

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“The scientists are the priests of the new religion; but they are even phonier than the priests of earlier religions, who were, at least, sincere in their error.”

John Geddes Page

William Morgan Hetrick, a man we called Bill, started working for me in 1963; he was a pilot of sorts, but I hired him because he was a mechanic who had some experience working on large airplanes. I then owned several B 25 medium bombers that I had converted for hauling cargo instead of bombs. I was using the planes to haul animals in from various places in Latin America, and also used them for filming purposes.

Bill claimed to have several thousand hours of experience as a pilot; but most of his logged flying time was what we called ‘P 51 time,’ that is, it was named after a popular fountain pen rather than the fighter with the same name, indicating that he simply made phony entries into his log book.

We stopped over for a night in Merida, Yucatan, on our way to Bolivia, and ran into a guy there who was calling himself Mike Webb, although his real name was Mike Wolf, and he was a wolf. We met him on the airport, where he had parked another type of ex-military bomber that had been converted for civilian use; this plane had Mexican registration numbers and was being flown by two Mexican pilots that Wolf had hired in Mexico City, where he bought the plane, bought it with a rubber check that quickly bounced, so he was trying to get out of the country quickly in order to be able to steal the plane. None of which he told us, of course.

Instead, he offered to sell us any quantity of gold that we wanted, for only \$26.00 an ounce, when gold was valued at \$35.00 an ounce in this country; so his offer made no sense, and thus I did not believe him. But Bill did, because he was apparently prepared to believe just about anything if it appeared to offer a profit; and if the offer involved something illegal, so much the better.

Years later, Bill supplied the cocaine to DeLorean, was filmed by the FBI handing over a large packet of dope. DeLorean was tried but was acquitted, even though he was obviously guilty as Hell; was acquitted only because the jury liked him better than they liked the prosecutor. But Bill copped a plea, pled guilty in return for a reduced prison term; then spent several years in a Federal prison, and finally got out on parole.

Then, out of the blue, he called me on the phone about two years ago; and told me, among other things, that he was married to my daughter Joyce, and was living with her in Arkansas. And my son Edgar called her and confirmed that she was married to Bill. What a pair.

So I then called a friend of mine who is an FBI agent, and he provided me with the name of Bill’s parole officer, and then I called him; told him everything I ever knew about both Bill and Joyce, which was a lot, and told him to instruct Bill and Joyce to never attempt to contact me or any member of my family again. That if they tried any such later contact I would try to get Bill’s parole revoked and send him back to prison; at a minimum, I would get a restraining order from a Federal judge.

So the parole officer passed that message on to both Bill and Joyce, and later told me on the phone that Bill and Joyce promised him that no additional contact would be attempted. And, so far, I have never heard from either of them again. Might kill both of them if I did, and if I had no other way of keeping them away. Both of them certainly need killing. But if I had killed everybody that needed killing that I have met I would have been so busy that I would have had very little time for anything else. Nature continuously weeds out the weaker members of any race of animals, and we should follow the same rule with people; instead, are doing everything possible to assure that utterly worthless people continue to survive and breed; the result being survival of the least fit, or negative evolution, a change in the wrong direction.

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We eliminate, by killing them, all of the obviously unfit animals that are born in this country, do not let them live to pass on their problems to later generations; and we should do exactly the same thing with people. Like Hitler tried to do, right? Wrong; by and large he killed the best people in Germany, while encouraging the worst ones to breed as rapidly as possible.

But you can't do that; what about their rights? Fuck their rights; what about their responsibilities? Go into a large game reserve and start feeding all of the lions you can find there; feed them every day, so that they are no longer forced to hunt for their own food. And, probably much quicker than you expected, you will soon find all of them waiting for you every day when you arrive with their food. But having taught them just what to expect, don't then make the mistake of going there one day with no food for the lions; if you do they will eat you.

And exactly the same thing is now happening in this country, but with people instead of lions; and the end result will be the same in either case.

After we returned from that trip when we met Mike Wolf, he called me at my home in Slidell and asked me if I could locate a pilot to fly his airplane for him; and I did know a young pilot named Moreland who might be interested in such a job, so I called him. And he was interested, but could not start working for Wolf for about a month.

So then Wolf asked me if Bill Hetrick could fly for him for a month or so until Moreland was able to start work for him; and Bill liked that idea, and left to join Wolf the next day, leaving his wife and two children living in my house with me while he was gone.

Then I heard nothing from either Bill or Wolf for more than a month; when they did call me, from the Bahamas, Wolf tried to talk me into picking up a load of valuable ore in the Bahamas and hauling it to a smelter in New York. But I refused to do so; told him I would haul it from Miami to New York but would not pick it up in the Bahamas and import it myself; the deal he offered smelled to high Heaven, something crooked was obviously going on.

