

# And God Laughs...

## The Arthur Jones Autobiography

[www.ArthurJonesExercise.com](http://www.ArthurJonesExercise.com)

# 34

**“It never hurts to ask, all they can do is say no; and they might say yes.”**

**Anon.**

I was taking a quick shower in preparation for a trip into New Orleans in order to narrate a live show on television when one of my employees came into the bathroom bringing a stranger with him, a young man named Roy Hurst. Roy had knocked on the door of my house a minute or so earlier and asked to see me; and since the employee he spoke to knew I was leaving within a very few minutes he brought him into the bathroom.

Roy had been watching my television shows and wanted a job with me; but I told him that I was leaving very soon for a trip to Africa and had nothing to offer him at the time. But did suggest that he ride back and forth to the studio with me so that we could discuss the possibility of a job after I got back from Africa.

Then while I was getting dressed, Roy asked my employee if there was any chance for him to go to Africa with me, and my employee told him . . . “Probably not, but it won’t hurt to ask him.”

On the way to New Orleans, while trying to politely explain to him just why I could not take him to Africa, I suddenly realized that perhaps I could, that I might even need to take him, that I could save a lot of money by taking him. We planned to ship all of our equipment and film by air, and that was very expensive; but if I could get Roy on board a ship to Africa quickly enough he could take all of my stuff with him as baggage and that would save me several thousand dollars because a trip by ship to Africa then cost only about \$400.00. But doing so depended upon just when the next ship would depart from New Orleans for Africa, and it also meant that we would have to get Roy a passport very quickly and get the needed film shipped in immediately by air.

Well, as things turned out, we got Roy a passport in less than an hour, had the film in our hands the following day and a ship left for Africa a day later; so Roy would reach Africa about the same time that I did. He got off of the ship in Cape Town, South Africa, and then took a train from there to Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, where I met him.

Bo Miller went with me by air and I had hired two young South African men to meet us in Salisbury as well. In Salisbury we leased two of the largest Landrovers available and set off for the bush to start hunting and filming; then, a week later, had to send one Landrover back to Salisbury for major repairs, had almost destroyed it. At the end of that trip the man who leased me those two Landrovers said . . . “When you come back to Africa, Mr. Jones, I will be very happy to lease you Landrovers again; for five times the price I charged you this time.”

A few weeks later we were joined by Bill Carpenter and his oldest son, who had been hunting and filming in India before they joined us in Africa, and in the meantime I had hired a man named Peter Hankin, who was a very experienced hunter and guide and who was killed and eaten by a lion a few years later while taking some tourists out for a photo safari. For a while we also hired a helicopter and its pilot, and later hired a small airplane and its pilot. Across the Zambezi river, in Northern Rhodesia, we drew up an agreement with the government to conduct an elephant slaughter program needed to remove some large herds of elephants that were destroying native crops.

We maintained our camp on the south bank of the river but were hunting and filming on the other side of the river. The elephants that were doing all of the damage to native crops were clearly aware of exactly what they were doing, acted like they had read the laws that applied to them; they could not be bothered in any way on the south side of the river, could be killed only while in the act of raiding native crops on the north side of the river, and then only within a certain area. So they knew where they were safe and where they were not safe.

The elephants were following a carefully thought out route that took them around and around a rather large oblong path; just before dark they would move right through the middle of our camp, moving north to cross the river, knowing damned well that we could not bother them there. Then they would snorkel across the river, walking on the bottom with only their trunks sticking above the surface so they could breath, looking a lot like a bunch of giant snakes

## The Arthur Jones Collection

crossing the river. On the far side they would then climb the bank and disappear into the bush, knowing exactly where to go as it got dark. Knowing where the crops were waiting because the natives would then be banging on pots and drums in an attempt to drive them away; but which sound instead merely told the elephants where to go.

Having thus been told by the natives just where the best crops were awaiting them that night they would then chase off the natives, eat their fill, destroy everything left after they were full, and then turn towards the east in order to reach another place where they would be safe; when they crossed another small river that was a few miles east of the crops they were raiding they would again be safe, and they clearly understood this. So their pattern of movement never varied from day to day except for the exact location of the crops to be raided on any particular night; but the natives always made them aware of that. As I have said earlier, elephants are amazingly intelligent, usually know exactly what they are doing, and why they are doing it.

