

October 2012 Newsletter
Goju-Ryu Karate-Do Kyokai

www.goju.com



Cumberland Gap Training and Camping Weekend
June 13th through June 17th

by John Herrmann, Nippon Dojo, Franklin, Kentucky

This was the first time I had camped in a tent since my military days many years ago. It was a very different experience for me, my wife, Paula, and my two granddaughters, Paula Kay and Brittany. We arrived around 3 AM at the camp ground on the 15th and tried to set up a large tent, with two teenagers, in as close to silence as possible. We thought we had done well until Mr. Kim Barrington, who was in the camping space next to us, came out of the dark and asked if we needed any help. So much for our attempt at quiet.



We finally fell into our sleeping bags around 4:30 AM. At around 9:30 AM or so, we had some breakfast and Paula Kay, Brittany and I met up with Mr. Kim, Mr. Ken Maunz and the group of young people that had traveled with Mr. Ken for the weekend. There was an open field near our camping area and we began with some Shisochin training and a study of why particular stances are done in certain ways. We went on to do some work on Saifa and the Geki-Sai katas and then broke up into smaller groups with Ms. Angie and Mr. Kim doing some of the teaching.

After the morning training session, our small, but game, group broke up and went in a couple of different directions. Some decided that hiking was in order and some of us (the older set) decided that a bit of a rest and socializing was in order. That evening after dinner we enjoyed a campfire and a lot of laughter about the hiking.

Saturday morning was a bit rainy and overcast, but we did more training and Mr. Ken decided that a bit of a hike (7 ½ miles) would be a good stretch of the legs. My wife and I and Mr. Kim and his wife decided we would meet them at lunchtime at a place called the Pinnacle. This was about the half way mark of the hike. After a bite to eat and a few photographs the merry band of hikers started off on their descent (almost straight down the mountain) of 3 ½ miles. Needless to say, when they returned to camp showers, food and rest were the order of the evening. The two days we were able to spend with the group were enlightening and very beneficial to all who were able to attend. It is a great way for not just karate-do practitioners to train together, but for whole families to spend time outdoors just having fun. The campgrounds were great. The scenery was wonderful and the company was fun. We look forward to attending next year's camping/training session and hope more students and their families will take advantage of this low-cost opportunity.

Springfield Goju-Ryu Training Event

The Springfield, Illinois GKK will be hosting a training event Friday evening, October 19th and Saturday October 20th. at the First Church of the Nazarene, Springfield, Illinois. All GKK members are welcome.

For additional information contact Kim Barrington at 1-217-891-6424

USA Karate Federation National Championships November 11, 2012

by Patrick M. Hickey

Please accept my invite to participate in the USA Karate Federation National Championships Sunday November 11, 2012. Complete details including on-line registration or downloadable registration forms are on our website at www.usakaratechampionships.us. Please take note of some rule changes indicated on the website.

We have a great event set up for you. Hope to see you there.

Nakamoto Kiichi Seminar

by Peter Carbone

Dear Martial Art Practitioners, If you can't go to Okinawa, I am bringing Okinawa to you, Oct.19, 20 & 21. 3 days of seminars and festivities. Think seriously about coming to our "5 Year Anniversary of the Dojo Ground Breaking Seminar and Wine Pressing Party". It was designed by an Okinawa Martial Art Architect and a Grand Master. It is the only one of its kind in North America.

Straight from Okinawa: Seminar with Grand Master Nakamoto, Kiichi, October 19, 20 & 21, in Northville, Michigan. He is 10th Degree in weapons and karate, and the last formal student of Gojuryu Founder Master Chojun Miyagi. He is one of the senior Masters in Okinawa and the leading weapons practitioner. He was a direct student and weapons successor to Master Shosei Kina.

\$95 for the weekend of Martial Art education and festivities.

Peter Carbone, Hanshi Ku-Dan, Soke-Keizon
Kaicho, North America "Ryukyute Weapons Preservation Society"
www.weaponsconnection.com
248-347-7665

Hanshi Shimabukuro

by Mark Cramer

Hanshi Shimabukuro of San Diego passed away after a courageous battle with a prolonged illness. He was born in Osaka, Japan in 1948 and was an instructor in Hayashi-ha Shito-Ryu. However, Iaido was his greatest passion. He was a tremendous force in the Dai Nippon Butoku Kai, and he will be greatly missed.