So I flew one of my bombers to Miami and waited there while George Bergin went to the Bahamas by commercial airline to talk to Bill and Wolf and try to determine just what the Hell they were trying to pull off.

A couple or three days later, Wolf's airplane arrived in Miami carrying about 1,700 pounds of supposedly very valuable ore that they had picked up in French Guyana, in northern South America, the former French colony that had then become a state of France. The plane was still being flown by the two Mexican pilots, but both Bill Hetrick and George were aboard when they landed in Miami; and George smuggled a large package of supposedly very valuable gem stones into the country, did not declare them to U. S. Customs.

They then moved the airplane to another airport in order to get some needed repairs done; and then the Mexican pilots called their boss in Mexico City for the first time in about six weeks, and learned only then that Wolf's check for the airplane had bounced. And, during that period, Mike Wolf never paid either of the pilots a cent in the way of the promised salaries; instead, borrowed money from them.

So their boss wired them some money and they took the airplane back to Mexico City, without ever paying for the repairs to the airplane; the company that made those repairs later tried to get me to pay for them, but I refused to do so, told them I was not involved, which was true.

But I did haul the ore to New York in my plane, after telling Wolf just how much that was going to cost him, a price that he agreed to. And it turned out that the ore was rather valuable; but the money we got for that small load of ore was not even enough to pay me for the trip to New York. George tried to sell the smuggled gem stones in New York, and turned down a first offer of only \$500.00 for the lot; only to learn that nobody else would pay even that much for them. So he then went back to the first guy he tried, but in the meantime he had changed his mind, so reduced his initial offer; in the end George got only \$400.00 for the stones, about one percent as much as he had expected to get.

But the ore, at least, was valuable, and if we could get it in large quantities it would be very worthwhile to haul it to New York from South America. My plane could haul 12,000 pounds of such ore on every trip, and a load of that size would produce a big profit; and Bill assured us that hundreds of tons of such ore was piled up waiting for us to go and

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pick it up; that we could buy all of the waiting ore very cheaply. The first small load of ore was, Bill assured us, only a sample so we could determine its value.

Well, as it happened, that first small load actually represented every ounce of such ore that existed where they got it; and it had taken the people there several years to accumulate even that much ore. The people who sold Wolf that ore in South America were trying to pull off some kind of a scam; probably hoped that Wolf would return with enough money for a big load of ore, and then planned to kill him and steal the money.

But, of course, I was not aware of the true situation until much later, too late as usual. Then Bill Hetrick suddenly departed in the middle of the night while I was away from home, taking his family with him and stealing practically everything in my house. The next thing I heard about him was that he had talked a dentist in New Orleans into putting up enough money for Bill to buy another B 25, plus enough to buy a first large load of the ore; Bill obviously believed that the ore existed, and was trying to jump under both Wolf and me.

I heard that Bill intended to land his B 25 on the airport in Picayune, Mississippi, where I parked my bombers; and I went there prepared to beat the living shit out of him, even to kill him if he offered any slightest resistance. But he never showed up.

The next time I saw him was on the airport in Miami, but there were too many people there at the time for me to kill him, or even beat him up; so I merely talked with him for a few minutes. He told me he intended to crash land the B 25 he was flying on a small island and then collect the insurance on it; even told me where he intended to crash land the plane, so that I could go there and remove parts from it if I wanted to.

Then I heard nothing more from or about him for several years; until he called me on the phone and tried to get me to finance some scam he was trying to pull off. But I told him I was not interested and refused to meet with him later. A few years later I read in a newspaper that he was shot in the head while landing a small airplane near San Diego; apparently somebody on the ground fired at his plane for no reason apart from an attempt to amuse themselves. But he survived that; and the next thing I heard about him was when he was arrested by the FBI in connection with the dope case that sent him to prison.

I was not at all surprised that he had become involved in dope smuggling; for Bill, that was certainly in character. Have also heard that George Bergin was involved with him in the dope business, but never learned any details about George's involvement. But it would not surprise me if George was involved; he was always on the lookout for 'easy money.'

But until I learned that no more ore was waiting to be picked up, and having learned the value of the ore from the sale of the first load, I too believed initially that the supposedly waiting ore represented a real opportunity; so went to South American expecting to be able to buy a large load of the ore.

But after wasting quite a bit of money and some time I eventually learned that the waiting ore was merely a myth. Since Wolf no longer had an airplane the young pilot Moreland went to work for me, acting as co-pilot on my trips to South America. On the first trip that he went on with me he made a serious mistake; during a blind instrument approach for a landing at night on an island, enroute to South America, he reached up and threw a switch on the instrument panel before I could stop him from doing so. It was the switch that caused the bomb-bay doors to open, and they opened very quickly; and we were carrying all of our luggage in the bomb-bay, and his suitcase was lost although for some strange reason my suitcase did not fall out. Inside that suitcase he had practically everything that he owned; so he lost most of his clothes, his pistol, his money, his passport, pilot's logbooks, pilot's license and every other sort of identification that he had. All of which dropped into the ocean a mile or so off the coast of the island.

