

In Loving Memory of
Arthur Allen Jones
November 22, 1926 - August 28, 2007



On behalf of my self and my family, I would first like to thank everyone for coming. Some of you have traveled a long distance to pay your respects to Arthur, and we greatly appreciate your being with us today.

This building was built as a forum for Arthur, and in it he spoke many times, while I never did until today. His voice will no longer be heard, and it has fallen upon me to speak one last time in his memory.

Arthur was born in Arkansas in 1926, just a few years before the great depression. Soon after his birth the family moved to Oklahoma, where he spent most of his childhood. His father was a doctor, and young Arthur read his fathers' collection of medical books, acquiring knowledge that he would use throughout his life. He ran away from home at a young age and rode the rails, living out a hard existence. In 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed, Arthur lied about his age so he could join the Navy, where he served during World War 2. This was the only aspect of his life that he would never discuss.

After the war Arthur returned to his varied interests in aviation, bodybuilding, movie making and wild animals, making his living for a while importing animals from South America, Mexico and Africa. At the same time he produced movies and television shows about his exploits in these exotic locations.

Arthur used his intelligence and creativity to invent many things before Nautilus and MedX, inventions in both aviation and photography. He had a need, the tool to

satisfy the need did not exist, so he created it. To him a simple but necessary process. As he said, "Function dictates design". A simple saying, yet an ability to achieve that far exceeds the reach of most people.

During all this time he also continued to work on exercise equipment, which finally led to the development of Nautilus equipment in the late 1960s'. It was for this invention that Arthur became most famous.

Arthur was a tireless worker, and at times it seemed that he never slept. He was driven to succeed. He would work on any day, at any time, long hours without rest. He expected nothing less than perfection from himself and those around him, and he strove to achieve it.

The world knew Arthur as a showman, as I called him "The P. T. Barnum of Exercise." Yet unlike P. T. Barnum he was not out to "fleece the suckers", instead he strove to inform and instruct people of the knowledge he had acquired about exercise and physiology, plus numerous other fields of study. Another favorite saying of his was "Specialization is for insects," and Arthurs' vast knowledge in varied subjects was obvious to all. He would not suffer a fool, however, and did not hesitate to let someone know they were such.

There are many things that could be said about the public side of Arthur, yet there was another side, he was also a husband and father. Arthur was married six times, and he is survived by at least three wives; Eva, the mother of my older brother Gary, my sister Eva, and myself; Eliza, who was married to Arthur during the early years of Nautilus; and Terri, Arthurs' next to last wife. One wife, Inge, predeceased Arthur by three years.

I had the honor and privilege of being one of his children. He expected a lot from us, and gave us all a lot in return. As a father he taught me many things, perhaps not always in the conventional manner, yet they were valuable lessons in honesty, integrity and hard work. To me he was a great man for two reasons, both for his public contributions, but mostly because he was my father, and a man could not have asked for a better one. He is missed and can never be replaced. The world has lost a great man, but my loss is worse, for I have lost a great father. Goodbye, dad.



Your son,
Edgar

I cannot tell you how that man has affected my life from that time onwards, from as a kid of 17 to right now at the age of 69.....

The two biggest fears of my early life were snakes and flying, and both of them became very much a part of it with Arthur's gentle encouragement, i.e., a brisk dig in the ribs with his elbow and.... "Just do it, you god damn dumb kinky headed African".....



– Graham Hall –



I met Arthur Jones in 1960. I was 18 years old and spent the night at his home in Slidell, Louisiana. He owned Reptile Jungle at the time and was filming and editing episodes of his television show Wild Cargo. Throughout the Nautilus and MedX years we continued our friendship and he always made time for me. The kindest compliment he ever gave was during a visit to our zoo in Pennsylvania. He had seen many reptile exhibits, he said, and was very favorably impressed by Reptiland. His good-natured abuse, however, was even better than a compliment. A few years ago my son Chad and I visited him in Ocala and he asked my age which was 59 at the time. He said "in one year you'll be perfectly symmetrical. 60 years old, with a 60 inch waist and a 60 IQ!"

He was entertaining to the end. On my last visit a year ago, he said he had been having trouble falling asleep at night, but had found a solution. As he lay in bed, he counted the number of people he should have killed in his life - but hadn't. Upon reaching two hundred he dropped off. Who, other than Arthur Jones, would come up with that?

For those who didn't know him, it's impossible to convey why one always looked forward to the next visit; for those who knew him, of course, it isn't necessary to try to explain.



