

# And God Laughs...

## The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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**“Don’t do like I do, do like I say do.”**

**Anon.**

Never having been very good about following my own advice, and in spite of the disasters in Natal and Kruger, I was still naive enough to believe that I could film successfully in Africa: so I moved to Rhodesia. By the time of that move I was still not broke as a result of the losses suffered in South Africa, although I was somewhat bent by that point.

And believing that I had learned from those disasters in South Africa, I also believed that I knew how to negotiate a clear agreement with the Rhodesian authorities that would protect my interests. So I demanded, and was assured that I would be given, total Carte Blanche, that I could do anything that I wanted to do, literally anything.

By the time we moved there the fighting was constant, terrorist attacks were conducted almost every day, so I went there prepared to defend myself if it became necessary to do so. I did not go there to fight a war, had already had far more of war than I wanted, I went to make wildlife films, but I went prepared to fight a war if I had to.

The negotiations that led to my agreement with Ian Smith’s government in Rhodesia required more than a year, involved several trips to Rhodesia on my part, a trip back to the United States, a trip to Durban to visit my film studio there by several representatives of the Rhodesian government, and a long list of other considerations.

By then having realized that any continued attempt to communicate with Player would be an exercise in futility, I had no additional contact with him, but I did remain in contact with Player’s boss, John Geddes Page, and Page went with me to Rhodesia in one of my airplanes one night on another flight that might have been fatal.

On our way north from South Africa we landed at the military airport near Petersburg in order to check out of the country; I knew the man in charge of that airport very well, H. G. Wells, and made arrangements by phone with him to meet us at his office about midnight; and given the media’s stated opinions about the lack of freedom in South Africa at that time, what followed might be hard to believe: we were required to produce no documents of any kind, did not have to fill out any forms, walked into Wells’ office with pistols in plain sight without arousing comment of any kind, were asked nothing apart from friendly, casual questions, were provided with fresh tea and biscuits by Wells, and proceeded on our way to Rhodesia.

The weather that night, up to and for a couple of hundred miles past Petersburg was perfectly clear, but started to turn bad long before we reached Salisbury; in those days there was almost nothing in the way of navigational aids for pilots in Africa, crosscountry flying was conducted by so-called dead-reckoning, which was a style of navigation that used nothing apart from the pilot’s mind as a tool: you had to constantly calculate your position, your heading, your speed, your fuel remaining on board and several other factors. Looking out the window while flying across Africa at night helped not at all, there was nothing to see that might provide a clue in regard to the progress of your flight. There was no ground based radar to guide you and you had no contact with anybody by radio during most of the flight.

I first made contact by radio with somebody on the ground while still about fifty miles south of Salisbury, the control tower operator at the international airport in Salisbury. He told me to proceed for a landing, but also told me that a huge thunderstorm was situated almost directly above the airport, and then provided me with the current altimeter setting for Salisbury. The altimeter, which tells the pilot his altitude above sea level, must be adjusted in order to compensate for changes in air pressure, and does not tell you your altitude above the ground; the airport in Salisbury is more than a mile above sea level, so when you are parked on the field your altimeter should indicate an altitude of several thousand feet. If your altimeter is not properly adjusted you have no way of knowing just how high above the ground you really are, might fly into the ground while believing that you are still flying at a safe altitude.

But when I was given the current altimeter setting for the Salisbury airport that night I initially did not believe it: it was the most extreme altimeter setting that I had ever encountered during my flying experiences up to that night, so

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I asked the tower operator to confirm the figures he had given me. Then asked him to repeat those figures for a third time, which he did; but by that point it was obvious from his tone of voice that he was getting a bit pissed off.

Then I decided that the extreme altimeter setting was a result of the violent storm sitting over the airport, since such storms frequently produce large variations in air pressure; so we continued and I was able to land safely in spite of the storm, although the turbulence of the air was enough to require all of my attention throughout the approach and landing, and a few of the bumps were so violent that I began to be a bit concerned about the strength of the airplane's wings.

Then as I pulled up in front of the terminal to park, I glanced at the altimeter and saw that my indicated altitude was wrong: at that point it should have been identical to the altitude of the airport, but in fact there was a difference of more than a thousand feet. So I called the tower operator again, and told him . . . "Look, I know that you are getting a bit pissed off about this, and I am not trying to irritate you, but we have a problem here; and there are only two possibilities, either my altimeter is fucked up or yours is. I don't give a damn just which altimeter is wrong, but we both need to find out. If mine is broken then I need to get it fixed, and if yours is broken then you need to get it fixed. If not, then somebody may get killed here tonight."

