After working all summer for my future brother-in-law, I started college in Princeton University that September, in the class of 1950, and flying P-51s in the Reserve in Newark, New Jersey. Meanwhile, I and a friend with whom I had trained and fought went into unscheduled commercial flying together. It was great fun, but unfortunately, it didn't pay for the groceries and other necessities. Also, much of the year I was in school, so we eventually had to stop. However, while flying from Lake of the Ozarks, I met Carla M. Larimore. Finding out she was a great cook, I didn't want her to get away, so we married on 14 September 1948. Then back to school. Only somehow, she managed to get pregnant. We were having difficulty living on the GI bill allowance, and knew that would be impossible when the baby arrived. So we moved to St. Louis, and I got a job. She proceeded to bring forth our first-born, daughter: Angeline Christine, on 2 November 1949. During this period, I took another year of college work at Washington University, in St. Louis, Missouri.

While still in NJ, I had flown with the Air Force Reserve Unit (yes, after 14 September 1947, there now was an Air Force separate from the Army) in Newark, New Jersey. Following our move to St. Louis, there was no Reserve flying unit nearby. So I concentrated on professional education, completing the Air Tactical School and Command and Staff courses by correspondence. That was fortunate, as in May 1952, I was recalled from active Reserve to active duty. After being sent to Tyndall AFB, Panama City, FL, for training as an Aircraft Controller, I graduated in September of that year. The military put me on a ship for duty in Occupied Germany, and eventual assignment to the 601st AC&W Squadron, at Rothwesten, in West Germany, in the corner between the Russian and British/French Zones of Occupation, seven miles from the Russians. Primarily, our task was to keep our planes out of trouble with the Russian MIGs while ours were flying in Frankfurt-Berlin Air Corridor through the Russian Zone. For those familiar with the military situation at that time, our radio call sign was GUNPOST. While there, after eleven years as a first lieutenant, I was finally promoted to captain. Promotions were slow, slower, and slowest between the wars.

After several unsuccessful efforts to get back into fighters, two years later, I was transferred to Spangdahlem, Germany, near the Luxemburg border, to the 10th Reconnaissance Technical Squadron, as a cartographer (because of my earlier work experience in the Air Force Chart And Map Plant in St. Louis, Missouri. A year later, I finally wrangled my way to return to fighters when I rotated to the US in 1955. By this time, Carla had presented our daughter with two brothers.

Following jet upgrading at Craig Air Force Base, near Selma, Alabama, I trained in F-86D interceptors at Perrin AFB, close by Dennison, Texas. In May 1956, I was assigned to the 325th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron, at Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin. My duty was to stand alert, with planes ready to be airborne within less than 5 minutes after the horn went off, and of course, to train constantly for this. Just before we switched to F-102s, our unit flew the last intercept mission in the F-86D.

In Madison, I learned what winter really was, with temperatures that hit minus 40. It was also there I began having prolonged periods of intense dizziness as follow-ons from the first such while still at Perrin. After several years of that, I was permanently grounded 1960 for that, and deteriorating hearing. This broke my heart. Then it was called vestibularitis; today, it and its sister symptoms carry the identification of Meniere's disease. Years later, doctors learned that my affliction was the result of many years of excessive noise on military flight lines.

Flying fighters was my first love. But I also enjoyed living, and the Flight Surgeon told me I was a hazard to myself and everyone else in the air. While in F-86D Flight School, I met George McMillan. In a mere eight months, he convinced me the Bible demanded I be baptized for remission of sins to become a Christian. Carla was also baptized, a month later. Until I met George, I had never heard of such a thing as a church of Christ. I hadn't been a Christian for more than three months when George

was out in the boondocks arranging preaching invitations for me with small rural churches that could not afford a regular preacher. Thinking back, that anyone would call what I did then "preaching" was stretching the definition.