Passing through our camp late every afternoon they would pass within a few feet from where we were watching them, but walked by as if we were not there, simply ignored us because they knew we offered no threat to them.

Since it would have been very difficult to shoot them in the dark while they were raiding the crops, and impossible to film it at night, we had to try to figure out a plan that would permit us to do so within an area that was legal. So first we had to follow the elephants round their daily path in order to determine where they went and what time they reached a particular spot. We had to follow them around the clock, day and night. Which was very difficult to do in such rough terrain. An activity that added a great deal more damage to the Landrovers.

But after a few days we knew exactly what we had to do, or so we believed. Which is why we brought the helicopter to help us carry out our plan. The elephants reached the small river to the east of the crops just about dawn every day, so if we could meet them there with the helicopter and stop them from crossing the river into safe territory, then force them back towards the west, we could legally shoot them.

But what we failed to realize was that the river that we believed was the eastern boundary of the unsafe area was actually the wrong river; the real boundary was a few miles more to the west, but was dry at the time and that caused us to overlook it. So we met them at the wrong river, drove them back towards the west, and then shot them in an area where they should have been safe. So then the native chief of that area got bent out of shape and demanded that we give him all of the ivory and all of the meat, which was supposed to be ours under the agreement with the government, tusks we planned to sell for the value of their ivory and tons of meat that we intended to sell to the natives. So all we got out of it was the film that we shot; had to pay for all of the expenses but got none of the expected financial return. At that time the value of each elephant's tusk varied from a low of about \$200.00 to a high of as much as \$1,000.00 and the meat was worth even more. So an expected return of several thousand dollars did not come back to us.

Bo Miller, rather than getting the tusks from the largest elephant that he killed free, as he expected to do, had to buy them from the chief, and they were not cheap.

We also hunted buffalo and that almost led to a disaster; on a long trip down river on foot in pursuit of a herd of buffalo Peter Hankin was rather badly injured and could not walk afterwards so had to be left where he was with nothing in the way of food and with no water that was safe to drink; the helicopter had left by then so we had to get it back at great expense in order to rescue Peter. After two days without food or water and being rather badly injured he was not in good shape by the time we rescued him, so we then had to send him to a hospital in the helicopter.

On that trip, for the first time, I killed a big bull elephant with a powerful pistol, a .44 magnum gun using special ammunition that was designed and made for me by a State Trooper in Louisiana. Bo Miller captured this pistol kill on film from directly behind me; I was so close to the elephant and Bo was so close to me that blood was splashed onto the camera.

It required five quick shots to drop the big bull; the first shot to the joint of his right shoulder to anchor him to the spot so he could then not run, a second shot through the trunk that would have killed him within about half a minute by causing him to strangle on his own blood, then a shot to each eye to blind him so that I could safely step up close enough to him to deliver the killing shot to the brain. Right shoulder, trunk, right eye, left eye, brain; all shots delivered so fast that the whole thing took only a few seconds. I don't think the elephant even had enough time to realize what

## The Arthur Jones Collection

was happening, was probably dead before he felt the first shot. One brain shot with a heavy rifle might have been slightly quicker, but not much. People, and animals, do not feel any pain from a shot for a few seconds, and this bull was dead long before he had a chance to feel anything.

On film it was a spectacular kill, and I used that scene in a later film that was seen by millions of people, yet got only one letter complaining about it; every time that film was televised in Los Angeles, and it was shown there several times, I would get one letter bitching about that scene, and always from the same person. But you can't please everybody.

I have killed several elephants with larger tusks than this bull had, but his tusks were well above average size, weighed about eighty pounds each. They were, in fact, the largest tusks we got on that trip, and were a perfectly matched pair, which is rather rare. I later loaned these tusks to C. C. McClung, but then lost them when he died; but, like Bo, I had to buy them from the local chief. Today, these tusks would be worth about \$25,000.00 each in Hong Kong, but could not now be brought legally into this country. The idiots in charge of the game department in Kenya somewhat later burned several tons of very valuable tusks that would now be worth millions of dollars in Hong Kong or Bangkok.

The other idiots in Natal later had about a ton of rhino horns that was then worth about \$1,000.00 an ounce in the Far East, but left them out in the weather until they rotted. These rhino horns came from animals that died of natural causes, fighting or poaching, and should have been sold to help support the game reserves. Many people in the Far East sincerely believe that the ground up horn of a rhino is a powerful aphrodisiac, and are willing to pay high prices for even a small amount of it.

