



# Shen Chuan Review

*"Hit hard...Hit fast...Go to the House!"*

*This issue of the "Shen Chuan Review" is dedicated to a former student, Monica Albright. In true warrior fashion, she is battling her way back from adversity, day by day, battle by battle.*

*A link to her "CarePage" website will be listed at the end on this newsletter.*

## SHEN CHUAN IN THE NEWS

It's been a busy first few months for the Professor, and the spread of Shen Chuan.

Professor Lansdale and Shihan Coy Harry recently were part of a seminar held in Kentucky by one of our Shen Chuan black belts, Mike Casto, who is also the student of Ken Pannell, of the Sikal system. Pannell was one of the main headliners along with Professor Lansdale. Janet Gee was also one of the main instructors, along with Shihan Coy Harry and others.

The seminar, though small, was exciting and informative. Professor Lansdale says that he learned a lot, and hopes what he taught was inspirational for those attending, as does Shihan Harry.

This is the second time Professor Lansdale has been a headliner at this seminar. Janet Gee has agreed to be one of our headliners next year at Camp Lansdale.

Professor Lansdale was very pleased to have one of his students, Adam Coats attend the Kentucky seminar. Adam is one of our rising stars in the system, and we're hopeful he'll stay with it. As a testament to his rising ability, Adam placed first in his weight division at the annual KA Fight Night that was held locally, as did Sensei Jared Taylor.

*Adam, tell us about your fight.*

"At Fight Night, I fought in the 150lb weight class. I took the match from a well dressed boxer from Kilgore...who was fast on his feet. Fight Night showed me that:

1. Time is limited.
2. The mind can always be used as a weapon.
3. I need to keep my hands up and my elbows down.

I owe my success at the event to my teachers (Professor Lansdale, Shihan Coy, and Sensei's Jared and Norma.) They pointed the way to hidden bridges that otherwise would have taken too long to find on my own.

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## SHEN CHUAN IN THE NEWS...(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

They helped me to cross those bridges instead of allowing me to aimlessly explore beneath. Most of all, they gave me a few tools and materials to maintain those bridges for the future.”

*Looks like Adam has got a good head on his shoulders as well. We look forward to his advancement in Shen Chuan, and to his future fights. I'm sure they will only get better.*

*Not to be outdone, Sensei Jared weighed in on his recent accomplishments. How did you do in your recent boxing matches?*

“Well I won both my Golden Gloves Boxing matches on the first weekend in May. Shen Chuan has contributed to all my success in the ring and outside the ring.

In my first fight the biggest impact Shen Chuan contributed to was the ability to take a punch, and to stay calm in hectic situations. For some reason, probably lack of preparation, I forgot to use any defense against my first opponent, who happened to hit really hard. He hit me one time and made me go blind for a second. Thanks to Shen Chuan I am used to this situation so I wasn't scared and didn't over react. My pain tolerance has increased dramatically since I first started Shen Chuan. “

*And the second fight?*

“My second fight was a much easier fight. I actually started to use the relaxation I have been taught and the fight went smooth. The relaxed striking really took it out of my opponent, without making me too tired to throw more punches.”

*Have any of the Shen Chuan concepts and principle's translated to success outside of the ring?*

“As far as my success outside the ring, Shen Chuan has given me the confidence and fortitude needed to accomplish my goals, and as soon as I figure out what those goals are, there will be no stopping me. When I first started Shen Chuan I knew nothing, and I don't mean just about fighting. I mean about friendship, about pride, and most of all about confidence. Shen Chuan is a great art, inspired by a great man, and filled only with great people. Everyone that takes Shen Chuan is part of a family that protects, pushes, teaches, inspires, and most of all loves one another. We don't always get along individually, but we are always there for each other. I am truly privileged to be a part of the Shen Chuan family.”

*And we're glad you are a part of this family.*

*Congratulations again to both of you, and keep up the hard work!*

### **Rank Camp, May 14-15, 2005:**

This years spring rank camp started of small, but as the day progressed it turned out to be a really good showing. The students worked hard, and it showed in their performance.

For those of you not familiar with our rank camps, let me explain. They are “mini camps” set for a weekend in the spring, and sometimes in the fall, designed to allow a student to work strictly on the material needed to advance to the next rank. In theory, someone already close to advancing could come in and train intensively. He may pass to the next rank early that morning, receive his new material, and by 4:00pm Sunday be testing for the next rank. As I said that is in theory. But it has happened with a couple of hard working and dedicated students. Most come in, work very hard, and are promoted on the material they have been working on. Or they have recently been promoted and receive a hyper intensive training session on their new material, which they may or may not be ready to test on at the end of the weekend. Either way, it is a valuable tool for the students to receive a lot of training, geared directly toward their advancement while being supervised one-on-one by a black belt instructor.

