

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“Just because you are paranoid does not mean that they are not out to get you.”

Anon.

Some wild animals can be imported into the United States with absolutely nothing in the way of restrictions, and some cannot; a few animals are prohibited, and a long list of others are regulated to such a degree that their importation is both difficult and very expensive. Having done everything I could think of throughout my lifetime to avoid red tape of any kind, and sometimes being lucky enough to find a way around many of the restrictions imposed by the government, and always having seen to it that I understood the laws regarding what I was trying to do far better than the people who were attempting to enforce the laws ever did, made it possible for me to succeed in many situations where most of the other people trying to do the same thing failed.

Which is not intended to imply that I did not have more than my fair share of failures myself: quite the contrary, my life has consisted primarily of a seemingly never ending series of failures. Sometimes I learned from a failure and was then able to avoid such a mistake later; but not always, many of my mistakes have been repeated several times, and this usually occurred because of wishful thinking on my part. When something appeared to be self-evident to me I was usually convinced that the simplicity of the situation was such that I could communicate the facts to other people, that they would quickly grasp the relationship of the involved factors and then understand the implications of an opportunity that to me was obvious. Sometimes this happens, but usually it does not.

Most people are intimidated by any idea that is new to them, intellectually intimidated, and all people are influenced by instincts that they are not even aware of. Scientists, or ‘experts’ of any kind, react to any new idea in a pattern that makes it appear that they are following a script; and in a sense, they are following a script, a script dictated by their instincts.

Max Planck, a Nobel Prize winning scientist from Germany, had this to say on the subject of scientists confronted with a new idea in their field . . . “Scientific breakthroughs do not prevail by convincing their opponents and leading them to see the light; but only because these opponents will eventually die, and then a new generation will grow up that does understand the truth.”

Sometimes; but usually it takes several generations for the truth to be recognized, and then may require even more generations for the truth to be acknowledged. The result being that very few people who have actually been responsible for scientific breakthroughs then lived long enough afterwards to see much, if anything, in the way of a reward in return for their contributions.

The relatively few people who have been well rewarded for their discoveries were usually people who invented something that really made little or nothing in the way of a contribution in the direction of improving the lives of other people; these usually being things that a lot of people wanted but did not really need. Do you really need a VTR? Do you really need cosmetics? Has television really improved your life? How much better off are you as a result of a lot of free time? Time that most people don’t know what to do with; free time that usually leads to more in the way of problems than it does in the direction of improving your life.

I have had a lot of experience with scientists in several fields during the last forty-odd years, and have finally been forced to the conclusion that they are, as a group, probably the dumbest people on the planet; not all of them are utterly stupid, but most of them, by far the majority of them, are stupid. Not just ignorant, stupid; ignorance can be corrected, but as they say . . . “Stupidity goes clear to the bone.”

They usually do not even notice things that happen in plain sight, things that once seen should then be instantly obvious to a goat, and almost never understand the implications of things that they do observe. I once saw something demonstrated in such a simple manner that the implications were, to me, unavoidable, a demonstration that provided

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simple solutions to several scientific questions that had been hotly debated for decades with nothing in the way of an answer; and, standing there with me watching that demonstration, there were twenty-three scientists who were generally considered to be the leaders in their field, and not a single one of them even noticed what had happened.

Afterwards, when I pointed out just what had happened, and then tried to explain the obvious implications, not one of them could understand what I had to say on the subject; repeatedly tried to raise the possibility of some other explanation, when the simple truth was literally undeniable. Now, more than eight years later, and following literally thousands of other clear demonstrations of actually simple facts, a few of those scientists have finally brought themselves around to a point where they agree with my conclusions; but do so in a manner that makes me doubt that they really understand just what was established by those demonstrations.

What I observed that day, and instantly understood, should have earned me the Nobel Prize in medicine, because it is directly related to the treatment of the single most expensive, generally not life threatening, medical problem in this country today, chronic spinal pathology, a problem that costs this country more than 100 Billion dollars a year, a sum equal to about eleven percent of the overall annual costs for health care in this country. Eight years later, practical applications of this discovery are now being utilized in clinical practice in hundreds of medical facilities worldwide, and millions of patients are now being provided with the first, and still the only, treatment protocol of any slightest value.

