



NEWSLETTER #66

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## How About Some Good Old War Stories?

A few weeks ago, after our regular Monday night workout, someone brought up the subject of Kenpo being used for what it's intended for – Self Defense – and some good stories started coming forth. Then someone suggested that there should be an IKCA Newsletter devoted to such stories. Being as how I'm always looking for subject matter, I thought, "Why not?" That sounds like fun, so here we are about to embark upon such an endeavor.

Some of these stories have been kicking around for quite some time and you just might be familiar with a couple of them, while others might be brand new to you. To protect the innocent (or maybe the guilty), I'm not going to mention anyone by name. It will just be this young man, or lady, or kid, or even elderly gentleman or lady, although there won't be many of those, with one exception that comes to mind right away, so I might as well start with that one.

### **West Los Angeles, Sometime in the Eighties**

It seems that an elderly gentleman, rather diminutive in stature, was driving his Cadillac, coming back to work from lunch, when he inadvertently drove onto a construction site, which confused him because he thought he knew where he was but somehow took a wrong turn and now his wheels were hub-cap deep in mud. This dismayed the gentleman very much because his Cadillac -- and keeping it in mint condition -- was a source of pride to him, and now it was getting all mucked up.

While he was trying to figure out how to get out of this mess, a very large man wearing a hard hat and a scowl approached his car and began yelling and cursing at the elderly gentleman in the Cadillac, "What the f--- are you doin' here, who the f--- do you think you are? Get the f--- outta here before I kick yer little Jew ass for ya."

To say the gentleman in the Cadillac was stunned would be an understatement. The yelling and cussing alone was uncalled for, but the anti-Semitic slur was clearly over the line. As the gentleman attempted to explain that he was trying his best to get out of there, the large man in the hard hat rushed to his side of the car and reached for the door handle. He snatched the door open and reached into the car to drag the gentleman out but wasn't quick enough because the little man scooted across the bench seat and got out of the car on the other side.

Well, that only served to further enrage the man in the hardhat, so he came running around the front of the car and was winding up his right fist for a haymaker that started in Pacific Palisades, came through Santa Monica and was going to be delivered to the chin of the little man in West Los Angeles, but a funny thing happened on it's way there. The little man executed a perfect Extended Outward Kenpo Block which stopped the blow cold.

In describing the encounter later, the executer of the block said, "I don't really remember blow for blow what I did after the block, but when I stopped, it was only because the big guy was face down in the mud and not moving." He continued, "I do remember there being a lot of kicking involved but my knuckles didn't feel too good either, so I must have used them too, but then I *did* get the f--- outta there".

Ahh, but that's only the first part of the story. It seems that someone else was present and saw at least part of the encounter, and that person also happened to get the license number of the Cadillac on the site.

So, it was some time later that day that our rather diminutive and mature Kenpo practitioner was in his office going over some paperwork for an upcoming transaction that his secretary in the outer office buzzed him on his intercom, announcing that there were two Los Angeles policemen there to see him.

His first thoughts were that these two law enforcement gentlemen might have need of his services, so when they entered his office, he asked them how he could be of help to them. That's when one of them asked him his name, which he told them, then he asked him if he owned a Cadillac automobile license number X XXX XXX. And he said he did. But it still had not occurred to him as to why he was being asked these questions. This is when one of the cops said, "You want to tell us why you put that construction guy in the hospital today?" at which time he thought to himself, 'Oh my God, I put the guy in the hospital?!' --- But what he said was, "What are you talking about --- what guy --- what hospital?"

At that time, in retelling the story, the man said, "That's when I stood up behind my desk, all five feet, five inches of me and looked almost straight up into the eyes of the two giant cops standing in front of me and said, again, 'What guy... what hospital... what are you talking about?' "

It was about then that he could see the confusion on their faces when one of the cops turned to the other and says, "We got the wrong guy Ralph, there ain't no way this guy put that guy in the hospital." Then they apologized for taking his time and left. He said, "I shook for five minutes after they were gone."

