



*Stories From
the Dojo*

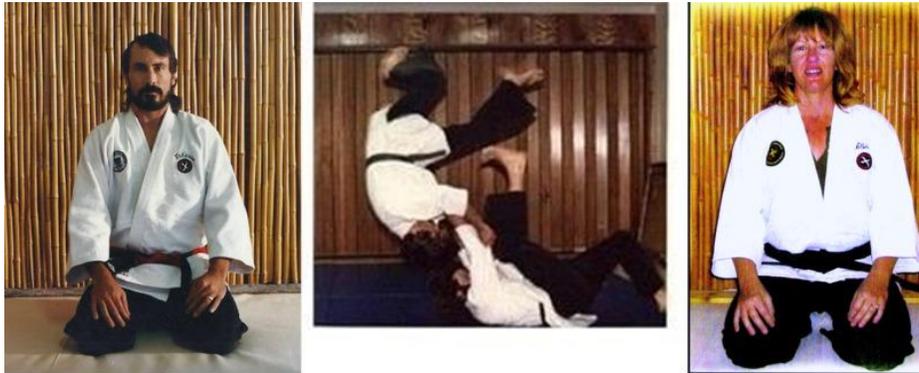
Martial Art Stories, Memories,
Myth and Lessons

Professor Bob Karnes

Stories from the Dojo

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Professor Bob Karnes



Dedication

To all the People who inspired me to be a better person – which is still a work in progress. Family and extended DanZan Ryu (DZR) family, thank you. Mental health coworkers - I do not know how you do it! Massage and martial art teachers you are the best!

This book is in no way a historical account of DanZan Ryu. It is just traditional oral and written stories passed down to us from our teachers. For historical DZR I study the writings from Prof. Dave Martin, Prof. Robert McKean, and Prof. George Arrington.

To DanZan Ryu organizations I owe you so much.

To my past lady partners who helped me fund my participation in national conventions, various Dojo openings, and exams. You understood my crazy martial arts addiction and you are wonderful. And yes, you were right. I had my priorities all screwed up.

Now... Ginny Kitzke my first Sensei thank you.

Professor Herb LaGue, Shodai, my adoptive Sensei who is most responsible for my martial art and healing art skills. You make the world a better and more mysterious adventure! Most of all I owe you.

Professor George Kirby, thank you for sharing your knowledge and suggestions to make this book more readable. Thanks for entrusting your Brown Belt to me, although he is too big to break, and also for the many great Jujitsu books.

To all Bushidokan Federation Professors, Sensei's, black belts and students thank you. especially Professor Bohm and Professor Steve McLaughlin. This is all your fault!

Alicia Karnes, Sandan My wife and co-Sensei Homeless I would be
Sad I would be without you Lucky I am
That you stole me Away from living in the attic
at the Dojo
Then you moved me to Germany!

Professor Bob Karnes June 2018

In memory of our friend and teacher Burkhard "Bogie" Bohm

These words are so true our heart is broken too. Bob and Alicia



My very good friend of the last 43 years has passed away. Burkhard Bohm, was a cultured, educated, intelligent, and meaningful person. An excellent father with accomplished and wonderful children, a husband to an amazing wife Debi Laport whose support cannot be appreciated by us enough. A couple others should emulate.



...Bogi, studied jujitsu as if his life depended on it. Learning all of DanZan Ryu jujitsu to it's philosophical and martial depths. His dojo The Feather River Kodokan established in 1998 was one of well-known repute with excellent students.



As a Professor of DanZan Ryu Jujitsu, his sound advice, alternate points of view were always invaluable. We could always trust what Bogi said and felt.

...His GeoHydrology business was helpful to the planet and the people. His hand-built home was just an example of the paradise he created for his family.



My deepest feelings of sympathy and support go to his wife Debi and their children.

...We could only hope to live a life as good as his.
...my heart is broken.
Professor Steve McLaughlin



“For each of them, the most important thing in living was to reach out and touch perfection in that which they most love to do, and that was to fly.” (Richard Bach, 2006, 43)

“Your whole body, from wingtip to wingtip," Jonathan would say, other times, "is nothing more than your thought itself, in a form you can see. Break the chains of your thought, and you break the chains of your body, too.” Richard Bach

Dedication

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Introduction

by Professor Bob Karnes

Only through the traditional teacher-student relationship can the essence and subtleties of these DanZan Ryu (DZR) arts be transmitted

The goal of this book is to put some of the Dojo's and the Ryu's oral histories and object lessons into writing. This will consolidate some stories and benefit our newer DanZan Ryu instructors so that they may learn more about our Ryu's history. I have also included stories about my journey through the DZR system and my use of these martial art practical applications of the gentle side of the martial arts in the workplace. Some of these stories are called Kuden, or oral traditions passed from Sensei to student. This was a teaching device with the desired effect of encouraging wonderment and whetting the appetites of the students to endure the training and the tough times ahead in life.

What can these stories teach?

These stories are often anecdotal examples that can inspire students to continue to study these arts. These stories inspired many of us to stay on this sometimes painful and frustrating path. This "Path with heart" is moving towards the unattainable perfection of character and for personal positive self-development. Combining our stories with movies like Star Wars, The Matrix, and TV series like Kung Fu back in the 1970s, will give the instructor other examples of the days lessons to help the students relate to a philosophical point or application of a martial art technique. See index for more recommended books and movies.

Are these stories true?

My intention is not to claim historical authenticity but to share my fascination found within first, second and third hand accounts of interesting people doing extraordinary things. These sometimes-amazing events may or may not have happened exactly as told or as remembered.

What is the goal of our martial art system?

The student's and the teacher's goal should be to make progress in completion of their character. Students study, stay or leave our training for many reasons. The Goal for the students can be to work towards becoming a better person and a better martial artist. A few attaining a level of Senior Black Belt Instructor hope to one day surpass their teachers in compassion and knowledge so that they may pass on the Ryu to others.

What additional studies are needed to move closer to complete one's character.

The instructor and their students are encouraged to study the humanities. A basic understanding of Western psychology, physiology, philosophy, East Asian history, healing arts and East Asian philosophy can add depth and perspective to any study of martial arts, helping us to be a more knowledgeable student and instructor. Western CPR, basic first aid and traditional DZR restorative massage and resuscitation arts are sometimes a requirement. As stated in the esoteric principles "Do not disdain or regard lightly either literary or military art; each is important and deserves equal cultivation and respect".

Why should we be ethical and moral?

As one of my teachers once said: "Jujitsu without morality is just so much bad wrestling." Professor Estes used to say about love: "Love is like a hole in the ground, the more you give away the more you have." The more we serve others the more good things we receive. Our teachers trusted us to not compromise our personal ethics or our traditional martial art. Our work is not for financial gain, but to preserve the Ryu and to keep the Dojo open and self-sustaining. It is our duty to make ourselves better people and to make our world a better place.

About These Martial Arts Stories

There are many different recollections and some of these stories are third, second or first-person accounts that may or may not have happened. In my experience, stories like these have provided much enjoyment and many higher lessons. Although students study for many different reasons, for some students the study of traditional martial arts is for a lifetime and not just a hobby or a commodity that you can casually purchase.

My goal is to be sensitive to the feelings and concerns of the people involved and their teachers who are no longer physically with us. I will remain available to private messages; if these stories are inaccurate or if you have stories that you want to be included, please let me know!

Experience in Healing Arts

I began studying DanZan Ryu in 1982. I currently have over 35 years' experience teaching and studying the comprehensive healing arts of Japanese Restorative Massage in the Professor Bud Estes, Prof. Herb LaGue, and the LaRoy Wilson lineage. With Higher Black Belt responsibility comes intensive studies in Seifukujitsu of DanZan Ryu. I obtained a city license in massage in the city of Reno, Nevada from 1986 to 2017. I performed massage as a business, and I worked in several Reno hotels' health clubs as well as in several corporate massage companies. I currently hold a Nevada State Massage Therapy license and I do Restorative / Golden Sage Massage at a US Army Garrison fitness center in Germany.