But in the meantime, hundreds of millions of other patients are being provided with a wide variety of other treatment protocols that are worse than worthless; worse because they provide literally none of the requirements for productive treatment, and because several of these procedures are actually counterproductive, even dangerous.

So if you are bothered by lower-back pain, and about eighty percent of the people in this country do have such problems at some time in their lives, your chances of finding a doctor that can provide help of any kind are probably about one in a thousand, and your chances of being provided with treatment that will make your problem worse rather than better are probably about ten to one.

Why? Because of the instinctive response of scientists to anything that is relatively new in their field . . . FIRST, they will ignore that idea and hope it will go away, because it was not their idea; SECOND, but if the idea persists, then they will attempt to ridicule it; THIRD, and if the idea survives their attempt to ridicule it, then they will attack it; FOURTH, and if the idea manages to survive their attacks, they will eventually be forced to try to copy it; FIFTH, and, eventually, faced with an obvious success that has survived in spite of their efforts, they will suddenly remember that the idea was theirs in the first place.

So the pattern is: ignore, ridicule, attack, copy, steal. This being a pattern of behavior that appears to be stamped into their genes. A pattern of behavior that has been encountered by anybody who ever discovered anything of value; it happened to the Wright Brothers, to Edison, to Tesla, to Einstein, and it probably happened to whoever discovered sex, fire, the wheel, money, the bow and arrow or just about anything you can think of.

A discovery that eventually led to the developments that have followed occurred more than twenty-six years ago, in Rhodesia, and the irony in this situation is the fact that this discovery would never have been made if the Rhodesian government had lived up to the terms of their agreement with me. If they had permitted me to carry out my work in the manner that I intended I would have been far too busy to devote any of my time to the activities that led to the initial breakthrough. Thus, quite literally, in their desperate attempts to hurt me they actually ended up by helping me; which does not mean that I appreciated their actions at the time, or that I appreciate them even now. Perhaps I now should appreciate their actions, but it is sometimes difficult to bring yourself around to the point of liking people who have tried to kill you. People who, having failed in their attempts to kill you, nevertheless went to great lengths in their attempts to hurt you any way they could.

I wanted to be, and I could have been, one of the best friends that the country of Rhodesia ever had; it was not my intention to hurt them in any way; quite the contrary, I wanted to help them, and could have helped them if they had permitted me to do so.

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I invested millions of dollars in the country, built and equipped the best film-production studio on the continent, provided them with the opportunity to earn many millions of dollars from activities that were then ongoing but that were providing nothing in the way of a return for their investment of several million dollars. For example, at that time they were trying to solve a problem produced by birds; millions of such birds were doing an enormous amount of damage to some of the crops being grown in Rhodesia, and in attempts to solve that problem they were killing millions of those birds by setting off explosive charges in the nesting areas of the birds.

But, as it happened, these were very attractive birds and were popular as household pets; so an enormous market existed in this country for those birds. They could have been easily captured by the use of large nets and then exported to this country for sale, and the profits from such sales would have amounted to many millions of dollars a year. I had one customer who was willing and able to buy those birds by the million, a man who eventually became a billionaire by selling other types of birds and tropical fish.

And they also had literally billions of very attractive tropical fish in Rhodesia, another source of potential profits running into the millions of dollars a year; fish that could have been easily captured and successfully exported to this country and to Europe. The market for both birds and fish was huge, and the potential profits were enormous. But the facts be damned: just what kind of a scam was I trying to pull? I bought a large airplane that was capable of making nonstop flights from Africa to this country carrying several tons of cargo, a plane that I hoped to use to transport both tropical fish and birds by the millions. They had the fish and the birds, and I had both the transportation that was required and the customers wanting to buy everything I could supply them with.

So how did the 'experts' respond to my suggestions along those lines? They ignored them, because it was not their idea. And what would it have cost them to at least try to carry out my suggestions? Nothing; not a cent, I was fully prepared to bear all of the related costs, conduct the entire operation with nothing in the way of either effort or investment on their part, and was then more than willing to give them a very large part of the profits that resulted from my activities. For them, it was a no lose proposition; heads they win, tails they do not lose.