Does it work? I don't know; you will have to ask somebody else. But I doubt it. If it did work there would probably be no rhinos left alive today. In some parts of Africa the rangers are now capturing rhinos and cutting their horns off, which does not hurt the rhino, in order to protect them from poachers, who are interested only in the horns.

For a while, in Kenya, in one of the game reserves there were two rhinos with horns more than five feet long; but that is unusual, most rhino horns are usually between two and three feet long.

When I ran out of time on that trip because of a need to get back to New Orleans in order to prepare more episodes of that television series, I made plans for a return trip to continue the filming at another location, a place suggested by Peter Hankin after he got out of the hospital, in the Luangwa Valley in Northern Rhodesia, far to the east of where we had been working and a couple of hundred miles to the north. Before I left to return to the States we carefully worked out more than a hundred scenarios for filming situations, all of which required the use of the helicopter; so we arranged to have the helicopter meet us there on a certain date.

I left Roy Hurst in Southern Rhodesia to await my return with the two young men from South Africa and then returned to this country with Bill Carpenter and his son, planning to be back in five weeks for the second trip. But then disaster struck again, and I was delayed in the States.

But just before we left Africa, the pilot of the plane we had hired offered to sell Bill Carpenter about a quart of uncut diamonds that he got from a native in the Congo, or so he said; I refused to get involved in that because buying illicit diamonds in southern Africa was looked upon as a terrible crime. But Bill was interested, and arranged to pick up the diamonds from the captain of an airliner who was supposed to deliver the diamonds to him in Salisbury a couple of days later.

Afterwards Bill told me that the pilot never showed up with the diamonds, but I was not sure I could believe him, so refused to return with him on the same plane, just in case he did pick up the diamonds and then got caught. Thirty-three years later I still don't know whether he did or did not pick up the diamonds, but suspect that he did.

But, then, even though I had booked myself onto different flights back to the States, I ran into him again several times; he was scheduled to arrive in this country through the port of New York, so I booked my arrival for Boston; but when my plane out of Boston stopped enroute for New Orleans in Washington, D.C., Bill came on board the same plane with me. I could not seem to avoid him no matter how hard I tried.

## The Arthur Jones Collection

Once in this country, such diamonds would have been legal, and no import duty was required for raw diamonds, but if you got caught with them in Africa you would be in deep trouble.

When I got home I was very tired, having had no sleep during the return trip and very little during the last several weeks, so I went to bed immediately; but when I woke up my left arm refused to function, hung down by my side as if it was dead. This probably resulted from sleeping in one position too long; but regardless of what caused it, it was a serious problem for me, because I needed both arms to edit film. Seven weeks later the feeling gradually started to return to my left arm, and full function was eventually restored; but in the meantime I was delayed so much that I was then far behind schedule. A return trip to Africa that had been planned for ninety days now had to be completed in only twelve days in the bush; which, considering all we planned to do, was an almost impossible undertaking.

One of the South African men got tired of waiting for me to return and quit, but Roy Hurst, Francis Lindsey and Peter Hankin were still waiting in Salisbury, and Bill Carpenter was ready to leave as soon as I could schedule my departure. On the way back to Africa I had to make a brief stop in Munich, Germany, to pick up a special lens that I had built there by the Arriflex Corporation, the people who manufactured our cameras.

Dr. Erich Kastner, the inventor of the Arriflex cameras, had built this lens for me following plans for it submitted to him by me, but had agreed to build it only under protest; he did not believe it would work, insisted in advance that any scenes filmed with such a lens would be out of focus. But I knew it would work, although it did appear to defy the laws of optics; because I had figured out that some of those universally accepted optical laws were in fact wrong.

When I first suggested the new lens to Dr. Kastner, he gave me four reasons why it would not work; then it took me more than twelve hours of nonstop conversation in German to convince him that all of his stated objections were invalid. Point by point I hammered his objections into the ground, convinced him that the accepted physical laws were wrong, and eventually he agreed with me; but he still insisted that it would not work, although he then could not think of any other objections.

So I left a one-hundred-foot roll of film with him, gave him the design drawings for the lens, told him to build it and paid him \$4,000.00 in advance. I told him to mount the new lens on a 16mm Arriflex camera, select a colorful and detailed subject and then film an extreme close-up scene, a medium shot and a longshot; then replace the new lens with the best 50mm lens in the world, a lens made by Taylor, Hobson, Cooke in England, and shoot the same three scenes again. Then told him to send the exposed but unprocessed roll of film to me.