Experience in Martial Arts

I returned to live in Reno, Nevada in 1981, and started working in the state locked adult psychiatric ward as a mental health technician. I needed to learn self-defense to survive the violent job. I looked in the newspaper for a Jujitsu class. I signed up at the Sparks Recreation center and went to my first class with Ginny Kitzke, Sensei Ikkyu (1st Brown Belt), in 1982. Our small school moved a few times before I transferred to Herb LaGue, Sensei at the Sparks Judo and Jujitsu School, which is now the Bushidokan Dojo. This was in 1985 at the rank of Nikyu (2nd Brown Belt). I was given the rank of Shodan (1st Black Belt) in a promotion with around six other Bushidokan Shodans in 1987.

I was a co-Sensei with Suki LaGue, Sensei at the Bushidokan, and I have also opened three other schools: one in Montana, one in Cold Springs, Nevada, and one in Wiesbaden, Germany.

I have used the healing arts and martial arts of DanZan Ryu Zenyo Bujutsu in my many jobs, as a mental health therapist, working with the developmentally disabled, teenage boot camp worker, maximum security forensic technician, events security guard, bar bouncer, and in my work as a massage therapist.

I was given the rank of Godan 5th degree black belt the title of Shihan with the AJJF. I currently hold the rank of Hachidan 8th degree black belt and the title of Professor with the Bushidokan Federation in the art of DanZan Ryu Zenyo Bujutsu, under Professor Herb LaGue, Shodai.



Bob and Alicia Karnes
Feather River Camp



Live Blade demo Ginny Kitzke, Sensei
Bob as a green belt



Bob and Alicia Dojo Wedding

Beginning Martial Arts Experiences

My First (and Only) Grade School Fight

One day I made some smart-ass comment to a red-haired kid on the schoolyard. The next day his friend grabbed me in a full nelson, pinning my arms from behind. The red-haired kid stood in front of me and said, "You started it and I'm finishing it!" With that, he punched me in the nose. I went to my friend and next-door neighbor Ralph Rocco to ask what I should do. Ralph told me to be tough and not to take shit from anyone and he gave me some fighting strategies. The next time that I saw the red-haired kid I told him to fight me after school in a vacant lot. I took the kid down to his back while pinning his arms to the ground with my knees. I punched him in the face over and over. I won! A week or so later a very confident red-haired kid must have gotten some fighting tips. He said, "Let's fight! I am going to beat you up this time!" I remember making up some excuse and made a hurried cowardly retreat. I was no Ralph Rocco. I retreated to be the smaller kid with a big mouth trying not to get beat up.

Cowboy Throw

I was still in grade school and was wrestling around with a friend in his backyard when I suddenly remembered the “cowboy throw” I’d seen while watching cowboy shows on TV with my dad. I put my foot in my friend’s stomach, fell to my back, and flipped him over my head and onto his back. Luckily, he only got the wind knocked out of him. I felt then, as I do now, that it was a dangerous and stupid thing to do. After that he was no longer my friend. Our lives could have changed forever if he had landed on his head.

The Smaller Overcoming the Stronger

We moved to Reno, Nevada and I was in junior High school. My older big brother was visiting us. He was a Vietnam vet and was then an Orange County sheriff deputy. We were wrestling around on the living room floor in front of our mom. I was on my hands and knees and he put me into a half nelson hold from the rear.

My next move was a reflex that came from the only junior high school wrestling class that I attended. The counter is to squeeze your captured arm into your body, then tuck your head and roll forward onto your back. This move flipped my brother over onto his back with me, the little skinny kid, on top of him. My mom laughed and luckily so did my big brother. Mom said my eyes were wide open in surprise by what I had just done to my big brother, and fear of what might happen next!

My First Time in a Martial Arts Dojo

I first visited Sparks Judo and Jujitsu (now the Bushidokan Martial Arts Temple) in 1970 with a high school friend. I stood outside looking at this old two story red wooden building with Japanese-style lettering on it. As we walked upstairs I saw glowing planets and stars hanging from the black light- lit ceiling in the stairway. On the mat there were three groups of people. It was in between class times and two students were doing hand escape arts, two others were throwing each other, and one person was sitting on the mat writing in a notebook. The single student that caught my attention was the person writing in the notebook. I thought, this must be a special martial art that was worth taking notes for. The school at that time was focused on hard core Judo and Jujitsu with metaphysical studies, as well as studies in older traditional healing arts. It would not be until 10 years later that I would reenter this school

My Introduction to East Asian Art and Philosophy

In 1971 I returned to Los Angeles, California to live with my Dad. After several years working at a Cadillac dealership as a lot boy and then as an office runner. Before moving back to Reno, Nevada I moved in with my uncle Charles. He was the oddball loner in the family. He was a grumpy guy who argued with the news on TV. He painted houses when he needed to make a few bucks for food and beer. He lived on the property behind my

great grandma’s house in a crudely converted old garage. I think Charles was a veteran in the US Army from WWII in Guam. He used the GI bill and was taking some college classes when he discovered the cultures of Japan and China. He spent hours practicing a single sumi-e brush stroke on stacks of old newspaper. His “house” had a large black ink painting of a traveling monk that he painted with quick, minimalist strokes. He had a bamboo Zen garden outside his sliding shoji rear wall to his back yard. His heating was a wood burning small garbage can hanging from the ceiling to a chimney. He had simple furniture and a bookshelf with one natural dark knotty branch, that looked like it had grown there, holding up the shelf on one end. He lived and ate simply. In the sparsely lit room he told me about the art and philosophy of Zen. I loved how art and philosophy was joined together.

Mental Health Job

How I Started Working in the Mental Health Field

I moved back home to Reno, Nevada in 1980. During the drive home to have a fresh start at life my 1972 Chevy Impala, that contained all my possessions, caught fire. I was starting over at the age of 24 living back at home with my Mom with the clothes on my back and a slightly burnt up acoustic guitar. I found a job at a warehouse for minimum wage. I heard about CETA, a state job placement office, and went to apply. The lady told me that my mom made too much money for me to qualify for job placement assistance. She told me that she could not help me. She then quietly slipped me a piece of paper with the number of the charge nurse at the state mental health geriatric psychiatric unit. After a job interview, RN Judy Grayer encouraged me to apply. Back then there was only a high school graduation requirement for a Mental Health Technician position. My motive was my financial security and the stability of a state job.

Beginning My Life as a Mental Health Technician (MHT)

I was following my mother's practical advice and had found a state job with benefits. The locked geriatric mental health unit was small, with around 15 patients and four staff members per day shift. I was gradually exposed to different types of mental illness. As a staff member we needed gentleness and calm verbal de-escalation skills. We needed self-awareness so as not to get bitten, hit or get our eyes gouged. The patients were confused, and they could become angry or frightened at any moment. We were also responsible for taking care of their physical needs, like toileting, dressing and bathing, of the adult patients with varying cognitive challenges.

I learned from these patients that anyone, at any time, can become dependent on the gentleness of others. Anyone could develop a mental illness, a disease, old age, or a car wreck and we would require a safe place for treatment. This could happen to anyone. The question the psych nurses would ask us was "how would you want your mother or brother treated"? After a month at this unit I was asked to fill in for a staff member on the locked ICU adult psychiatric unit for a few hours. I was given a set of keys and I was told to stay in the day room and that if staff were in trouble to respond to that area. The day room was just like in the movie *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. In the day room (the common room) there was a large metal coffee pot with caffeinated coffee, ash trays on every table with an electric cigarette lighter on the wall. The nurses station was separated from the day room with Plexiglas. I was only needed there for a couple of times. Later this unit moved to a newer, north-south winged building. I asked to be transferred to work at the locked intensive care adult mental health unit one year later.

