

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“Until I was about fifty years old, I thought I was immortal, but later I realized that I was only immoral.”

John Peters

Some of the things that representatives of the Rhodesian government did were difficult for me to believe even when they were happening; sometimes I found myself beginning to doubt my own sanity, occasionally wondered just which side of the looking glass I was on.

They gave us several baby elephants that were captured by rangers, usually were captured when a ranger shot a cow elephant in order to protect native crops that were being destroyed by the cow. I flew one of my airplanes all over the country in order to pick up these babies and bring them to a compound that we built near a large house that I leased at a place a few miles outside of Salisbury called Rhino Hill.

We treated these babies exactly the same way we treated the ones we captured in Kruger park, yet every one of the babies quickly sickened and died, and died in spite of heroic efforts on the part of Inge Topperwein to save them; she loved these babies, would do literally anything to help them, fed them by hand, slept with them, bathed them, treated them as if they were her children. And they loved her in return. But they died anyway; and then, after they died, and after their bodies were autopsied by veterinarians working for the Rhodesian Department of Animal Health, they could never determine just why they died. Or so they said.

Well I know why they died; they had been poisoned. Coincidence can explain things only up to a certain point; after which you have to begin to suspect that you are not dealing with a coincidence. If our care and feeding of the babies worked perfectly in Kruger park, as it did, then why would identical care and feeding in Rhodesia produce such a dramatically different result? But perhaps the Rhodesian elephants were somehow different from the ones in Kruger park? Which is ridiculous on the face of it; and which is clearly disproven by the fact that we had no such problems with any of the sixty-three babies that we brought to this country from Rhodesia nearly twenty years later.

And, so far as I know, nobody else ever had a similar experience with any of the hundreds of other babies that were exported from Rhodesia between 1968 and 1984, babies that they shipped all over the world with a survival rate of almost a hundred percent. Babies that usually did not get anything close to the tender loving care that ours did, yet still managed to survive.

As it happens, Inge Topperwein is one of the best people that I ever heard of, and clearly tops the list of people that I ever got to know very well, is honest to a fault, if such a thing is possible, hardworking almost beyond belief, and far more compassionate than anybody else I ever met.

Putting somebody with Inge’s characteristics through such an experience in an attempt to make me look bad is one of the worst crimes that I have ever come face to face with; and that is exactly what they did, poisoned these babies in an attempt to establish ‘proof’ that we did not know what we were doing. Well, be informed, Inge has successfully cared for more baby elephants than anybody else who ever lived; if she does not know how to do so properly, than nobody knows how.

Inge followed the German cinematographer, Dieter Plage, that I hired in Kruger park in an attempt to get paid; she had been working for him for about a year without ever being paid the promised salary; so she went to Kruger park hoping that Dieter would pay her when I paid him. Nearly thirty years later she is still waiting for the salary he promised her; but in the meantime Dieter got killed, so I guess she will have to wait a while longer.

I fired Dieter after he stole from me, but Inge stayed with my crew in Rhodesia and then followed me to this country and has been working with me ever since. She returned to Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and stayed there, living rough in the bush, for several months in order to care for the sixty-three babies that we picked up there in the big jet in 1984; then continued to provide a large part of their care after they arrived on my farm north of Ocala, Florida, and did

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so during her free time while devoting an average of at least ten hours a day to her regular job. She is, in fact, the closest thing to perpetual motion that I ever saw; if I had ten more like her I could fire about a hundred other people and would never miss them.

What can she do? Anything you can think of. How well can she do it? Probably better than anybody you ever heard of. What does she like? Many things, reading almost anything, in either English or German, classical music, opera, concerts, traveling to places she has not been yet, swimming, and work of almost any kind. But I strongly suspect that the greatest love of her life has been elephants; and they damned sure loved her.

I have never appreciated people's attempts to hurt me directly, but I get far more bent out of shape when people try to strike at me by going through other people, try to hurt me by hurting my associates. Given her love for elephants, that experience with the babies in Rhodesia was nothing short of devastating to Inge; try to kill me if you are so inclined, and perhaps you can be more successful than the others who have tried, but don't fuck with my children or my friends, that may get you killed in ways that are far more painful than those that I usually used.

I have never been very good at avoiding trouble, but have damned sure learned how to deal with it when I have to. As John Peters once told a guy . . . "We can discuss this situation in a reasonable fashion, or I will kill you. The choice is yours."