In the Madison city hospital, Carla also presented me with another son. Even though we wanted more children, the doctor said that was all - - Carla's health would not handle any more. So we began looking around to adopt children. Did you ever try to adopt when you already have natural children? It was a rather frustrating situation, as "don't call us, we'll call you," and of course, they never did.

By this time, I had been involved in aircraft maintenance as an additional duty. With my grounding, that became my primary duty. So, it was off to Rantoul, Illinois, and Chanute AFB for training there. At Rantoul, I met that human buzz saw, Ron Mosby, who twisted the arms of five of us - - me and four others that year, that we needed to get off the seat of our pants and begin preaching full-time instead of on a fill-in basis. Graduating in February 1960, in the depth of the worst Illinois winter in years, the Air Force put me on a plane for three years duty at Misawa Air Base, in northern Japan. The brethren there privileged me to preach for them during those years.

JAPAN, AND FURTHER INCREASING THE FAMILY SIZE

While there also, Carla and I were able to adopt two Korean war-orphans, half-sisters. The other children gladly accepted them as family. At Misawa, I was promoted to Major on 1 July 1961. In my three year tour in northern Japan, I learned what snow storms were all about. The Misawa air base got so much snow that the snow-goes piled it up so high along the runway edges that in most planes, you could not see over the pile-up to see the control tower. In one radar base we supported I flew into - - the runway was at the sea shore, but the base itself was 4,500 feet up the mountain looking toward Russia. A few nights before I flew there, a snow storm had dropped 14 feet of snow, and the tunnels dug to get out of the buildings were necessarily still in use. I've never seen snow like that, period!

BACK HOME IN THE USA-WILLIAMS AIR FORCE BASE, MESA, ARIZONA

March 1963 found us back in the USA, at Williams AFB, near Mesa, Arizona. As far as assignments in the USA are measured, that had to be the best one I enjoyed in my 28 years. My immediate superior, Lieutenant Colonel Stan Wilkinson, was the top boss I was privileged to serve under. However, `Nam heating up, the USAF had a program that if one volunteered to go to Vietnam, his family could continue living in on-base housing, enjoy all the facilities there, and when he finished his year, come back to the same base, be guaranteed the same or a better job, and not lose his place on the promotion list recommendation.

Because of my primary duty field, in my case, it was not a question of whether or not I would go to Vietnam, but only when and how often. Oh yes, by this time I had been preaching for about ten years, parallel to but not in conflict with my military duty. It seemed that each place I went, the brethren needed a preacher, and asked me to do it. I had learned by the stumble method. Fortunately, brethren were patient with me while I went through this "process." The South Mesa congregation that we had helped start had grown from the 16 of us who started it to 65 - - half by baptisms. My family and I were living in our own home and the church building (a converted private house) was right next door. Our situation could hardly have been more perfect.

We wanted to stay, the brethren wanted us to stay. We prayed for this. But since I knew I was going for duty in Vietnam sometime, and by now had only four more years to do to retire, I volunteered for Vietnam duty to get it over with. While everyone else was desperately volunteering for every place else, and got `Nam, I, who had volunteered to go there, ended up on orders to the Philippines.

CLARK AIR BASE, ANGELES CITY, PHILIPINES

At 1600 on 6 July 1966 when I stepped off the plane at Clark Air Base near Angeles City, in my heart, I asked: "Lord, what do You have in mind for me here?"

Well, He showed me.

When my family was able to join me there, we established a congregation separate from the institutional brethren because these refused to allow any serious study on these divisive issues so wracking God's people then. Our action managed to get us written up in the (OTHER) GOSPEL ADVOCATE and the (UN)FIRM FOUNDATION, as "disfellowshipped for `anti-ism' in one case, and dividing a congregation in the other. For a few months, we managed to be on the receiving end of some (???) criticism, even by those who in the US worshipped with conservative churches ("Wally, we're so small here; don't make waves; don't rock the boat, and make us even smaller.)

