

# And God Laughs...

## The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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**“The Greatest Invention in History? Well, that’s one thing everybody should agree on: the fully automated, computer controlled woman; with only five buttons: cook, clean, suck, fuck and off.”**

**Jim Key**

I should have listened to Stony Cotton: he tried to warn me about Jim Key, but I ignored his advice. Probably because it is almost impossible not to like Jim; because he is a mirror, has no character or personality of his own; but provides a perfect reflection of whoever is standing in front of him. If you like it, he likes it; if you hate it, he hates it; if you believe it, he believes it.

But he does have something that most men would give almost anything for: he attracts women like shit draws flies, and probably the same way: body odor. Jim seldom approaches a woman, they approach him; it is, I believe, an unconscious instinctive reaction. But whatever it is, it works. If Jim gets on a big jet belonging to British Airways in Miami, planning on getting off in New York, but with the plane then going on to London with the same crew, it is very likely that every stewardess on that flight will approach Jim before they reach New York; will offer to get off with him in New York even if doing so will get them fired. He doesn’t have to ask them, they ask him. How do I know? Because I have seen it happen, repeatedly.

I built a large and beautiful medical clinic for Jim in Lake Helen, Florida, directly across the street from my office; equipped it with the latest X-ray machine available, and literally everything else required to make it the best equipped Orthopaedic clinic in the world. Then permitted Jim to use this facility without charge; even provided all of the utilities free. Then paid him a lot in the form of research grants for using some of our exercise machines for the rehabilitation of injured athletes.

In addition to what I gave him, all of the income produced by the clinic was his, and he attracted a lot of patients, particularly women patients; but he had two serious problems: he was a drunk, and he was fucking all, or at least most, of his women patients. When I accused him of that he denied it, assured me that he would never do that; but early the next morning I caught him coming out of a motel room with a young and very attractive girl who was a world class athlete.

So he had to go. I told him that his actions made any further association impossible, and that I was going to sell the clinic; I offered to sell it to him, hoping that he could not raise the money to pay for it, and he tried to borrow the money from a bank but they turned him down. Another of Jim’s problems is the fact that he keeps himself dead broke and over his head in debt continuously, because he seemingly will buy anything that he can get on credit; but then is never able to meet the payments.

Jim maintained a reserve commission in the Air Force and managed to reach the rank of full Colonel through political connections; he faked the medical examinations of his commanding general for years in order to keep the general on flying status in spite of a serious medical problem that should have stopped him from flying. The last time I saw Jim he told me that he expects a promotion to Brigadier General very soon, so I guess the other general is still flying.

Before he moved to Lake Helen, Jim was in practice, in Dallas, with another Orthopaedic surgeon, Stony Cotton; Stony was a longtime friend of mine and a customer of my company, Nautilus, and when he heard that Jim was moving to Florida he tried to get me to withdraw my offer to Jim.

Most of the many thousands of doctors that I have known are very poor businessmen, and many con men specialize on doctors, consider them to be ideal suckers. The arrogance of many doctors results, I believe, from the fact that most

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of their experience comes from dealing with desperate people; and they assume that any business operates the same way, that anything they try to do will always turn out well. If they would stick to what they know, medicine, and stay out of other things, most doctors would be a lot better off than they usually are.

Jim made several trips with me, all over the country, to Mexico and once to Australia in 1976 with me and Dick Butkus. On that trip we started for a small island, Daru, off the coast of New Guinea; I was looking for a man named George Craig who had captured several enormous crocodiles 600 miles up the Fly river in the unexplored interior of New Guinea, an area where most of the natives are still cannibals. George moved the crocodiles to where his family was living, Daru, and I had seen pictures of the crocodiles; I wanted to try to buy the largest one from Craig, but was not sure that he would sell it. He sold one crocodile to Earl Brockelsby but then refunded Earl's money and refused to ship the crocodile when Earl sent him a picture of the enclosure Earl had built for the crocodile. He said . . . "Not my crocodile, he would probably hurt himself in that pen."

Daru was not an easy place to reach and we would be required to charter a small airplane for the last leg of the trip, which was both expensive and dangerous because many of the local people thought nothing about killing outsiders; and nothing was ever done about it when tourists were killed. Native troops killed several newspaper reporters from Australia and the government would not even investigate the killings.

But George Craig had been aware of the danger too, so just before New Guinea was handed over to the natives he packed up everything that he owned and departed from Daru on a sailing schooner that he owned; then went to Cairns, Australia, planning to start a crocodile farm there. But the Australian authorities would not permit him to land his crocodiles; so he told them . . . "If I can't land them, then I am going to turn them loose in the surf; and then they will go ashore on their own, and you can't stop them because crocodiles are protected animals in Australia. And these crocs are man eaters and you can be damned sure they will start killing people on the beach; and when they do don't try to blame me."

So they did permit him to land his crocs; and afterwards he located them on Green Island, a tourist attraction about twenty miles off the coast of Australia that had several other attractions for tourists. He called his place Marineland Melanesia, and had the largest collection of primitive art in the world in addition to his crocodiles and a wide variety of beautiful fish.