The statute of limitations certainly disqualifies this case from being prosecuted, but I still won't mention any names.

## **Another One of My Favorite Stories**

This story involves a young woman who was, at the time, a Black Belt. She wasn't a kid when this happened. She was a mature woman, not nearly as mature as the man in the last story, but at least all grown up.

She was scheduled to give a demonstration in Practical Self Defense for Women at a Women in Business meeting that evening and started thinking about what kind of clothing she should wear for her demonstration. She decided that because these women would no doubt be dressed in business attire, it would only be proper for her to also be wearing business attire; a gi or workout clothing wouldn't be appropriate. Her thinking was that these women wouldn't be able to relate to what she was going to show them if they couldn't relate to her, and if she was dressed to fight and they weren't, her credibility could be in jeopardy. So instead of a warm-up suit or a Karate gi, she wore a silk blouse, skirt and heels.

The demonstration went off as expected. She impressed the women and more than likely got some business for her studio out of it, and then it was time to leave.

She arrived alone so she left alone, and she said that she broke one of her own cardinal rules on her way to her car: she didn't observe her surroundings as perceptively as she should have, and there was someone there to take advantage of her lack of personal precautions.

Here's her description of the following events: "I blew it when I didn't check my personal environment and was busy trying to maintain an armload of materials that I hand out at these events and was looking through my purse for my car keys, when suddenly and without warning I was grabbed in what can only be described as a rear bear hug. It startled me and his grip was very tight, a lot more so than how we practice in the dojo, and he immediately started trying to take me to the ground." She continued, "That's when I dropped into my stance, which stabilized my base and then he couldn't budge me. I had only one arm free and had no immediate targets, so I improvised. I grabbed a handful of hair and pulled his head forward into the upper portion of my car. It must have startled him because after the third time or so, he let go and backed off. Once I was free of his grip and had some room to maneuver, I did a spinning heel kick which caught him right at about the solar plexus and I guess with my high heeled shoe making the penetration, it must have. He literally bolted away from me and slammed into a brick wall, smashing his head into it, knocking himself out and leaving a blood trail down the

bricks as he slid down into a sitting position, at which time I took off to summon the police.

When we returned he was gone.

In telling me this story, the part I remember the most is what came after the story was finished. She asked me, "You know what bothers me about this whole thing?" I couldn't even imagine, so she told me. She said, "I hate spinning heel kicks. I never do spinning heel kicks, so why in the world did I do a spinning heel kick?"

My answer was simple – "Because that was the best weapon you had at that exact moment, at that precise distance and in that particular situation. Because if it hadn't been, you would have done whatever it was that would have been better.

Don't try to over-think the situation, just do what you've been trained to do and you'll be fine every time.

## Here's a Real Oldie

How old, you ask? Well, let's just say this happened when I was still a white belt and that's just about the time that Gutenberg invented the printing press, so that'll give you some idea.

Actually, it was sometime around 1960 and Ed Parker was still the only Black Belt holder in the United States in Kenpo, so that will give you a real reference point.

This story involves another white belt at the time, and I'll tell you up front that it doesn't end up nearly as well as the past two stories. I really feel that over-thinking the situation was at least partly to blame.

This all happened during Easter vacation of that year down on Balboa Island, a section of Newport Beach, California. For several years, the high school and college kids that could afford it converged upon that area en masse for the Easter vacation blowout. And that usually lasts until the locals and the police have had enough and put restrictions on the kids, which makes it impossible for them to continue going there to party that hardy. When that happens, the kids seem to feel they need to find someplace new and that seems to happen every few years in Southern California.

One evening during that week of fun and frolic, not all of which was either fun or frolic, there was a fight. In all probability, there were many fights but we're only concerned with this particular one. One of my Kenpo classmates and his younger brother, who was also into Kenpo but still in the beginner's class, were on Balboa Island doing their thing when they came across a fight in progress. In reality it wasn't as much a fight as one guy sitting on the chest of another guy beating his face into hamburger. You get the picture? All right, and this is the moment our Kenpo guy decides to be the hero and stop this obvious mismatch.