He was still irritated, but agreed to check his altimeter one more time. But when he came back on the radio afterwards his attitude had changed, and he said . . . "Oh, my God, Sir, Sir, you are absolutely right, the altimeter setting I gave you was wrong. I'm sorry, and I don't know what to say; I've been doing this for more than twenty years and I never made a mistake like that before." If his mistake had been in the other direction it would have gotten us killed: as it was he caused me to approach the airport at an altitude that was more than a thousand feet higher than what I thought it was, which forced me to make a very steep approach for landing after I was close enough to see the lights of the airport boundary; but if, instead, I had been a thousand feet lower than I thought I was I would have flown into the side of one of the low mountains located south of the airport.

A couple of days later, when Page and I returned to the airport just prior to starting a return trip south, the manager of the airport came running up to me, grabbed both of my suitcases and insisted upon carrying them for me, and then started apologizing for the mistake that had occurred during our approach for a landing. Assured me that nothing like that ever happened before and that it would never happen again; asked me not to report it to the authorities because doing so would get the tower operator fired, and that the man was married with several small children and could not afford to lose his job. So I did not report it; but perhaps I should have, because people tend to repeat such mistakes, and the next time he might get somebody killed.

Some years earlier, in South America, another tower operator cleared me to a cruising altitude that would have led me into the side of a high mountain that was directly on my route; fortunately, in that case, I was familiar with the route and did not follow his instructions.

Some pilots might be tempted to believe that the danger involved in that night landing in Salisbury was my fault, because landing directly beneath a thunder storm can be, and usually is, very dangerous; but I had no other choice, had no place else to land, and since there was nothing in the way of advance information about weather conditions when we departed from Petersburg enroute to Salisbury, I could not have anticipated that storm. Years earlier, flying in South America, we never knew what to expect in the way of weather, and I have been forced to fly through, or land in the middle of, several outright hurricanes. You damned sure don't like it at the time, but sometimes you have to do it anyway, and most large airplanes can survive a terrible beating in the air; so, if you can keep from running it into the ground, you are usually alright. My airplanes have been struck by lightning so many times that I lost count of such incidents long ago; but, in fact, lightning strikes seldom do much, if any, damage to an airplane in flight.

I started my negotiations with the Rhodesian government while the capture operation in Kruger was still ongoing, and simultaneously tried to investigate several other places that might provide filming opportunities; the trip that I took to Southwest Africa, during the time that Pienaar said I was buzzing elephants in Kruger, was made for the purpose of looking into the filming possibilities there. On that trip we flew over one of the most desolate areas on this planet, a place that looks like the surface of the moon, the so-called Skeleton Coast, where there is literally nothing apart from sand and rocks, and where the temperature sometimes rises as high as 189 degrees in the shade, but where there is no

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shade. Almost nothing can survive under such conditions, neither plants nor animals; yet, surprisingly, a very distinct race of people, so-called Bushmen, do somehow manage to survive there.

These people are unlike any other race of people on this planet, in several ways: even their sexual organs are unlike those of any other race of people; the women appear to have a penis, which is a misleading appearance produced by the fact that the outer lips of their vaginas hang down several inches below their pubic area. Which, for them, is a requirement; because these grossly elongated lips of the vagina provide them with a trough that guides the urine away from their legs. Spider monkeys have the same sort of vagina lips, for the same reason.

These women usually appear to be emaciated in the upper parts of their body, but are grossly obese in the hips and upper thighs; like a camel uses its hump, these women use those parts of the body as a place to store both food and water. They can thus go for long periods of time with absolutely nothing in the way of either food or water, under conditions that are so harsh that no other race of people could survive there.

Most of these people are quite small, and they look more like Orientals than they do Negroes; and the sexual organs of the men are also different from all other races of men, they appear to have a constant erection which is described in the Afrikaans language with a word that means 'up cock.'

Not many full-blooded Bushmen still survive, because they were hunted like wild animals until recently, were usually shot on sight, both by whites and blacks; as a rather natural consequence, they now avoid any other people if at all possible, and since they normally live in places where nobody else could survive it is usually possible for them to avoid other people. They still live in the stone age, using very simple tools and weapons that they can make by hand from whatever materials they can find in the desert.