## SHEN CHUAN IN THE NEWS...(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

The following were promoted or recognized at the rank camp:

Professor Eugene Frizzell: promoted to 7th Dan in Shen Chuan StickBoxing  
 Soke Dai Coy Harry: promoted to 7th Dan in Shen Chuan Aikibujutsu  
 Shihan Billy Jack Worsham: promoted to 5th Dan in Shen Chuan Aikibujutsu  
 Sensei Norma Almanza: promoted to 3rd Dan in Shen Chuan  
 Sensei Kelly Owens: promoted to 3rd Dan in Shen Chuan  
 Shihan Bob Lacher: promoted to 2nd Dan in Shen Chuan  
 Sensei Greg McEntire: promoted to 2nd Dan in Shen Chuan  
 Larry Laurich: promoted to 2nd Degree Brown in Shen Chuan  
 Adam Coats: promoted to 2nd Degree Brown in Shen Chuan

Congratulations to all for their effort and hard work!

## SHEN CHUAN HISTORY OR THE EVOLUTION OF EAST TEXAS WHOOP ASS

As some of you may have heard, we are planning on publishing a book on the history of Shen Chuan and how it came into being. The publish date has been pushed back on that project, due to various reasons. The Professor thought it would be a nice idea however to run some of the submissions of that book in our newsletters. So starting this issue we will run a submission by Sensei Chad Francois.

Sensei Chad was one of the earliest students in the evolution of Shen Chuan. Back in the days when the Professor, Eugene and Coy were beating up each other in Eugene's back yard and scaring all of the neighbors, for those of you who are new to the system. Sensei Chad has since gone on to be a Police Officer in Austin, Texas. That's our state capitol for those of you who snoozed through political science. And though we don't see much of him these days, all of us old timer's like to reminisce about the endless footwork and stances he made us endure... right...

So here's a little insight into the early days of Shen Chuan by Sensei Chad Francois:

I was in English Comprehension class, at Stephen F. Austin State University taught by Dr. Hugincudle\*. It was a small University in the quaint town of Nacogdoches, Texas. The classroom was full as it was a required course for my degree. There were only 5 guys in the class and we all sat in the rear of the room. I really didn't know anybody in the class but somehow I started talking to the guy next to me, Greg Stephenson. I guess we bonded because of our mutual disgust of the Professor who was this hyper-liberal, fema-nazi, touchy-feely, everyone-is-a-victim type. Her views really stuck out in the conservative Bible belt of the Piney Woods of deep East Texas. One of the stories we had to 'comprehend' was of a military nature. Greg and I didn't agree with her perception of the story and we let her know it, in what evolved into a very passionate debate. After class, Greg and I continued on about the story and military protocol, which eventually led us to the topic of modern hand-to-hand combat. I told him that I had my First degree Black Belt in Tae Kwon Do and that I was currently studying with the University club in the evenings and taking the University course for my physical education credit. He told me that he had been to a Martial Arts class, off campus, that was taught by a guy named Terry Thoburn. He said he wasn't sure of the art's name but "the guy does some really cool Highlander stuff with swords". I said that I wasn't really interested in spending my time learning an art that wasn't practical. I didn't want to spend hours practicing with a sword that isn't practical, or legal, to carry. He continued on saying that Terry did a lot of throwing stuff too, without weapons. We talked some more and I figured I'd go and watch a class.

A few days later, I followed Greg to the dojo. It was at the end of a small street next to a creek, 211 West Pillar Street. The building apparently used to be some kind of an unloading station for trains. It was right next to the

\* the name was changed to accommodate professional integrity.

## SHEN CHUAN HISTORY... (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

the train tracks and it had a very large, deep, open-top storage pit in the concrete slab in one of the corners. The structure was made of cinder block, with exposed metal rafters and a huge roll-up metal door next to a standard glass entry door. It was being used as a Tae Kwon Do Dojang at the time. The Instructor was a man named Richard Metteauer. The class Greg was referring to met in this building after the Tae Kwon Do classes finished.

