

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

www.ArthurJonesExercise.com

“The fact that I am crazy does not prove that you are sane.”

John Peters

Sometimes it makes sense to do something even when there is no possibility of a profit. In the early 1980s the construction business had come to an almost complete stop in Florida, so I took advantage of that situation in order to build a huge airport on my farm north of Ocala, Florida, at a cost of less than ten percent of what it would have cost the government to build it.

A friend of mine in the construction business was about to lose his company because he could find no jobs, so I offered to save his company if he would use his equipment and men to build my airport very cheaply; I made his payments on heavy equipment, which prevented him from losing it, paid his payroll, which prevented his crew from quitting, but I bought all of the required materials myself and did not give him a cent in the way of a profit. I told him . . . “I know what concrete costs, and can probably buy it cheaper than you can because of the amount I need, so I am not going to give you any profit on the materials, or on anything else; but I will keep your company from going under, so you can hang on long enough to wait for the next building boom.”

I have made similar offers to other people, but they usually were not smart enough to accept them; but that guy did and thus saved his company while providing me with a huge airport at a very low price.

I could not have built that airport a few years earlier, or a few years later, but for a short window of time during the early 1980s there were no zoning laws in Marion County, Florida; so you could build anything that you wanted to and no permits were required.

A few years earlier, when the county did have zoning laws, a man named Mike Stavola, who owned nearly a hundred different corporations and was an ex-con from New Jersey, wanted to build a paved runway on his land for his private jet; but he could not get a permit. Later, when he could have built a strip, after the zoning laws were voted out, he did not do so because he had made so many threats earlier, but never acted upon these threats, that he did not want the subject of a private airport even mentioned around him.

Thus when another Italian named Jim Garemore built a small grass runway for his airplanes on land adjacent to Stavola’s land, he got badly bent out of shape and started making more threats; he was constantly spreading rumors about his claimed connections with the Mafia, which he did not have, in attempts to intimidate people into doing what he wanted. Later, when he tried that stunt with me, he got a visit from two men from Cleveland who were in the Mafia; and, as they say, they explained things to him, and afterwards I heard nothing more from him. I was not ‘connected’ as they say, but did know some people in the Mafia; and also knew that they did not like outsiders to claim a Mafia connection. So I shut him up.

Because of Federal laws regarding noise abatement that were shoved through Congress as a result of huge bribes from both Boeing and Douglas, both of whom built big jets, it would become illegal to fly many of the large jets then being used by the airlines after the end of 1984; unless a so-called ‘hush kit’ could be produced for these planes, and that did not appear to be very likely.

One result being the fact that many of those big jets became very cheap, because they could remain in service in this country for only a little more than a year; but the military was using such planes as aerial tankers and always required engines for them, so I knew that I could operate the planes for a year or so and then sell the engines to the military for more than I paid for the planes in the first place. But, as things worked out, a hush kit was developed; I ordered the first one and paid \$2,000,000.00 for it; but it made my plane legal for continued service and greatly increased its value. I paid \$600,000.00 for the plane, or \$2,600,000.00 with the hush kit, and later sold it for \$6,000,000.00 because a new but very similar airplane then sold for about \$30,000,000.00.

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That plane had been in continuous service for about twenty years when I sold it, first with American Airlines and later with me; but some of the airliners still being used in this country are now more than fifty years old, and the average age of airliners now in use is about twenty years. If properly maintained an airplane should literally last forever; you just have to keep replacing any parts that fail and you would probably be surprised by just how reliable airplanes are. Occasionally things go wrong, but very seldom compared to the amount of flying that is conducted in this country now.

I have flown more than 30,000 hours over a period of fifty-five years and have had only one engine failure during that time, and that engine had been in continuous service for more than twenty years before it failed. When jet engines were first introduced they were removed and overhauled after 1,000 hours of use; but they quickly learned that such frequent overhauls were not required; today there is no restriction on time in service for jet engines, they just run them until something fails and many jet engines in use today have been used for more than 30,000 hours without a failure of any kind.

In the early 1980s my new wife, Terri, and I planned to build a nice house in the woods outside Lake Helen, Florida, so we started looking around the state at large homes in an attempt to get some ideas for our planned home; Terri's father worked for a man who had tried, but failed, to buy a farm north of Ocala that had a huge house on it, and we had seen a sales brochure about that farm. Her father's boss offered \$2,000,000.00 for the farm, but the offer was refused. Later the owner sold it for a listed price of only \$750,000.00 to a dope smuggler who was laundering money by buying property all over the state; paying primarily in cash under the table and listing the sales prices at far below their true level. Which saved money for both the buyer and seller by avoiding a lot of taxes.

I do not know what the dooper actually paid for the farm, but do know that nobody turns down \$2,000,000.00 only to sell shortly afterwards for only \$750,000.00. When the dooper got arrested and thrown into the clink in New Orleans, the judge put a huge cash bond on him and required him to prove just where he got the money for his bond; so he had to sell property in order to raise the cash he needed for the bond. So I ended up buying the farm for only \$1,300,000.00, which was a lot less than he paid for it.