They can smell water that is hidden beneath the sands of the desert at a distance of at least fifty miles, then go directly to the right spot and reach the water by digging down into the sand; elephants living in desert conditions do exactly the same thing. If you dig a few feet to either side of where they found such hidden water you will not find any water.

Having made a kill, they will then eat continuously until not a scrap of the animal remains; they eat everything, meat, bones, skin, intestines, literally everything. Then curl up in a ball on the ground and sleep for several days, like a snake that has consumed a large meal. A friend of mine in South Africa made a film using some of these people, *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, but the Bushmen used in that film were not full-blooded Bushmen, were results of interbreeding with some other race of Negroes; that particular group of part-Bushmen are unusual for their race, have chosen to mix with other races of people and live close to a large ranch owned by a white man.

Until you have seen a typical, full-blooded Bushman woman you have never seen anybody with a truly fat ass, it has to be seen to be believed; a Bushman woman later called the Hottentot Venus was taken to England more than two-hundred years ago and was studied by doctors there. Since that was long before the introduction of photography, they could not take pictures of her; so, instead, in order to illustrate what she looked like they used surveying instruments and literally surveyed her. Viewed from the side, her back came down below her neck in a gentle curve, but just before reaching the top of her buttocks the line of her back reversed itself and then went back up; her buttocks were huge, stuck out to the rear and upwards.

Such a woman is so obese in her upper thighs and buttocks that she cannot engage in sexual intercourse in a normal fashion, and thus the difference in the male sex organs. The men, in contrast, are usually very lean everywhere, do not have such enormous buttocks.

The Skeleton Coast is also one of the best places in the world to find diamonds, and so is constantly patrolled by armed guards with orders to shoot anybody that they find there on sight; in some places diamonds are so common that you can pick them up by the bushel like pebbles on a beach. These diamonds occur as a result of infrequent but sometimes very violent thunder storms that produce floods that wash the diamonds down onto the beach from nearby mountains. Some years ago, an American designed and built a dredge and then parked it far enough off of the coast to put him into international water, outside of the control of the government, and then sucked up diamonds from the floor of the ocean by the ton; when he started, the government just laughed at him, but shortly afterwards they were laughing

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out of the other side of their mouth. Eventually, the government was forced to go into partnership with him in order to prevent him from flooding the world market for diamonds and making them worthless. There is, of course, no shortage of diamonds, it is an artificial market that is maintained by controlling the production of diamonds. In South Africa, IDB, illicit diamond buying, is considered to be a crime almost worse than murder.

Up until the end of the First World War (1914/18) Southwest Africa was controlled by Germany, was handed over to the League of Nations for a while after that war, then handed over to the British when the League of Nations folded, and later was seized by the Republic of South Africa when they withdrew from the British Commonwealth of Nations. Then remained territory in dispute until very recently, when it was handed over to the natives and renamed Namibia. But German is still the most common language spoken there.

Part of the country, east of the mountains, is very fertile, but everything on the western side of the mountains is barren almost beyond belief, will not sustain life unless you can live on a diet of diamonds.

On our flight over the northern part of Southwest Africa we first went north until we reached the border of southern Angola, then turned west and followed a large river that provides the boundary between the two countries until we reached the ocean, then turned south and flew over the Skeleton Coast for a distance of about two-hundred miles, then turned towards the southeast and returned to the place we started from. With nothing in the way of a map, of course. If we had been forced to land anywhere during that flight we would not have survived, and our bodies would probably never have been found.

We also made a trip to visit Etosha Pan, a huge lake that is situated in the middle of a desert and is dry during most of the year; but, during the rainy season, thousands of large animals are attracted to that lake. And by far the largest elephants in the world are found there; animals so huge that they make any other elephants look small by comparison. But while the animals are enormous their tusks are almost always quite small compared to the tusks of elephants found any place else in Africa.

The largest elephant ever killed, an animal that is now mounted and is being displayed in the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, DC, was killed just a short distance north of Etosha Pan. It stands 13 feet and 2 inches at the shoulder, and they estimate its weight at 24,000 pounds; which I believe is an underestimation, I believe it weighed at least 40,000 pounds. I have weighed a lot of elephants, and have found that the estimated weights of such animals are almost always far too low. As usual, the 'experts' are fucked up.