But they were so busy trying to cause me problems that they did not have much time available to even consider my suggestions. They had agreed, in advance, that I could do literally anything that I wanted to do, with nothing in the way of opposition from anybody; but an agreement is one thing and what actually happens afterwards is something else. The country of Rhodesia, at that time, was suffering as a result of sanctions, which meant that they could neither buy direct from most of the other countries in the world or export any of their products to any of these countries. But, as it happened, South Africa was both willing and able to sell them anything that they needed and could also buy all of their products; so while the sanctions increased their expenses and reduced their profits they did not bring the economy of the country to a screeching halt as they were intended to do.

The Russians and the Chinese were doing everything possible to support the ongoing war in Rhodesia while the United States and most of the European countries were doing everything possible to see to it that the Communists were successful. Which raises an interesting question: just which side were we on?

The Communists' side, of course; after all, they were the 'good guys,' while we were the 'bad guys.' Or so the liberals and most of the media seemed to believe.

To carry out my plans regarding tropical fish and birds, I would have been required to become involved in a bit of 'sanction busting;' since I could not export directly from Rhodesia or buy anything that was intended for Rhodesia. So a bit of subterfuge would have been required; it would have been necessary to export everything as a product of South Africa and import everything as if it was going to South Africa. But that presented no real problems, and as far as I was concerned, I had no moral qualms about what I intended to do. If I agree with a law I follow it, if not I ignore it; I have never needed a bunch of politicians and bureaucrats to tell me what was right and what was wrong, and even a casual glance at the results produced by the actions of such people should make it immediately apparent that they seldom if ever know the difference between right and wrong. Everything they touch turns to shit. Rather than being the solution they are usually the problem.

Exceptions? Perhaps, but so far I have never encountered one.

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If I had ever paid any slightest attention to the rules and regulations imposed by the government I could never have done as much as ten percent of the things that I have done; and nobody that did not deserve to be hurt has ever been damaged in any way as a result of my actions, and by far the majority of the people who did deserve to be hurt never suffered from any of my actions.

But who decides just who deserves to be hurt? People make that decision for themselves, and then prove or disprove their value to society by their actions. My actions have helped millions of people, and have hurt only a few, and hurt only those who deserved to be hurt, and not all of them. I regret very little of what I have done, but do regret many things that I should have done but failed to do.

I now have some employees who have been with me for more than forty years, and quite a few who have been with me for more than twenty years; but these are the exceptions rather than the rule, the few remaining from the many who worked for me over the years. I have employed thousands of people at one time or another, but found very few who were worth keeping. Many people who worked for me became very wealthy as a direct result of our association, and in every single case such wealth was almost handed to them on a silver platter; was literally given to them by me in an effort to express my appreciation for their efforts, over and above what they were paid while working for me, and I have usually paid people far more than they could have earned working anywhere else.

And, in return, almost all of them, with damned few exceptions, rather than appreciating what I gave them in the way of unexpected rewards, not only did not thank me but then went on to try to steal from me, lied about me, and hurt me in any way they could.

That being the case, then why was I foolish enough to expect anything else from the people in Rhodesia? Because, I suppose, I am a damned fool myself. But my stupidity provides nothing in the way of proof of other people's intelligence; if such a thing as actual intelligence exists on this planet, which I doubt. I have known many good people, many totally honest people, but am not at all convinced that I ever met anybody who was truly intelligent, but have met thousands who were utterly stupid.

As John Peters once said . . . "Think back to the first time you ever saw a giraffe. It probably looked damned strange to you. Then ask yourself just how one giraffe must appear to another giraffe. It would probably look perfectly normal to another giraffe; but only to another giraffe, to anybody or anything else it would look damned strange. And then think about this: the same thing applies to people; if the people that you are surrounded by appear to be normal to you, that means that you are one of them. And since almost all of them are fools, that means that you are a fool. Because a fool looks normal only to another fool,"

Or, as it says in the Bible . . . "Cast not pearls before swine."

Having arrived in Rhodesia, having moved all of our equipment there, two airplanes, a helicopter, several ground vehicles including some that we had designed and built for filming purposes, together with literally hundreds of tons of other equipment, then having built and equipped the best film studio in Africa, and having worked out our plans very carefully, we were then ready to start work. But it was not to be.

