

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“And now I am going to tell you the truth about all of the wild animals lying in wait and hunters lying in print.”

Anon.

The primary reason I have previously refused to publish an autobiography was the fact that practically everything I have ever read on the subject of wild animals or other people's adventures has been nothing short of pure bullshit. After a while you begin to start wondering if anybody ever tells the truth about anything. Frank Buck was very famous at one time, published several popular books and produced a number of films about his adventures catching wild animals in the Far East; but, apart from catching a cold, he never caught anything in his life. All of the animals that he imported into this country were purchased from a Dutch animal dealer in Singapore; and his films were shot within the city limits of Singapore.

Shortly after the war, a man whose name now escapes my memory published a book called *The Master of the Girl Pat*, the *Girl Pat* being the name of a sailing schooner that he claimed to have operated in the South Pacific. In that book he came across as a combination of Superman, God himself, Errol Flynn and Einstein, and made any other man on the planet look like a wimp when compared to him. But people believed his stories, and the book was a best seller for a while.

As a direct result of that book, *Argosy Magazine*, which printed adventure stories, provided him with a large sailing schooner and a crew consisting entirely of beautiful young women; the idea being that they would sail the schooner around the world and that he would send the magazine a story about their adventures every month for several years. But the voyage was over within a matter of a very few weeks, since the girl crewmembers quickly learned that he did not have a clue about operating such a ship; let them try to run the ship while he spent almost all of his time in his cabin reading adventure stories published by other people, and then would tell these stories to the girls while claiming that all of these adventures happened to him.

Apparently he did not even fuck any of these girls, although he claimed to have fucked about half of the women in the Far East. According to his book, he escaped from a Japanese prisoner of war camp by swimming more than a half a mile through the drainage tunnel from the toilets of the prison, a tunnel full almost to the ceiling with human shit and also full of both large crocodiles and sharks, while taking a beautiful girl along with him, together with all of the Japanese plans and secrets for the rest of the war.

Later, a man in France published a book called *Papillon*, recounting his adventures as a prisoner on Devil's Island, a French penal colony in South America. The book also covered his claimed exploits when he escaped from Devil's Island; during which escape he reported as fact every myth that I ever heard about adventures in the jungle, together with a few new myths. Naturally he was almost sucked under by the clutching sand of so-called Quick Sand, which is an outright myth; quick sand does not exist, cannot exist until and unless you change the laws of physics, since a relatively light body will not sink under the surface of a much heavier mixture of water and sand.

And, of course, he told a detailed story about his encounter with a colony of lepers living in the jungle; people who left fingers attached to the cup when they tried to drink a cup of coffee. Which is another myth, since leprosy does not work that way.

In fact, the man who wrote that book never set foot on any part of South America, was never a prisoner on Devil's Island, and could not have escaped if he had been; nevertheless his book was widely believed, became a best seller and eventually led to a feature film that starred Steve McQueen.

The son of a very famous judge in Louisiana, Leander Perez, who became widely known when he defied the Federal government on the issue of integration of the schools in Louisiana, an action that resulted in him being expelled from the Catholic Church by the Pope, had been watching my television shows for several years and finally approached

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me with a proposition about joining me on a trip to Africa. But I told him, thanks but no thanks . . . “I would probably end up feeding you to the crocodiles, and you might not like that.”

He didn't seem to like that idea, but did loan me a then recently-published book written by some guy who claimed that he was going to expose all of the lies published by other people about their adventures with wild animals. Then proceeded to repeat as fact every lie on such subjects that I had ever heard as well as several new lies.

Told a story about a Black Mamba snake that was killing off an entire village of African natives by biting them, one after another, as they went down the only narrow trail leading from the village to a nearby river which was their only source of water. This snake supposedly was lurking in a tree above the trail and killed the natives by biting them in the back of the neck as they attempted to walk beneath the tree where the snake was waiting for them.

Then, the story continued, a very clever native girl solved the problem, and saved the lives of the few remaining natives still left in the village, by walking under the snake with a pot of boiling porridge on top of her head; knowing that the snake would stick his head into the very hot porridge and be killed. And, of course, it worked perfectly; so the girl was a heroine.

And so on: and after having read several hundred such books, containing thousands of lies and with little or nothing similar to the truth, I did not publish anything about my experiences because I was simply disgusted with such books. And, as I said near the start of an earlier chapter, this book does not contain ‘the whole truth;’ will have, for example, very little to say about my experiences in several wars, because that is a subject that I never discuss with anybody. I do not believe that you can truthfully describe a war, it must be experienced to be understood. People who have been there do understand, or should, and need no explanation; but people who have not experienced war cannot understand, so any attempt at an explanation directed towards those people is an exercise in futility at best. So what is the point of even trying?

