

And God Laughs...

The Arthur Jones Autobiography

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“Insanity is hereditary; you get it from your children.”

Anon.

I have heard, but could never confirm, that a daughter of mine was born in July of 1942; if so, she is my oldest child, now fifty-two. But I lost touch with the girl who was supposedly the mother of this child early in the war, and could never locate her afterwards.

My oldest child that I am sure of was Joyce, a child I wish I had never seen and about which I have had quite a bit to say earlier; she is now forty-seven.

The oldest of my three children by Eva is Gary, who will be forty-two on the first of August, 1994; he has had quite a bit to say about me to the media, all of it untrue, but I will say very little about him apart from the fact that I have disinherited him and am no longer even willing to talk to him.

Eva, the second child of the same mother, will be forty-one on the 24th of October, 1994; she is a medical doctor specializing in obstetrics and gynecology, married to another doctor who is a specialist in cardiology and with one child, a girl now five years old. They live in New Jersey.

My youngest child is Edgar, now thirty-eight and working with my medical equipment company in Florida; he is married and has two children by an earlier wife.

Throughout their lives while being supported by me I always provided all of my children with everything they needed, as well as a lot of things that they merely wanted; and no pressure of any kind was ever exerted on any of them in regard to what kind of schooling they should get or what profession they should choose. No pressure in a positive sense at least; although they did clearly understand that I would take them out in the woods and shoot them if they ever became involved with drugs, so there was a bit of negative pressure.

Shoot your own children? If they are involved with drugs, somebody needs to shoot them; and I believe that job should be attended to by the parents. Having already destroyed themselves, they need to be removed before they can destroy any other people.

In addition to the five children mentioned above, four for sure and one possible, I have another son that I am aware of but have never met; his mother was a Mexican girl named Marvel Sandoval that I met in 1957, lost contact with for about ten years, and then ran into again in the mid-1960s. She had by then been married and divorced and had three children, the oldest of which was obviously my son since a picture of him that she showed me clearly depicted Jones family physical characteristics that seem to occur only in every second generation, a distinct body shape shown by my father and by my other sons but one that I do not have. This son would now be about thirty-six years old.

Eva, the mother of three of my children, Gary, Eva and Edgar, apparently did not want of like children, although she very successfully managed to conceal these feelings from me, did so probably because she knew that I did like children; and she also concealed the fact that she was an alcoholic, knowing that I did not drink alcohol in any form.

We were married in Mexico in 1951, and she lived in this country as a wet back until I finally got her immigration status straightened out in 1960; then, in 1963, with no warning whatsoever, she ran off with a German photographer that I had hired named Gunther Luft. Afterwards, she wrote me one brief letter, with no return address, and then I heard nothing more from her for nearly twenty years; in the meantime she had obtained a divorce from me without my knowledge and had married Gunther Luft, who was then employed as an electrical engineer on one of the CIA ships that was trying to raise a sunken Russian submarine. They had established a home and a small business in the town of Zapata, Texas, southeast of Laredo on the border with Mexico. Eva ran the business, selling guns and ammunition.

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I tried without success to communicate with Eva's parents, but they never answered any of my letters; I wanted Eva's three children to get to know their maternal grandparents, but they never did; by the time Eva showed up again her parents were dead.

Eventually, Eva and her later husband did come to visit, and even made a trip to Egypt with my then wife Eliza; but Eva was a very proud woman and was easily insulted when no slight was intended and she somehow got bent out of shape by something on the trip to Egypt and disappeared again immediately afterwards. Later, when she and her husband returned again, she became insulted again when our daughter Eva named her only child after Eliza rather than after the child's grandmother. Then, briefly, Eva's husband, Gunther, worked for my son Gary in Kentucky; and somehow Eva managed to be insulted again and they then disappeared for a third time and now refuse to answer letters from any of Eva's three children.

After Eva ran off with Gunther in 1963, I continued to raise our three children as a single parent for more than a year, which was not easy to do given my work and travel schedule; but the children were never left on their own since I hired a black woman from Oklahoma who had worked for my family when I was a child to live with us and care for the children, and since I gave them as much attention as possible when I was there and took them on trips with me when they were not in school. Later, after Eliza Steffee moved in with me, she served as a very successful surrogate mother for my children; she liked them and they liked her. That situation came badly unglued for about a year when my oldest daughter, Joyce, came to live with us in 1965, but was reestablished after Joyce left.