Regardless of what I wanted to do, it was never 'convenient;' they would tell me things like . . . "Well, that is a very good idea, but it would not be possible at the moment, so you will have to think of something else; if you had made the same suggestion even as recently as two weeks ago it would have been alright, but it would not be convenient now."

This in spite of the fact that I was asking them for literally nothing in the way of help, was prepared to carry out my plans with no assistance from them. My agreement with them was very clear, provided for the following: They would provide me with the services of one game ranger, for whose services I would reimburse the government, a ranger who would be selected by me, a ranger who would have no authority of any kind, who would act only as an observer and who would then report to only one person, that being the Director of the Rhodesian National Parks Board, a ranger who would not be permitted to discuss any of our activities with anybody, including his wife, except the Director. Before reaching my agreement with the Rhodesian government I had already learned that it was simply impossible to work meaningfully under the direction of anybody from the government.

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But my agreement with the government went far beyond the point mentioned above. They also agreed to permit me to work any place in the country that I wanted to, which should not have caused problems of any kind since I wanted to work only in very remote locations, and also agreed that any place I selected would be declared off limits for anybody else, that nobody would be permitted to enter that area where I was working.

Which agreement was insisted upon by me not because I wanted to do anything outrageous, but only because I knew that without such an agreement I could not work at all. That point had already been clearly established by my earlier experiences in both Natal and Kruger park.

Working in such remote locations made it almost inevitable that we would sooner or later come into contact with terrorists, and we did; but we were well prepared to defend ourselves, were armed to the teeth with fully-automatic weapons, and were willing to expose ourselves to any such risks. I went no place without at least a pistol and a sub-machinegun, and the government did not object to that, clearly understood that it was a necessary precaution under the circumstances. Very few people in Rhodesia at that time even went to the toilet without a gun. And quite a few of them quickly learned that their guns were needed.

Graham Hall bummed a ride with some men driving an armored car through the bush following a narrow trail, and had to sit on the floor of the vehicle because there was no seat available for him. Then suddenly, with no warning of any kind, the driver slammed on the brakes, an action that caused Graham to go flying through the air and end up by smashing his head against the roof of the vehicle just above the windshield. After which Graham asked the driver just what the Hell he thought he was doing.

So the driver pointed ahead and slightly to one side of the trail, where a native boy aged about ten was standing, looking at the trail but covering both of his ears with his hands. He wanted to watch the explosion but did not want to hurt his ears; the trail immediately ahead of the vehicle had been mined. If the driver had not noticed the child, or had not understood the implications of the child's actions, all of them would have been killed.

I was invited to a party in the home of one of the top men in the Rhodesian government, on Christmas eve, and walked into the house with a pistol stuck down in front of my pants, in plain sight, and with a machinegun in my hand. And some of the men there laughed about my precautions. But then I told them . . . "Remember Pearl Harbor. If you were sitting across that river, planning to invade this country, just when would you do it? Early tomorrow morning all of you will be asleep, and most of you will be drunk, and thus that would be the perfect time for an attack. So do what you like, but I will be neither asleep nor drunk tomorrow morning."

Whereupon they stopped laughing, and most of them went home to get their weapons, and there was very little drinking there that night. And guess what? Early the following morning the rebels did come across the river in force.

I went so far in the direction of trying to protect myself that we designed and built remotely controlled machinegun mounts for my helicopter, mounts that could also be used for the purpose of filming from the helicopter.

The motion picture cameras and the machineguns available to us then had a common problem: the film tended to jam in the cameras and the ammunition belts tended to jam in the guns. So we looked at both problems very carefully and worked out a solution that literally prevented any such jams of either film or ammunition.

Then we had to build the required equipment and mount it on the helicopter. So we built sturdy mounts from heavy aluminum, one such mount being on the right side of the helicopter and the other on the left side. Each of these mounts could hold three machineguns, three cameras, or two guns and one camera, or any possible combination of guns and cameras that we wanted up to a total of six cameras or guns.