Having put up the bond he left the country, but was later arrested and brought back here and went to prison. We found two large safes buried in the floor of one of the two garage buildings and when these were opened one was nearly full of cash that had then been there so long that it had literally rotted, fell to pieces when you touched it. I had an FBI agent, Jack Martin, and a deputy sheriff with me when we opened those two safes, I wanted official witnesses who could later testify in regard to just what we found, if anything. We did manage to get the serial numbers on a few of the bills and ran them through the FBI records in an attempt to determine if the money had been stolen, but they had no records of those numbers.

I also learned that you cannot get bills replaced merely by giving the government the serial numbers of mutilated money, so that money was worthless. And I never learned who put it there, or when; but suspected it was put there by a man named McGee who built the house and later sold it to the dooper. He had a reputation in the area of buying things with cash that had a strong odor. He too appeared to have been involved in some sort of criminal activity but I never learned any of the details.

The original farm had only 180 acres but I later bought a total of 600 acres; the length of the farm from north to south was just short of two miles and I needed most of that for the airport runway which was 7,550.4 feet long, exactly 1.43 miles. Not the longest, but the widest runway in the world, 590 feet wide in some places and containing material equivalent to more than eighty miles of super highway. If the government had built that runway it would have cost a huge fortune, but I built it very cheaply. In area it may be the largest runway in the world, and is certainly the largest privately-owned airport in the world. From the air, at high altitude, that runway can be clearly seen from a hundred miles away.

Yet, in an article about me, Playboy magazine stated that I was hiding out in the deep jungles of Florida in a place that was almost impossible to find. Just how the Hell you could even hope to hide a runway that large is more than I could ever figure out.

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We used that runway for three of my big jets and a large number of smaller airplanes; used it for hauling thousands of doctors and their wives or girlfriends on medical seminars conducted in Yucatan; seminars funded by me but conducted by the School of Medicine of the University of Florida, Gainesville. I constructed a very large and beautiful auditorium on my farm for conducting medical seminars and brought thousands of doctors there for seminars. Also built and stocked the largest privately-owned zoo of exotic animals in the world and conducted tours through the zoo for visiting doctors and the women who came with them. At one time had about 10,000 exotic animals there.

The airplanes and animals are all gone now, as well as part of the land, but I still own the farm and airport. Have been trying without success to sell the farm for several years, but so far have not been able to find a buyer.

While buying up land around the original farm, Dan Baldwin gave Jim Garemore a power of attorney for buying adjacent property, assuming that Garemore could buy the land cheaper than I could, which was true; but then Garemore listed a lot of the land bought with my money in his name, and claimed it was his. And I never was able to get it back; I tried to get his ass tossed in the can for outright fraud, but could never find anybody willing to prosecute him.

People seem to be able to get away with just about anything they have balls enough to try.

Garemore worked for me for several years, was highly paid and very well treated; he went on trips with me to Africa, Australia, Mexico, Canada and all over this country. Was provided a nice house rent free and got most of his food free since we always had a lot of food left over after the daily medical seminars, lobster, steak and many other things since we always fed the visitors in a lavish fashion.

Garemore had a private license that permitted him to fly small airplanes when I first met him, but never did learn to fly worth a shit in spite of the fact that I paid for his attendance at several flying schools; he was personally responsible for at least four airplane crashes, all of them clearly his fault, but could never understand why I would not let him fly any of my airplanes.

He was a very short man, slightly more than five feet tall, and was very self conscious about his size. He had two sons and one daughter; one son who was a dooper and another who was a borderline idiot who eventually became a chiropractor in spite of the fact that he is functionally illiterate. He now calls himself Doctor Garemore, but has difficulty tying his shoes. The chiropractor son came to me and volunteered to testify on my behalf against his father, but then later changed his mind. The dooper son's wife did provide evidence of Garemore's fraud and also agreed to testify against him, and then became my mistress for about a year after I separated from Terri. I did not come on to her; instead, while talking to her in my house one night she suddenly dropped down on her knees, unzipped my pants, pulled out my prick and started giving me a blow job, without a word having been said by either of us on the subject of sex. She loved it; would start coming within a matter of seconds after you first penetrated her and seemed to be able to reach a dozen or more climaxes within a short time.

About that same time I made a trip to Thailand with Mike Wewers, a Customs agent who was on a medical leave because of an injury to his leg, and with a computer expert who had been associated with me for several years, a man named Larry Evans. All three of us went there intending to try to find and literally buy some of the beautiful young girls that are found only around the city of Chiang Mai; the parents of these girls sell them, usually to Japanese men. We planned to have them enter this country as tourists and then just disappear, staying as our mistresses of course. We found a lot of girls, but did not find just what we were looking for.

So everything does not work out properly, but you have to keep trying.