– Clyde Peeling –

AJ was a great man, adventurer, man of the world, mysterious and a genius. Here are just a few things I remember about him. While sitting at a table being interviewed he threw an albino cobra on the table. The interviewer was horrified. It about gave the poor guy a heart attack. AJ just laughed. He sent his 707 to New York to pick up a rock concert promoter and a friend of mine from billboard magazine. AJ gave them the grand tour of poisonous snakes, alligators, elephants, a gorilla and venomous spiders. My friend called me when he got back to N. Y. Both he and the rock promoter were in shock. "Man" he said, "that is a scary dude." I about wet myself. I told my people at the office about this adventure. Wow what a trip that was. I know now the guy's a genius. I still dream about all those snakes and the gorilla. It gives me goose bumps to think about it. I could go on with the stories about AJ, his greatness at being his own man. I have one thing to say. Old soldiers never die. They just fade away. It was my honor to know AJ. My friend you will be missed.



– Terry R. Brooks –



The post litigation conversation in my office between AJ and Zinkin. "Now Arthur we need to avoid this kind of thing in the future."

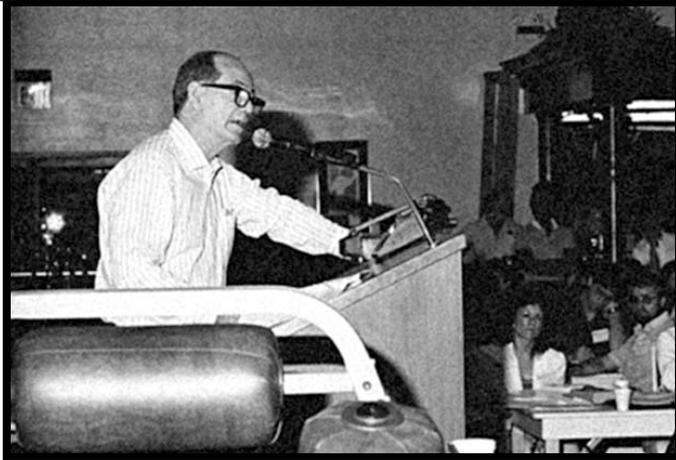
"No Harold, you still don't understand. If Universal Athletic Sales didn't exist, we would have to invent you, just for the controversy"... fade to silence.

The suspicion that the jagua-rondi cage and crocodile pit, were in fact "the Nautilus retirement plan."

The many secretive rest room meetings (no, not the Senator Craig, foot-tapping kind) but the "This is the only safe place, because the whole joint is probably bugged," kind.



– Ed Farnham –



Arthur pioneered bodybuilding

out of the Joe Weider stone age mentality and into a logical, scientific and precise methodology of training. Though few in the bodybuilding world heeded Jones' high intensity advice, one could say the same for certain presidents of the United States and our founding fathers.

I met him once at a MedX seminar in Florida back in 1993 - a seminar he conducted month after month to sell his MedX medical machines. I took a seat in the front row with my buddy David Landau, who incidentally, began visiting Arthur on a regular basis for years afterward.

As is the norm for Arthur, he was brilliant, caustic, funny, insulting and irreverent.

I was in heaven. I could have listened for hours.

At one point during the seminar I sharply raised my hand and asked Arthur what he meant by slow repetition speed. He had said that the best speed to lift and lower weights was 'slow and controlled.' He then had one of his trainees, I think it was Joe Cirulli, perform a slow rep on a MedX lumbar extension machine.

I was aghast. "How could he have gone any faster?" I thought.

I said: "That seems pretty fast to me. Why not move slower if slower is better?" I was almost certain I saw the butt of a pistol emerge from his trouser pocket.

With brow furled and at the pace of a be-chapped gunslinger, he shuffled over towards me and placed one large hand on my left shoulder and crushed it slightly. He then leaned over and placed his Pall-Mall reeking mouth an inch from my ear and, with eyebrows bouncing up and down like ping-pong balls said: "Son, if

the weight is right, you can't go too slow when you exercise."

He then released his Spock grip (his phantom finger-dents still remain) and then went on with the seminar.

I did not ask another question.

He will be missed.



- Fred Hahn -

Thank You Jones!



- Eva Luft -

When I think of Arthur, I often think of an oyster: dark, rough, and crusty on the outside; but inside he was making pearls out of the grit and sand life brought his way.

Arthur once asked me to file a Freedom of Information Act request with the FBI for copies of any files they might have regarding him. Knowing how cagey he was about his age, I told him the request form required his date of birth, and asked him for it. With a twinkle in his eye, he responded "which one?"