Now don't get too upset by what he did and start screaming, "What the hell's the matter with him?" He was actually a smart kid but not very worldly wise, because he came up behind the guy sitting on the chest of the other guy and he tapped him on the shoulder and said, "You need to stop than now", at which time the guy sitting on the other guy's chest swung a mighty back fist and hit our guy flush in the face, driving the glasses he was wearing up into his eye sockets, giving him two of the worst shiners I've personally ever seen.

But our guy accomplished what he set out to do: he got the guy off the kid he was beating on. The only problem is that he now started to beat on our guy, who was blinded because of his glasses being pushed into his eyes so far they almost popped them out of their sockets and he couldn't breathe very well because of the blood closing his throat from his broken nose. But he prevailed. He got into his stance and began to maneuver around, unfortunately what he hadn't noticed was the low slung chain from one post to another, keeping people from getting too close to the Balboa Bay. When he backed up, the chain prevented his legs from moving any further but his upper body was already in motion, therefore propelling his upper body into the Bay, which his lower body naturally followed. This keeps getting better and better, doesn't it?

Okay, so I guess you've figured out by now that our guy was totally outmatched, outgunned, outwitted and as of now, soaking wet and collecting sand with every step he took once he climbed out of the water, but thank God for the Newport Beach Police who arrived in the nick of time.

I don't know what happened after the police got involved, but I did ask his kid brother why he didn't jump in and help his brother out. He told me he was sure his brother was gonna kick that guy's ass and when he realized that he wasn't, it was too late, that's when the cops came.

Here again, this isn't quite the end of the story. After this portion of the story was told, I remember my classmate with the two black eyes saying, "You know, at one point when we were on the ground, I looked up and realized that I had a perfect shot at the guy's eyes but I just couldn't poke a man in the eye on purpose." I couldn't believe my ears.

I heard years later that my classmate had become a doctor. I guess maybe you have to have those kinds of moral principles toward mankind to become a doctor because as for me, I'd have poked so far into that guy's eyes they'd have been picking my fingernail fragments out of his brain for two days. But then again, I'm sure I'd never have been in that situation in the first place – who the hell walks up behind a guy who's beating the crap out of someone and taps him on the shoulder and says, "You need to stop that now"? If you do that, you deserve what you get.

## He Who Strikes First -Usually- Strikes Last

Who was it that said that? I think it was me. If I didn't originate it, I must admit, I certainly do subscribe to it. I can do a full hour on the Preemptive Strike, which is what? Striking first! And if I remember correctly, there's already an article on that very subject that I wrote some time ago in one of our past Newsletters.

This happened to a close friend of mine. He was managing a nightclub up in Hollywood. This wasn't a dive; this was a nice place with good entertainment and all. It was all class but not all of the patrons were. They never are.

That's the problem with a nightclub; it's just a high class bar which is in essence just another name for a saloon, which draws what? Drunks! And any time you have people getting plastered, you've got the potential for trouble.

My friend was well-aware of the potential for problems, having been in that business for many, many years, but he usually had enough hired muscle around that he personally never had to get into the thick of it. Except this one time.

There were a couple of guys in the place one night that he had to ask to tone it down; they were making a lot of noise which was disturbing the other patrons. Sometime afterwards, one of the guys approached my friend and informed him that they were gonna get him when the place closed. Well, my friend had heard that several times in the past but it had never come to fruition. They were all empty threats. Except for this time.

Closing time came and all of the work that's involved with actually closing and securing the place for the night was finished and finally my friend was able to leave, and guess who was waiting for him. You got it, the two guys who promised to put the hurt on him. They had positioned themselves where he couldn't avoid them. The back door had self-locked and getting it back open was not an option, when one of the guys said, "We told ya, we were gonna git ya", at which time my friend began walking straight forward. He walked straight up to them and without breaking his stride proceeded to kick the guy facing him in the groin which caused him to leave his feet and literally fly away from my friend. Then, because of the surprise of the attack, he caught the other guy off guard and delivered a perfect back fist to the center of the guy's face causing him to splay across the hood of the car he was standing next to and slide off the fender on the other side.