Greg said that I would be able to work out with them so I brought the appropriate attire. I didn't want to seem disrespectful so I showed up in my uniform sans black belt. We walked in and Greg pointed out the two instructors, Terry and a guy named Joe Lansdale. They were both involved in conversations across the room. There I was, 6'2", 175 pounds, 19 years old, studying for my Second Degree Black Belt, and in great physical shape. I had sparred all kinds of people and already whipped the dog snot out of the 'top' student at the University club. The instructor of the club always had an excuse not to spar me, as did the professor in the University course. At my old school, in Houston, I had worked out at least three times a week, two hours at a time for almost three years. At demonstrations I broke boards higher than 7' in the air. My instructor would sit on the shoulders of another student while that student was standing on a chair. Other times I broke boards stacked 4 deep - all before I tested for my Black Belt. Greg shows me these two instructors - both appeared in their mid-forties. Terry was so thin he had to stop twice to make a shadow, and Joe had the beginnings of that gut that comes with middle age. Neither of them came close to 6'00" and I was afraid I would break one of them.

I have never since made such a gravely erroneous assumption.

Joe and Terry had been talking with different students when I first saw them. Joe approached me first. He had this huge grin across his face. He extended an open hand well in advance of handshake range. He gave me a loud and cheerful greeting. He introduced himself and welcomed me to the class. Noticing my uniform, he asked what I had studied. I told him and he said that he had studied Tae Kwon Do himself some years back. I told him that I wasn't really interested in tournaments and he said that they would teach me whatever I wanted to know. He then eagerly said something to the effect of, "let me show you some of what we do here." He told me to get in a stance. I got into my "perfect", Black-Belt polished, 70-30% fighting stance. Suddenly Joe was all over me. All I remembered seeing was a flurry of hands. It didn't last more than a second and a half and he was back in front of me standing erect and explaining more about the class. It actually took a while for my brain to process the physical contact. I distinctly remember my back leg being struck and my back itself had been hit a few times. I couldn't figure out how he had hit me so many times without ever changing his angle of attack and I could have sworn he was never behind me. His speed was amazing, I was pretty quick but this guy just blew me away. As I stood there still bewildered, he said, "Or we'll do something like this." Again, I was stuck with several light blows. However, when he finished this time, I was in a lock that was very effective and I couldn't see him. That was my introduction to Joe's Kenpo. O.K., I don't have to worry about breaking this guy.

I put my keys and shoes with everyone else's and then I met Terry. He had seen Joe's introduction. As he came over to me, he was chuckling in way that made his entire torso bounce, kinda like Santa does. He was apparently amused at what he had seen. He was quieter; a very soft-spoken man that seemed more laid back and docile than Joe. He explained his roots in Shotokan Karate. He had earned a high Black Belt in that but was fonder of the art of Aikido. He had dreamed of studying in Japan and clearly preferred it. I had never seen it and I was curious. I was told that the school was teaching Matsukaze Budo - The Wind Through The Pines Way of the Warrior. It was mainly Joe's Kenpo and Terry's Aikido, but the two had studied several other arts and their influences were not excluded.

As I learned more about the two, I realized a union that helped make this school so great. Joe was a professional writer with a wife and two kids. He was successful, financially comfortable and a great example of the American dream. Terry had a degree in Engineering from Florida. He owned a Chevy El Camino, a dog, a violin and an AM radio. A carpenter by trade, he had traveled the world and was a minimalist. Joe was loud and always "on". Terry was laid back and relaxed. Joe's style was hard and Terry's was soft. They were the inverse of each other in so many ways, yet they worked so well together. The techniques were, of course, new to the students. I couldn't help but see the Yin-Yang personified in their relationship.

## SHEN CHUAN HISTORY... (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

Class began and it was very small, as the school was very new. There were several nights that the class was no more than 4 students. I went to class regularly. I had a part time job at Radio Shack and I took enough hours at the University to get my Bachelor's in three years, but I managed to average 10 hours of Matsukaze a week. I already had one Black Belt so I didn't need to be taught how to stand, how to kick, how to move. I had to change some things because it was a different art, but I was already way ahead of the rest of the class. I quickly found myself in a unique position. Joe and Terry were so good at what they did, and their 'finer points' of movement were so second nature to them, that there was a gap between them and the students. I found myself filling this gap. Joe and Terry would have undoubtedly filled this gap themselves eventually, but I found myself to be a sort of catalyst that accelerated the learning process. It was basically these 'finer points' that all new students miss. I had taught for two years at my school in Houston. I was given the younger and lower classes to teach so I had some recent experience with teaching the very new. Here was a very new, but mainly adult class. These 'finer points' were the details that make a technique work. An illustration of a 'finer point' is what I would call concrete feet. Typically, a new student, for some reason, does not want to move their feet. As you are attacked, move out of line with the attack. Basic, common sense, right? Not really. The word "move" will not suffice for a beginner. I watched Joe demonstrate a technique over and over, and then I watched the students try to duplicate it with obvious frustration. The students would not move their feet; I was in the position of explaining how to move. Joe took care of the strikes and overall technique, but I would translate "move" into "slide your feet", or "take a little step off-line". The techniques were, of course, new to the students. They would focus on the hand movements, and eventually be able to execute them properly, but they had ignored the foot-work. They would become so focused on learning the hand technique that they would completely forget that they even had feet.