These mounts situated the guns or cameras in a manner similar to that which was used with fighters during the Second World War: what you saw was what you hit, all you had to do was aim the helicopter itself.

Then, inside the helicopter, located directly beside the pilot's seat, we had an electronic control box, designed and built by us, that gave the pilot the ability to select any possible combination of either guns or cameras. The jamming problem was solved by feeding power to the film magazines and the ammunition belts of the machineguns continuously. Both cameras and guns would not jam as long as they were running, but having been used once and

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having been stopped, they would jam if you tried to use them again; which meant that every time you used either guns or cameras you then had to land and manually take out the slack that resulted every time the guns or cameras were stopped. Thus, without the system that we designed and built, the guns and cameras could not be used intermittently. And since it was not always convenient, or even possible, to land the helicopter for the purpose of preventing such jams, our development made both cameras and guns far more practical.

As things turned out, I was never required to use the guns on the helicopter for the purpose for which they were intended, although I did fly one mission along the southern bank of the Zambezi river in an attempt to locate and destroy a party of rebels that came across the river during the night, their presence in the country being established by the fact that they had to abandon the boats that they had used to cross the river in; boats that were discovered on the southern bank of the river, a discovery that made it obvious that the terrorists had entered the country during the night.

During the same discovery and destroy mission Eliza Steffee was on a boat on the river together with one white officer and about thirty native troops. But we were too late, the terrorists had already disappeared into the bush by the time we arrived on the spot, and we never did find them. It should be noted that more than ninety percent of the troops then defending Rhodesia were black troops, usually but not always being led by white officers. Most of the blacks in Rhodesia did not like the rebels any more than we did.

Most of the blacks then in Rhodesia were clearly aware of what had already happened across the river to the north under black rule, did not like what had happened there and damned sure did not want the same thing to happen in Rhodesia. Secondly, along those same lines, most of the terroristic activity then going on inside Rhodesia was directed towards other blacks, in an attempt to intimidate them into joining the rebels. And while it seems to be impossible for many whites to understand any race of blacks, the blacks that made up the majority of the population of Rhodesia clearly understood the intentions of the different race of blacks that were coming into the country from the north.

Personally, during the many years that I spent in southern Africa I never saw a single example of mistreatment of the blacks by a white person. Quite the contrary, saw many examples of whites leaning over backwards in their attempts to be more than fair in their treatment of the blacks. And, yes, I am sure there were exceptions that I never saw, but I believe that any such exceptions were very rare.

Later, when the country finally was handed over to black rule, and they did not gain such control as a result of their terroristic activities, the blacks in Rhodesia who had been afraid of what would happen under black rule learned that their fears had been more than justified, because the country quickly went to Hell.

The people now in power in Rhodesia have stolen almost everything that they can lay their hands on, while the majority of the black population found that they had been far better off under white rule. Most of the white people that I knew in Rhodesia got to Hell out when they realized what was about to happen there, but some stayed and have remained in contact with me, so I am aware of the current situation there.

A very famous author, Michener, published a book about Rhodesia that was pure bullshit, presented an outright fantasy as historical fact. In the southern part of the country, now called Zimbabwe, there are some stone structures called the Zimbabwe Ruins, which consist of a lot of rocks piled up in a very crude fashion in order to build a wall around a relatively small area. And Michener tried to prove that these ruins were proof of the existence of a vast civilization built by black men far before the coming of white men to that part of Africa. Well, as it happens, if you take the trouble to dig underneath some of these stones it is almost certain that you will find jade artifacts, and jade is not indigenous to any part of the African continent.

So while it may be true that those rocks were piled up by black men, you can be damned sure that there was either a Chinese man or an Arab there kicking them in the ass and making them do it; the Zimbabwe Ruins were nothing more nor less than a very crude fort designed by somebody who was not a native of Africa, somebody who went there looking for gold, or ivory, or slaves, stayed a while and then left. And as soon as these outsiders left the Zimbabwe Ruins were abandoned by the natives who may have been forced to build them.

Many people in this country, and in Europe, have been trying to distort the true history of Africa for the last fifty years or so, in a desperate attempt to convince the public that vast civilizations once existed in black Africa long before

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white men or other outsiders ever went there. Well, in fact, before any outsiders ever visited Africa, and for a long time afterwards, the blacks in Africa were outright savages, most of them were cannibals, and some of them still are, and nothing with any slightest similarity to actual civilization was ever produced.