Another stunt that the officials pulled in Rhodesia in an attempt to discredit me was to invite me to a meeting that would include a large number of officials from all over the country, most of whom would have to travel long distances under very poor conditions in order to attend the meeting; there was almost nothing in the way of commercial air transportation in the country at the time, the highways were very poor and any travel through remote areas exposed you to an attack by terrorists. There were two railroads in the country, but they did not reach most of the cities, towns and villages so were not of much use for travel within the country.

I was initially informed that the meeting was scheduled for one O'clock in the afternoon on a Wednesday, which happened to be very inconvenient for me, so I suggested that the meeting be moved forward by a day, to Tuesday; but was told that such a change was impossible, that the meeting had to be held on Wednesday. So I changed my earlier plans and arrived at the office where the meeting was to be held at about ten minutes before one O'clock, only to find that the place was empty.

About twenty minutes later one of the secretaries who worked in that office returned from lunch, and when I asked her where everybody was she told me that she was the only person in the office that day. And when I asked her about the scheduled meeting she told me that it had been held the day before, on Tuesday. The mistake was not mine, in fact there was no mistake, they had set me up; then when I met one of the officials who was supposed to have attended that meeting he asked me where I had been on Tuesday, said . . . "Everybody was really pissed off, they came here for only one reason, to talk to you, and then when you didn't even bother to show up for the meeting they went through the roof."

Restrictions in regard to private flying in South Africa were almost nonexistent at that time, you just got in your airplane and went any place you wanted to and nobody appeared to even notice, flight plans were not required; but the restrictions in effect in Rhodesia were very strictly enforced; you had to inform them in advance about any planned flight, then had to file a very detailed flight plan at least an hour before you took off, and then had to report your arrival as soon as you landed, and that was usually damned near impossible to do, because most of the airports in the country had neither radios or telephones. Which meant that you usually had to walk several miles to the nearest police station, if you could find one, and then try to make contact with Salisbury Air Traffic Control by using the police radio, if they had one, and if it was working. And if there was somebody on duty when, or if, you managed to find a police station, which was seldom the case.

Nevertheless, I always went to great lengths in my attempts to abide by all of these regulations, and was always successful, although that usually required finding somebody who would permit me to use their private phone for a long-distance call to Salisbury, and a lot of the people in Rhodesia thought nothing of refusing such a request.

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But, one way or another, I always managed to close my flight plans after I landed. Then one day I was called on the carpet and accused of having caused a massive, countrywide aerial search requiring the use of dozens of both military and private airplanes because I failed to close a flight plan. Well, as it happened, the day that this search was supposedly conducted on was a day when my airplane was parked behind several other airplanes inside a hanger at Mount Hampdon airport near Salisbury; and I was able to prove that by several witnesses who worked in that hanger. The search, in fact, never occurred.

Then when I wanted to fly my helicopter down inside the narrow gorge of the Victoria Falls for filming purposes, the shit really hit the fan; the Chief of Civil Aviation then made a complete fool of himself by trying to give me a lecture on the subject of density altitude, which he obviously did not understand. At higher altitudes, the air is thinner, which is totally irrelevant once you are actually flying: a given amount of power will produce a given indicated airspeed regardless of the density of the air, and an airplane flies, or fails to fly, as a result of indicated airspeed. The density altitude of the air down inside the gorge of Victoria Falls was not a factor, was utterly irrelevant, but he tried to convince me that it was.

Then the number two man in that same department made a fool of himself over another matter, this man being their local expert on the subject of helicopters. When I told them about my mounts for machineguns and cameras, he insisted upon going with me for a test flight in order to evaluate the safety of these mounts; his real reason being, of course, that he wanted an excuse to fly my helicopter.

The mounts that we designed for the guns and cameras served another purpose apart from preventing film and ammunition jams, they also removed any slightest trace of vibration from the film, and since helicopters usually vibrate so much that they appear to be coming apart while flying, or even when parked, this was another important consideration.

Because somebody might have objected if I flew around the control tower of the airport while firing my machineguns, I used a camera for this test flight, and since only one camera was required I used only one. We pulled the helicopter out of the hanger, I got into the left seat and the government pilot got into the right seat, I started the engine and took off; but about thirty seconds before taking off I started the camera, so that it would record both the takeoff and the following short flight on film, but apparently the Rhodesian was not aware that the camera was running.