All three of these children moved to southern Africa with me in 1966 and lived there for about two years, first in South Africa and later in what was then the country of Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe. Having always done very well in school in this country, all three children continued to do well in school in both South Africa and Rhodesia. Then on the national Honor Roll, I jerked my daughter Eva out of high school shortly before her graduation because of a dispute with the school officials over some of their policies; she then went to a university in Tampa and studied for a degree in Marine Biology for several years, and, eventually, went to medical school and got her degree as an MD. Whereupon the school finally got around to giving her a high school diploma in spite of the fact that she never actually graduated.

Gary went to Stetson University in DeLand, Florida, briefly but was not really interested in more education and dropped out rather quickly. Edgar went to a university in Tampa for less than a year, but dropped out because he was not willing to be associated with the then very dangerous drug scene that he found there.

All three of these children are almost off the scale on the high end of standard IQ tests and any of them are capable of doing just about anything they decide to do; both of the two boys, in particular, show a remarkable degree of instinctive understanding of both mathematics and physics, and both have become very adept in computer technology. My youngest son, Edgar, is still working with me and his ability with computers makes him very valuable to my company since our business is based upon computer technology; one of his suggestions about eight years ago solved a very critical problem related to our medical testing machines when he pointed out a very simple, but previously overlooked, solution to the problem of compensating for the effects of gravity during a test of the isolated strength of the muscles that extend the lumbar spine.

Testing strength requires a measurement of the torque produced by the force of muscular contraction, but in addition to the torque actually produced by the force of muscular contraction there are three nonmuscular sources of torque that must be either removed or at least measured and factored into the test results in order to produce a true test of strength, Net Muscular Torque, muscular torque unbiased by any source of nonmuscular torque. These three nonmuscular factors are gravity, friction and stored energy; all of which factors are ignored by our competitors, the result being that their test results are utterly meaningless, worse than worthless because they are misleading.

Edgar's solution to a problem resulting from gravity provided us with a great leap forward in our attempts to produce testing equipment that was actually capable of providing accurate, specific and meaningful tests of Net Muscular Torque, NMT.

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Sometimes we look at things but do not really see them clearly, if at all; but Edgar saw the solution to this problem very clearly even though the rest of us, all of whom were aware of the problem, had not been able to come up with a practical solution.

Twenty-five years ago, when I was trying unsuccessfully to find a practical solution for the problem resulting from the need for a variable source of resistance in an exercise machine, my son Gary saw something that I had overlooked up until then; I had drawn a sketch of a compound gear box and showed it to Gary, but told him that while it would provide a source of variable resistance it would be far too expensive for practical use in an exercise machine. But he did not see what I was trying to show him; instead, he saw it as a cam, an eccentric shaped wheel, and instantly realized that it would solve my problem in a very practical way and would be very inexpensive to manufacture. I may, or may not, have come up with the same solution myself eventually, but he saw it before I did; and that simple solution to a serious problem led directly to the later great success of Nautilus Sports/Medical Industries, Inc., and, later yet, to my present company, MedX Corporation, the only source of meaningful tools for both specific testing of human functional ability and productive rehabilitation of the spine and the knee.

It has taken us more than twenty-two years of continuous research to reach the position where we are now, and hundreds of people have made very meaningful contributions along the way, with the majority of the solutions to various problems having been provided by me, but the two solutions provided by my sons were very important for our later success.

Based upon my own experiences with people, it does not appear that most people are capable of understanding either the need for or the provision of a factor that, in my opinion, should be obvious to a goat; most people seem to go through life unaware of what should be obvious problems, and seldom understand you even when these problems are demonstrated in a very simple and undeniable fashion. They may believe what you tell them, but seldom really understand it. And many people will not even believe it in spite of any clear proof that you provide.

So the ability to see problems that almost everybody else cannot see is rare indeed; and the ability to see solutions to such problems is even rarer. Fortunately for my later success, both of my sons have that rare ability.

But, as Edgar Allen Poe pointed out in a brief article he wrote about 150 years ago, an article entitled 'The Hunting of the Slan,' which was quoted in full in an earlier chapter, a very high level of intelligence is usually far more in the way of a curse than it is a blessing; because it sets you apart from most of the rest of mankind, is more likely to make you appear to be an idiot than it is to earn you any credit for your contributions. In general, it is about as easy to explain even very simple things to most people as it is to teach a dog to speak fluent Chinese; about all you can even hope to do is to make them believe what you are trying to explain to them, and you can usually make them actually understand almost nothing.