The first guy, after being flung back five or more feet, landed square on his butt, but bounced back onto his feet as if his keester was made of rubber and was running away with the speed of a jaguar when his buddy not only caught up with him but actually passed him by, and they both disappeared around the corner, never to be seen again.

In the meantime another employee had exited the building and observed what had happened. He yelled, "Hey boss, you need any help?" My friend looked around and

said, “Nope, I guess not.” And to my knowledge this was the first and only time he ever needed to use his Kenpo. He’s now out of the bar business, so it will more than likely remain the only time he’ll ever need to use it.

Again, there’s an epilogue to this story. When my friend came to the next class, he told me of the incident, but he had a question. He said that the first guy had positioned himself just perfectly for the kick to the groin and the second guy had placed himself in just the right place and distance for the back fist to the face. He said they couldn’t have been more perfectly placed if he had put them there himself – but – what if they wouldn’t have been so perfectly placed? What would he have done then?

My answer was, “You would have done something else and they would have been perfectly placed for that, and then you’d be asking me, what if they hadn’t been in *that* position.” We’ve already worked out all of the “what-ifs” for you before that situation arose, so it was just a matter of doing the right thing when the time came.

## **And Then There Was Bill**

I can use Bill’s name because I can’t even remember his last name and he was only a student for about a year and this also happened back in the sixties.

Bill was a nice man, a gentle man, a man who would never have an occasion to use whatever we might have taught him. He just wouldn’t ever have been in a situation where he’d need it. But then, there’s always the unforeseen, something no one could predict, least of all Bill.

It happened at a New Year’s Eve party. Bill ran into an old friend at the party and they began reliving old times. Bill told me that this friend of his was without a doubt the baddest guy he had ever known and he just loved to fight. Bill said that on more than one occasion, he witnessed him clear out a bar single-handedly. He said this guy kicked ass and took names and he had a lot of names.

Bill, on the other hand, was far less talented Kenpo-wise than he was enthusiastic. Bill loved the art but never aspired to high rank or any rank. Bill instinctively knew that it was beyond his capabilities but he loved just being there. He was a very intelligent man with a highly responsible job, but that had nothing to do with the martial arts.

Sometime during the evening before the partygoers had a chance to get drunk, Bill’s friend approached him and said, “Hey Bill, I hear you’re taking Karate now, is that so?” Bill said that it was true and began telling his friend how much he was enjoying it. Eventually his friend said, “So show me something.” Bill said he laughed and told his friend that he wasn’t good enough to show anyone anything, but he added that if he was interested, his friend should come down to the Studio and watch some of the kids there, he said they’ll blow your mind, you’d really enjoy it. Bill thought that was the end of it. But it wasn’t.

Throughout the evening, his friend kept insisting that Bill show him something and Bill kept insisting that he had nothing to show him. Actually, Bill could have shown him things but he didn't have the confidence, so he opted not to. But his friend wasn't buying it and kept needling him. Still, Bill was still backing down but then made what he called one of the worst mistakes of his life. His friend, who by now was lit up from the booze, began to dance around and throw jabs at Bill's face, saying, "So what are ya gonna do against somethin' like this, huh... you better do something".

Bill said his big mistake was saying, "Well I can't, I'm afraid I might hurt you". Bill told me that as soon as the words left his mouth he knew he had made a big mistake. "You're gonna hurt me?!!! You think you can hurt me?" his friend said. He was laughing so hard he could hardly catch his breath and Bill was trying to explain that he didn't think he could hurt him, what he meant was that when the guys freestyle they control their punches and kicks, but because his friend didn't know anything about that kind of activity, he might hurt himself or something. Bill said even as he was saying it he knew he was getting deeper in trouble. Because by now his friend had become belligerent and let him know that he better do something or he was going to beat the crap out of him.