And if you even hope that the situation will improve in the future then you are engaging in wishful thinking. I am now, and I always have been, in favor of equal rights for everybody, black, white, or green; but I also know that rights without responsibility is a sure formula for disaster.

Oh, but they can be educated, can't they? If you are foolish enough to believe that education will do anything in the way of improving the future, I would suggest that you take a close look at the results that have been produced by so-called universal education in this country during the last sixty years. The current generation of Americans is by far the least educated generation of people who ever lived in this country. And that situation is getting worse by the minute, and no amount of money thrown at the problem will make it any better.

The list of outrages perpetrated against me in Rhodesia would fill a book by itself, so I will mention only a few of them. When I arrived in Rhodesia I still had a net worth of about two million dollars, in spite of the losses in Natal and Kruger park, most of which net worth consisted of equipment that I owned free and clear, but a lot of which was cash money in my hand when I went there. But a year later, back in this country, my net worth had been reduced to about a negative half-million dollars; that is, I had almost no assets and owed about a half a million dollars.

I have found it to be very hard to accumulate a meaningful amount of money, but damned easy to lose it. Have also learned that the better a business opportunity appears to be, the worse it usually proves to be in the end. As they say . . . "If it sounds too good to be true, it probably is."

Having moved to Rhodesia a multi-millionaire, I returned to this country less than a year later with \$10,000.00 in cash, with Eliza Steffee, Inge Töpperwien and three of my children, with only one pistol and with a debt of more than a half a million dollars, and damned near nothing else apart from the clothes we were wearing.

Everything else that I owned had been stolen by the Rhodesian government, a white government, if it had been a black government it would probably have been impossible to get out alive. When I finally realized that any continued attempts to work there would be doomed to failure, and reluctantly decided that I had no choice apart from a return to this country, I made careful arrangements for the return to this country of all my assets, and paid all of the costs that would be involved in doing so in advance, as well as leaving more than enough cash in a local bank to pay any unexpected costs that might arise after I left the country. Also left one of my employees, Graham Hall, there with both the authority and the means required to pack and ship back to this country all of my assets.

Then after we left the country, the government immediately stepped in and seized all of my assets, later sold them and then kept the money. Their excuse? In an attempt to protect my creditors, they said; but, in fact, I did not have any creditors, did not owe anybody a cent. All of my assets were placed in the hands of a man named Pringlewood, who was appointed as a 'trustee' for my assets, was supposed to protect them; but who, in fact, stole most of them. But, then, what else would you expect when you find yourself in the hands of a lawyer?

I never recovered anything from those assets apart from an antique elephant rifle that they were unable to locate, a gun that was later smuggled out of the country and sent to me here by Graham Hall. Then, years later, when that rifle finally reached this country I had a Hell of a time getting it released by U. S. Customs, finally gave up even trying to get it away from them, but eventually did get it back as a result of efforts on the part of a friend of mine who had connections with the Customs people. Just what the Customs people thought I might do with an antique elephant rifle that you could not even buy ammunition for I was never able to figure out.

Then, rather ironically, years later I gave that rifle to the man in charge of U. S. Customs throughout central Florida because he was a bit of a 'gun nut' and because I really had no use for it. I have never been one to keep much of anything in the way of souvenirs. I have produced more than three-hundred films, but now have copies of less than a dozen of these.

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A few days after we returned to this country, and when I first became aware of what the government had done after I left Rhodesia, I then went to great lengths in my efforts to get the situation straightened out, knowing full well that they had no reason of any kind to do what they had done. I wrote literally hundreds of long letters, sent dozens of long telegrams, sent documentary proof of everything I told them; but all of that was simply more wasted effort and expense.

A few years later, Pringlewood drove out into the bush and shot himself in the head; which did not please me when I heard about it, because I had similar plans for him that I wanted to carry out personally.