As time went on, I found myself working more with Joe than Terry. Terry's Aikido was exemplary and I personally found it fascinating. I had never studied it before so it was completely new to me. I commonly refer to it as moving ju-jitsu. It is a locking art that throws the attacker while putting them in a lock. With many of these throws, the attacker is airborne, and lands 15 or more feet away. As a new school, we only had one mat and it was about 4'x6'. We used to have to aim for the mat so our partners would land there instead of on the concrete floor with its thin layer of carpeting. It was always discerning when Terry would place the mat 10 feet or so behind him and then tell me to punch a hole through his gut, as he smiled. The class would gather around, I would throw a hard, dedicated punch, and I would end up square on that mat, trying to find where everyone had gone. It is definitely practical, but it is soft. My background was in Tae Kwon Do, a 'hard' art and Joe was mainly teaching Kenpo, another 'hard' art. So I naturally found his style easier to digest. He would often take me aside and teach me a new technique or two a night. It was relatively easy for me to pick up and I learned a lot of material quickly. In Tae Kwon Do we had what we called One-Step Sparring. These were pre-determined techniques to deal with various attacks. We had to learn 10 per belt in order to test. I really liked these and they made more sense than the patterns we were taught. In Matsukaze we called them Kihon-Waza - The Way of Movement. In Tae Kwon Do we numbered them, in Kenpo they are named. Joe is a creative guy so we kind of named them ourselves - Elbow Blizzard, Renegade Lobster, Passing Tornado, Little Brown Gopher Throws a Turd and Dies (told you he was creative). Joe even had a nickname for Matsukaze Budo - he called it East Texas Whoop-Ass Aikider. Joe taught me so many so fast that I needed to bring a note book to class to keep them all straight. This eventually became my teaching manual. As the class grew and progressed, others began to do them same. Mine was the most complete so we decided to use it as the class manual. One of the first students, Eugene Frizzell, took on the task of translating my writing and putting it on the computer. Soon manuals were created and students were given the appropriate material once they were at the appropriate level. Eugene was another one that I met my first day. Graceful was nowhere near an accurate description of him at the time, but he was one of the nicest men I have ever met. By the time I graduated college, that nice man was also one of the most dangerous men I knew. He and another long-time student, Coy Harry, went to a lot of seminars put on by Remy Pressas and they became highly skilled with Arnis sticks. Coy was another great guy. He was a Chemistry teacher and, despite his massive size and shiny bald head, he was very easy going. When he put his big body into his techniques, bad things were going

## SHEN CHUAN HISTORY... (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

to happen.

That was the way the school was run. Eugene and Coy taught what they knew better than anyone - the sticks. I taught our Green Belts to kick because kicking was my strong point. We were encouraged to go out and learn new things and bring them back to the school. Terry had developed an interest in Kyusho-Jitsu. This was the use of Acupressure points to increase the effectiveness of our techniques. Terry, Joe and I spent a lot of time knocking each other silly with pressure point strikes. That was a strong point of the school. It was really geared towards self-defense. There was no 'wasted learning'. We didn't have to learn "this and only this! There is nothing else but what we say!" That attitude is common in schools and I feel that it is self-defeating. If it worked, we used it. It changed all the time, in fact, at times it was frustrating because it changed so much that it was tough to keep a consistent lesson plan. I guess those were just the growing pains.

The school really caught on around town. I began to teach a strictly Kenpo children's class. Eugene and Coy began to teach a strictly Aikido class. The class sizes grew and remained rather consistent. I had been given my own key to the school long ago and came in late at night often. Occasionally a student would meet me there to work on a particular skill. The school was really flexible and it was run basically as a club. Dues were taken to keep the building lit and cooled and to help offset other related expenses.