Carla met and brought from Olongapo, bro. and sis. Castorio F. and Rosie Gamit, and their children. Castorio was a Filipino who had endured much at the hands of the American institutional brethren running the Philippine Bible College, in Baguio. This included an effort to put him in jail because he refused to bow down the knee to Baal, er, the Philippine Bible College (PBC) officials. Castorio was also the first Filipino preacher opposed to institutionalism to be supported from US brethren. That financial help was from bro. Homer Hailey.

With the Gammits safely ensconced in Angeles City, and all of us worshipping in their home now, he and I (sometimes with, sometimes without our families), began street-corner preaching two to four nights a week. From the contacts we made, after I was transferred to Vietnam in 1968, Castorio had many private teaching sessions with those we met in our street-corner preaching. Many of these had come to Clark for temporary jobs, and afterward, returned to their homes elsewhere -- and did so following the pattern of Acts 8:04. Castorio's wife Rosie later told me he often had two and three Bible studies a day. By November, 1971 Castorio had baptized 264 of these temporary workers. How many more he baptized will only be known in Judgment, as he kept no further records when his first pocket notebook was filled, and he had lost the second.

VIETNAM

I did get my year in Vietnam after my Philippine duty was over. Also while at Clark, I had six or seven periods of Temporary Detached Duty (TDY) to Vietnam. One for a 28-day period that began just three days after Tet 68 ended. It was an eye-opener. I saw personally the media's hypocrisy. The reporters and newspapers were lying through their teeth to help the political liberals get us out of the war, even to the extent of demeaning those of us who got shot at there and betraying to the Communists all the South Vietnam people who had helped us.

So, in July 1968, I was sent to Vietnam, and had the "pleasure" of being shot at without being able to shoot back. Deliver me from politicians who put us in a war, then won't let us win it! While

there, I was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. Returning to the US in July 1969, and reporting to my new assignment as Chief of Maintenance at Kelly AFB, San Antonio, Texas, one September morning, I received a call from Personnel: I was to report there and sign my papers "for voluntary retirement." What? I hadn't put in for retirement. But it seems that under pressure from a liberal Democrat-controlled Congress, Mr. Nixon had "volunteered me" for it. So on 31 March 1970, I bid my last farewell to military service. On 31 March 1970, nearly 28 years since I raised my right hand, I was now a civilian again.

My wife said, "OK, you're out of the military, now get the military out of you!" Unfortunately, she had to put up with the fact that her demand could not be accomplished. My thinking would not change - - it would be military, period!

RETIRED

We moved to Marshall, in East Texas, and helped start a congregation there. I preached for it from its beginning until June of 1975.

While in Marshall, my wife and I had opportunity to adopt three more Korean sisters, also war-orphans - - their parents both dead. They were all sisters, lovely children, and we were so very happy to get them. By December 1971, we were the parents of nine kids - - a real house full. Fortunately, by this time, our oldest daughter had married, and our oldest son would do so soon. Even with them gone, we still had a rather full house.

In 1973, I began returning to the Philippines each time I could raise the funds - - usually yearly - - preaching there mostly to preachers, to help them upgrade their capability. Actually, there were some there who could teach me...and did, in their own fashion. In 1975, we left Marshall, and picked up the local work in Peru, Indiana, staying there until 1978, when we moved to Ft. Smith, Arkansas. Trouble in that congregation convinced me to move again that September when the brethren refused to mark those who had divided that local church. We moved to Corinth, MS, preaching there for several years with the Meeks Street church.

In December 1985, I had a severe heart attack, followed by a 4-vessel bypass. For a couple of years, the cardiologist didn't want me to preach - - until I learned something about stress management and recovered from my heart problems. I had been in excellent health prior to my heart attack, so he concluded it was from stress. He judged that for me, preaching was stressful. I wonder how he knew? While not allowed to preach, I managed to teach privately, and write a number of books, two of which were published by CASTLE BOOKS, Inc., of Memphis, Tennessee. These had to do with my experiences in China in WWII.