Soke Negishi Yuichi Saiko Shihan

Soke Negishi Yuichi Saiko Shihan passed away today September 1st 2012. A Great Man and a Great Master has left this world. Our thoughts go with him and his family

Did You Know

by Rich Stamper

Did you know it is impolite to add a san to your own name? It is only used when addressing others as a sign of respect.



GKK Around the World Chile

Chief Instructor: Ramon Suazo

Through out 2011 we have been working in different places in order to make our organization known. We have enter in the National Federation of Karate School. We hope this year(2012) we will be able to create a competitive team and to form two dojos in Santiago

Keeping What I've Got, part two

"No matter what age an individual is, they can experience significant strength improvement with progressive resistance exercise even into the eighth and ninth decades of life," ...Mark Peterson, Ph.D., research fellow in the U-M Physical Activity and Exercise Intervention Research Laboratory, at the Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

A few years ago, my granddaughter was taking Infant Swimming Rescue classes at a recreation center. I would sometimes walk around and check things out as she took the class. I developed a deep appreciation for spandex. The center had an excellent weight training room filled with free weights and plate loaded machines. At a far corner stood the squat rack. I noticed someone had placed an empty bar cockeyed in the rack's saddles. Rather than being evenly centered, the bar sat several inches to one side. When we returned a few days later, the bar was still sitting off center. A few weeks later, the same thing. No one was using the rack.

Perry Rader, the founder of Iron Man Magazine, had made little progress after ten years of weight training. He then met George "The Russian Lion" Hackenschmidt. George taught Perry the flat footed barbell back squat. George dubbed this exercise "the man maker." Perry gained a hundred pounds in one year.

In his book, *"Super Squats - How to Gain 30 Pounds of Muscle in Six Weeks"*, Randall J. Strossen, PhD., sums it up bluntly; "First load the bar to what you normally use for ten reps. Now do twenty - no kidding. Second, every single workout, add at least five pounds to the bar." This program violates the generally accepted rule that high repetitions won't build size. It is because the skeleton does most of the weight bearing between each rep and is more like twenty sets of one rather than a set of twenty. The severe oxygen demands require several deep breaths between each squat.

Heavy leg work is avoided like the plague by most, even those who weight train. It is hard work. I mean very hard work. The level of discomfort borders unbearable if you are truly working near your limit.

To understand why brutally heavy leg work produces such gains, one must grasp the concept of adaptation. The human body will gear up or wind down according to the demands placed on it. It regards most exercises as polite suggestions or requests to add muscle or improve fitness. The squat, however, is an ultimatum - grow or get squashed. Due to the amount of body parts involved at the same time, it produces a huge surge in growth hormones which only the deadlift can equal. This near-panic response by the body causes all the muscles to grow. Old timers had a saying, "if you want large arms, squat."

I dread squats. My mind searches for a substitute each session, but it is the little lazy man inside me doing the looking. I know what I am really after is something easier. There are easier leg exercises. But I understand easier means a reduction in intensity and my body will adapt. It will detrain to the new level. Where will I be in a year? Ten years? Reduce the effort now and in a short while the new, easier will seem just as hard as the old. There is no use kidding myself. Put the Barbie Dolls down, man up and quit whining. Otherwise, I start down the road to frailty. When I know I am capable of ten units of work and I decide to do eight, I am giving in to want not need.

Donn Draeger was reputed to do 500 pound squats in his fifties. Bruce Lee worked this exercise very hard. But, is this level of intensity really necessary? It's a judgment call. To each his own.

The point of all this is to realize the human body can be manipulated, even at an advanced age, to not just maintain but actually get stronger. We are led to believe old age means a loss in power. That is true, to a point - hormone production drops as we age. But, I am a firm believer in not gracefully accepting the inevitable.

The following is an article which hangs in my gym. It is a reminder of what I need to do to "keep what I've got."

The Squat

by Sean Toohey

This morning, as usual, I was reading and answering email when this little question was posed:

"Where did you learn to squat? Did someone teach you or did you just learn from books?"

Ahhhhhh the squat. All come pay your dues the altar Squat Rack and benefit from the lessons! I actually learned to squat from years of squatting, picked up from watching other people squat, reading about it, and practicing what I saw. That is how I learned to *perform* a squat. The question never asked how I learned to perform a squat though.... It asked how I learned *to* squat. Let me tell you a little story; I will do my very best to capture the essence of what it meant to me, and what I saw and felt. It was a truly magic moment in my life, and what I learned from it didn't really take root until years later. The following changed my life, once I realized what I saw...

