

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“Taxes? That’s an insult, I don’t know anybody who ever paid taxes.”

Bo Miller

Certainly Ron Peters never paid taxes, or paid for much of anything else either. A few years before I ever met him, he and another guy tried to rob a place in Nevada, ended up in a shoot-out with the police that got both of them shot. The other guy was shot to death by police and Ron was shot in the stomach with a shotgun, and later went to prison. But was out very quickly; some lawyer got him released on the grounds that the cops did not read him his rights.

Instead they rushed him to a hospital in a successful attempt to save his life since he was rapidly bleeding to death inside a car stuck in a deep pile of snow. Years later I cut several shotgun pellets out of him; they appeared to be right on the surface but were actually far beneath the skin, so I quit after removing only a few because it was starting to look like major surgery and I am not a doctor.

Ron was about six feet five inches tall, very good looking, weighed more than two-hundred pounds in hard muscular condition and was one of the strongest men I ever saw. Who else do you know who can chin himself with only one arm at a weight of about 240 pounds? He was far above average intelligence, worked like a maniac, could do almost anything very well, but as carnival people say . . . “He had shit in his blood.”

He would rather steal a dollar than earn an honest thousand dollars in return for the same amount of effort; he stole everything that was not nailed down and carried a crowbar for things that were

I never hired him, but was stupid enough to let him start hauling my machines to customers in California in a truck; only to learn later that he would then go back to places he had delivered the machines, steal them and then sell them to a second customer, telling such customers that he was my distributor in California, which he was not.

The head coach of the University of Washington came up to me at a national meeting of coaches where we were exhibiting our equipment and told me that they were getting a full line of Nautilus machines a few days later. But I was unaware of any sale to that school; and when I asked all of my distributors and then called the office in Florida I could not locate anybody who was aware of such a sale.

So I went up to the coach and asked him where he placed the order; and he told me that the order had been taken by my California distributor, Ron Peters, who would be delivering the equipment a couple of days later.

So I told the coach . . . “Up to this point in this situation, coach, you have been acting in good faith; but if you accept delivery of that equipment from Ron Peters after what I am about to tell you, then you will be guilty of a major Federal felony and will probably go to prison. Because the equipment you are about to get was stolen, probably stolen from the Chargers football team in San Diego, was stolen by Ron Peters. And knowingly receiving stolen property in interstate commerce is a Federal felony.

“Ron is not our distributor, never has been, never will be, he is a thief. Now he is a very impressive man, and when he gets there with the equipment you may be tempted to accept it simply in an attempt to avoid a confrontation with him, but if you do you will be up too your ass in FBI agents about two minutes later.

“But if you can reach him on the phone, and get word to him that I will be there waiting when he arrives to deliver the equipment, then he will never show up; because in spite of the fact that he is a lot younger than I am, and a lot bigger than I am, he is shit scared of me, because he knows I will kill him; does not believe I will kill him, he knows it.

“Now, coach, I will call the office immediately, and if you will give me a list of the equipment you ordered from Ron I will have those machines on the way to you before the day is over; they may reach you a day or so later than you expected, but that is better than going to jail for having knowingly accepted stolen property.”

The Arthur Jones Collection

He believed me, and Ron never delivered that equipment to him, But did he go to jail? Not then, but later for something else. If the police had ever bothered to visit Ron's home they would have found both his house and his garage literally filled to the ceiling with stolen property of a wide variety; he didn't care what he stole, just liked to steal.

He somehow managed to learn the number of my telephone credit card, then used it to run up more than \$6,000.00 worth of charges to my card; then gave the number to his girlfriend's brother, who was in jail, and he used it, calling from the jail, to run up about \$2,000.00 more in charges. Then, when he was moved to another prison, he gave the number to his cellmates, and they used it to run up even more charges.

When this came to my attention I gave all of the proof to the FBI, but he was never prosecuted for it, nor was anybody else prosecuted. Until you have tried to do so, you will never even suspect just how difficult it is to get anybody prosecuted for anything, regardless of the proof of a crime that you have. Prosecutors are interested in winning, but are far more interested in prosecuting cases that will get them major media publicity that they believe will help their political careers.

They care little or nothing about stopping or punishing crime, are far more interested in getting personal publicity. I have handed the police a rather long list of major crimes, together with all of the clear proof required to assure a quick conviction, and have never been able to get anybody prosecuted; seldom will they even bother to look at such cases. You have much less protection than you probably believe that you have; damned near none.