On the unit the MHTs were the eyes, ears, and muscle when needed. There was no organized training or in-service classes for this job at that time. If there was a skilled MHT available, you might follow him/her around the unit. More often you were just given a set of keys and it was left up to you whether to ask questions or yell for help. If you survived the first day and came back for your next shift you would have a job as a Mental Health Tech for the state facility. MHTs were responsible for security on and off the unit.

The MHT escorted clients to meals and different activities and drove them to offsite recreational activities and to doctor appointments. The MHTs were responsible for the cleanup of blood and other bodily fluids, taking vital signs, and assisting with nursing procedures. The MHTs sat with the clients in the day room, engaging them in conversation, and watched for changes in behavior. The MHTs would notify other staff and the psych nurse if the client needed to be evaluated for medication as needed. I witnessed a female patient who was regularly in four-point restraints and locked in the seclusion room for up to two weeks until her medication were regulated, and she was safe to be released. I was involved in taking down to the ground violently acting out clients, holding them down for intramuscular injections of medications, restraining them, or escorting them to time out or locked seclusion. My beginner's martial art skills saved me and others many times without harming the patients.

Boredom and Terror

Work there was fun, very frustrating, entertaining, rewarding and hopefully uneventful. We went from watching Jeopardy on tv one moment with the clients to running to the rescue of staff or a client. We could go from being assaulted to calling the paramedics and restraining a client who was cutting her arm up.

This is an overview of what it was like working on a locked adult psychiatric unit in the years 1981 to 1990. The morning meeting was held at 6am. At this meeting we were told what kind of evening the patients and staff had, what new admissions had arrived, and what special watches certain patients were on. Special watches consisted of suicide watch, assault watch, and medical watch. After a report from the previous shift our day staff would go on the unit. The mental health techs (MHTs) would wake up the patients and escort them into the day room while locking their bedrooms. Next was escorting the clients to breakfast in the dining room. After breakfast we would escort them to the day room for the morning meeting. In the early days we sat in big chairs in a big circle. We did the same thing with up to 30 patients on 8 South and the 30 patients on the other unit, 8 North. Up to 15 of our 30 patients were unable or unwilling to participate in the morning meeting.

The morning meeting was a good way to gauge the mood of the unit and to allow the higher-functioning patients to verbalize their requests or concerns.

During the 1980s we did not have head counts or many group activities. We were often catching our breath in between the many verbal and physical interventions needed to keep everyone safe. The medication given at this time to the most violent or psychotic patients slowed the violence down, but the medication had dangerous side effects for the long-term health of the patients. As the medication improved, the over-reliance on mostly large male MHTs was scaled back and smaller male and female MHTs were hired.

MHTs were encouraged to fill the large amount of time when the patients were not either in recreation (RT) groups led by the licensed recreational therapist, in individual meetings with the treatment team, or in the weekly meetings with the psychiatrist. Although untrained, the MHTs were encouraged to lead exercise groups, bingo, and other recreation activities. Our heroes were the online LPN and RN nurses. We all worked together, as the MHTs worked under the license of the nurses. They were the buffer between the expectations of front office management and the realities of front-line application of the front office administrators mandates. The MHTs and the front-line nurses were responsible for the safety of the patients and the staff. This had to be maintained to carry out patient treatment goals and to remain compliant with state regulations to keep the hospital open. The addition of mental health group homes and the drop-in center was a great addition to stopping the revolving door of chronic readmissions for many patients in future years.

Combining Martial Arts Training with My Mental Health Job

I realized that I needed training in self-defense a day or so after I started working at the mental health institution. I had forgotten about my visit to the martial arts school ten years before, but I remembered the word Jujitsu. I needed to learn self-defense to survive my violent job, so I looked in the newspaper and found an ad for a Jujitsu class. I signed up in 1982 at the Sparks Recreation center with a martial art school called Yama Arashi Majo. I was the first student that had signed up without first watching a class. I went to my first class with Ginny Kitzke, Sensei - Ikkyu (1st Brown Belt), who was teaching DanZan Ryu Jujitsu, a hybrid, mostly Japanese martial arts system created in Hawaii in the 1930s. Ginny was a former girlfriend and student of the Head of the Sparks Judo and Jujitsu School in Sparks, Nevada, Herb LaGue, Sensei.

Take down Class on the ICU Unit

In 1983 we had started one of our first take down classes in the nurse's office overseeing the day room. We had a staff member on the ground, getting ready to put him in restraints when a large client picked up a heavy chair and threw it at the Plexiglas window. The chair and the window survived, but the take down class was hurriedly moved to the day room to secure the violent patient. We held the class in private after that when we had enough staff coverage.

The Glass Door Psychiatric Sweep

I was watching an agitated patient at the admissions building. The soon-to- be-admitted patient tried to run out the door. He did not see or did not know that the glass doors were locked. He bounced backwards off the doors into my arms (a rear basket hold). I did a double foot sweep (Okuri Harai) from the rear (a new variation for me) and slowly lowered him down to the ground.

Ashtray Takedown

Back when I worked on the unit, people often smoked hourly. Smokers without cigarettes would sometimes smoke discarded butts found in the big plastic ashtrays. A patient was smoking a butt when I approached him holding an ash tray and asked him to put the cigarette butt out. He flicked the lit butt into my face and before he could follow up his attack, I closed the distance between us and did a gentle heel trip to the rear. The next moment, he was lying unhurt on the ground and I was standing, still holding the un- spilled ashtray.

Caught Overreacting

We were clearing the bedrooms on the locked adult ICU unit when an angry elderly man flung the heavy metal bedroom door open, making a loud echoing bang that startling me. At the time I was a newly-promoted green belt in DZR. I gave a yell and adopted a defensive martial arts cat stance. My boss Tom, a MHT4, started laughing, saying, "Bob! Don't kung fu that poor old man!"

DZR Founders' Stories Master Okazaki,

Founder of DanZan Ryu of the Kodenkan

From www.graeagle.com

See index for more Okazaki bio links

DanZan Ryu JuJitsu was founded by Master Okazaki in the 1920's in the Hawaiian Islands and is one of the most comprehensive and most widely taught styles of JuJitsu in the United States, while gaining in popularity on the international level. Revered for its comprehensive and well thought out training curriculum encouraging developing one's personal style, it includes not only all the pertinent elements of an effective self-defense system, but also a complete system of resuscitation, massage and healing arts.

The Rodent

As a student, LaRoy Wilson was hanging out with Professor Okazaki in the Professor's backyard. LaRoy saw a large rodent and shouted, "Prof., look at that!" The professor did a Kiai and the rodent rolled over dead. Professor Okazaki said, "Time for a luau!" (a Hawaiian feast).

Doctor Okazaki

While gathering stories about Professor Okazaki from the older Hawaiians that remembered him the visiting professors discovered interesting information about Professor Okazaki. One interesting story was about a professor who was corrected on Professor Okazaki's title by an old-timer: "He was DOCTOR Okazaki!" Many old-timers had been patients at the Okazaki Nikkyo Sanatorium, which was his healing arts facility, and they did not know him as a martial arts master.

An elderly man from Hawaii said, Doctor Okazaki would poke his two fingers into a banana tree!" It was said that Professor Okazaki would practice at a butcher's shop, using his thumb and second knuckle of his first finger knuckle to pinch off flesh from a side of beef.

The Remedy for Constipation

LaRoy Wilson told a story about Professor Okazaki treating a lady for constipation. He asked her, "How far of a walk is it to your house?" The lady said ten minutes. Professor treated her for constipation and told her to go straight home, no stops. Professor Okazaki told Professor Estes to follow her home. Professor Estes watched her stop to talk to a neighbor, but then she got a funny look on her face. She started walking quickly back to her house, then she started running, but she did not make it home in time before the treatment took effect.