On an earlier trip I picked up Wolf and took him as far as Trinidad and left him there, and later saw him only once when he tried to give me a bit of trouble but backed off when I told him not to fuck with me or I would kill him.

Continuing on the trip without a passport for Moreland presented a bit of a problem, but we managed to talk our way through every place that we landed until we reached our destination, the closest airport to Cayenne, French Guyana, where we expected to pick up a load of ore. When we told the man representing the government at the airport

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that Moreland had lost his passport into the ocean, he told Moreland to fill out the required entry form using a phony passport number.

Also told him that if anybody later asked to see his passport he should claim that it was stolen from his room in a hotel in town, and that such a claim would keep him out of trouble.

So we followed his instructions; but obviously he had a later change of heart and told the police. Because the next day they arrested Moreland and dragged him off to jail. A French policeman nearly seven feet tall came up to me in the lobby of a hotel and asked me if I was Captain Jones, and when I said that I was he demanded to see Moreland; then asked to see his passport, and refused to believe the story about it having been stolen, just shook a huge finger under Moreland's nose and smiled when Moreland told him that the passport had been stolen.

Later that day I managed to get him out of jail, but he was paroled in my custody and could not leave the hotel until we were ready to depart. So I told Moreland . . . "Don't look so depressed, very few other people can truthfully claim that they have been a prisoner on Devil's Island on their first trip to South America." Which comment did not cheer him up very much.

Eliza Steffee, who had lived in Cayenne while her father was working in that country as a pilot for a gold mine, later told me that it was a beautiful place filled with nice people. Sure. In fact it may have been the worst city in the world; open sewers ran down both sides of every street in town, sewers that the naked kids played in, and the place was filled with ex-prisoners or their offspring living under conditions that were so bad that it appeared to be a miracle that any of them could even survive. The entire town was filthy almost beyond belief and the smell was so bad that you hesitated about even breathing the air. There were billions of mosquitoes, thousands of vampire bats, trillions of cockroaches and billions of bed bugs. It was bad.

Eliza later told me that the only bed bug she ever saw there was out in the street; so I then told her . . . "He was probably trying to get out of town, because he couldn't stand it there; he probably couldn't find anybody with enough blood left to keep him alive."

There was only one taxi in town, driven by an outright lunatic who could not speak a word of English; a man who drove so fast over the very dangerous road into town from the airport that he literally scared the shit out of Moreland. Along the way into town the driver stopped and picked up a very dead, literally rotten, possum that he saw on the road; he wanted to put it in the trunk of his car, take it home and eat it. But it stunk so bad that we would not let him put it in the trunk; so he hung it up in a small tree, obviously intending to go back and get it.

The people there would eat literally anything; things that would have killed us stone dead.

Eliza also said . . . "Yes, but the people there live together in peace."

So I told her . . . "That's only because they are all too weak to fight; most of them can't even stand up." A real tropical paradise. I have seen a few worse places, but not many, and none much worse.

Eliza and I seldom agreed on much of anything, which is why I lived with her for about twelve years before I finally got around to marrying her; a marriage that did not last long, but she ended up very wealthy and we are still friends more than thirty years after I first met her.

She was nineteen when I first met her, and her parents immediately permitted her to go to work for me because they wanted to get her out of town; she had been knocked up by a seventeen-year-old boy but was not yet showing when she moved in with me. Later her parents arranged an abortion, which was illegal at the time, and she never had any children; eventually adopted a baby girl, after we were divorced and she married another man about fifteen years younger than she was then. A guy who obviously married her for her money; a guy my daughter is convinced is a fag. His brother doesn't even attempt to hide his homosexuality, and Eliza's later husband looks like a fag to me too.

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I never gave a shit about what such people did so long as they did not bother me; have even hired several obvious homosexuals and simply told them to keep away from any of my other employees while around my business. Many of the homosexuals that I have known appeared to be far above average intelligence, and were usually very competent people. Which is not intended to imply that I believe that there is a relationship between sexual inclinations and intelligence; but there may be one.

In the end, of course, we got no more ore, were probably lucky to get out of the place alive and more or less still in one piece.

I eventually learned from the FBI that Mike Wolf was a wanted criminal and was being pursued by the police in several countries; so, later, when Wolf called me from Mexico City, wanting to meet me there, I passed that information on to the FBI and they tracked him across Mexico and then arrested him as he came across the border into southern Arizona. He is probably still in prison. I hope so. A few things do turn out well; not often, but sometimes.