Inge Töpferwien, the German woman that I hired in Kruger park, photographed one of these huge elephants after it was knocked down with M 99, and down on its side it was still taller than a man standing next to it. Was more than six feet thick in the middle.

After elephants have been darted with the capture drug, if they end up sitting upright on the ground, as they usually do, they must be immediately rolled onto their side; otherwise, because of their enormous weight, they cannot breathe and will quickly die. But rolling such an animal onto its side is not easy; usually requires the use of a winch mounted on a large truck. A darted elephant's eyes must be quickly covered, because if not covered the rays of the sun will destroy their eyes. So when you are catching elephants you have to know what you are doing. In the earliest days of capturing animals with drugs, most of them died; one of the pioneers in this activity was a veterinarian named Warren Thomas, and we used to call him 'Fifty Percent Warren,' because at least half of the animals that he darted died very quickly afterwards; a result that was produced largely by the fact that he was then using Nicotine as a capture drug, and it is very dangerous, highly toxic. Later capture drugs are much better, and far safer.

During the capture operation in Kruger park we darted elephants from the helicopter, and after the darted animal was down we then had to try to drive the rest of the herd away in order to make it possible for us to approach the darted animal on the ground; and it was sometimes damned near impossible to drive the other members of the herd away; they would stand over the darted animal and fight to the death to protect it. They were not at all afraid of men on foot, were not intimidated by ground vehicles, paid no attention to gunshots fired into the ground near their feet; if you wanted to approach the darted animal you first had to get by them.

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On one such occasion we witnessed a demonstration of intelligence on the part of an adult elephant that had to be seen to be believed: a large cow elephant stood directly over the darted elephant and refused to budge in spite of everything we did in our attempts to drive her away. Finally, in a last desperate attempt to drive her away the helicopter was flown right up in front of her face, but she still was not intimidated; instead, stood there while performing two, separate, very-logical actions that indicated that she clearly understood exactly what she was doing: while trying to reach up and snatch the helicopter out of the air with her trunk, she was simultaneously reaching back with one of her hind legs in an attempt to get the darted elephant back on to its feet so that it could run away.

Coming face to face with a helicopter at a distance of only a few feet was obviously something that she had never experienced previously, and trying to get a darted animal back onto its feet was also a new experience for her; nevertheless, she performed both of these activities with no slightest hesitation.

Most people have great difficulty acting in a logical manner when faced with only one problem, but she acted logically when faced with two new problems. She literally appeared to be smarter than most people, and probably was.

On another occasion, after a young elephant had been captured and put into a heavy crate that was then loaded onto the back of a large truck, a large cow came back into our camp in a very determined manner, ran everybody away from the truck where the crated elephant was situated, lifted the crate down onto the ground from the truck, destroyed the crate and removed the young elephant, picked it up, supporting it on her tusks and holding it in position with her trunk, turned and walked away from our camp, carrying the young elephant. Whereupon, in an attempt to get her to put the young elephant down, one of the rangers fired a flare pistol at her, hitting her in the ass; this shot did no damage, was intended only to scare her. But the flare bounced off of her and set fire to a patch of grass; whereupon, the cow elephant stopped, turned around, came back and put the grass fire out with her feet, then turned and walked away again carrying the young elephant.

All of us that saw this were in a state of shock; one ranger, with tears running down his face, said . . . “Shit, if she wants it that bad let her have it; I wouldn’t stop her now even if I could.” And the rest of us felt exactly the same way.

At that time, nobody suspected something that was discovered only several years later: elephants can, and do, communicate at a distance of several miles, using a sound frequency that cannot be heard by human ears, and quite obviously can communicate a wide range of information. They can literally talk to one another.

In 1959, in the northern part of India, while filming the giant Indian rhinos that live only in the middle of a vast swamp, while riding along a very narrow trail that was elevated above the swamp, my partner’s billfold worked its way out of his pocket and fell to the ground as a result of the very rough ride that is provided by an elephant even when walking fairly slowly. He did not notice that he had lost his billfold, but the elephant that I was riding on directly behind him did; my elephant stopped, reached down and picked up the billfold with his trunk, then reached up and handed it to me. He clearly understood that it was something that belonged to us. And he did this in spite of the fact that the Indian Mahout, the man sitting on his neck and directing him, started prodding him in the head with a very sharp piece of metal when he stopped.