Master Okazaki and the Sick Kids

LaRoy told this story. Ray Law, one of Professor Okazaki's high-ranking students, was in his kitchen when he heard someone come in the front door after dinner and quickly leave. He called out to his wife, "Who was that?" His wife Marie said, "It was Master Okazaki. Without saying a word, he went upstairs, grabbed our kids up under each arm, and walked out the door with them." Ray said, "Oh we are in trouble now." The Laws had forgotten to tell Master Okazaki that their kids were sick. Since they did not bring them to him, so he could care for them, Master Okazaki took it upon himself to bring them down to his office for treatment. It seems that his students were so close to him that Master Okazaki thought that their kids were his kids too.

The Shoulder Dislocation

Word got back to Master Okazaki that a student had dislocated someone's shoulder in a fight at a bar downtown. Master Okazaki told one of his upper-rank students (possibly Professor Estes) to go to the bar and tell the offending student to reset his attacker's arm, treat the man, and help to heal it, or the student would have his own shoulder dislocated. The student tended to his attacker. Lesson learned.

An Old Okazaki story

By the summer of 1931, Professor Okazaki's massage business was fully established; now the only thing it lacked was a dojo, a place where he could begin training students. Behind the massage studio was a cement patio of 20 by 40 feet. Hachiro, his older son, remembered a scene from when the DanZan Ryu school began in Oahu: "I was watering the Japanese garden one day when my father looked at me and said, "Take a fall." I look at the grass on which he was standing and said, "Not enough space." And he said, "Not on the grass, on the cement." I looked at him and said, "No mat.." He said, "Out on the street are you going to tell a guy to wait until you get a tatami?" So, I had to do a Sutemi because I was an obedient son and wanted to impress him. I could feel all my bones creak on the concrete.

That concrete backyard became the place where Okazaki and his students practiced during the early years. The initial small group was composed of Hachiro, a Japanese boy named Oscar Kowashima, and another boy named Benjamin West Marks. Finally, a couple of years later, Professor Okazaki bought a mat and the number of students increased. Ironically, no one was ever injured practicing on the concrete, as opposed to on the mat, where there were more injuries.

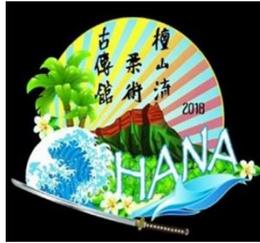
Testing the Student's Commitment

Prof. Okazaki had an office with a viewing hole looking into the mat area. Prof. would occasionally look out the small hole to watch the class progress. The following may be a way to test the new student's dedication and sincerity. Prof. would have the students put their back against the wall and squat into a deep horse stance. After a time, Prof. would begin class with the remaining students who were able to endure this stance. In the early days of my home Dojo, it was said a new student would only practice the same basic technique for a couple of months to test them for the same reason. Another example was a national DZR organization would regularly fail every brown belt testing for their first black belt to test their character and commitment. Adversity does not build character it exposes it.

Separate Classes

I was told Prof. Okazaki had different groups of students who did not know about each other. One group would leave class through the back door at a set time then the next class would come in the front door at a set time. After Prof. passed away some groups found out that they were in specialized classes learning different types of arts. Some classes worked on weapon arts and other classes, throwing arts. It was up to the different groups of students to cooperate and share their knowledge to get a complete picture of all the arts of DanZan Ryu. This seemed a way for research and development of the arts.

Thank You Jujitsu America and for all our DanZan Ryu Organizations Keeping the Professor Okazaki Spirit Alive



Danzan Ryu Ohana June 1, 2018 Sparks, Nevada USA



Prof. Estes on the right

Prof. Estes

Stories about Professor Estes and His Students

Bio From www.danzan.com

Born on October 1, 1909 in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, Francis Merlin "Bud" Estes was the oldest sibling among his brothers Ivan, Burl and his sister Pat. Their parents, James and Olive,



were migrant workers and most of the children dropped out of school at around age 15 to help support the family. (His brother Burl did go on to graduate from high school at age 21 and had attended 17 different schools.) In the early 1920's the family was snowed in while living in a tent in Kansas and had to spend the entire winter there. This was a pivotal experience for the brothers. While out hunting with his brother Ivan, their shotgun accidentally discharged and hit Bud in the right forearm. The injury was severe and took out much of the muscle and bone in his wrist and forearm. Ivan immediately drove Bud to the hospital in his Model-T Ford. Spending nearly six months in the hospital recovering from the wound and a new surgical technique called "bone grafting", Bud Estes grew into manhood. His family moved to Los Angeles, where he studied Judo and earned a Black Belt. As the family was unable to cover the costs of his attending college, Bud entered the Salvation Army College in San Francisco. He studied to be an officer and was assigned as a Captain to a group in Honolulu, in what was then Territory of Hawaii.

While walking down the streets of Honolulu one evening, Bud observed several young toughs attacking what seemed to be an old Japanese gentleman. Believing in his skills and thinking he should equalize the situation he took on one of the toughs, but found the rest were taken down easily by the old man. Upon witnessing the quick and easy manner this Japanese introduced a "new discipline" to his attackers, young Bud laid aside his black belt, and entered the school where the Japanese American gentleman taught, the Kodenkan, located at 810 S. Hotel Street; Honolulu, Hawaii.

After approximately two years of deep, concentrated study and training, Bud moved to Chico, California in 1939, and started the Chico Judo and Jujitsu Academy. He and his wife Lucille (Lukie) lived on the Esplanade in Chico. His wife also taught Jujitsu in Chico. They also taught seminars across the country. Professor Estes was eventually raised to Judan (Tenth Degree Black Belt), which was the highest rank in Jujitsu in the United States at the time.

After teaching a seminar in Ithaca, NY Prof. Bud Estes passed away on June 7, 1981. His wife succumbed to cancer shortly thereafter. Prof. Estes is fondly remembered by his family, friends and students as a kind man and a skilled teacher.

Nickname Chopstick

Professor Fisher was working with another professor practicing the chopstick breaking art. Professor Fisher performed the art but Kiai'ed between the other professor's eyes when he broke the chopstick. The other professor lunged backwards and yelled, "Why did you hit me on the head?"

The Kiai had struck him between his eyes. The professor that got hit received the nickname Chopstick.

Mouse Waza

A group of high level Black Belts were sitting in a circle with a mouse in the middle. When the mouse moved over to a Black Belt, the Black Belt would Kiai and the mouse would jump up and run to another Black Belt. When the mouse came to Professor Estes his Kiai dropped the mouse on its back. Professor Estes performed a Kappo to resuscitate the mouse.

Meeting Naps

During the professor's meetings, Professor Estes would often sit with his arms crossed, chin down, and his eyes closed. After the discussion was over, Professor Estes would open his eyes and repeat all the points in the discussion, saying, "You were right," or "I do not agree with that point," and then decide, "This is what we will do."

"How was that?"

An upper level black belt told me this story about Prof. Estes. He was on the mat and Prof. Estes walked over and looked above the black belt's head.

Prof. Estes grabbed him by the lapels picking him straight up in the air. My friend said he felt like his head was placed into a beam of energy. As the black belt was placed back on his feet Prof. said something like "How was that?"

Money Story

Every so often, Professor Estes would need money for a new roof on his Dojo or some equipment for his students. He would show up in Sparks, Nevada and tell Sensei Herb, "I'll be back, I need some money for the Dojo." Professor Estes would then go to the casino, win at craps, and come back to the Sparks Dojo saying, "I got just enough, I'll see you later."

Special Class

Professor Estes came over to visit the Sparks Dojo and announced that an advanced Black Belt class would be held in the house next door to the Dojo. It had been several hours while they were in the room and the Black Belts thought that the class lasted only a few minutes. The Black Belts, who were in the class, walked out mumbling, "Knights and the Round Table." Prof. with a smile said, "Pretty good class."