I had been training (read: wasting time) at the community recreation center near my home with my boyhood amigo, at about 16 years old. Convinced that all I needed was time and more resolve, I pounded away on my last sets of triceps press downs and used the Arnold Mental Visualization Technique to see my arms as humongous mountains, bursting through the very walls of the workout room from their sheer size. Amidst the bantering about this technique or that technique, shared by all of us, and the occasional argument about who will win the Olympia, or whether Gunnar Rosbo actually *does* have the greatest arms, etc., in walked a man of about 65 years who was absolutely *enormous*.

Hardly a little old man, he stood just under six feet tall, and easily weighed in excess of 250 pounds. He wore a cut off sweatshirt and sweatpants, beat to hell sneakers and nothing else. His totally gray hair was matted and he was unshaven. He was the absolute antithesis to the pretty-boy image pushed in Muscle & Fitness, and he appeared to aggressively pursue that look. Unquestionably, however, he was a man who had spent *years* involved with moving serious iron. Hanging out of his torn sweatshirt was a pair of the most massive arms I had ever seen, at least 19 inches, with a look that seemed as different as he did. Later I would learn that this difference was due to strength. Actually, it took years before I absorbed what I was about to be taught.

The old guy introduced himself as Don. Just Don... no last name. He was exceptionally friendly, very open, and this was his first time in the rec center. He watched me finish up my press downs, on what must have been my 12th set, looked somewhat crookedly at me and struck up a conversation that summed up the essentials. It was the first time I ever heard, "If you want big arms, start squatting." He told me everything that the hardy souls of his generation knew about weight lifting: abbreviated workouts, plenty of good food, concentrate on the big exercises – particularly squats, and rest. I don't know what it is about youth, but I didn't listen. I finished my workout and I left for the day. In one ear and out the other...

The next few days came and went, naturally I didn't miss any of my 6 workouts per week, until one day I came in on the same day as Don. He looked intense and severe that day, so much so in fact that I simply stopped and watched. The image was quite a sight. This was a community rec center with bad lighting – which only added to the image I have of this monstrous old timer, with a deadly serious expression, heading for the squat rack. Same clothes, same everything. Craig, my workout buddy, popped a tape of Jimi Hendrix into the boom box by the dumbbells and started to get ready for "chest day." I just watched the old guy. The bar was loaded to the hilt with heavy iron, his warm-ups were done, and Hendrix's "Voodoo Chile" started thundering into the little room...

"Well, I stand up next to a mountain, and I chop it down with the edge of my hand!" Hendrix screamed...

The old guy dropped under the bar and stood... it was the first time I ever saw a human so powerful he could shoulder a load that made the bar oscillate.

"Well, I stand up next to a mountain, chop it down with the edge of my hand!"

Don sucked in so much air I thought he would rip out of his sweatshirt... it was an awesome sight. His first rep he went so deep into the hole I thought he was sitting on the floor. Here were my friends and I, real tough guys we thought, doing quarter squats, and this enormous old guy was showing what it meant to go deep.

"Well, I pick up all the pieces and make an island, might even raise just a little sand."

Every rep was picture perfect. Deep, powerful and smooth like a piston. His sweatpants stretched at the seams down the sides of his thighs, he breathed deeply and powerfully with every rep, and the big wheels lining each side of the bar rattled that distinctive throaty roar and echoed Jimi Hendrix

"Cause I'm a voodoo chile, Lord knows I'm a voodoo chile, baby."

After his 8th or 9th rep I figured he was done. Not this man... he was just getting started. Each rep lasted about 10 full seconds on the way up. He was oblivious to anything other than his set, and like a man possessed, he showed no signs of letting up.

"I didn't mean to take up all your sweet time, I'll give it right back to you one of these days. I said I didn't mean to take up all your sweet time, I'll give it right back one of these days."

Hendrix kept jamming, Don kept squatting, I kept gawking.

The gym stood still and watched this scene at the rarely used squat rack, and somewhere inside of each of us, we realized why he was who he was, and why we were still small.

"And if I don't meet you no more in this world, then I'll, I'll meet you in the next one and don't be late, don't be late."

Don finished the incredible set, dropped and did some pullovers, then stood and wobbled to the door to leave. One hard set, then on his way home.

"Cause I'm a voodoo chile, voodoo chile, Lord knows I'm a voodoo chile, hey hey hey" Hendrix finished.

Don looked at me right before he left, winked as if to say, "here endeth the lesson."

And there it did end. Had I listened that very day, I would have been productive in training long before I really learned the lessons. But that was where I learned to squat.

And here endeth the lesson.

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