On another occasion, while trying to film part of an elephant slaughter program, we located our camera in the middle of a small clearing that was surrounded by very tall grass, grass at least twelve feet tall; then a helicopter tried to drive a large herd of elephants over our position, the idea being that the herd of elephants would break out of the grass right in our face, at a distance of only a few feet, at a dead run, and then my partner, who was standing directly in front of the camera, would shoot the first elephant that broke out into the clearing, and then as the leader of the herd dropped literally at our feet the following herd would be forced to move to one side or the other of the fallen elephant and thus would pass by us at a distance of only three or four feet.

Using a rather old but very powerful rifle called a ‘double 600,’ one shot to the head of a running elephant will drop him in his tracks, will sometimes knock him backwards. The bullets used in such a gun are .60 caliber, which is huge, and weigh 900 grains, which is very heavy; the impact force from such a bullet runs into the thousands of pounds, but it takes a lot of force to bring a running animal weighing about 20,000 pounds to a dead stop in his tracks.

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If everything had gone exactly as we planned it, my partner would have shot the leading bull from a distance of about ten feet, and after he dropped to the ground at my partner's feet we would have had wall to wall elephants for a period of several seconds; it would have been a very spectacular scene. Dangerous? Hell yes it was dangerous, what if the bullet failed to fire, which was a possibility since the ammunition we were using was at least fifty years old. But, what the Hell, as they say . . . "Die now and avoid the rush."

I have killed dozens of elephants that dropped so close to me that I could touch them with my hand without stepping towards them.

But things did not turn out as we expected; the helicopter went out and rounded up the herd and tried to drive it over our position, but the elephants were not having any of that, they knew that we were waiting for them in the small clearing. Several times the helicopter moved up in front of us and paused above the tall grass only a few feet in front of our position, stayed in one spot while the pilot shook his fist at us.

Afterwards, my partner and I never having seen the elephants, the pilot asked us why we did not shoot. Whereupon my partner said . . . "Shoot what? We never saw an elephant."

Then when all three of us got into the helicopter and climbed above the clearing it was immediately obvious why we never saw any elephants: the grass a few feet away from the edge of the clearing was stomped down flat into paths that passed around the clearing, the elephants knew we were waiting and passed to either side of the clearing in order to avoid us. They are truly very intelligent animals.

My partner dropped something from one of his pockets without noticing it and left it in the clearing; then later when he missed it and remembered where he had seen it last we went back to the clearing to look for it, and then found clear evidence that the herd of elephants had returned to the clearing after we left and examined it very carefully. Elephants have repeatedly been observed performing something that can only be called a 'mercy killing,' when a sick elephant can no longer continue a big bull will end its life by shoving a tusk through its chest.

Given the length of a bull elephant's penis, as much as five feet, I wondered for years just how they would control it in order to initiate intercourse; but eventually I was able to answer that question: a bull elephant can control his penis as well as you can control your arm, does not have to rely upon luck to insert it into a cow, instead guides it under full control.

An animal produces body heat in proportion to its mass, but gets rid of excess body heat in proportion to its surface area, and an African elephant exceeds the ratio of mass to surface that is required to control his temperature; or would if it was not for his ears, the ears of an elephant are nothing more nor less than radiators, increase the surface area greatly while adding very little to the mass. Without his ears a bull elephant would overheat and die within a few minutes; hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles of blood vessels are situated just beneath the surface of an elephant's ears, so that the elephant can pump his blood through these blood vessels while fanning his ears and thus get rid of the excess heat. And if that is not enough to accomplish his purpose, a big elephant also carries more than a hundred gallons of water in his stomach, and if he starts to overheat he will reach down his throat with his trunk, suck up water from his stomach and then spray the water behind his ears in order to help dissipate heat by the evaporation of the water.

Thus, while most people believe that elephants are strictly tropical animals, they are actually better equipped to deal with very cold climates, and are found living comfortably in many places that get very cold.

A large part of southern Africa gets very cold at times, the first time I ever visited Johannesburg it was snowing when I arrived there, and I have seen snow six feet deep along the southern coast of South Africa, which is not very far north of the Antarctic circle, fairly close to the South Pole, the coldest place in the world.