Bill said, "Now the guy is coming too close for comfort and I saw an opening, so just to keep him away I did a straight punch to his face, just to show him that I could, but unfortunately he didn't react the way the guys in the Studio do, and he got punched in the nose which began bleeding right away." He said, "Now the guy is furious and comes charging at me, so I just side-stepped him and he ran into a bunch of furniture and stuff, tripping and falling all over himself, and getting even madder, if that was possible, and back he came like a bull, so I side stepped him again and this time gave him a little shove. That's when he put his head through a window and they packed him off to the emergency room."

Bill said he never saw his friend again, but he did talk to him on the phone the next day and his former friend asked Bill why he beat the tar out of him. Bill said that he told him that he did it to himself but doesn't think he believed him. Bill also said that he was surprised at how slow his friend seemed to move. "It seemed like he was moving in slow motion," Bill said. Of course he did. You see, by now Bill was accustomed to seeing the kids in the dojo move. Too bad his friend had never seen them.

## **How About a Good Beginner's Story**

I didn't get much of the back-story about how or why this fight got started, but I did get a kick out of the end.

It seems that one of our beginning students, and I do mean beginning students, this man had been to class exactly six times. His basics were beginning to take shape and he was just starting on the Yellow belt techniques when he got into a hassle on his way home from class that night.



Vic is always saying "what you do in class is what you'll do on the street", so take heed, if you're not doing it right in class, the chances are that you won't do it right on the street. But if your practice is perfect, it will be reflected on the street, and that must be true, at least in this instance because when the chips were down and our new student needed to do something, he did exactly what he had been practicing in class that evening. He did our Yellow Belt Technique Delayed Sword and he dropped the guy who was about to drop him. It caused a commotion and the cops were called. As they were interviewing witnesses and the principals involved, it came out that our student was studying a martial art and the cops interviewing him said that made a big difference because he was a trained fighter and that he could be in trouble, even though the witnesses said that the other guy started it.

That's when our guy told them that he wasn't a trained fighter and that he had been involved in the martial arts for less than two months. He said the cops were skeptical so he got his gi out of the car and showed them that his gi pants were tucked under and stapled to make the pants shorter, because his wife hadn't had the time to hem them properly. The cops went away laughing. What martial artist works out in gi pants that are stapled to make them fit?

The point is that he did what he knew, and practically all he knew was Delayed Sword, but he knew the elements that went into it and he knew them well enough to be able to pull it off.

## **That's a Nice Bike You Got There Too Bad You Ain't Gonna Be Able to Keep It**

Sometimes you have to wonder what's going on in some people's heads. Like the time one of our ranking Black Belts was out riding his bike and he stopped in a liquor store to buy a snack and a soft drink to stoke up for the ride home when these three guys and one girl on bikes came along and complimented him on his ride.

First off I need to physically describe the gentleman who has been our student for over the past almost thirty years. He's big. No, he's huge. No, he's *really* huge. This man is six feet seven inches tall and well over 250 pounds with the fastest hands I have ever witnessed for a man his size, and the speed only adds to his power. But when he heard the statement about not being able to keep his bike, he thought for sure that the next thing that was going to happen was that a weapon or weapons were going to appear, but they didn't. Because of the way two of his assailants were positioned, he said that without thinking or even needing to, he launched into "Dragons in a Wedge" and it worked as if he was doing it in a demonstration. He said it couldn't have gone off any better. As far as the third guy and the girl were concerned, our man says they both just stood there with their mouths hanging open and their eyes bugged out, as he rode his bike away.

Not much to that story. When it's done right, it's done right.

## I Got a Gun and You Better Move, Sucka'

This happened in South Central Los Angeles some time back. This particular young Kenpoist was going to the corner grocery store for some sodas for his kids on a sunny and hot summer day.

In his neighborhood, it was not unusual to find a group of youths hanging out on a street corner with nothing better to do. On such a fine day and on this day, they were out in force on that corner.