The Club Defense

One day, a professor was sitting against the wall at his home Dojo other professors were throwing belaying pins at the seated Prof. and he was parrying each pin. Professor Estes was leaning against another wall as if resting, with his eyes closed. A door slammed, and the parrying professor glanced away just as a pin was flying towards his head. Although he didn't parry it, the pin suddenly took an abrupt right angle and hit the wall to the side of his head. The other professors looked over at Professor Estes and he opened his eyes and said, "It would have hit him if I hadn't done something!"

Moving Carpet

Another story was about black belts carrying rolls of carpet on their shoulders through some swinging doors. The black belt would hit the carpet against the door then walk quickly through before the doors closed in on him. Someone saw the doors swing open, but nothing seemed to open them. Prof. Estes then walked through carrying a roll of carpet.

Magical Professor Estes

A few other Professor Estes stories are only for a more esoteric group. These stories reveal his abilities, healing proficiency, and his skill in the martial arts. Like many DanZan Ryu Professors, Sensei Prof. Estes was known for possessing a powerful personality and endless compassion. Some high ranking Black Belts felt that they alone had a very personal relationship with the professor. As they compared their experiences, many said, "Prof. favored me more than anyone else!" It seemed that Prof. made many people feel that they were special.

Star Wars Jedi Mind Trick

Sensei Herb LaGue was at the movie theater with some students watching the first Star Wars movie. During the scene where Obi Wan Kenobi uses Jedi mind control on the Storm Trooper at the checkpoint, saying, "These are not the droids you're looking for." Herb started laughing out loud, remembering Professor Estes using this technique at the airport. He was at the airport with some other Black Belts and they were passing through inspection where the baggage examiner was concerned over some martial arts weapons in their carry-on luggage. Professor Estes walked up beside the examiner and began helping him in a soft voice by saying, "Oh, this one is okay, it's not sharp, and that one is okay." The guard repeated the same words out loud after Professor said them, and they were permitted to board the plane with the martial art tools.

Chiropractor Story

Prof. Estes was asked to come to a hearing where he was charged with practicing chiropractic techniques without a chiropractor's license. Professor had treated someone once and that person was relieved of a painful condition after that one treatment. The patient then contacted his chiropractor, angry that the chiropractor had been treating him for a year without improvement in his condition. The board asked Professor Estes, "Do you use chiropractic treatments?" Professor Estes said, "I do Amma and Oriental therapies that are documented from at least two thousand years ago. Maybe you should send me your chiropractors, so I can make sure that they are doing proper and safe treatments." After that they asked, "Do you charge for these treatments?" To which he replied "No." In the end, they did not charge Professor Estes with practicing without a license because he did not charge his patients.

Mystery Door

This is a fun story that illustrates to me the mysteries in our martial arts and the tricks our teachers can pull off to amaze us and to drive a lesson home. A couple of black belts in the 1970's were in the parking lot at a Jujitsu convention smoking a joint in their car after the awards banquet. Prof. Estes heard about this and called a special class in his room. When a special class was called if you did not show up you might not be invited back to the next one. The two buzzed black belt students showed up and Prof. said, "Do you really want to get high"? At that point Prof. appeared to walk through the wall. Smoking weed was no longer a problem at conventions for those two students.

Jumping for the Prof.

A Sensei told me this story. Newly promoted black belts and instructors were at the Sunday morning national convention main mat for congratulation throws. He saw the newly promoted black belts get thrown by their upper ranks and he thought they were jumping for Prof. Estes throws as he barely touched them, and they flew through the air to the ground. As the black belt had his turn getting thrown by Prof., Prof. touched his lapels and smiled as if he knew that this black belt wanted to get "Thrown for real". The next thing the black belt knew was that his feet were above his head. The throw was done without any apparent effort.

Professor Herb LaGue and His Student's Stories

Professor Herb LaGue holds the rank of Judan and the title of Shodai. Professor LaGue founded the system known as DanZan Ryu Zenyo Bujutsu in June 2004. Professor LaGue is the head of the Bushidokan Federation and has logged many miles in support of the martial arts and conflict resolution for many years, visiting and teaching at dojos and attending peace rallies in many countries around the world.

Professor LaGue was born in Reno, Nevada on June 12, 1941. His father, James Burton LaGue, started him off in boxing in 1950 and later taught him a Tibetan style of martial arts that Herb's father called Jujitsu. Over the years he studied Judo under Mack McIntosh, Aikido under Bill Cox, as well as savate and ballet. The latter art he credits for developing his excellent footwork skills. Professor LaGue is also an expert in ancient restorative healing arts.

In 1968 he began to study and teach DanZan Ryu Jujitsu (with his father's Tibetan flavor) at the Sparks Judo and Jujitsu Club. At that time the club was run by Larry Cary, Sensei. LaGue also trained in Judo with the French Judo teacher Pierre LaCarre at the Sparks club. LaGue attained his Shodan in 1970 under Professor Bud Estes, and at about the same time he assumed the position of head instructor (Sensei) of the Sparks Judo and Jujitsu Club from Sensei Cary. In the early 1980s he changed the dojo's name to the Bushidokan Martial Arts Temple.

The Bear Mine Incident

As a young man, Herb was at his family's gold mine walking around outside when he suddenly turned and came nose-to-nose with a black bear. Shocked, they stood staring dumbfounded at each other. Herb's dad gave a sudden loud shout. The boy and the bear both jumped in the air, turned, and ran away from each other.

The Long Trip

We were traveling on the Magic Bus in the pitch black of early morning on California Hwy 5 towards a Jujitsu event. Everyone was asleep except for Jeff Dearing and me. We were both up front wide awake in amazement. We were watching Herb drive for a few hours with both eyes closed, occasionally opening them up, glancing to check our progress, then slowly closing them again. He kept the bus at a proper speed and right on track to get us safely to our destination on time.

The Traveling Bear

A traveling show rolled into downtown Sparks sometime in the 1950s. There was a rolling cage holding a trained black bear with a mohawk hairdo, declawed, and wearing a muzzle. As a traditional way for the owner to make a little money, he would charge the residents a few bucks to wrestle the bear. Herb's dad paid the man to let his son fight the bear. Anything you did to the bear the bear would do back to you. If you punched him, he would swat you, usually a little harder, as the bear liked to win the contest. Herb ran around the bear and tried to grab him from behind. The bear reversed the move and ended up behind Herb, grabbing him in a literal bear hug, drool dripping down the back of Herb's neck. Herb did a Jujitsu art, reaching between his own legs and sliding one of the bear's rear legs forward, dumping the bear on his bear butt! The indignant bear used his other rear leg and placed it on Herb's butt and pushed him away violently into the side of the cage. Herb's dad could not be in the same room with his son for a week as he could not stop laughing whenever he thought about his son battling the bear.

The Magic Bus

The second generation of Bushidokan Black Belts that I was part of in the 1980s and 1990s had the honor of making many trips in Sensei Herb's converted 1940s Oakland Transit bus, which doubled as residence for our Sensei.

Stuck

We were arriving at the Nibukikan in Chico, California for an event the next day. Our goal was to park behind the Dojo and go party. The Master of the Bus hit a slight dip and we became hopelessly wedged in between the buildings next to the Dojo's side door. Unable to open the bus door, I think it was Herb who climbed out of the bathroom vent to bounce on the bus's front bumper while someone else gave it some gas and turned the wheel to dislodge the slightly wounded Dojo and bus.

Animal Games

From Professor Steve McLaughlin:

“Professor Musselman visited our dojo here in Hawaii and suggested we go to the Honolulu Zoo and try out our silent Kiai and Tiger Stare. It was quite effective! Don't get the monkeys going though, it takes them all day to settle down. The tigers and other animals would react to how the techniques were done with either anger or friendship. It also worked well on Namaste, the white tiger in the Big Island Zoo. But it especially worked in the butterfly cage! Yes, it really does work and is not to be toyed with. You can lose friends and students doing this. It is also an excellent way to find out if someone is lying to you.”

