

# And God Laughs...

## The Arthur Jones Autobiography

[www.ArthurJonesExercise.com](http://www.ArthurJonesExercise.com)

**“Heute Deutschland, morgen die Welt.”**

**Adolf Hitler (Today Germany, tomorrow the World)**

Paraphrasing Hitler’s statement, but in Spanish, our motto was HLH, MEM: Hoy, Lago Helene, mañana el Mundo. Today, Lake Helen, tomorrow the World. And we did change at least a large part of the world, produced a revolution in both exercise and medical testing. During the sixteen years that I owned and directed Nautilus hundreds of millions of people all over the world were influenced by our discoveries and developments, and during the eight years since I sold Nautilus even more important developments have been produced.

Fifty years from now it is highly unlikely that anyone then living will even be aware of my name, but many of the people then alive will be helped by my inventions and discoveries; a lot of people will become very wealthy as a consequence, and millions of others will save a lot of money.

Very little of anything I ever did worked out with much in the way of a similarity to what I expected; most of my attempts failed, but a few produced results that were far better than my wildest hopes. I care very much about a rather short list of people, but have nothing apart from disgust for most of the others. I am now attempting to arrange my affairs in such a manner that my current associates can continue after I am gone, and if they can continue then eventually most of them will be greatly rewarded. But my biggest problem related to that is the fact that I now have nobody who appears to me to be capable of operating my company properly after I am gone; I have several very good people in charge of various aspects of my business, but none appear to be capable of directing the business. Some probably believe that they could lead the company, but I have no such confidence; I hope I am wrong, because I do not want the company to die with me. Only one of my children, my son Edgar, is still associated with my company, but he could never lead the company; in an attempt to prevent the company from being destroyed by estate taxes when I die, I will probably marry Inge, the German girl I hired in Kruger Park in 1966, who will become a citizen of this country next week after having lived here for twenty-six years. If I leave everything to her, as my wife, then there will be no estate taxes; but that still leaves the problem of just who can run the company properly.

What we are doing now is a very specialized line of work and many of the usual business practices simply do not apply well in this field; it is unfortunate but true that personality is frequently the most important factor for success in this field; and while I certainly have a lot of enemies I have also made at least enough friends to survive, and have sometimes even been able to turn enemies into friends. Which is damned difficult to do, but is at least possible in some cases.

Publication of this book, if it ever is published, may bring me to the attention of a lot more people; but I would not even engage in speculation about the results of that. Many people, I am sure, will be convinced that I am insane, and I will not speculate about that either; after all, just how can we judge our own sanity?

I have been trying to avoid painting myself either black or white, have tried to recount my experiences to the best of my recollection; but it is almost certain that many people will be violently opposed to some of my statements and opinions. Having been wrong about damned near everything else in my life, I may be wrong about this as well, but I suspect that this book will attract far more in the way of slings and arrows of outrage than it will in the way of accolades. Am also certain that many people will not be too happy to read what I have had to say about them. But, as they say . . . “The truth hurts.”

My experiences with lawyers usually hurt as well; killing all of them, as Shakespeare suggested, would not be enough to satisfy me, I would like to see them die in great agony, since they are directly responsible for a very large part of the agony in this country today.

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About sixty years ago a lawyer destroyed my uncle's life in an attempt to steal from him; sued him on behalf of a man who faked a back injury as an excuse for a law suit.

When my father died, a lawyer friend of his dragged out the settlement of his estate for more than eleven years, when the estate could have been settled in an hour or less. Paying himself a large part of the estate for utterly unnecessary legal expenses, of course.

Pringlewood, the lawyer in Rhodesia, stole nearly two million dollars worth of my assets there.

Another lawyer in Louisiana filed an utterly phony suit against me on behalf of a man who claimed to have suffered terrible injuries when in fact he had no injury of any kind. The lawyer told people all over town that the man's hand was rotting off and that it was my fault; but, fortunately, on the witness stand he had to take his hand out of his pocket where he had been concealing it, and the hand was perfectly normal apart from the loss of the tip of one finger; but that injury occurred later and elsewhere when he was topping timber in the north woods, one of the hardest jobs in the world, and yet he claimed that he was unable to work.

A lawyer named Dana Brigham was the first customer for a Nautilus machine, and later charged me more than \$2,000,000.00 for a law suit that he told me in advance, in writing, would not exceed a cost of \$50,000.00. Then later made threats about suing me on behalf of a man who had cheated me.

Another man stole several hundred thousand dollars from me and caused me losses of more than \$2,000,000.00 by selling me something that he did not have, an airline certificate that had been revoked before he sold it to me; then in spite of a clear contract that established the fact that I owed him nothing, and in spite of clear evidence of his theft from me, a jury awarded him \$5,700,000.00 for claimed damages; a verdict produced by the fact that the lawyer introduced evidence that was utterly irrelevant and should not have been allowed in any case, gave the jury copies of savage attacks on me that had been published by writers who hated me, articles that contained not a true word, and also played video tapes that were equally false. The result, as the lawyer intended, was that the jury hated me, and wanted to punish me for all of the terrible things I was accused of in the articles and tapes.

Another man who was not employed by me as a pilot, but as a mechanic, killed himself and another man while flying his own airplane and crashed on somebody else's land as a result of performing aerobatics at a very low altitude in an airplane that he had almost no experience in. Then his widow tried to blame it on me and sued me for damages.

Another man sued me after I had given him nearly \$2,000,000.00 in research funds, with nothing in return, when I canceled the balance of the research grant, which our contract gave me the right to do. Claimed I did not like the results of his research, when in fact the research was never performed and thus had no results.

An unmarried couple in Massachusetts sued me after they crashed into the rear of my truck, claiming that they were so traumatized by the wreck, which in fact did almost no damage to them or to either of the vehicles, that they could no longer perform sexually; the accident was their fault and a cop who saw it gave them a ticket.

Another man claimed that he got his prick caught in a Nautilus machine and that the accident increased the length of it by several inches; well, in fact, in order to catch his prick in that machine it would have to be about twenty inches long and about as thick as a pencil. One of my employees said . . . "I wonder if that guy would show us how to do it, so we can duplicate his results. I would like to increase the length of my dick by several inches."

Under the provisions of the legal system in this country today a lawyer does not have to prove anything to sue you; instead, can and will make up the most insane allegations that he can think of, usually hoping that you will settle out of court in an attempt to avoid the utterly ridiculous costs of defending yourself from such frivolous suits. Which is outright extortion; theft, pure and simple.

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And if you ever end up in court the opposing lawyer will paint a picture of you that would make the Devil appear to be a saint by comparison in an attempt to make the members of the jury hate you, so they will want to punish you for your alleged sins; all of which supposed sins are utter bullshit.

An injured party in Miami was awarded compensation of \$1,000,000.00 by a jury, but his lawyer gave him only \$18,000.00 while keeping \$982,000.00 as his fee for the case. Later, a group of other lawyers who investigated the case suggested that he give the injured man an additional \$15,000.00, which he was not obligated to do, and probably did not do.

Such cases are not the exception, they are the rule. As somebody said . . . “A mouse in the jaws of a cat is better off than a man in the hands of a lawyer.”