Our Kenpoist made it past them without incident, but it could be easily predicted that he might not be so lucky on his way out. And he wasn't.

They had congregated just around the corner on the sidewalk and blocked his passage. They also surrounded him, blocking any way back out. That's when the self-appointed leader stepped up and with his mouth barely inches from the face of our Kenpoist, he asked him, "I hear you been studyin' Karate, that right?" Our Kenpoist said, "Ah, yeah, a little bit." A declaration that could easily be taken as the understatement of the decade, because our Kenpoist was, at that time, a Champion many times over in Tournament Competition.

The leader of the pack then asked a question that sent chills down the spine of our Kenpoist. He said, "Lemme' ask you somethin', how does Karate work against a gun?" The gun part being the chilling part for our Kenpoist because he had, not too long before this incident, served in Viet Nam and had intimate knowledge of the effects of guns on the human anatomy.

His answer was, "Only thing I know works against a gun is another gun – 'scuse me" and then he tried to pass the leader, who continued blocking his passage. "Reason I ask", said the leader, "is that I got a gun and you better move, sucka." At which time he reached behind himself with his right hand, but he never had time to get whatever it was that might, or might not have been there. It was at that moment our Kenpoist made his first move which was to take out the leader's two front teeth and break another in half, splitting him open from under his nose to his chin with a punch that came up directly from his side where his arm was hanging.

What followed was a whirlwind of movement and blows that literally took out the remainder of the crowd. Our Kenpoist told me, "Chuck, all I could see was targets and I hit as many of 'em as I could as quickly as I could and when I saw an opening, I got the hell outta there."

It was later learned that three of the people needed emergency medical treatment, one man with the two missing teeth, one for broken ribs and one for a large facial laceration. The story at the emergency room was that when the doctor who was sewing up the man with the split from his nose to his chin asked him what kind of blunt object he was hit with, he couldn't believe it when the man said it was a fist. The doctor thought it must

have been a baseball bat or some other object to inflict such damage. He asked the man with the facial laceration what caused his injury and he said, "Same guy's fist." And the doctor was once again amazed, but he could only laugh when the third guy said the same guy's foot that caved in his ribs. The doctor is reputed to have said, "That must be one hell of a guy."

It was also learned later that there was no gun, they were just funnin' him. Some fun! But our Kenpoist said, "I kept feeling people grabbin' at me." And one of the guys that was there later told him, "We were tryin' to stop you, man, but you took everybody out too quick. You even hit one guy with a bottle of soda when he ran away."

Our Kenpoist said, "Yeah, I was one bottle short when I got home. I thought I dropped it." "Naw, you threw it, man," the guy told him.

Our Kenpoist then asked him a pertinent question, "Are they mad at me?" The guy who was there said, "No man, but we're still lookin' for the dude who told us to do it."

## Now It's My Turn

I've only had the need for Kenpo once in my life – so far. I'm still waiting for the fat lady to sing.

My turn came in a rather unorthodox manner. My car had a dead battery and I needed a jump, so I got out my jumper cables and strung them from my wife's car to mine under our carport. I hooked them up to my wife's car first then to my car. No problem. Not exactly. It seems that I switched the positive for the negative and the negative for the positive when I hooked the cables onto my battery.

Do you know what happens when you switch the cables? Neither did I, but I do now. The cables explode into flame and the rubber insulation begins to burn and melt instantaneously. You know immediately not to grab the handles or the cable because you're gonna get burned no matter how fast you think you are. The problem is that the flames grow rapidly and with the possibility of the fuel catching fire, then the car, followed by the carport, then the house which is attached to the carport, the situation grows grim in a matter of milliseconds and you instinctively realize that you've got to get at least one of those clamps off the battery, **NOW!** There was nothing handy to hit the cable with, so I had to rely on what I had at the moment – **ME.**

So without further thought, I delivered a round house kick directly to the cable handle with my leather western boot, kicking it off the battery terminal, at which time the fire almost immediately stopped. Tricky kick because I had to clear the fender, get over the radiator, angle down into the engine compartment and hit the clamp with the right amount of power to dislodge it. Fortunately for me, I owned a sports car which sits a little lower than an American sedan, otherwise I'd have had to jump up and kick, which at that moment wouldn't have been a challenge at all. Amazing what a little adrenaline will do. Once again, Kenpo comes to the rescue and saves the day.