Prior to the takeoff, because of the way we were parked, the helicopter was vibrating so badly that it was about to shake our teeth out, but during the following flight the vibration was no worse than it normally was.

At that time, we could not get color film processed in Rhodesia, had to send it to South Africa or to Europe, but we could get black and white film processed locally, so I used that in order to get it back in my hands as quickly as possible. Then, three days later, I invited the Rhodesian pilot out to my studio to view the film; but when the film starting running he literally did not believe it, because it was rock steady with no trace of vibration. So he started screaming . . . "Bullshit, bullshit, you can't fool me, I was in that helicopter, I know how badly it was vibrating."

But about a second later, in the film that we were watching, the right door of the helicopter was pushed open, and then he leaned outside the cockpit and looked directly into the camera, from a distance of about four feet.

So I then said . . . "Bullshit, yourself, and I suppose that is not your face looking out of the door, is it? If not, you've got an identical twin." He was stunned.

At which point in the film the helicopter lifted off of the ground, circled around the control tower once and then landed again in front of the hanger, with zero vibration showing in the film.

During an earlier filming trip to Rhodesia, six years before I moved there, I met a German named Klaus Krieger who was then trying, without much success, to start a film studio in Salisbury; and when I moved to Rhodesia, in 1967, he was still living near Salisbury, but had failed in his attempt to start a studio and was then unemployed. And I hired him, primarily because he assured me that he was an experienced sound editor, and I needed somebody with that qualification. I had hired another sound editor from Berlin, Germany, a couple of months earlier, but he changed his mind and did not move to Rhodesia as planned. The man that Joyce sent to Africa to kill me was also a sound editor, but I hadn't seen him around recently.

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Klaus helped us for a few days while we were building the studio, but did absolutely nothing in the way of work during the next seven months; instead spent most of his time getting drunk with his wife or starting arguments with other members of my crew. Quite a few years earlier he produced a brief film on the mercenaries in the Congo for German television, and that was his primary claim to fame. I drew up a relatively simple but perfectly clear employment contract with him; a contract that specified his monthly salary and also provided for a small bonus for every minute of film that he performed the sound editing work for. A contract that also stipulated the dates by which time certain named films had to be completed. A contract that does not stipulate just when something is supposed to happen is worthless.

Everything that he required in the way of either equipment or supplies was available, so there was nothing standing in his way that might prevent him from working. Nevertheless, he never quite managed to get around to starting to work, came up with one excuse after another; first he was sick, then his wife was sick, then his dog was sick, and I would not have been surprised if he had waltzed in one day and announced that he was delayed yet again because his goldfish was sick. Still I paid him in full every month.

Then, when I paid him off in full and told him that I was leaving Rhodesia because it was then obvious that I would never be permitted to work there, he went into my studio at night, stole several very expensive pieces of equipment and took them to his house, and then called to tell me that he would like to talk to me early the next day. So I invited him to drive over to my house the next morning.

When he arrived, together with his wife, he told me that he wanted to speak with me in private; so Klaus and his wife both then followed me into my bedroom, and he closed the door. Then he told me what he had done and tried to extort money from me in return for the equipment that he had stolen. Whereupon I told him that I was going to call the police and have him arrested for grand theft and attempted extortion. So then he told me that he was leaving, that he did not intend to wait there to get arrested. And I told him . . . “Don’t try to leave, Klaus, you are not going anywhere.”

But he tried to leave anyway, managed to move his car forward about two feet before I shot holes in all four of his tires. Then I went to the phone, called the police, told them exactly what had happened and asked them to come out to my house immediately and arrest Klaus. Then the cop on the other end of the line said . . . “But, Sir, you can’t do that.”

And I said . . . “But I just did.”

And they never did arrest him, instead made vague threats about arresting me on the grounds that I had fired too close to a highway to be legal. Too close to a highway? It was about five miles from the spot where I shot his tires to the nearest highway; the house I was living in was located at the end of a small and private road that ended at my front yard. The only vehicles that ever used that road were mine or those belonging to people that I invited there. You could have fired most cannons in any direction without the slightest chance of hitting anything or anybody.

I never recovered any of the things he stole, but in the end that was of no importance since doing so would merely have increased the value of the things that the Rhodesian government stole shortly afterwards.