I sent one telegram that contained more than a thousand words to Ian Smith, the Prime Minister of Rhodesia at the time, a telegram that clearly spelled out just what an outrage had been performed by members of his government. His reply consisted of one sentence suggesting that I hire a lawyer in Rhodesia, and that was in the form of a letter that was sent by ship mail and that did not even reach me until nearly four months after it was mailed.

But it would have been impossible for me to follow his advice even if I had been so inclined, because they had made it impossible for me to hire a lawyer in Rhodesia; doing so would have required me to send him money in advance, but they had already made arrangements to seize any money that I did send to Rhodesia.

And even that was not enough to suit their purposes; they carefully went through all of my records and correspondence and then sent letters to everybody mentioned in any of those papers, letters accusing me of a long list of terrible crimes. They even went so far as to attempt to hurt my children; having eventually learned where my children were going to school, they falsified my children's school records in Rhodesia and sent copies of these phony records to the school that my children were attending in Florida, with the addition of a letter telling the Florida school that all three of my children were very poor students. But they were not successful in that attempt; because, by the time that phony report reached the school in Florida, all of my children had already been tested, promoted by at least one grade level as a result of their very high test scores, and by then were all on the honor roll.

But, you may be wondering, just why would anybody go to such lengths in their attempts to hurt you?

Because I knew where the bodies were buried, and because they were shit scared that I would take my story to the Washington Post, or the London Times, and they were desperate in their desire to discredit me in advance, so that nobody would believe me if I did take my story to the media.

But since they could never be quite sure just what I might do or say in the future, they finally decided that discrediting me was not enough, that I would remain a threat as long as I was alive; but they knew how to solve that problem, or so they believed. So they sent two men here to kill me, and then were probably later surprised when they never heard from either one of these men again; just what the fuck did they expect me to do, welcome them with open arms?

I have run into a long list of utterly incompetent hit men, but these two guys took the cake; they might as well have sent me a telegram in advance telling me exactly what they intended to do, how they intended to do it, and when and where they intended to do it.

But why didn't I go to the police? Because I learned a long time ago that the only person you can count on to protect you is yourself; and, besides, why drag it out for years in court when the problem can be solved forever in a very few minutes?

Years later, when I eventually did return to that country, then under black rule, flying one of my big jets over and back in order to bring sixty-three young elephants to this country, I took every precaution that I could think of to protect myself. We had plan A, plan B, plan C, and plan D, one of which plans would cover any possible contingency.

If the government lived up to a carefully spelled out agreement, then we would load our elephants and depart. But I did not expect that would happen. Thus, if they started giving me last-minute problems, trying to stop or delay my departure, we would switch to plan B. I would tell the people who were giving me the problem that it did not appear that the problem could be worked out on the spot, and thus it might be a good idea for me to fly to the city that we used to call Salisbury, and which they now call Harare, the seat of the government, and work out the problems there. Then,

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if they were dumb enough to fall for that story we would have departed ostensibly for a flight to Harare but instead of going east would have gone west, a direction that would have taken us outside the country within a matter of minutes.

But if they would not go for that story, then we would switch to plan C. Would have departed with our elephants leaving everybody on the airport tied hand and foot and with a dirty sock shoved into their mouth. But plan C could be used only if they did not try to use force, if nobody pulled a gun.

But as we were loading the elephants aboard the big jet throughout the day, the officials paid no attention to Landrovers that arrived carrying people who came there, they said, to watch the loading of the elephants; nor did these officials notice that the drivers of all of these Landrovers were carrying machineguns inside their vehicles. Plan D, for 'dead,' would be followed only if the officials attempted to stop us by force, in which case it would not have been necessary to tie and gag them, because they would have been dead, and all of the men who came in the Landrovers would have been aboard the jet when it departed.

I had with me a production crew from ABC Television network, who were along in order to tape what we were doing for a later episode on the show 20/20, and none of the members of that crew had the slightest idea about what was actually going on, or what might happen. But after we finally did manage to get away without having been forced to use either plan C or plan D, I told the producer the whole story. Whereupon he said . . . "Damned, I wish you had been forced to use plan D, it would have made a Hell of a lot better story."

Again, I did not want to have to kill anybody, but I was prepared to if I was forced to in order to protect myself. And we did have problems with the authorities at the last minute, but managed to talk ourselves out of the situation without having to use force.