So I visited several places in southern Africa, looking for a place to film after we were finished in Kruger park, but finally settled upon Rhodesia as the best location, in spite of the war that was going on there at the time. In a large part of Africa, even today, war is an almost constantly ongoing fact of life, and has been for centuries, and will be for centuries in the future, for as long as there are still people left to fight. There are many different races of people native

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to Africa, and they all hate one another. Usually look upon a chance to kill a member of any other tribe as an opportunity rather than a problem.

Unless the native African people are wiped out by AIDS, and that is a very real possibility since at least half of all of the native Africans living in several countries are now infected with the HIV virus, there will never be much in the way of peace in Africa. People who have been killing one another on sight for thousands of years are not about to stop because of world opinion. If you have been brainwashed by the liberals and the media into believing that the blacks in Africa have generally been mistreated by the whites, then you should see how the blacks treat one another.

Apart from my involvement in several wars in Africa, I never had any problems with native Africans, because I always treated them with great respect. I liked and admired most of them and they usually liked and respected me. In my opinion, one of the greatest men in history was Chaka Zulu, the man who founded the Zulu nation during the early 1800s, a man who never made war upon the whites in spite of the fact that he had an army big enough to run all of the whites then in Africa off the continent.

Near the end of Chaka's long life, a British man named Finn, who lived with Chaka for years, asked him why he never fought the whites, and Chaka told him . . . "Years ago a small ship was wrecked on the coast of southern Africa, and in order to survive they had to rebuild their ship, but they did not have any tools. So they sent a fourteen year old cabin boy, by himself, on a trip of more than a thousand miles crosscountry, looking for a place that might not even have existed, a Portuguese village located, according to rumor, far up the coast to the north of their wrecked ship. If he could find the place, he was supposed to buy tools and then take them back to the ship.

"But, along his way, he ran into some of my troops, and they brought him to me, and when he walked into Bulawayo (The Place of the Killing) he was not impressed at all. Instead of being terrified he remained perfectly calm; and remained calm in spite of the fact that he saw hundreds of people being executed by crucifixion or impalement, and in spite of the fact that I had more than 100,000 armed troops there at the time.

"So I told him that he had enemies between where we were and where he intended to go, and also told him that I would send several thousand of my troops to protect him throughout the rest of his planned trip. But then I asked him what he would do without such help from me. And, Finn, he looked me squarely in the eye and said . . . 'With the help of God, my gun and my good right arm I would have persevered.' So I asked myself . . . 'With boys like this, what must their men be like?' And I did not want to learn the answer to that question."

The Zulu wars that did occur came many years later, but even then the Zulus had great respect for the whites. At the battle of Roark's Drift, tens of thousands of Zulus attacked a small British garrison with only a couple of hundred British troops; and after days of continuous fighting, when most of the British troops together with thousands of Zulus were dead, and when all the remaining British troops were wounded, out of ammunition, out of both food and water and totally exhausted, the Zulus formed a line of thousands of troops a short distance away from the small fort, saluted the British for their bravery, turned and marched away.

Very few British troops were involved in that battle, yet more Victoria Crosses, England's highest decoration for bravery, were awarded to the troops involved in that battle than in any other battle in British history. When later asked why they did not kill the remaining British troops, the Chief of the Zulus said . . . "Oh, no, they were much too brave to die."

Eventually we were ready to ship the elephants from Kruger, and only one of the twenty that we captured could not be shipped, this one being an elephant that we named Malkop, which means 'bad head,' indicating that he was crazy, which he was; he was constantly stirring up fights with the other elephants, repeatedly bashed his head against the sturdy walls of the compound, continuing such bashing until his head was bleeding like a stuck pig and acting in several other obviously insane ways.

Most of the other elephants by that time appeared to believe that they were people, followed us around like a bunch of kittens following their mother, caused no problems of any kind. Eliza Steffee and several of our native helpers rode them around that area of the park as if they were perfectly tame horses. The only problems resulted when one attempted to crawl into bed, or into a bathtub, with somebody, which several of them did try to do.



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Loaded into very sturdy crates, they were moved by truck from our compound to the railway, were then loaded onto flatcars and shipped to the port of Laurengo Marques in Mozambique, loaded onto an American ship and sent on their way to this country. Together with the elephants we had to ship several tons of food that they would require during the voyage to this country.