When that roll of film reached me in Louisiana I shipped it to a friend of mine in Hollywood, an old man who originally came from Florida but was then one of the very few real geniuses in Hollywood; and I gave him careful instructions about just what to do with it. When he later sent me what I wanted, a 35mm 'blow-up' made from the 16mm original, I took it to a local theater in Slidell late at night in order to see the film projected on a large screen. Herbert and I were the only two people watching, apart from the man in the projection booth.

The scenes filmed with the British lens were beautiful, perfect focus, good color, almost grainless, proper contrast, literally everything you could want; but the scenes shot with my new lens were out of focus, could not have been used. So Herbert said . . . "Well, Kastner was right; it didn't work."

And I said . . . "No, he's wrong; it's got to work. I don't know what happened, but that lens has to be sharp."

Kastner had selected a good subject to film, the face of a very old man holding a whiskey bottle alongside his face, a bottle with bright colors and sharply detailed printing on its label.

Thirty-three years later I still don't know why Kastner's scenes filmed with that new lens were out of focus, because the lens worked perfectly, may well be the sharpest lens ever built; still remains the only one like it in the world, and I have used it for filming three feature length films in an anamorphic, 'wide screen' format, similar to Cinemascope. Perhaps he shot those scenes out of focus on purpose, but that is a question I will never answer. I never tried to get the answer: I saw Kastner several times later, showed him films made with that lens, and he agreed that they were beautiful, but I never mentioned the fact that his test scenes were out of focus.

## The Arthur Jones Collection

Why not? Because I could see no purpose; and because I learned long ago that rubbing salt in wounds is not a good practice. As somebody told me when I was quite young . . . “Outsmarting people is not what bothers them; what pisses them off is telling them about it afterwards.”

That lens, along with most of the many other things that I have invented over the years, was the result of an accident, was designed and built because I needed it, and because there was no other source; as they say . . . “Necessity is the mother of invention.”

While filming in Africa it had occurred to me that I was missing an opportunity, I believed I could kill two birds with one stone: most of the costs involved in making a film are those required to arrange the things that are then to be filmed, and this ‘setting up’ of scenes is usually responsible for about ninety percent of your total costs. So I thought: why not film everything twice, once for television and once for a feature film? The cost of the feature film would be very low; only the cost of the extra film.

So I suggested this to Brandon Chase, my agent and also a man who had an interest in that television series; but he did not agree, said it was a bad idea, refused to invest anything in it.

But by that point I did not trust the bastard; so I knew exactly what would happen later if I produced a feature film without his involvement: he would claim that the making of the feature had hurt the television shows, and that he thus had an interest in the feature even though he did not invest a cent in it. Brandon was so crooked that when he dies they will have to screw him into the ground; and by that point in our relationship I clearly understood that.

So the film intended for the feature film had to be somehow different from that used in the television shows; and if so, then Brandon would have no claim on it. This difference could be provided by filming the feature in a different format, a format then never used on television, the ‘wide screen’ format provided by Cinemascope lenses.

The problem being that professional quality lenses in that format did not exist for 16mm cameras, the only ones available were intended for amateur film makers and their quality was very poor. So if I wanted a good one I would have to design it myself, and I did; but then I had to find somebody who was both able and willing to build it to my specifications, and Dr. Kastner was one of a very few people in the world capable of doing so; if I could convince him that doing so was even possible. Which was not easy to do.

The earliest feature films that were produced by making so-called ‘blow-ups’ from 16mm original film to the much larger 35mm prints that were required by a theater were not very good; the color was bad, they were grainy, the contrast was too high and in general they looked like shit, so it was very difficult to get much in the way of theatrical distribution of such films.

But I was aware of two things that were then not even suspected by the ‘experts’ in Hollywood: one, the 16mm film that I was using was so much better than any other type of film that it was actually better than the best 35mm film stock then available; it was not ‘as good as’ 35mm film, it was ‘better.’ Two, there was a new but generally unknown process available for making blow ups that was developed by a friend of mine, and by using that system I could produce theatrical prints that were actually superior to those produced in any other manner. People seeing such prints literally refused to believe that they came from an original 16mm film. Thus my film would not have the usual stigma associated with a blow up.