## **If You Liked These and Would Like to See Your Stories Here, Send Them to Me and I'll Print Them – If They're Printable**

his was fun. I've never gotten through a Newsletter so quickly. I usually work on the IKCA Newsletter for the better part of a month – on and off. This one took a day and a half. Once I got started, it was hard to stop. And these were stories that were told to me by the people involved, so I can only imagine how many more third-party stories there are that could make their way here. So, if you've got a good one, send it to me.





# PROMOTIONS



We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your promotion. We know what kind of dedication and perseverance it requires to earn rank in the Martial Arts and we wish to pay our sincerest respects to you for having shown what it takes to appear on this list.

Maricella Fraijo	Fresno, CA, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Marco Palacio	Anaheim, CA, USA	<b>BROWN BELT</b>
Cobe Jephtha	Cape Town, South Africa	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Timothy Lotter	Cape Town, South Africa	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Brett Correia	Cape Town, South Africa	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Brian Wermter	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>BROWN BELT</b>
Fred Croniser	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>GREEN BELT</b>
Brayden Poste	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>BLUE BELT</b>
Ikia Cummings	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>PURPLE BELT</b>
Nikolas Hughes	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>PURPLE BELT</b>
Dawson Green	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>PURPLE BELT</b>
Heather Doolen	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Harry Roberts	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Kenneth Roberts	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Willard Roberts	Woodgate, NY, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Eric J. Rodriquez	Edinburg, TX, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
David R. Garza	Edinburg, TX, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Robert A. Rivera	Edinburg, TX, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Francisco J. Espinosa	Edinburg, TX, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Israel Gonzalez	Santa Clara, CA, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Hipolito Escribano	Vass, NC, USA	<b>PURPLE BELT</b>
Dave Williams	Vass, NC, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Gabe Dominguez	Vass, NC, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Jeffery A. Howard	Vass, NC, USA	<b>BROWN BELT</b>
Herb Starlin	Las Vegas, NV, USA	<b>BLUE BELT</b>
Andre Goran	Norman, OK, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Amy Johnson	Green Valley, AZ, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Jason Boyette	California City, CA, USA	<b>BLUE BELT</b>
Danny Niegel	California City, CA, USA	<b>BLUE BELT</b>
Angie Piegaia	Montrose, CO, USA	<b>ORANGE BELT</b>
Justin Piopongco	Redondo Beach, CA, USA	<b>BLUE BELT</b>
Joy Ferguson	Redondo Beach, CA, USA	<b>YELLOW BELT</b>
Brian Ferguson	Redondo Beach, CA, USA	<b>YELLOW BELT</b>
Amanda Alvarez	Redondo Beach, CA, USA	<b>1st Degree Black Belt</b>

Tim Beers  
Jared Nitzschner  
Peter Michael Holck Olsen  
Lynn Lane  
Frank Smith  
Andrew Croniser  
Jose Vincente Gonzalez  
Nathan Murphree  
Frederick Croniser  
Oscar (Buddy) Palmer

Benecia, CA, USA  
Redondo Beach, CA, USA  
Copenhagen, DEN  
Vass, NC, USA  
Cleveland, TN, USA  
Woodgate, NY, USA  
Santa Clara, CA, USA  
O'Fallon, MO, USA  
Woodgate, NY, USA  
Hudson, FL, USA

**6th Degree Black Belt**  
**1st Degree Black Belt**  
**1st Degree Black Belt**  
**3rd Degree Black Belt**  
**2nd Degree Black Belt**  
**5th Degree Black Belt**  
**1st Degree Black Belt**  
**4th Degree Black Belt**  
**1st Degree Black Belt**  
**5th Degree Black Belt**