I have had quite a bit to say on the subject of sex, and a lot more will follow on that subject, because that is something that most people have experienced, and should understand; although, in my opinion, most people actually understand very little about sex. Almost universally accepted myths on that subject are apparently more common than actual facts, and I have heard hundreds of such myths; probably still believe at least some of them myself, in spite of the fact that by my best reckoning I have fucked at least 6,000 women in my life. Which number, compared to some men I have known, makes me a piker; C. C. McClung fucked at least 20,000 girls in his life, Ray Olive at least 10,000, Jim Key at least 10,000, and probably a lot more. Percy Cunningham, who was a captain for American Airlines until he retired nearly twenty years ago, fucked stewardesses by the thousands throughout his long flying career.

Now nearly eighty, and living with a much younger stewardess that he married fairly recently, Percy once put on a doctor's white coat, hung a stethoscope around his neck, and then gave the most intensive physical examinations in medical history to more than three-hundred girls who were attending a class for stewardesses in Ardmore, Oklahoma. Got caught, but did not get fired.

A few years ago, Percy's current wife, who is a stewardess for American Airlines flying back and forth between Dallas and London, got into a conversation with a much older stewardess on a flight back from London; and the older woman told her the story about what Percy had done many years earlier in Ardmore, but did not mention his name.

But when Percy's wife asked for the name of the pilot involved in that caper, she learned that it had been her husband. What was said after she got back home I was never able to learn, but I'm sure it would have been an interesting conversation.

In 1956, Ray Olive was married to a woman named Marie who was about two years older than he was, a woman who had two children from an earlier marriage. Marie was a dyed in the wool bitch, crazy as Hell and frequently very violent; she actually wanted Ray to beat the Hell out of her, told me so herself, but he never would, just put up with everything she did, and she did a lot. She walked into our office one day perfectly calmly, but instantly went insane; she noticed a date on a calendar that somebody had drawn a circle around, demanded to know just what we were planning to do that day. Then picked up a heavy chain, ran out the front door and started beating the windshield out of Ray's car with the chain.

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During the middle of that summer Marie went to Florida to visit her mother, who was as crazy as she was; and while Marie was gone a twenty-year old girl named Lily stopped in to visit our animal exhibit; and Ray ended that day by spending the night with her in a local motel, and later told me that she had been a virgin.

After Lily returned to her home in Kansas Ray called her on the phone and proposed to her, and she accepted; so a date was set for a wedding. But before that could happen Ray had to figure out how to get rid of Marie, who Lily did not know about.

So Ray went to Laredo, Texas, believing that he could get a Mexican divorce in Nuevo Laredo for about fifty dollars and within a day or two; only to learn that such a divorce would cost at least \$1,000.00, which he did not have, and would also require a bit more time than he had available to him. So he went to see a friend of mine named Raymond Johnson who could 'fix' almost anything in Mexico, and he told Ray that the situation could be resolved both cheaply and quickly.

In Mexico, all official documents must be typed on a special sort of paper; they call such a paper a 'sedula,' and you can purchase sheets of this paper from people who sell them, a sheet at a time, on the steps outside every government building in the country. This being just one of a long list of things that the Mexican government does in the way of ripping off the peasants. But a document is not valid unless this paper is used.

So Raymond bought a single sheet of this special paper, then got a copy of an actual Mexican divorce and copied it word for word, changing only the names and date. But then he had to get it stamped with an official Mexican government seal, so that it would appear to be legal.

The only problem then being the fact that the only people he knew who worked for the government were employed by the fish and game department. So Raymond took Ray there, and then while Ray distracted the clerk's attention by asking him to show him on a map where the best fishing spots were located, Raymond picked up the official seal and stamped the phony divorce.

Ray then returned to Slidell with that phony divorce document, waved it under Marie's nose and sent her off down the road to join her mother in Florida, taking her two children with her. And surprisingly, she left without much in the way of a fight.

So then Ray married Lily and she moved to Slidell, totally unaware that Ray had ever been married before. But Slidell was a small town, and both Ray and I were well known locally; so Lily's ignorance did not last long. She went to a local beauty parlor and a girl working there asked her what her name was, and when Lily said Mrs. Ray Olive, the girl looked at her in an obvious state of shock, then asked Lily . . . "Did you get your face lifted, or something?"

Then Lily wanted to see the divorce papers, which Ray claimed he had misplaced; first told Lily that I might have them, or that my wife might have them, neither of which statements made much sense to Lily. If, at that point, Ray had merely whipped out the phony divorce and handed it to Lily that would have been the end of the matter, because Lily could not read Spanish.

So then Lily asked Ray where the divorce had been obtained, and he told her that he got it in Nuevo Laredo, which was the only true thing he ever told her. Lily then wrote to the office of public records in Nuevo Laredo in an attempt to get a copy of the divorce, and they wrote back telling her that no such divorce had ever been issued.