Somewhat later both Klaus and his wife departed from the country very suddenly under suspicious circumstances, and the last time I heard anything about either of them his wife was doing hard time in a black prison in Kenya. Which might have been harder on her than what I would have done if I ever saw her again.

Two other men that I employed in Rhodesia worked out much better; one later followed me here, worked for me briefly in Florida, and then moved to Dallas, Texas; the other later moved to Spain. But I still remain in contact with both of them.

Graham Hall stayed in Rhodesia, fought in the war against the terrorists for several years, later went to work for the game department, was then accused of a long list of crimes that he did not commit, conducted a long, drawn out legal battle that lasted for nearly ten years and finally won and was eventually paid a relatively large sum in compensation. He now operates several large fishing boats on lake Kariba, but was here for a visit a few weeks ago and told me that the lake is about fished out and that he is going to have to find something else to do.

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Graham helped Inge care for the sixty-three baby elephants that we picked up in 1984, and then came here with them on my big jet. So, altogether, Graham has worked for me off and on for nearly thirty years. I taught him to fly twenty-six years ago and he has been flying regularly ever since.

Near the end of the war in Rhodesia Graham was criticized for using profanity while speaking over an aircraft radio. Then the very next day he was accused of doing it again, but was not guilty of the second accusation. A Rhodesian Airlines airliner had taken off from Kariba airport about three minutes before Graham took off in a smaller airplane, then, about two minutes later, somebody said over the radio . . . "Oh, fuck."

Whereupon the tower operator called Graham and told him to stop cursing over the radio.

And Graham said . . . "That wasn't me, that was the pilot of the airliner, they just shot it down with a missile." And what followed was a real horror story, with a bit of a happy twist at the end.

Most of the people on the airliner survived the crash, but then the terrorists moved in, raped all of the women but one, mutilated all of the passengers they could lay hands on, and then killed them. But one woman managed to get away, taking two small children with her. When the crash site was finally located the next morning, tracks made it obvious that the terrorists had followed the woman and her children, but she managed to elude them and came through the experience alive and almost without injury.

Inge made a brief trip to Rhodesia while the war was still going on in order to visit Graham and some of her other friends there, and took him a pistol from this country; a pistol he later used to kill two terrorists with.

The sixty-three baby elephants that we picked up and transported to this country in 1984 were the only survivors of a massive elephant slaughter program that was being conducted in Zimbabwe (formerly Rhodesia) at that time. They planned to kill a total of 6,000 elephants that year alone, and we estimated that about five percent of these, or 300 of them, would be the size that I wanted to bring here. So, as the herds were being killed, all of the babies were spared, were captured and moved to a holding compound that we constructed. From the 300 babies that we expected to get, we planned to select the best 250 and bring them here aboard only one big airplane; but as usual we made several mistakes, underestimated the weight of the babies and overestimated the cargo capacity of the airplane.

When I bought that airplane, from American Airlines, they were supposed to deliver it to me in 'like new' condition, and among other things that required that the airplane had to be weighed again to determine its 'empty weight,' in order to tell us just how much cargo it could carry; and according to their figures, the airplane could legally and safely carry 103,000 pounds of cargo. But they made a mistake, and later, when I began to suspect that their figures were wrong, I weighed the airplane again, and found that it could legally haul only 93,000 pounds of cargo.

Secondly, we assumed in advance that the babies would weigh an average of 400 pounds each, and if that was a correct weight then we could haul 250 babies on one trip; but when we later weighed them we found that they had an average weight of 754 pounds, were nearly twice as heavy as we expected them to be. But, even at that weight, we still could have hauled more than a hundred of them in my airplane.

But that was not to be: shortly after the slaughter program started the white rangers who were conducting the operation in the field got into an argument with the black officials who were trying to direct the operation from a distance, by phone from their offices in Harare. So eventually the white ranger in charge told the black officials to go fuck themselves and quit, told them to come out into the bush and conduct the operation themselves if they did not like the way he was doing it. Which, of course, the black officials were not about to do; besides, they were far too busy trying to keep any of their several black wives from finding out about their white mistresses, or driving around in their Mercedes limousines to visit the farms they had stolen from their white owners.

So, with the slaughter program brought to a halt, we then had only sixty-eight babies in the compound; so Graham sent me a cable telling me what had happened and suggesting that I come for the elephants that they did have, because there would be no more that year. So we went over to pick them up, cursing because of the relatively small number of babies that were actually available. Baby African elephants, at that time, were selling in this country for \$10,000.00 each; but if I could bring in 250 on one trip I could then sell them for \$5,000.00 each and still make a profit.