By the time I graduated college, I had earned my Third Degree Black Belt in Matsukaze Budo, a First Degree Black Belt in Shen Chuan Kenpo and a First Degree Black Belt in Combat Hapkido. As I was nearing graduation, Terry and Joe had, as I understand it, a falling out of sorts. Joe moved the school to a bigger building on Southeast Stallings Drive and the name became Shen Chuan Martial Science. Terry taught Aikido at the local recreation center some. Coy and Eugene went with Joe and are still teaching. I moved to Austin but I went back there for a knife-fighting seminar with W. Hock Hochheim. It's a five-hour drive so I don't get back there as much as I'd like to.

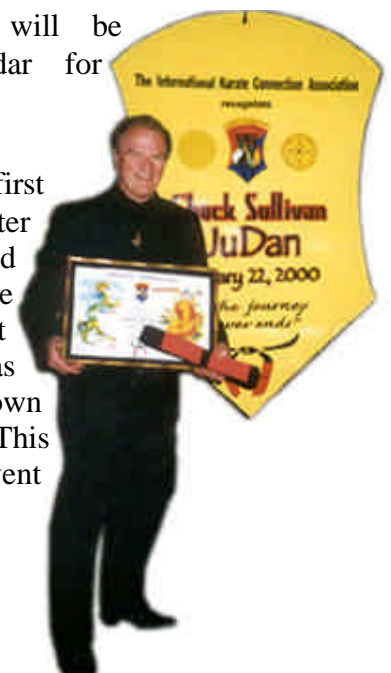
The Matsukaze School was only around for about three and a half years. Those were the three and a half years that I was there. I know that what I learned at that school has saved me from serious bodily injury on several occasions while engaged in my chosen profession. I feel incredibly fortunate to have been a part of that school. I hope that I made a positive difference in someone's life while I was there. I miss it, and them.

- by Sensei Chad Francois

## UPCOMING EVENTS

Coming in September, Professor Lansdale and Shihan Coy Harry will be attending and teaching at a seminar in Indiana. Mark your calendar for September 16-17, 2005.

Also, start making plans for the Annual Camp Lansdale, held the first weekend of each October. This year our headlining instructors will be Grandmaster Chuck Sullivan of International Karate Connection Kenpo as well as friend and student of Grandmaster Ed Parker fame and our very own Professor Lansdale. The Professor has also named Professor Eugene Frizzell as this year's special guest instructor. We usually charge around a hundred bucks for a weekend that has included some high profile martial artists' in the past. Not to mention our own erstwhile Professor Lansdale! An official amount will be revealed at a later date. This will be Camp Lansdale #9. So start saving your pennies. It'll be another great event that you won't want to miss.



## DVD's !!

The first DVD's have been recorded. The first three DVD's to roll off the digital assembly line are the first three belt requirements for the Shen Chuan System; Yellow Stripe, Yellow and Yellow with a Stripe. They are for sale now at \$25.00 each (or \$20.00 each if two or more are ordered), and can be ordered at the dojo. Future orders may be placed via the internet, once that system is in place.

Also in the works is a project to get all of the previous VHS series "Lessons with Professor Lansdale" copied over to DVD. That would include the Balance Disruption, Volume I, as well as Pressure Points, Lesson I and II. A release date has not yet been set, as this project has just begun.

## MONICA ALBRIGHT

Many of you have been asking me for updates on Monica, and how her condition is. Her Aunt Cindy has started a web page at [carepages.com](http://carepages.com) that will give updates on her condition. You can leave messages on the message board, look at photo's, send virtual flowers and cards as well as some other features. When I looked earlier, it had her graduation picture up. (Broadus is graduating her even though she won't be there).

To visit the CarePage:

1. Go to [www.carepages.com](http://www.carepages.com)
2. Click "Visit a CarePage"
3. Register (for first time users, it's easy)
4. After you've registered, enter the exact CarePage as follows (with NO spaces): [MonicaAlbright](#)

### THE STORY:

In 1999, a coworker that I frequently discussed guns and martial arts with came to me inquiring about "what we do". He wanted his daughter Jessica to get involved in a martial art that was geared for pure self defense. At 14, she was already an accomplished pistol shooter. But even in Texas, a 14 year old girl can't walk around with her daddy's .45 tucked in her jeans.

He told me that she was interested in learning some hand to hand during her off time that summer, and would be bringing a friend, so we wouldn't have to worry about a partner for her. I told him that what we do is not for the faint of heart. I was not sure how two young girls would take to the "rough stuff". I told him to bring them in, let them watch a class, and all of them talk to the Professor.