The story that comes first to mind occurred during Arthur's virtually every guided tour of the ranch for each group of doctors coming to attend the Merida seminar. Inevitably, someone would ask Arthur what he fed Gomek.



Just as inevitably, Arthur would cast a glance in my direction, with a twinkle in his eye, and growl: "What do you think we feed a man-eating crocodile? LAWYERS!"



- Dan Vaughan -



It was our third visit at Nautilus. Arthur wanted to show us his new home in Ocala. On the way to the airport we discussed about the definition of intelligence and came down to the conclusion that intelligence means how fast you learn. In front of Arthur's airplane, Gabi asked me quietly in German: "Does he know how to fly?"

Arthur to me: "What did she say?" A bit embarrassed I answered: "Well, she asked if you know how to fly."

Arthur: "No. I don't. But let's see how fast I learn."



– Werner and Gabi Kieser –



THE MAN SPEAKS IN CAPITAL LETTERS

As I think back on my 30 years of involvement with Arthur Jones, the thing I remember most is his voice – his authoritative, commanding, and powerful voice. He is by far the best speaker and storyteller that I've ever heard. And no one can tell a joke like Arthur.

Anyone who has read my exercise books knows that Arthur Jones has had a tremendous influence on my beliefs, practices, and writings. There is no way I could condense his impact to several paragraphs.

I'd like to say, simply . . .

Thank you, Arthur, for living life in **CAPITAL LETTERS!**



– Ellington Darden, Ph.D. –

Arthur Jones is a man so great, Joe Weider would have to stand on his brother's shoulders in order to kiss Arthur's butt.

"Arthur," I said, "I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"You can ask me anything you like," he said. "And if I don't know the answer I'll tell you some interesting lies."

"Is it true you built a working machine gun at age twelve?"

"Yes."

"Is it true someone tried to kill you with an axe?"

Arthur smiled. "Yes," he said, "but he didn't know that I had a cross-cut saw. A magnificent weapon."

"Arthur," I said, "I remember the first time I spoke with you. It was in the mid-1970s. I asked you why you insisted on keeping your head back while performing leg extensions. By way of explanation, you had me standing on one leg like a flamingo."

Arthur jumped right in. "Do you know why flamingoes stand on one leg?" I didn't answer.

"Because they'd fall on their ass if they lifted it up."



– John Turner –



No one person had greater impact on fitness training than Arthur Jones. He challenged and changed the attitudes of millions of people throughout the world beginning in the 1970's with the invention of Nautilus Exercise Machines.

Even his critics grudgingly give him credit for sparking a renaissance in the design of exercise equipment and exercise concepts.

The commotion caused by Arthur Jones has given rise to many stories, some fact, and some fiction. As one example, at a seminar I attended on the campus of Duke University when heckled by a non-believer in the audience, Arthur Jones challenged the larger-framed man to "Step outside, and we will see whose training methods work better." The heckler decided not to check out the feisty Mr. Jones. Smart move!

He was the type of man who, should you be faced with going to war to protect your family and the country, you would hope to have a man like him at your side.



– Joe Mullen –



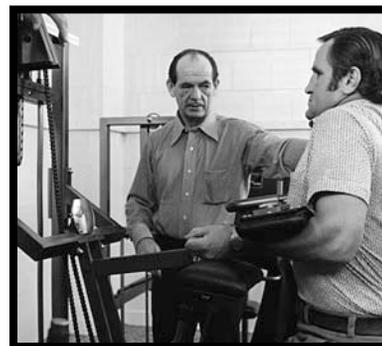
Arthur's Gift to Me

Between 1986 and 1996, I was a graduate student and faculty member at the University of Florida. During this time, I, among others here today, was privileged to have worked closely with Arthur on the early research and development of MedX equipment. This was an exciting time for all of us involved with the MedX research project. Part of the excitement was related to the new Center for Exercise Science that was founded by our mentor Mike Pollock, through a multi-million dollar contribution from Arthur. The CES, along with Arthur's novel inventions, became our experimental play land. But by far, the greatest cause for our excitement was the inescapable realization that, in observing Arthur's mind and hands at work, we were a fortunate few to be in the presence of undeniable genius.