Ron told me that he had stolen a copy of my 'secret' books from my house, and that if I ever attempted to cause him a problem he would hand them over to the IRS and get me prosecuted for income tax evasion; but I just laughed at him, because I did not have any such secret books, in fact had no books of any kind since all my accounting was done by a firm in San Francisco. And since I also knew that Ron had never paid taxes in his life, or even filed a tax return, so was very unlikely to go running to the IRS.

Most of the so-called experts are convinced that strength training has very little or no effect on cardiovascular condition; when, in fact, if properly applied, strength training is by far the best exercise for cardiovascular improvement. Ron had never run a step in his life, but had been training with weights for years, when a PhD named Ellington Darden who was a runner asked him to run around a lake with him, a distance of about two miles.

Whereupon Ron told Ellington that he probably couldn't run a hundred yards without falling on his face but was willing to try. Then ran around the lake with no slightest problem. And three days later ran twenty-four miles nonstop with no problem. In fact, his cardiovascular condition was outstanding, and had been produced by weight training.

Ron first came to Florida to see me when he ordered a Nautilus machine for his own use; later bought several more machines. Then started hauling machines to other customers because he could deliver them at a lower price than they could be shipped by commercial truck lines, and because the machines did not have to be crated if he delivered them, and this also saved the customers money while giving Ron a larger profit. He was making a lot of money delivering machines, until he started stealing them back from the customers and then reselling them.

He later tried to steal a big truck from me, tried to claim that it was his when in fact I bought and paid for it in full and it was registered in my name; tried to make that claim simply because I had been nice enough to let him use the big truck at no cost to him apart from fuel. I was just trying to get machines delivered to customers as cheaply as possible, was not trying to make a profit on delivery charges; I let Ron make all of the profit from deliveries, and asked nothing from him in return. Even provided him with a helper for nearly a year at no cost to him.

In return for all of which he tried to steal the truck.

Nobody has tried to steal my teeth yet, what few I have left, but would not be surprised if somebody did try. People have stolen a very large part of everything else I ever had, and tried to steal the rest, and then frequently tried to sue me in an attempt to get even more.

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Ron was not as successful at stealing from me as some others have been, quite a few others, but it was not for a lack of trying on his part. He also made a practice of shooting at people, at random, with a very powerful pistol that used compressed air for driving the bullets; would shoot at total strangers walking down the street in broad daylight, shooting from a truck with my company name on the sides of it in large letters. Such a gun was not very likely to kill anybody, but it could deliver dangerous wounds.

He told me about ten different versions regarding just what happened during the attempted robbery and shoot-out with the police in Nevada that followed; claimed he killed the guy they tried to rob, later said he wounded him, later yet said he fired no shots at all, and so on. But I never bothered to investigate the matter so still don't know what actually happened; apart from his friend getting killed and him getting shot and then going to prison very briefly.

Such people cannot be rehabilitated, cannot be educated, and it is now much too expensive to keep them in prison for life; the only way to deal sanely with such people is to kill them.

But . . . turn every prison in this country over to me and I will damned quickly show you how to reduce their costs by at least eighty percent, while taking control from the prisoners and putting such control back where it belongs; and there will be no more than one riot by the prisoners, ever. And I will make a huge profit by operating these prisons. And there will be no more guys getting fucked up the ass every night by a bunch of other lunatics. No drugs, no fighting, damned little noise and no complaints from prisoners after the first few weeks; damned quick a visit to a prison will look like a trip through a Sunday school. Count on it.

And I won't have to kill all, or even many, of the prisoners to do it, either. And if and when control ever is reestablished in our prisons, the prisoners themselves will appreciate it themselves far more than outsiders will. Today, any prisoner is forced to try to survive while locked into a cage with a bunch of insane wild animals.

Unless you are about nine feet tall, and weigh more than five hundred pounds, you may not like it but you will quickly get accustomed to getting fucked up the ass every night by a long line of other prisoners; and you will not even dare to try to object.

Cruel and unusual punishment? Prisons in this country today provide nothing apart from torture for by far the majority of the prisoners, and an opportunity for a few prisoners to repeatedly demonstrate their insane desires.

Nobody is ever going to throw me in a cage with such animals, no matter what I do; I won't go. They might kill me but will never lock me up with a bunch of lunatics. And when the attempt to lock me up is ever made, if it is ever made, I would strongly advise them to come after me in great numbers, and with the clear understanding that a lot of them will leave in body bags. I may also be in a body bag, but if so I will have a lot of company.

Rioting? Looting? I can think of few things that would give me as much pleasure as having a bunch of people try to loot my house or business; I will kill all of them, even if I have to follow them home and drag them out from under their beds in order to kill them, and will not be able to stop smiling while I'm doing it. A legal chance to kill a bunch of insane animals? Make my day.

You doubt that? Well, then, roll the dice.