So, never having seen anything apart from those out of focus test shots sent to me by Dr. Kastner, I took my lens to Africa and produced one of the most beautiful films ever made; the quality was simply stunning. People in Hollywood later asked me how I had been able to get such quality, and then refused to believe me when I told them the truth.

Herbert believed in advance that I was crazy to use that lens, but later was forced to admit that the resulting film was the best he had ever seen. Dr. Kastner himself later agreed that it was better than it would have been if I had filmed it in 35mm. Had to view the film twice before he could bring himself to the point of making that decision, but eventually did.

## The Arthur Jones Collection

But then, because of the time lost during the period when my left arm refused to function, we were on a very tight schedule; had to try to do in twelve days what I had intended to do in ninety days, and had to do everything differently because the helicopter was no longer available. The owner of the helicopter got tired of waiting and leased the machine to somebody else, and no other helicopter was available. So all of my carefully made plans had to be scrapped.

Can you work twelve straight days without sleep? Neither could I, but I tried, and did manage to get by with an average of less than two hours of sleep a night throughout that trip. The entire trip required three weeks, but our filming location was very remote, so getting there took up a lot of the available time; which left us with only twelve days for actual filming, and that is not much when you have to produce one feature film and twelve half-hour films for television. Most film producers would not even believe that it would be possible; and they would have been almost right.

So I went to the Luangwa river in eastern Northern Rhodesia with a lens that nobody else believed in and with damned near nothing in the way of available working time; and with absolutely nothing in the way of plans. Under the circumstances it was almost a miracle that we managed to accomplish anything, but in fact the television shows were very good, and the feature film was not bad although it was not as long as I had hoped it would be; I had planned a feature film that would run for two hours, but had to settle for a running time of eighty-four minutes, which was the minimum length required for theatrical distribution. The feature was released with the title *Savage*; but after I sold that film the name was changed to *Mission to Hell* for a second release. Which is a common Hollywood practice, many films are released under several titles.

Over the years I introduced several innovations that made it possible for me to improve the quality of films while reducing the costs, but so far as I know none of these improvements were ever applied in practice by anybody else. The 'experts' simply refused to learn. Refused to learn even when they were stunned upon viewing my results, simply would not believe me when I told them the truth; insisted that I had some 'secret' that I would not share with them. Would not even try my suggestions.

Eastman Kodak Company eventually realized the truth about the quality of the film we were using and stopped making it; changed it, in order to improve it, they said, but instead fucked it up. Their real reason for the change was because it was too good, and thus was a threat to their primary source of income from the motion-picture industry; if everybody learned just how good that film was then nobody would ever again buy their 35mm film stock, which would have been a disaster for Kodak. The best 16mm film available today does not hold a candle to the film we used then, and even the 35mm film available today is not as good.

But why did they simply not manufacture that good film in the larger 35mm size? Because it was a reversal film stock, and the entire industry was based upon the negative/positive format of film making; changing to a reversal film stock would have meant scrapping literally billions of dollars worth of film-making equipment. I tried to get them to make it in the 35mm size, and at first they agreed to do so as a 'special order' item for me; but later refused to do so, claimed it was impossible to do so, which was bullshit. In that larger size the quality would have been so good that all other types of film would have immediately become obsolete, and that would cause them enormous losses.

So it sometimes is true that industry keeps better products off of the market in order to protect their financial interests, although most such rumors are not true. The common myth about the so-called 100-mile-per-gallon carburetor for a car is just that, a myth. General Motors would give their eye teeth for that, would not keep it off the market.

We had to drive Landrovers a distance of more than a thousand miles beyond the end of the nearest paved road in order to reach our filming location, over very rough trails through the bush and then on beyond the end of these trails, afterwards making our own trails through very rough country.

Then established our base camp on the bank of the Luangwa river. We reached the river during the dry season and the river was very narrow and quite shallow; during the wet season was more than twice as wide and about ten times as deep. So our camp was about thirty feet higher than the surface of the river, and more than half of the river bed, on our side of the river, was perfectly dry sand. A situation that made our filming much easier than it would have been during the wet season; being much smaller then, it was harder for crocodiles, hippos and elephants to hide in the river, and thus we could both capture and film them with less trouble.