One of my favorite memories that illustrates Arthur's brilliance occurred in the early 1990's. The initial lumbar extension machine stabilized the pelvis through a mechanism that applied restraint force directly against the knees. This proved to be problematic with our research subjects for a number of reasons, and we struggled with the issue for months. Preventing pelvic rotation during lumbar extension is no easy task, and the machine we were working with at the time was the culmination of many previous prototypes. Finally, convinced that the problems were caused by the restraint mechanism design, we provided this feedback to Arthur. He listened, said nothing, turned and walked away. A strange response, I thought. Why is he not interested in this input? The next day, Mike Pollock received an early morning phone call from Arthur with a direct request, "Meet me in the prototype shop in two hours." We all loaded into cars, and drove to Ocala. When we walked into the shop, Arthur and his engineers were standing next to a lumbar extension machine with the old femur restraint mechanism completely removed, and a new mechanism welded in its place. Arthur looked at Mike and said "Get in." Mike got in the machine, and Arthur proceeded to tighten the new restraint mechanism. As he did so, instantaneously it became obvious to all of us in the room that the new mechanism completely eliminated the pitfalls of the older system. The pelvis was now immobilized. But how, we asked Arthur, did he develop this solution within the past 24 hours, when we had struggled with the problems for months? Arthur said, "I woke up at 4:00 this morning and a picture of the new restraint system was simply in my head. I didn't need to think about it, it was just there." So, at 4:00 AM Arthur awoke with a vision, by 7:00 had his engineers assembled and working on the prototype, and by 11:00 had the solution welded into place for us to observe. Within a few days, we had a replacement machine with the new restraint system delivered to our research lab. A very difficult problem solved literally overnight. As I said, it was an exciting time.



– Dave Carpenter –



The first time I heard of Mr. Jones I was in the office of my chiropractor. I had injured my neck doing squats in my attic - without a power rack or a spotter. I was following a routine from a Weider magazine. Having told the chiropractor how I hurt myself, he launched into a passion-filled talk about how 'that kind' of training was outdated for at least 25 years. He told me about Arthur Jones and a few other names who were involved in HIT, explaining how one set was all I needed.

For the first time I began to make progress, using the Jones' principles.

After stumbling upon Arthur's writings in Ironman, and on the internet, I absorbed everything I could. His straight forward ways of explaining concepts was one of the things that kept me interested in his writings.

I could relate to this, because that describes myself -- cut through the BS and make your point. After all, sometimes a kick in the butt can do more than a pat on the back!

The influence Arthur has had on me is definitely positive. I recently bought an old Nautilus compound leg machine, and I was impressed on how well it was constructed. Thanks Mr. Jones.



– Dave Shoffler –

Growing Up Jones

During his travels Arthur was known to collect wild animals not just for his zoos, but also as pets that he would bring home. In my early childhood we lived in Slidell, Louisiana, in a nice residential neighborhood. During that time, we had as pets a menagerie of animals that included such things as a hawk, tarantulas, snakes, a horse, a sloth, and at one time an ocelot, jaguarondi and a jaguar all at the same time.

In his youth the jaguar had the run of the house, and even slept with us. Try to imagine being woken up by having a jaguar licking your face (their tongues are as raspy as sandpaper!). Yet we felt no fear of this animal, just treated him as if he were a pet cat or dog. We even named him after a child's toy of the time: Gaylord.



Jaguars love to swim, and Gaylord was no exception. However whenever he swam with you and grew tired, Gaylord would then swim up behind you, put his paws on you, and try to use you as a float. He didn't care if he was drowning you, just that you held him up.

As he grew older we had to restrict Gaylords' free run of the house. However we soon discovered that we should have named him Houdini, as he proved to be an escape artist. We locked him in the bathroom, repeatedly, and repeatedly he managed to escape. He would open the door by turning it with his paws. When we latched the door on the other side, he would then rattle it until the latch came open, and then out he would come. When we made the latch too tight to rattle loose, he would turn on the tap in the sink, cover the drain with his paw, and wait for the water to overflow and run out the door. We would rush in, he would rush out. So then we turned the water off, and he promptly went out the window, causing us to nail it shut. His intelligence was astounding.

Eventually we left the United States and moved to Africa, where we lived for two years. We could not take any of our exotic pets with us, so



Gaylord and the other cats were given to a zoo. As an ironic touch to life, in Africa the only pet we acquired was an ordinary house cat, named Meow, which we did manage to bring back to the U.S. when we returned.

After our return to the U.S. we did manage to reacquire the jaguarondi. However he had gotten a little too wild from living in the zoo, so eventually we had to build a cage to keep him in, instead of letting him run free in the house. The jaguar I never saw again. My fond memories of these and other pets would never have occurred if Arthur had been an ordinary man, and for that I am ever grateful.