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I planned to sell 200 at that price, for a total of \$1,000,000.00, and calculated that I would make a profit of about \$600,000 and still have fifty babies left over at no cost to myself, babies that I planned to keep and raise on my farm.

The statement was made, later, on the ABC Television network show 20/20 that the elephant trip cost me \$1,000,000.00, but in fact it cost less than one fifth of that, would not have cost even a quarter of a million dollars if we had been able to pick up 250 babies. The biggest cost factor was flying the big jet, operation of which cost about \$2,000.00 per hour that it was flown, but since the round trip required only about thirty hours of flying, that amounted to only \$60,000.00, and all other costs were less than a total of \$100,000.00. Even when the costs of constructing the holding compound on my farm in Florida were added, the total was still only about \$200,000.00. So I could have made a profit by selling only forty-five of the babies at a price of \$5,000.00 each, which was only half of the usual price at the time.

It cost me almost nothing to feed the elephants in Florida because we were growing hay on several hundred acres of my farm, produced thousands of bales of hay every year. At that time I was also raising thousands of alligators and crocodiles and hundreds of enormous rattlesnakes, together with rhinos and a number of other exotic animals, including an adult male gorilla. My farm was, at the time, the largest privately-owned game reserve in the world, with a total of nearly ten thousand exotic animals. We were raising thousand of alligators for their hides and meat; breeding them on my farm, hatching the eggs, and raising the babies until they were big enough to be slaughtered for their hides and meat. During their first few years of life, alligators are one of the most efficient forms of life on this planet, convert about seventy-five percent of the weight of what they eat to their own bodyweight. If an alligator consumes 100 pounds of food during its first four years of life it will gain 75 pounds in bodyweight; and since the alligator's food cost us less than twenty cents a pound that meant that the cost of raising an alligator up to the right size was only about \$20.00, but in the meantime the value of the alligator's skin increased by about \$400.00, so it was a very profitable business.

But regardless of how carefully you plan something, unexpected problems almost always crop up. As John Peters said . . . "That's why they put six chambers in a revolver, and why you should always carry two of them."

The tires on an automobile, or an airplane, cannot be used above a certain speed, beyond their rated maximum speed they will fail, the tread will come off and the tire will then explode. The tires used on big jets like mine had a limit of 195 miles an hour on the ground, would come apart if used at higher speed; but being the cautious type that I am, I used tires intended for a Jumbo Jet, a Boeing 747, and they were rated at a speed of 225 miles an hour on the ground. Which was fortunate, because our actual speed just before we lifted off from the runway in Africa was 226.25 miles an hour, and at that speed using normal tires we would have crashed on takeoff.

Each of the eight main wheels of my big jet had to support 40,000 pounds when the plane was parked, which weight is the maximal legal load for the big tractor-trailer rigs that you see on the highway, and they have sixteen tires to support that load. But that is sitting still; when moving the load on the tires may be three times that heavy; it takes very little in the way of a bump to produce an impact force of three Gs, which would impose a force of 120,000 pounds on each tire.

Carrying eighty tons of fuel, 160,000 pounds of fuel, plus the elephants and a total of about thirty people and a lot of heavy equipment, we took off at a weight that was only a few pounds below the maximum takeoff weight for the plane we were using. We planned to make only one stop enroute back to my farm, intended to refuel on an island off the west coast of Africa, an island controlled by the Portuguese, did not want to land in any country under black control because doing so always led to problems and just might get you killed.

But we encountered strong headwinds that greatly reduced our speed across the ocean, cut our speed by about 230 miles an hour, brought it down from nearly 600 miles an hour to less than 400 miles an hour, and that made it impossible for us to reach the Portuguese island without a stop for more fuel. So we had to land somewhere in black Africa, had several choices, none very good, and finally decided to land in Liberia, a country that was founded shortly after the American Civil War by slaves that were sent back to Africa after the war; they still speak American English there and use American currency, so at least we could understand them. But they also have a habit of changing the government very frequently, by killing everybody connected with the government and then replacing them with other

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people. They once stopped a German airliner that was about to depart, dragged the pilot out onto the runway and beat him nearly to death. The charge against this pilot? They said that his plane blew some dust on to the car belonging to the wife of a government official. Real friendly people.