“...And God Laughs”

## The Arthur Jones Collection

Sometimes we spent a couple of hours a night sleeping in small grass huts in our camp, and sometimes we would sleep on the ground in the bush in order to save time, but there were a lot of lions in the area and they usually disturbed our sleep when we spent the night in the bush; never bothered us apart from scaring the shit out of some members of our party. Peter Hankin apparently had an 'arrangement' with his wife, because she showed up in our camp together with her current boyfriend, and the two of them spent one night sleeping rough in the bush with us; and the roaring of nearby lions scared the shit out of her, and so her bitching and moaning did more in the way of disturbing our sleep than the roars of the lions did. So I finally told her . . . "Shut your fucking mouth, bitch, I'm trying to sleep; the fucking lions won't bother you; you can take a switch and run every lion in Africa off into the ocean as long as you don't actually touch them."

Which was true, usually.

But there are always exceptions to such rules; some years later a lion dragged her husband, Peter, off of a cot and then ate him, in plain sight of several tourists that he was then leading on a photo safari.

The day after our camp was established, a crocodile killed and ate a native child almost in front of our camp; and we were then able to film the natives killing that crocodile with spears in very shallow water, and afterwards filmed it when the natives cut the crocodile open and removed the child from its stomach in pieces. That was so spectacular that we used it behind the opening titles of the feature film, and also used it in one of the television shows.

Bill Carpenter was charged by a bull elephant that had been badly injured by stepping into a native trap that contained a sharp stake; when we followed this injured elephant he could not run very fast because of his injured foot, so stopped trying to get away and turned back and charged Bill; and he killed it from point blank range with a very powerful pistol loaded with special ammunition, and that was another very spectacular scene that we got on film for both the feature and the television shows.

A Cape buffalo went into a nearby village and badly mauled a native woman, so Peter Hankin loaded her into the back of his Landrover and insisted upon trying to save her by driving to the nearest landing strip so that she could be flown to a hospital; but the nearest strip was several hundred miles away through very rough country, and I knew that she would not survive the trip, so I tried to get Peter to let me kill her with a massive injection of novocaine, which I always carried with me for use if somebody was badly hurt. Stopping the pain will sometimes prevent an injured person from going into shock that then kills them.

But this woman needed to be killed, because the buffalo literally destroyed her intestines; ripped her stomach open and tore her guts into pieces, and also fractured her skull so badly that part of her brain was exposed to view. Yet she was still alive and aware of what was going on, although in terrible pain. And she was not being helped by the fact that three other native women got into the Landrover with her and were keening the native death chant. A massive injection of novocaine would have stopped her pain immediately, and killed her shortly afterwards. But Peter refused to let me do it; took her away in his Landrover; but she did not live out the first day of the following trip, died in great agony. Killing her was the only way to help her since she had no chance to survive her wounds.

The first day that I visited Player in his office he mentioned some man who was supposed to have been in the Luangwa valley at the time we were there; and he was there, but we never saw him. Later I hired him as a driver in Natal, and quickly understood why I never saw him in the Luangwa valley, because he was probably asleep during the entire twelve days that we were there. He slept more than anybody else I ever met, an average of about twenty hours a day.

We had hired a girl to serve as an assistant and all of us were fucking her, so one night while eating supper Peter suggested that we should draw up a schedule so that we would not run into each other while going back and forth to her grass hut, and we did; but later she made some threats about going to a newspaper in order to 'expose' the American film producers, which I assumed to be an attempt to extort some money from me. Which attempt on her part failed, because I never gave in to extortion attempts, and because we were doing nothing that I was ashamed of.



## **The Arthur Jones Collection**

We set several crocodile traps immediately in front of our camp and one night could see the eyes of twenty-three different crocodiles as they approached these traps from downriver; we watched one croc go into a trap and get caught, could see him clearly in the beam of a powerful light powered by an automobile battery. One of the big crocs that we caught almost destroyed our of our Landrovers that we hauled him in.

Francis Lindsey and Roy Hurst were almost constantly arguing and making threats back and forth, so I finally agreed to let them fight it out if I could film the fight; and they agreed to my terms, and I did film their fight, but never used that film because it was far too brutal; they fought for nearly an hour and damned near killed each other.

Roy also agreed to jump down into a deep pit trap with a big croc and then wrestle the croc with his bare hands, which was dangerous as Hell; but that also produced spectacular film footage, and Roy was not injured.

So, one way or another, we got most of the filmed scenes that we needed, although not as many scenes as I would have liked. But I doubt if anybody else in history over worked as hard as we did during those twelve days.