I had met John's daughter once before at our job. The night they came to watch a class Jessica brought her friend, Monica Albright, who was a year younger and would be her partner if they decided to join. They liked what they saw and made arrangements with the Professor to start class the next week.

The next week we began teaching two of the toughest little girls around. Cute as buttons, but tough as nails. The two girls worked good together and retained the material exceptionally well. By September they had advanced to yellow belt. Fast-forward to Rank Camp in April of 2000 and the girls had made purple with stripe belt. Their individual "flavors" were starting show. Jessica leaned toward the technical and precise nuances of the system in her work. Monica was more of the "I'm fixin' to hurt you bad" in her approach. That's not to say she wasn't precise. That's to say she was like a pitbull pup that had just learned she had some power. She would latch on and not let go till you called her off. I even think I heard her growl a few times. Tenacity. Spirit. Grit.

The near future would find Jessica being overwhelmed with all of the sports she was involved in at school, and something had to give. Unfortunately it was Shen Chuan.

Monica stayed on and became even more determined to be one of our first female Black Belts. That was her goal, and a pretty tall one for a 14 year old female in a system known for its punishing reality. Tall order or not,

## **MONICA ALBRIGHT ... (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)**

Monica was up for the challenge.

Through hard work and dedication, Monica made it to Second Degree Brown in Shen Chuan. A feat not to be held lightly. An accomplishment I hope she holds dear to this day. Not many adults have progressed to that point in our system. Something to be proud of indeed.

But as we all find out sooner or later, life's roads can have forks, hills, curves, twists and turns. One of these turns took Monica down a different path that didn't include Shen Chuan. We bid her farewell with a promise to come visit us, and call us if she ever needed us.

It's spring 2005 in East Texas, and we've all learned that our little soldier who is now a 20 year old woman is in a battle for her life. An automobile accident involving both Monica and her mother tragically claimed the life of her mother. Monica was banged up pretty bad, and burned severely. Upon her life flight arrival to LSU Hospital burn unit in Shreveport, she was rushed to the ER where it was determined that both of her legs would have to be amputated in order to save her life. The last word I had on her legs was that they were trying to determine how bad her legs were damaged, and if they would have to remove more of them above the knee. Brain swelling required that a tube be inserted to relieve the pressure and a brain wave monitoring device was placed as well. There is also talk of some fingers that were badly damaged, and their removal may be eminent. From what I understand, they have started the skin grafting surgeries, and the bandage change sessions are extremely painful. Now, for the Monica we all know and love. Everyone that been to see her has told me one thing. The Monica we all know is still there. She has taken it all with the warrior spirit. Fighting everyday. Those who have gone to lift her spirits, have come away with their spirits lifted. Those wanting to give comfort have been comforted. Those wishing to give encouragement have themselves been blessed by the determination of this little lady and in turn encouraged in their own endeavors.

It has been a couple of weeks since I first started this article. News is getting better, in the fact that Monica is getting better. They have removed her tubes and she is eating and talking better. There have been other surgeries and updated news on her website. If you have a chance, go visit her site for periodic updates.

Keep fighting Monica. Get well soon and know we're always with you!

We want to thank all of you who have given blood and platelets in Monica's name, contributed to her relief fund, gone by to visit her or whatever you've felt led to do. It is encouraging to know that when asked, our students responded without hesitation. Thanks again!

Below is a link to the story as it appeared in "The Daily Sentinel" newspaper:

<http://www.dailysentinel.com/hp/content/news/stories/2005/05/13/20050513NDShero.html>

## MONICA ALBRIGHT ... (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Here's a few pictures of Monica that we dug up from years ago. My personal favorite is the one of her throwing Shihan Coy on his butt. Looks like a well executed outside wrist flex!



September 1999 with Jessica (left) and Monica (right) sporting their new yellow belts.



Monica executing and outside wrist flex, after a mid-section strike to the solar plexus. April 2000 rank camp.



Jessica gets in on the action.



Proud purple belt recipients!

**Compiled by the LANSDALE'S SELF-DEFENSE SYSTEM STAFF, including Professor Eugene Frizzell, Shihan Coy Harry, Shihan Billy Jack Worsham, and Karen Lansdale, Grandmaster and Sensei of the Lansdale household. Special thanks to Sensei Chad Francois for his contribution.**

**Get well soon Monica!**

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