The Ape Energy

We were taught that we needed to explore the fighting spirit, so we could learn to understand it, channel it, or put our animal back into its cage where appropriate. One way to do this is a projection through the eyes called the tiger stare or the Hawaiian stink eye. We were taught not to practice this art or intention on other people or dogs, as it can trigger increased aggression. Instead, Sensei suggested playing with it with the apes at the zoo. I tried it: standing safely outside the cage, I locked onto the ape's eyes. He became increasingly agitated, and suddenly reached down, grabbed a square piece of grass turf, and threw it over the fence to land at my feet. I like to think that he was saying, "This is my turf, not yours!"

Animal Communication

Herb, Sensei was at the zoo with some students. He demonstrated the aggressive look (also known as the Hawaiian stink eye), used to intimidate opponents, towards the ape enclosure. The apes' reaction was immediate agitation, as was expected. Sensei went to the llama enclosure with some students and tried something new, projecting love toward a herd of llamas some distance away. The students were startled as the llama herd turned their heads towards Sensei and charged to the edge of the enclosure, stopped, and looked at Sensei as if to say, "Okay, what do you want?"

Fire or Water Using Intent

I was working with one nurse on a private substance abuse psychiatric unit. An angry and frustrated patient walked up yelling, "You better get my lunch now!" I was concerned for the nurse's safety and motioned for her to go into the locked office. We assured him that his lunch would be brought to him as soon as possible. He became more threatening and I consciously tried the tiger stare to make him back off. It only made him angrier and more threatening. I moved away down the hall, giving him space to calm down and to give it some time for staff to arrive to help us with this patient. The patient started to charge down the hall straight at me. I changed my strategy to an art that my teacher taught, which was to project true compassion, care, and concern. I stood still with my hands at my sides, palms toward him. He was now very close. I was not really concerned about his physical threat to me and somehow, I knew that it would be all right. The patient suddenly started to cry and apologize for his threatening behavior. We walked together to the dining area, sat down, and waited for lunch together.

"No one told me I couldn't get out of the hold"

As an old story goes... In class one day, the students were all attempting to get out of a hold that Sensei said no one could get out of. A student came in late to class and joined the other students. The student was placed in the hold and he escaped. Another student said, "Hey Sensei, how did he get out of the hold that was inescapable?" The Sensei said, "No one told him he could not get out of it."

As a brown belt at the Sparks Dojo, I missed the instruction on how to escape the 4 stick-torture standing hold. I was hesitant to try it, not knowing the escape. Just before the sticks were applied I thought I heard Sensei Herb whisper, "Imagine that you are already standing outside the sticks." I got out somehow, going straight down through the sticks without turning. When Sensei joked, saying, "You should not have been able to get out that way!" I remembered the above story and I said, "Sorry Sensei, you did not tell me that I could not escape that way!"



Professor Herb LaGue, Shodai



Herb, Sensei and GM Crimi

That Was Then

At our Dojo in the late 1980s, our Sensei was mostly hands-off when teaching the kata upper lists. Sensei encouraged the seven of us new Shodans (when Steve, Ken, or Tom were not there) to figure it out for ourselves. The idea was that we learned by practicing what we were shown. The strategy is to show the students the art and then let them practice on their own. If we practiced it, we will come up with good questions. In this way, the Sensei knows that we have been working on the arts that he showed us. After one or two demonstrations, Sensei would watch the Wednesday night Black Belt class from the edge of the mat, then walk away to let us practice without making corrections. At some point we were left to manage our Black Belt class practice for ourselves.

We seemed to spend the first year of Black Belt classes arguing about what we should practice. Finally, at one class we decided to pick two of us to take turns leading class, and the next week two other Black Belts would teach. We learned to better tolerate each other's different styles and each other's approach to the arts. This helped us to become better at teaching the Kyu rank (pre-black belt) classes without interfering in another Dan ranks' classes. This also kept us from arguing in front of the Kyu ranks. I was always impressed by the positive results from the next generation of Black Belts.

They did not have the same problems that we had, and they seemed to work together better than we did. The next generation treated each other and us with respect. When another person is teaching class for me or is leading rolls and falls, I continue to work on not interfering unless it is a matter of safety. I always try not to interfere over small style differences or methods taught.

Like an older professor once said, "Do not pole vault over mouse turds." Needlessly arguing over little things is not needed. We can agree to disagree in private.

The Pool Table Lift Story

There is a Ki exercise (or a group object lesson) in which, after doing a collective pre-Ki exercise meditation, four people place their first and second fingers together with both hands under the shoulders and ankles of a rigid person lying on the ground face up. These four people can then lift the person off the ground with little effort. While laying a custom carpet job in a mountain town in California, Herb, a relative, and some Jujitsu students were presented with a problem. How do we move this large, heavy slate pool table up over this roll of new carpet to finish this job? Herb led three other students in the Ki exercise, and then they placed their fingers under the four corners of the pool table, easily lifting it up and over the carpet roll to the other side. Herb's relative yelled, "I told you not to do that voodoo crap around me!" Then he got into the car and drove off, leaving Herb and the students stranded.

The Strong Man Lift

The Sparks Judo and Jujitsu Club (now the Bushidokan) used to share the mat with Karate students and bodybuilders. One day a weightlifter said to Herb that he did not believe that Jujitsu could overcome a stronger opponent without apparent effort. Herb is a slightly built man and weighed very little compared to the bodybuilder in front of him. Herb told the bodybuilder, "You look strong try to lift me!" The bodybuilder tried several times, but he was unable to lift him. The Ki exercise and object lesson Herb was using is sometimes called the light-heavy art. The bodybuilder left the mat a little angry and upset.

The next time he saw Herb, he said, "I know how you did it, you hypnotized me!" Herb replied, "Oh, are you hypnotized now?" The bodybuilder said, "No." Herb said, "Lift me now." The results were the same – once again, he could not lift Herb.

The Man on the Street 1

Herb and a Black Belt named Jeff were going to breakfast in Chico, California before a Jujitsu event. Jeff saw a man sitting in a storefront being moved out by a police officer. As the man stood up, his bottle of booze broke on the sidewalk. The man heard Jeff laugh at him. After the officer left, the man came walking quickly toward Herb and Jeff. Jeff called out to Herb, "Sensei!" Herb knew that something was up. The usual protocol was for his students to call him Herb off the mat and to only use the title Sensei when they wanted to talk to him in a formal student-teacher relationship.

Herb saw the angry man coming and pushed Jeff off to the side. As the man approached Sensei, the angry man stopped, then suddenly spread his arms and gave Sensei a warm bear hug. The now-confused man backed away and looked at both Herb and Jeff like they were from another planet. Herb said, "Don't try to talk. We are going to breakfast; come with us, our treat." The man said nothing and quickly walked away. Herb may have used the martial art compassion trick to help the man stop his attack.

Morning Wake Up

I was with our favorite Reno police officer and then brown belt and morning class brown belt Rick. We went to wake Sensei Herb to invite him to breakfast at our usual Silver Club Restaurant morning hangout. Rick went to the bus that Herb lived in and pounded on the door, then rocked the bus, shouting something like, "Wake up, old man!" Herb had been asleep and as he flung the door open he saw Rick with that great smile saying, "Come on, Sensei, it's time for breakfast." For a moment I was horrified, but Herb, as he often did with his Jujitsu students, cut us some slack for the prank and the rude wake up. I do not recommend this kind of treatment of your Sensei!

The Man on the Street 2

A man was acting strangely on the sidewalk in San Francisco. He was wearing a karate uniform and a black belt, yelling, kicking, and punching the air. This sort of behavior is a breach in protocol for a black belt, as the man was indirectly representing all black belts. Herb and a few students saw the man demonstrating this strange and inappropriate behavior. Herb went over him and said, "You are in public take off that black belt now!" This is a breach in protocol to some black belts as the man was indirectly representing all black belts. The man refused to take off and carry his black belt. Herb slapped him on the face once, quickly untied the belt, and told the man, "It's mine now!" Then he flung the belt over his shoulder and walked away.