But we had no better options, so we landed; and, sure enough, problems quickly arose. They seized all of our passports and refused to return them until I paid a large bribe, delayed us for several hours, broke in to the airplane by prying a cargo door open with a crow bar and stole several very valuable pieces of equipment. I had a mechanic on board who was able to repair the door enough so that we could fly again; but, if not, we would have been stuck there, and if we did not leave before the sun came up the next morning all of the elephants would have died in less than an hour from the heat.

There were hundreds of airplanes parked on the airport, all but three of them being Russian military airplanes, fighters and bombers; the place looked like what you would expect to see on the Moscow airport. All of the hundreds of people on the airport were armed to the teeth with machineguns and none of them were in the least bit friendly.

I was carrying \$160,000 in cash in a briefcase and if they had found that it would have been stolen, and since about a hundred people insisted upon coming aboard the plane to look at the elephants, they said, there was a good chance that they might find the briefcase; their real reason for boarding the plane, of course, was that they were looking for something to steal, and they did steal just about everything except the elephants.

Having been delayed several hours, we finally managed to get some fuel and took off again, flew to the Portuguese island, landed and fueled up to the capacity of the plane's tanks. One of my copilots was very nervous while we were on the ground on that island, refused to show his face, stayed hidden inside the toilet on the plane during the entire time we were on the ground. He had purchased fuel there for an airplane during the Biafran war nearly twenty years earlier, and never paid for it; was afraid somebody would recognize him and that he would then be arrested.

From that island we flew nonstop to my farm in Florida, and landed on my private airport, which has one of the largest runways in the world, had more than three times the length of runway that we required to land. By special arrangements made by me with some friends who were in charge of U. S. Customs in central Florida at the time, my airport was declared to be an international airport for only one day. Otherwise, we would have been forced to land someplace else to clear customs, and we did not want to make any more landings than the minimum number required; because any sort of mechanical problem that delayed us would have had fatal consequences for the elephants; parked on the ground in direct sunlight the temperature inside the plane would have been more than two-hundred degrees within less than an hour.

Once on the ground, during daylight hours, the elephants had to be offloaded within a matter of only a very few minutes; and that would have been impossible to do anywhere except on my private airport. We had constructed a very large ramp that we used for offloading the elephants on my farm, a ramp that led directly into the holding compound for the elephants, so in practice it took us only about five minutes to get all of the elephants off of the plane and in to the compound. They were very pleased to be getting off of the plane, went down the ramp at a dead run.

But in spite of all of our very careful planning, we still overlooked a factor that might have produced a disaster, and that would have produced a disaster if we had managed to get as many elephants as we expected to. Big jets have both heaters and air conditioners, can provide either hot air or cold air while in flight; at our cruising altitude of 41,000 feet the temperature of the outside air was 40 degrees below zero, would instantly freeze the balls off of a brass monkey. So, usually, with a full load of passengers, the heaters are used continuously to keep the passengers from freezing. But that's with people for passengers, people who are sitting quietly and not generating much heat. But with elephants for passengers we had an opposite problem; rather than remaining motionless they moved continuously throughout the flight, and generated so much heat that we had to run the air conditioners at their highest level and still had such a high temperature inside the airplane that it was like a sauna, was literally raining inside the plane. If we had loaded twice as many elephants, all of them would have died as a result of their own body heat. Which problem we had not anticipated, and which, had it occurred, we could not have done anything about. It's damned hard to kick sixty elephants out of a big jet while in flight, and that would have been the only solution to such a problem.

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Nearly twenty years earlier, in Rhodesia, I had a somewhat similar problem: we picked up two small elephants that had followed a ranger home after he shot their mother for raiding native crops, loaded them into a small airplane together with four people, took off and headed back to Salisbury. But even small elephants are very strong, and it is damned near impossible to stop them from doing whatever they decide to do, so they gave the two people who were in the back of the plane with them a very hard time.

Suddenly, Eliza started screaming . . . “Arthur, they broke the lock on the cargo door and are trying to push the door open.”

So I said . . . “Well, there is not a damned thing that I can do to stop them; but I don’t believe they can push the door open enough for them to get out, the force of the slipstream will prevent the door from opening very wide.”

And she said . . . “I’m not worried about them getting out, but they are trying to push me out of the door.”

So I told her . . . “Well, try not to hit the tail at it goes by you.”