During the flight to Sydney I spent several hours in the cockpit talking to the flight crew, and when they asked me where we were going and I told them, the copilot said . . . "George Craig does not live on Daru any longer, he moved to Green Island a couple of years ago; I used to fly into Daru and I know George well."

So that saved us from the worst part of our planned trip; and we went to Green Island instead of Daru. George Craig does not like most people, avoids people entirely if he can; the tourists that visit Green Island do not stay overnight, usually spend only a few hours on the island during the middle of the day; so George lets his wife deal with the tourists while he hides out in the woods or goes fishing. Initially, George was somewhat suspicious of me, but when I showed him several pictures of the big crocs that I caught in Africa about twenty years earlier his attitude quickly changed; later we became close friends and we have visited back and forth many times since then, and in 1984 George finally agreed to sell me his biggest crocodile, an animal that is now the largest crocodile known in modern times.

Dick Butkus and I left Jim Key in Sydney for a few days and flew about 3,000 miles across Australia in order to look at another big croc that I had heard about; the last leg of that trip also required a chartered plane to reach a tiny village located near the northwestern coast of Australia. The last place we could reach on that trip by airline was the city of Darwin and it had been almost destroyed by a hurricane shortly before we arrived there so we had a difficult time trying to find a place to stay; very few of the colonial style wooden buildings survived that big storm, the place was a mess.

The other big croc that we went to see was worthless, was very old and so thin that he appeared to be starving; the man who had him was keeping him in terrible conditions and obviously was not feeding him much. I felt very sorry for that croc but did not want him; I doubt that he could have survived a trip to this country. He looked like he was at least 150 years old, and probably was.

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Back in Sydney we visited a local topless beach, but there was only one girl there at the time and she had rubber teats; but while we were gone Jim had connected with several girls in Sydney, all of them young and very attractive.

On the way home we stopped for a few days in Hong Kong and less than five minutes after we checked into a hotel the whores started knocking on the doors of our rooms; but none were attractive so we looked elsewhere. Several topless bars were being operated openly in the middle of the city and these places were jammed with young girls; since they worked practically stark naked you could see what you were getting. We took three of these girls back to our hotel for the night but Dick got into an argument over something with his girl and sent her away; then tried to get a refund from the place where he hired her. He charged all three girls to a credit card.

Then Jim disappeared, and when we were ready to leave for the airport we could not find him; after I had been beating on his door for about ten minutes the door started to slowly open; Jim was stretched out on the floor just inside his room, dead drunk. He had no idea where he had been or what had happened; he was damned lucky to survive that experience since there are some very violent people there.

Jim somewhat later promised me that he would quit drinking if I would quit smoking, and then Dick bet me \$10,000.00 that he could stop smoking longer than I could; then on the flight home he caught me smoking in the upstairs lounge on a 747 Jumbo Jet, and I had to pay him.

Jim and Dick, as well as Dick's wife Helen and my wife Eliza flew down to visit my daughter who was in medical school in Guadalajara; and we also visited Jesus Garcia who was my agent in Colima years earlier and I bought two Mexican Beaded Lizards from him; these are similar to Gila Monsters but are much larger and are one of only two types of poisonous lizards found anywhere.

Another man in Colima had one of the largest collections of antique cars in the world; most of them sitting outside in the rain and rusting away from neglect. He keeps these cars inside the stone walls of a building that looks like an ancient fort, and probably is. How he ever managed to get such old cars in a remote spot like Colima was something I could never figure out. In addition to the cars he had large numbers of other antiques and religious artifacts, many of which should have been very valuable, but all of which were suffering from gross neglect.

We went from Colima to Acapulco where Dick was scheduled to speak at a convention of insurance salesmen; and while staying in the Acapulco Princess hotel there, we learned that Howard Hughes was staying in the penthouse of that same hotel. Hughes died while we were there, and his body was then flown to Houston.

Shortly after Jim Key left Lake Helen, I was approached by another Orthopaedic surgeon, Mike Fulton, who wanted to take over the medical clinic. But my previous experience with Jim had left me with a sour taste in my mouth and I did not encourage Doctor Fulton. But he was persistent, and eventually I agreed, with initial misgivings, to let him take over the clinic. But that relationship worked out very well, and Mike has now been directly involved in our medical research for more than fifteen years; he now operates a beautiful medical facility in Dayton Beach and works closely with our research teams both in Ocala and Gainesville. He has now rehabilitated more than 5,000 cases of chronic spinal pathology with outstanding results; usually has people who have been dysfunctional for years back to normal within a period of only a few weeks; people who have tried every other known protocol of treatment without success can be restored to normal in about eighty percent of all cases. Such treatment is not only much better than anything else but is also far less expensive than the other protocols now being used.

Apart from surgery, which does help in a few cases, the other treatments now being used are simply worthless, a waste of time and money; and in some cases are dangerous. Eventually, what we are now doing will be the Gold Standard for spinal rehabilitation; but educating the medical community is a long, slow process. Our current protocols, if universally applied for both rehabilitation and prevention of spinal pathology, could save this country at least \$80,000,000,000.00 a year in medical costs; and someday it will happen.