The Barroom Fight

Herb and some students were in a bar after an out of town event. Two drunk men were getting loud and working themselves up to a fist fight. When they started throwing punches, they did so with so little skill that Herb and the students started laughing at them. The more they fought the more laughter they heard. The men were upset by the laughter and took their "fight" outside.

The Van Crash

Herb was driving a group of Bushidokan black belts in a rented van when another car ran a red light and T-boned their van. Herb said that he saw the airbag deploy and instinctively did a double forearm block, breaking the airbag before it hit him. There was white powder from the air bag all over the interior of the van, but no one inside was hurt. The police showed up and were looking for the victims of the totaled van. The officer said, "Where are they, how badly are they hurt?" Herb said, "We were in the van," pointing to his group on the sidewalk. The officer said, "No way!" He refused to believe that someone could have survived unhurt from the crashed van. Herb never gave me an explanation as to how no one got hurt. Perhaps luck or our practice of taking falls and Ki exercises that helped to protect them.

Young Herb and His Crew

During his high school years in the 1950s, Herb and his friends would pull kidnapping pranks in downtown Reno, Nevada. The friends would pull up to the curb with brakes screeching, get out, open the trunk, grab their friend after a realistic-looking fight. They would throw the 'kidnapped' person into the trunk of the car, they would then squeal the tires as they sped away. On this day, it was Herb's turn to be kidnapped by his friends. All went well until a soldier on leave came to Herb's defense. The soldier fought Herb's friends until they ran to their car and drove away. Herb thanked him and then ran off the meet up with his would-be kidnapers.

Do not Tease Sensei!

After teaching a class at the Bushidokan, I was standing by the front door of the Dojo at 9:30 pm when I realized that I had forgotten to say goodbye to Herb, Sensei. I saw a new resident near the front door looking at me and probably thinking, "Who the hell is this guy?" I told him, "Go tell Herb that someone is at the Dojo front door and he said that he is here to kick Herb's ass!" The new resident said, "No way am I going to tell him that!" I told him, "It will be okay, just do it!" What seemed like seconds later, two larger-than-life figures appeared at the Dojo door, looking around to see who needed a good old-fashioned Jujitsu lesson. It was Sensei Herb and Mike Miller. I said, "Hi Sensei, I just wanted to say good night!" then turned and walked to my car. Fortunately, they both forgave me for my prank.

The UFO

I was out in front of Herb's bus late at night when I saw a UFO hovering in the sky. I called Herb out of his bus to see it. He looked up to the sound and sight of a small Cessna airplane that slowly flew over us. Herb said casually, "Nice disguise," he then walked back into the bus.

An Old Man Gang Defense

Not an Herb story but, an old man was attacked in a parking garage by 6 attackers. A martial artist pulled up in his car to the incident amazed to see the old man dance and flow around the attackers who were flying around without barely touching the old man. After it was over some of the attackers were laying on the ground in pain and a few others ran away from the old man. The old man looked at the martial artist in the car and said "Hey! Next time how about a little help!"

The Choke-Out Treatment

Herb was rudely awakened by someone knocking on his bus early in the morning. He answered the door to a drunk angry man yelling, "Where is Bobasan?" Herb said, "Bob is not here, come back later in the day." Then he closed the door to go back to sleep.

His wife and student Suki said, "Herb, go make sure that he has left the property." Herb grumbled, but he put on some clothes and found the drunk guy inside the Dojo. Suki was curious and got up to see what happened. A few minutes later she saw Herb dragging the drunk out of the Dojo door by his feet, his head bouncing a little on the Dojo steps on the way down.

Apparently, just before being dragged out, the drunk man had turned to Herb in the downstairs of the Dojo and asked, "Can I test you?" Wanting to get it over with and go back to bed, Herb said, "Okay, go for it!"

The man attacked Herb and Herb did a carotid choke on him to put him to sleep. After dragging the man outside the Dojo, Herb turned around to go back to bed and leave the man to recover on his own. But Suki yelled, "Herb, revive him!" Herb sat the drunk man up and did a slap kick to the man's sacrum.

The drunk suddenly woke up and realized that he was outside and that he had shit himself. He realized that he had crossed the line and that Sensei Herb had been generous in not hurting him. He got to his feet and walked away laughing yelling, "Thank you for the lesson, Sensei, thank you,"

The next day I heard about what happened, so, as a joke, I called Herb and left a message on Herb's phone saying, "Hi Sensei, I was the guy who took a punch at you last night, I am constipated when can I come back in for another treatment?" Herb told us about the message, and I told him that I had left it. Later we figured out that the drunk guy had been a student for a couple of classes. He was drunk the morning of the attack and was looking for me to take his aggression out on, knowing that I would not get hurt and that I was skilled enough not to hurt him.

The Short Version

Professor Steve McLaughlin was testing for a black belt rank at a national exam. His uke countered an arm bar take down by rolling out of it. Steve flipped-flopped him around until the uke was on his face, then performed the finishing hold. An examining professor asked, "Is that how you usually do that art?" Steve said, "Oh, you want the short version." He told the uke, "I am going to take you down to your face and this time if you try to roll out you will hurt yourself." Then he did the flawless kata art. One professor examining Steve put his clipboard down. In his eyes, Steve had just passed the exam.

Herb's Self-anesthesia

Herb Sensei went to the hospital for a hernia operation. He had found a doctor who would allow him to do self-anesthesia using only acupuncture, but he was required to have an observing anesthesiologist there as a backup. The anesthesiologist was very skeptical and said, "You are going to need me." Herb replied, "I might only need a local shot if I misplace an acupuncture needle." The doctor had a great time during the operation as Herb was fully conscious throughout. The doctor would ask, "How does this feel? How does that feel?" and Herb would describe mild sensations, but he did not feel any pain. The standby anesthesiologist's services were not needed, and he was baffled. Herb was too active during the healing process and had to have another repair operation for the hernia. The same doctor did the surgery, and a different anesthesiologist was on standby.

This time Herb had Suki, a high-ranking student, assist him because some of the acupuncture needles were hard to place by himself. He also applied mild electricity to the acupuncture needles for added effectiveness. The new anesthesiologist was so impressed that he refunded his fee as a standby anesthesiologist for that operation to Herb.

Skateboard Shoulder Dislocation

An adult student was riding a skateboard on the sidewalk next to the Dojo when she fell and dislocated her shoulder. She went to Herb, Sensei to treat her injury. Before the swelling got too severe, he put her shoulder back in place and used athletic taping to hold it in place. Herb then took her to the hospital to get the shoulder X-rayed to make sure that there were no fractures. The X-ray technician started to take off the tape holding her shoulder in place. Herb said, "What are you doing? The shoulder will dislocate!" The X-ray tech said, "I know, but the tape needs to be removed so I can X-ray it, and then after the X-ray the doctor will need to anesthetize the area and pull the shoulder out to relocate it." Herb would not allow this and convinced the tech to X-ray her shoulder through the tape. The shoulder was healed with the use of DanZan Ryu healing arts.

Gang Attack

For my Sandan exam I followed Herb, Sensei's advice and when I was confronted by 5 attackers for a Shinyo art I avoided all the attackers. I faked one way and did a diving roll to the exit through the circle of attackers to safety. The national examiners called me back to redo the defense against the gang by using non-grappling striking arts to simulate knocking down the gang. This was the same strategy that Miyamoto Musashi called lining fish up on a string.



Stories about Herb's Dad, Bert LaGue

Zenyo Roots

Herb's dad was his first martial arts teacher. Bert was a bad ass to anyone who messed with him or his family. If a person was being bullied, Bert would step in to help the bullied person. There is a story about Bert standing up to a mob that was picking on a Chinese railway cook. Out of respect for Bert breaking with his race to defend him, the cook taught Bert what we call Zenyo, which resembles Lama Pai or the Tibetan lama dance. Had the cook or Bert done more to the bullies there would have been repercussions for all the Chinese residents in the area.