Even then Ray could have salvaged the situation by showing the phony divorce to Lily, saying something like . . . "Oh, you know how those fucking Mexicans are, they can't even find their ass; here is the divorce that they claim does not exist, but it does exist as you can see."

And she would have believed him. But, at that stage, Ray copped out and told her the whole story; whereupon the shit hit the fan. Lily was already pregnant and was also very pissed off. The marriage was straight down hill after that; but Lily did not leave, instead stayed and started leading Ray around by his prick like it was a leash on a dog, but generally treating him worse than a dog. And again he was willing to put up with anything done to him by a woman.

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But, a bit later, when it became known to Lily that Ray had knocked up my Negro maid at about the same time that he knocked her up, and when a side by side comparison of the two babies made it obvious that they were related, she really got bent out of shape. Something that I was not aware of at the time was that Ray had been stealing monkeys from me and trading them to a man in New Orleans named Randy Rosenson who paid him for them by providing Ray with the services of hundreds of Negro whores. Ray spent at least ninety percent of his life in pursuit of pussy, and would fuck anything that came down the pike; always had at least one wife, sometimes two, several dozen girlfriends that he was fucking, and screwed at least a few whores every week as well. He literally did not have time to do much of anything else apart from his constant pursuit of pussy.

Since Ray Olive seldom if ever had any time left to work, he supported himself by stealing from anybody he could; he loved to read, also, but never paid for a magazine in his life. Would buy a newspaper in a store, pay for it, and then walk out with the paper concealing a dozen or more magazines that he had wrapped up inside the paper.

He bought all of his clothes from so-called 'boosters,' people who would steal anything to order; simply tell them what you wanted and they would provide it at about twenty-five percent of the usual price. Most of these thieves being Gypsies who hung around carnivals when not stealing from stores. And they were seldom caught, and never prosecuted when they were caught, because they always had the 'fix' in with the local police everywhere they worked; might get briefly arrested if caught in the act, but would be free and gone within a matter of hours, and would not even be required to post a bond.

Most of the stealing is done by Gypsy women, who conceal the stolen items beneath their very loose dresses; while their men distract the attention of the clerks in a store, the women fill up their skirts, and can carry away undetected a surprising amount of merchandise. The profit margins in most retail stores are very slim, usually less than one percent of gross sales, so losses from theft can easily put a store out of business; theft being the primary factor responsible for the fact that most new businesses of any kind do not stay in business for even a year.

Such people never file tax returns or pay taxes of any kind; in fact, seldom pay for anything, if they can't steal something that they want they will usually figure out some way to get it by cheating somebody; rent a car or trailer and never return it, using false identification so that they cannot be traced. And Gypsies almost never go to prison, simply disappear if they are accused of a crime and it is then usually impossible to locate them.

Ray Olive knew a lot of Gypsies, studied their methods and applied as many of them as he could; so his life really consisted of only two activities, fucking and stealing. Ray became a pilot during the war not because he was brave but because he was a coward, did not want to fight on the ground with a rifle because of stories he had heard about the First World War.

He enlisted in the National Guard about two years before we entered the war, because he had to; a judge told him that if he did not enlist he would go to prison. He got caught stealing from a neighbor; and the way he went about this theft made it obvious who was guilty. He found a large can of money hidden in a clothes closet, and then took only part of the money; if he had taken it all he probably would never have been caught, but instead he kept going back for more, and this pattern of theft eventually got him caught.

So, when this country entered the war, in late 1941, Ray applied for flight training in order to avoid the infantry, and managed to squeeze through all of the required tests and was accepted. After the war, then a captain, Ray stayed in the Army Air Corps for two years because he did not believe he could support himself if he left the service. He applied to Pan American Airlines for a job as a pilot, and was offered a job as a co-pilot at a salary of \$150.00 a month; but he turned that offer down, which was a mistake, because civil aviation expanded rapidly after the war, and he would have become a captain very quickly, at a much higher salary.

A pilot friend of mine, Leonard McGee, who got to know Ray quite well, later told me that he believed that Ray was an impostor; believed that Ray had stolen somebody's military records and had never been a pilot himself. Leonard reached that conclusion because Ray apparently knew almost nothing about flying. But knowing Bo Miller and other men who flew with Ray during the war I knew better.

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In 1978, Ray Olive, Percy Cunningham, by then retired from American Airlines and working for me, and Dick Butkus, who was also working for me, went to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with me in one of my jets. While in Rio we stayed in a nice hotel right on the famous beach, and about two in the morning Ray and Dick were walking towards the hotel when they were approached by a whore. Dick was not particularly interested, but he loves to pull practical jokes, so started trying to get the woman to lower her offered price; finally got her down to \$5.00, and for that she had to give both of them a blow job, and she agreed and went to their room.