– Edgar Jones –



Arthur is legendary for being opinionated, abrasive, rude, boisterous and other assorted adjectives -- many of which are unprintable in most mainstream publications. In retrospect, his unique personality -- which has spawned several copycat wannabes looking to become the "heir apparent" -- was actually perfect for propelling his ideas about proper exercise to the forefront of the strength training community. Let's face it, weight training was deeply rooted in tradition in the 1970s -- probably even more than it is today. Back then, there were far fewer nonconformists and antagonists than there are nowadays. Arthur spoke the only language that hardhead party liners understood.

Arthur has probably had more detractors over the years than anyone. Yet, it's difficult to name someone else who has had such a profound impact on strength training -- and equipment design -- during the past 30 years.

Indeed, his revolutionary opinions about exercise have affected training protocols even to this day. He changed the industry forever. Plain and simple. Years ahead of his time, he advanced the theories of what has become known as HIT. If not for Arthur Jones, all of us would probably still be consumed with training in the traditional fashion.



– Matt Brzycki –



It was the Fall of 1981 and although I had been introduced to Arthur previously at a National Association of Broadcasters meeting, this was the first time I traveled to Lake Helen to spend any one-on-one time with him. We all have a story here.

I walked into Arthur's office as he was walking out. During the scuffle to get out of his way he said in a deep demanding voice, "Follow me." ... not, "Good morning." ... not, "Who the hell are you?" ... just, "Follow me." Not wanting to overcome that gruff commanding voice I followed him to his car and obeyed his next terse command "Get in".

We were on our way from Lake Helen to Ocala, but at that time I had no idea where we were going. Although it was a long trip through the forest, I hardly noticed the scenery or the time go by since I was busy answering question after question in rapid fire succession about exercise physiology. I knew nothing about exercise, but Arthur's questions were unique in that they were from a mechanical engineering point of view, which meant that he gave me the opportunity to embarrass myself on two subjects at once.

We arrived in Ocala where the subject turned to a tour of his new house, property, and runway with the grand finale being the snake house – the final test. Of course I entered with no warning or any idea of where I was going – I was just following. My first impression was the smell. It was over-

whelming and like nothing I experienced before. This was followed by a moment of disorientation as I wondered, what are all of these aquariums stacked floor to ceiling?

Again, I was commanded to "Follow me" and as we walked down the first aisle of aquariums, I was able to focus on a rattling noise and it suddenly occurred to me that there were rattlesnakes everywhere. At this point Arthur was going on about some lecture in herpetology but I could not focus on what he was saying. His was a distant voice in the background. My attention turned to survival.

Finally, Arthur got in my face exclaiming "Pay attention! – this is probably the largest specimen of a crotalus in existence," as he pointed to a very large aquarium about half way down a stack of pissed-off coiled venomous snakes. Now here is where I foolishly decided to make my stand. I paused and thought to myself that all of this was a bit too much. Arthur has gone on and on and now he is engaging in some weird physiological test and I've hardly had a chance to say anything - at least anything intelligent.

So with a deep breath I looked directly into Arthur's eyes and proclaimed slowly and as calmly as I could, "he doesn't look all that big to me".

Now at this point I don't know who was more pissed-off, the snakes or Arthur. His eyes showed his displeasure and he demanded "Stay here"! He left and returned a minute or two later with a tape measure and a ladder. A tape measure? I thought. How in the hell is he going to measure a snake through the glass with a tape measure?

Okay, so you are way ahead of me, but you have to remember that this is my first time with Arthur, I just had not met anyone like him before nor I guess has anyone else.

Anyway, he proceeds to climb up the ladder and before I had any time to make amends or object, he is unstacking the aquariums full of pissed-off snakes demanding that I not just stand there but help! Let's see now, where exactly do I grab this aquarium?

Finally, he gets to the big one, which at this point also seems to be the one with the poorest disposition, whereupon he takes a forked rod and pins its head against the bottom of the aquarium demanding that I grab the tail section and stretch it out along the floor. What! I exclaimed. "Just do it and do it now before he gets loose" barked Arthur. Loose you say!

If there was any doubt about Arthur's commanding presence it vanished here for me as I did what he said with no more hesitation, all the while thinking to myself how could a snake be this heavy?

There it was stretched along the floor twisting in anger. Somehow Arthur was able to hold its head down and measure it. Finally he asked me "how big does it look now"? In a hurried vibrating voice I exclaimed back "this is the biggest f-ing snake I have ever seen or care to see again!" This was amends for Arthur. He put the snakes back and we left with another abrupt "Follow me" and I did so for the next 28 years.



– Larry Evans –

Follow Me...



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Endangered Animal Rescue Sanctuary
EARS Inc. is a 501 (c) (3) non profit organization.

In Memory of
Arthur Jones

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