But a serious problem arose when we stopped for a couple of days in Durban; the weather turned very cold and then it started raining very hard and the wind increased to a near gale force. The elephants were loaded in the open on the top deck of the ship and would not have lived through the first night of that storm if we had been unable to protect them; they can stand a lot in the way of cold weather, but could not survive very cold weather combined with heavy rain and high winds. So we had to work very hard all night in order to provide them with shelter from the severe weather.

During which, a ranger from Kruger park who went on the trip supposedly in order to help care for the elephants while they were aboard the ship, stood around with his thumb up his ass while doing nothing to help; he said . . . "You know, we were moving a bunch of animals one time and we ran into weather like this, and they all died." He obviously expected the elephants to die as well; and if he had been in charge they would have died.

I wanted to fire him on the spot, and probably would have fired him the next day in spite of any problems that firing him might have caused; but, fortunately, early the next morning he suffered a prolapsed anus, his guts almost fell out on the floor, so he ended up in the hospital in Durban and I was able to get rid of him without having to fire him.

Inge Töpperwien and Rodney Borland then cared for all of the elephants throughout the rest of the trip from Durban to New Orleans, and had no more problems of any kind, although they had to work about twenty hours a day in order to feed and clean up after the animals properly. The smallest of the babies spent most of her time running around loose on the deck of the ship and became great friends with all of the ship's crewmembers.

A couple of the largest elephants, that still appeared to be wild when we first loaded them into their shipping crates, were perfectly tame by the time the ship reached New Orleans.

In New Orleans we offloaded the elephants from the ship and moved them inside a large warehouse on the wharf alongside the dock, then cared for them there for a couple of weeks until we shipped them to Cincinnati, Ohio, in several large trucks. In Cincinnati I used them as part of a personal appearance show that I put on in an attempt to take advantage of the fact that my television show was then the highest rated show in the market. But then one of my people made a serious mistake.

A couple of years earlier I put on a similar appearance there and made so much money that I hardly knew what to do with it, but this time things turned out differently. I sent a man named Frank Weed ahead to arrange for the advertising that was required for the show, gave him a lot of money in cash to pay for the advertising; but then he tried to do me a favor, decided that I was so well known that little or nothing in the way of advertising would be required, and thus did almost nothing in that direction.

The result being that people stayed away from the show by the millions, because very few people even realized that we were there, so I ended up losing another large chunk of my ass.

After the show, during which I had called potential customers for the elephants and had been able to sell all of them, some of my people had to start delivering them all over the country, one went to the zoo in Cincinnati, several went to Omaha, Nebraska, several others went to Los Angeles, and the rest to several other places.

So then we had to start preparations for the move to Rhodesia; along those lines I bought a new helicopter from the Bell Corporation in Fort Worth, Texas, and both Eliza Steffee and I then went there to attend a course to teach us how to fly a helicopter, and helicopter flying has almost nothing in common with any other type of flying. Hovering a helicopter, remaining motionless in one spot above the ground, is probably the hardest thing to learn that you will ever encounter, initially appears to be impossible, and damned near is impossible.

Then we had to pack the helicopter for transport by ship to South Africa, along with tons of other equipment, I already had a lot of equipment in South Africa but needed a lot more for the move to Rhodesia.

## **The Arthur Jones Collection**

When the helicopter finally arrived in Cape Town, South Africa, I assembled it on the ramp at the Cape Town airport and then flew it all the way to Salisbury, Rhodesia, a distance of several thousand miles, which is a long trip at a cruising speed of only eighty miles an hour. Helicopters are very slow compared to other aircraft. On the way to Rhodesia Eliza flew another of my airplanes, a Cherokee 235 that had been given to me by Piper Corporation. Taking with her a very scared passenger, Graham Hall, who could not fly himself and knew that Eliza had very little flying experience at the time. I later taught Graham to fly, and he now has thousands of hours of experience as a pilot, usually under very tough conditions, landing and taking off from very short and rough strips in the bush. For a while, during the ongoing war in Rhodesia, he could reach his house only by landing in his yard, because the ground that surrounded his house had been mined by the rebels and it would have been suicide to attempt to drive or walk up to his house.

Even now, many years later, tens of thousands of mines are still buried all over the country, and nobody knows where they are, so accidents resulting from stepping on such a mine are still commonplace.