After she gave Dick a blow job, with Ray standing next to the bed watching, Dick got up and told Ray . . . “Now it’s your turn.”

But Ray said he could not get it up. Whereupon Dick said . . . “Listen, you son of a bitch, you stood there and watched me, so you better get it up.”

On our way south on that trip, all of the other men visited a whorehouse in Belem, Brazil, and on the way back to the hotel in a taxi, drunk, Dick stuck his bare ass out of the window of the cab and mooned the people on the street. I had Eliza Steffee along with me and thus did not get involved in these escapades. The reason for that trip was the fact that I wanted to produce a television series that I intended to call ‘Younger Women, Faster Airplanes, and Bigger Crocodiles.’ The planned theme song was an old favorite of mine, ‘Cigarettes, Whiskey, and Wild, Wild Women.’

We went to Rio to film some of the scenes required for the opening of that planned series; a series that I planned to make as outrageous as possible, and the shows were to be filmed inside a huge underwater studio that I constructed, a studio with glass walls that separated the inside of the studio from a huge tank of water that surrounded the studio, a tank of water that was filled with enormous crocodiles that would provide the background for the shows. We planned to interview the most outrageous people that we could locate, and intended to conduct all of the interviews in the most insulting manner possible; and if that resulted in a fist fight inside the studio, so much the better for my purposes. That series of shows was never produced, although I did build the studio and did get the crocs that I wanted for the shows; but I still believe that it would have been a very popular series if it had been produced. I have never seen any of Howard Stern’s shows but understand that they are usually outrageous, and very successful.

I did produce several hour-long shows starring G. Gordon Liddy, using a similar format; but never released them because Liddy tried to change his spots, tried to act reasonable with guests that should have caused him to whip their ass right in the studio. So he came across during these shows more like Bambi than like what people expected from Gordon Liddy. These shows were taped in front of a large audience in another huge studio that I built inside an enormous building that I constructed in Lake Helen, Florida. That complex was by far the largest and best-equipped television production facility in the world. According to one executive from a major network . . . “This place makes the combined studios of NBC, CBS and ABC look like a shit house.” And it did.

I spent several years and many millions of dollars building that facility, and then never used it for much of anything; by the time it was completed I had lost interest in television or film production. And the people that I hired to produce shows there were never able to produce anything that I was willing to put my name on; everything such people produced looked like ‘Amateur Night in Dixie.’ So that was another few million down the slop chute to no purpose. Quite a few million.

One way or another I have managed to make several hundred million dollars, probably at least a billion dollars, but seldom had much in the way of an idea about how to use it after I made it; but the people around me usually did, their idea being to steal as much of it as they could. And I was usually stupid enough to let them do it, seldom woke up to what was happening until it was too late.

But I did, at least, usually manage to get something close to my fair share of pussy along the way; even had one friend in Louisiana who sent me several young girls every year for more than ten years, since he apparently had more of them than he knew what to do with. They would just show up in Florida, having been sent at my friend’s expense, and arrived knowing exactly why they were there. Most of these girls ended up fucking most of the men that were working for me at the time; the only exception being Ray Olive, I never permitted him to get in on it, which practically drove him screaming up the wall.

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During the last several years of his life, Ray told his wife every night that he was going to a basketball game someplace, left her at home and then went to Orlando looking for whores. His wife, Betty, after their only child, a girl, reached her teens, told me that she wished that Ray would take her along to some of these games; but little did she know, Ray never went to a sporting event of any kind in his life. Probably did not know the difference in a basketball and a palm tree, but did know how to find whores. He fucked at least three hundred different woman every year for more than thirty years, and Jim Key, a doctor who worked for me for a few years, was not far behind Ray; I finally fired Jim Key when I caught him red handed in the act of fucking one of his female patients, something that he told me only a day earlier that he would never do.

I was sitting around my house in Lake Helen one day with my wife and seven other women, and I suddenly realized that I was fucking all eight of them, together with a long list of other girls. But none of them appeared to know what I was doing with any of the other women; or, if they did know, said nothing about it.

I did not get my first piece of ass until I was fourteen years old, then fucked her five times during the course of my first night with her; but have never since been able to repeat that performance, not, at least, with only one girl. Always wanted to see just how many I could fuck if I had a dozen or more girls available in the same place at the same time, but was never able to get that many together, so never answered that question. So I was a bit late in getting started with girls, but have tried to make up for that late start ever since.

But, like Houston Perry said . . . “I am much better at getting pussy now that I am sixty years old than I was at twenty; when I was twenty I could never get enough pussy, but now that I’m sixty I get far more than I want.”