A Walk in the Woods

GM Crimi. told me this story in the kitchen at the Dojo. T.C. was at the LaGue family gold mine, walking with Bert in the woods. T.C. looked behind them and noticed that a deer had turned and started following them. Bert said to T.C., "He is my friend." Then two little birds landed on Bert's eye glasses. He said, "They are my friends too."

A Walk Up the Wall

A visitor to Bert's house next door to the Dojo started messing with him. Bert punched the man five times in succession from his belly up to his face while the man was up against the wall. Herb said that the man's feet came up off the ground by the last punch.

Testing Black Belts

A story is told that once a year Bert would show up to black belt class and invite himself on the mat saying something like "Well son how are you students doing"? Bert would invite the black belts to attack him and then after dispatching them he would say to Herb "Good job son keep up the good work".

The Rifle

Herb received a 22 rifle as a present from his Dad, Bert. Bert took the rifle and said just a minute as he took a pair of pliers and broke off the front site. He was told that after he could shoot from his hip and hit the target he could bring the rifle up to his shoulder. Be the target comes to mind. Years later herb was invited to go target shooting with one of his black belts. Herb had not shot at targets since he was a kid with that sightless rifle. Herb brought the students rifle to his hip and shot all the targets. The student said, "That is scary".

The Ruby

As a kid Herb received a ruby ring from his dad as a present. This seemed odd. Bert said keep this safe and someday when technology improves I will do something cool with it! A few years later Bert got the family together and took the ruby ring and popped out the stone and placed it into a contraption that he had built. Bert then demonstrated his homemade laser beam device.

In Memory of Prof. Musselman

Lucky Throw?

Professor Musselman was at a demonstration at the Tanforan mall in San Bruno, California. As part of the demo, he would invite the black belts to try and throw him and would artfully counter-throw us instead. When it came to my turn, I had the privilege of catching the old man with a Seoi Nage throw as I heard a ripping sound from his kimono gi. Did you give me the throw Prof.? He said no, I got him!

Pain Release

One day I arrived at Professor Musselman's Dojo. When I walked in I heard someone loudly whimpering and someone else giggling maniacally. Professor Musselman was getting some deep tissue work on his shoulder and he was releasing the pain. Sensei LaGue was doing as he was told, giving the deep tissue massage, and giggling softly.

Thanks Prof. for the healing arts classes, ShinYo, and for so much more!



Professor Musselman

Ending Thoughts for Now

I view these stories the same as other types of legends or of mythology. The stories may or may not be true but what matters to me are the positive values and lessons that they teach. This leads me to my other interest in why people believe what they believe. I know that our memories are fluid and that they can be wildly inaccurate.

What are our motives?

To put a positive spin on this with the use of critical thinking, is it more likely that astonishing tails and exaggerated claims were spread by well-intended students wanting to honor their teachers? Maybe we subconsciously needed to elevate the importance of the martial art that we have spent decades studying and teaching. With further research, the mystery fades away to people being human. Yet some mysteries remain. I would like to think that my motive to spread these martial art stories was to help others.

In the end, it is as an old-time instructor said about the metaphysical and mysterious claims and abilities of one of his peers, "You show me". I have witnessed and experienced many special abilities of my many teachers. I was told that the teacher will only show us things that we are already able to do. Although most often only with practice and dedication are these special abilities manifested.

I look forward to every Saturday's Golden Sage Martial Art class. It is an honor as the students put their wellbeing in my hands as we work on the principles of the healing arts, self-defense, and the art of conflict resolution. I now have my own stories of my martial art experience and some examples are in this book. This is combined with my stories of my practical application of DZR arts in the prison setting, as a security guard, and working in the mental health profession. I currently use this martial art / healing art system weekly in a US Army fitness center in Germany.

As the saying goes -Our heroes have feet of clay- I do not expect perfection in myself or others. I expect people will do what they perceive is in their best interest. To serve others, when we can, appears to be in our best interest. I look to be the best person that I can be, and I look for the best in others.

I still find inspiration in my martial art heroes of today and from the past.
Prof. Bob Karnes 6-2018



Index and Links of Interest

Professor Steve McLaughlin's story

<http://hawaiiirl.com/blogs/nuuanu-martial-artist-shares-ales-of-sects-thugs-and-rock-n-roll.html/>
<http://www.zenyokai.com/brochure.html>

Uncle Bud -- Prof. Estes' life

<https://www.ajjf.org/about-the-ajjf/deceased-professors/professor-francis-merlin-bud-estes/>

A History of the Kodenkan (Prof Okazaki's history)

<http://docplayer.net/10619637-A-history-of-the-kodenkan.html>

Some DanZan Ryu Zenyo Bujutsu Schools:

Golden Sage Martial Arts Prof. Bob (Bobasan) Karnes-Alicia Karnes, Sensei Ni

For many more books and manuals from Prof. Bob go to www.bobasan.net

Bushidokan Martial Arts Temple www.bushidokan.us

Feather River Kodenkan www.graeagle.com/feather/

Koshinkan Martial Arts School www.graeagle.com/koshinkan/

Hawaii Zenyo Jujutsu Kai www.zenyokai.com/

DZR and other Jujitsu Resources

Jujitsu America Pacific Jujitsu Alliance www.jujitsuamerica.org/ [www. Pacificjujitsualliance.com](http://www.Pacificjujitsualliance.com)

George Arrington American Judo and Jujitsu Federation <http://www.danzan.com/www.ajjf.org>

George Kirby's website www.budoshin.com/

Recommended Books

A Collection of Zen and Pre-Zen Writings
Paul Reps and Nyogen Senzaki (Authors)

The Zen Way to Martial Arts:
A Japanese Master Reveals the Secrets of the Samurai
Taisen Deshimaru (Author)

Zen in the Martial Arts: The Way of the Peaceful Warrior
Joe Hyams (Author) The Book that Changes Lives
Dan Millman (Author)

The Book of Five Rings:
A Classic Text on the Japanese Way of the Sword
Miyamoto Musashi (Author)

The Art of War: The Prophet
Sun Tzu (Author) Kahlil Gibran (Author)

Jonathan Livingstone Seagull:
Richard Bach (Author)

2150 AD
A Story
Thea Alexander (Author)

Illusions:
The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah
Richard Bach (Author)

The Celestine Prophecy
James Redfield (Author)

Jujitsu-Techniques & Tactics
Skills for sparring and self-defense
Doug Musser & Thomas A. Lang (Authors)

Jujitsu
Advanced Techniques for Redirecting an Opponent's Energy
George Kirby (Author)

Martial Arts Madness
A User's Guide to the Esoteric Martial Arts
Glenn Morris (Author)

Black Belt Judo
George R. Parulski (Author)

Recommended Movies

Seven Samurai (1954) Akira Kurosawa (Director)

Yojimbo

The Bodyguard (1961)

Akira Kurosawa (Director), Toshirô Mifune (Actor),

Sanjuro (1962)

Akira Kurosawa (Director), Toshirô Mifune (Actor)

Circle of Iron (1978)

Richard Moore (Director), David Carradine (Actor)

Peaceful Warrior

The Path of the Peaceful Warrior (2006)

Victor Salva (Director), Nick Nolte (Actor), Scott Mechlowicz (Actor)

The Razor's Edge (1984)

John Byrum (Director), Bill Murray (Actor)

Sanshiro Sugata (1943) Akira Kurosawa (Director)

Remo Williams

The Adventure Begins

Fred Ward (Actor)

Like many movies and books these stories are told to entertain, inspire, and teach seekers of the way. There are still a few Martial Art Schools called a Dojo. A Dojo is sometimes called a training hall for the spirit. Training the spirit or intent comes from conflict resolution within yourself combined with the never-ending process of the completion of your character. With continuous training we work to remain calm and centered especially during stressful situations.

Professor Bob Karnes

Golden Sage Martial Arts 6-3-2018

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