I also continued helping in the Philippine work as best I could. Then in 1989, moved to Ft. Walton Beach, FL, where I lived until 2003. preaching for the Northside church there until the summer of 1993. At that point, I resigned from local work permanently. I finally realized I could not do justice to local preaching demands and simultaneously, properly do the work in the Philippines. I had long wanted to get into the Philippine work on a full-time basis, and looking at the old guy staring back at me in the mirror when I shaved each morning, figured if I didn't do it soon, it would be too late. By then I was 68. My wife's and my plan was to move to the Philippines but Carla's health was too poor to permit this. So I began rotating between the US and the Philippines once or twice yearly, for three to four months' there, teaching young preacher-students. Since Carla could not go with me, she told all who asked that her contribution to my work was not only would she not object to me going, but urged me to do so as long as my health permitted and I could be useful. A guy could not ask

for better support than that.

I had found that my previous Philippine activity - - before my heart attack - - of traveling all over that nation, holding lectureships for older preachers, was now too exhausting. As the cardiologist had told me, "Your git-up-and-do done got-up-and went." So I began using a house in the outskirts of Manila, and inviting young Christian men who wanted to spend their lives serving God in preaching to come live with me for three months at a time, and get a compact education in the basics they would need. Below is a list of the class subjects, and the class hours spent in each:

		Subjects Hours	
Subjects	Hours	Subjects	Hours
Acts Of The Apostles	40.0	Bible Authority	20.0
Bible Fellowship	6.0	Bible History	12.0
Bible Law	10.0	Christian Evidences	15.0
Church History	12.0	Ecclesiastes	10.0
Genesis	20.0	God's Promise	10.0
Gospel of John	45.0	Greek Usage	40.0
Hermeneutics	20.0	Homiletics	48.0
Mind Of Christ	20.0	Music/Song Leading	60.0
Nature Of The Church	15.0	Personal Evangelism	8.0
Philippine Culture And Christian Values	8.0	Philippine Law and Preaching	6.0
Scriptural Giving-Basis	2.0	Survey of the Old Testament	6.0
Topical subjects	10.0		
Total:	375.0		

We have dropped Acts, combining it with Hermeneutics, and reduced our time from 10 to 8 weeks. We could do this as Philippine schools through high school, teach English, and our students have become more qualified in this than earlier students.

Additionally, when teacher available, we add Luke 15.0

Occasionally, we change some subjects, depending on teacher availability.

Grand total: 390.0

Several Filipino and American preachers help in this work. Additionally, I try to hold two or three lectureships for older preachers each time I am in that nation. As of 1998, I began cutting back to one trip yearly, which is about as much as I can now handle, physically and financially. I plan, with God's willingness, to continue this for several more years, then when I am no longer physically to handle the work, hang it up. I may go there once a year for a while after, for a month or six weeks, to help out, but I will be a helper, not a director. Even with that reduced schedule, I expect to remain busy. Several years ago, twelve of us, preachers, elders, members, decided to do what we could on an organized basis to help Filipino brethren with medical needs beyond their financial ability. We established the PHILIPPINE RELIEF FUND (PRF) as an IRS tax-exempt organization. I am one of the founding directors and the secretary. We can accept contributions only from individuals, and can give an income tax deduction the same as received one for a congregational contribution.

Any who want to help in this can send checks to our Treasurer, bro. John D. Young, Jr., 554

Underwood Road, Marshall, TX; 75672. Make all checks to: PHILIPPINE RELIEF FUND. We will send you a certificate authorizing your contribution as a federal income tax deduction in the calendar year in which you make that contribution. If any want further information, on my background or on the PRF, please contact me. My postal service address is; Wallace H. Little; 532 Underwood Road, Marshall, TX; 75672-4250; My Phone number is: 903-934-9608, and Email is: wh.little1924@gmail.com.

SUNSET

Stay tuned.

In Christ: Dad/Wally (Wallace H. Little) whlittle24@hughes.net
