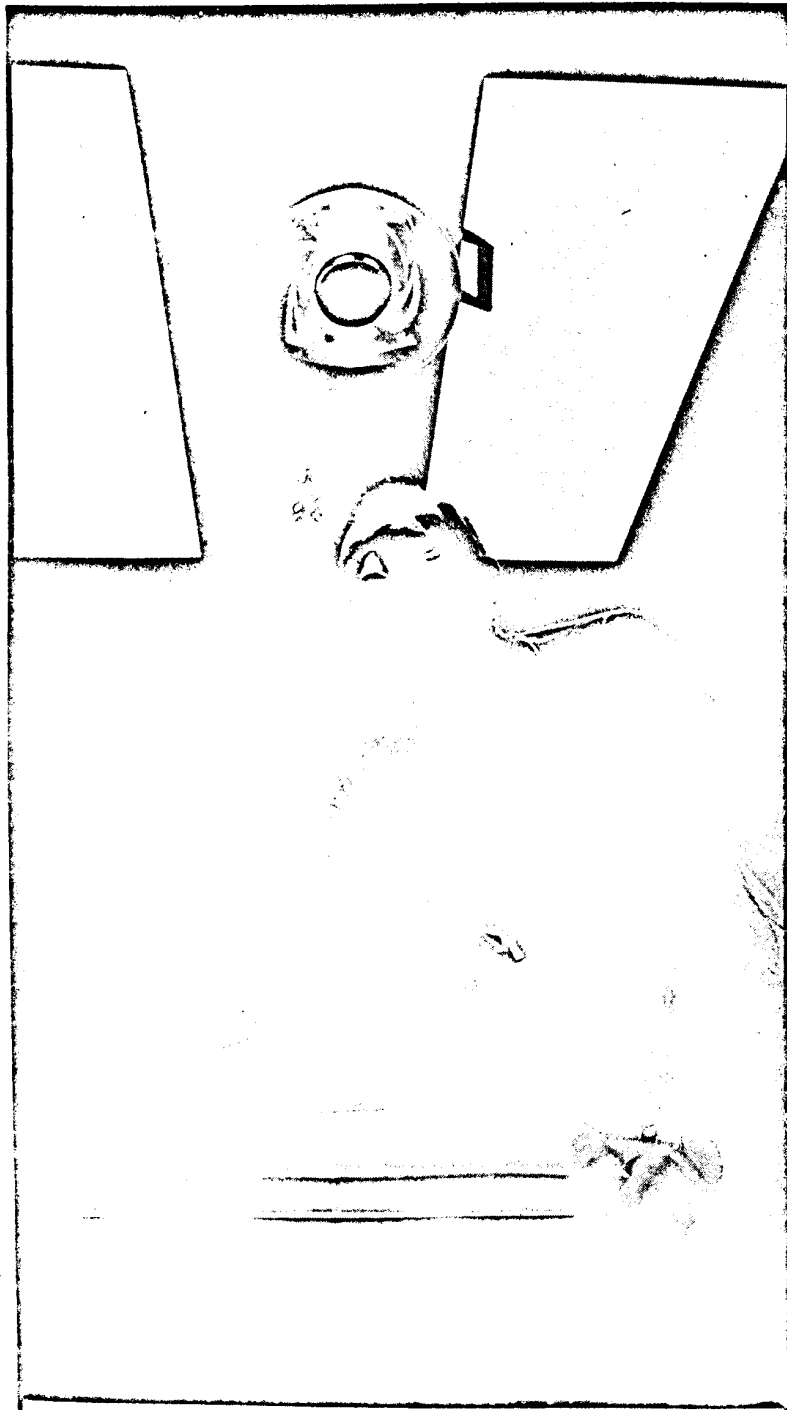


JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

She shook her head. "That's sad," she said. "I never suspected that. And maybe the saddest part is that if he had told me, I guess I would have turned him down. I don't think I would have delivered him to the Mounties, but I couldn't have sworn a lie and helped him get the passport. When he left me, he said he had to meet a man in Windsor. But he insisted he would see me again. He wrote to me from the States. His last letter came in March of this year. He wanted to know when I was taking my vacation so that he could meet me. I kept his letters. But then, of course, when the stories came out, I tore them up, hoping no one would ever find out I had known him."



The Plot to Assassinate Martin Luther King, continuing in the next issue of LOOK, tells of the people James Earl Ray met after his return from Canada, including a doctor (above) who, until interviewed by Huie, did not know the man he had treated was Ray.

File No. 44-1987-1A-255

Date Received 12-12-68

From ?

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By ME

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes

☒ No

Receipt given ☐ Yes

☐ No

Description: 2 Xerox copies of article that appeared in 11-24-68 edition of Look Magazine RE: "I GOT INVOLVED GRADUALLY, AND I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY WAS TO BE MURDERED"

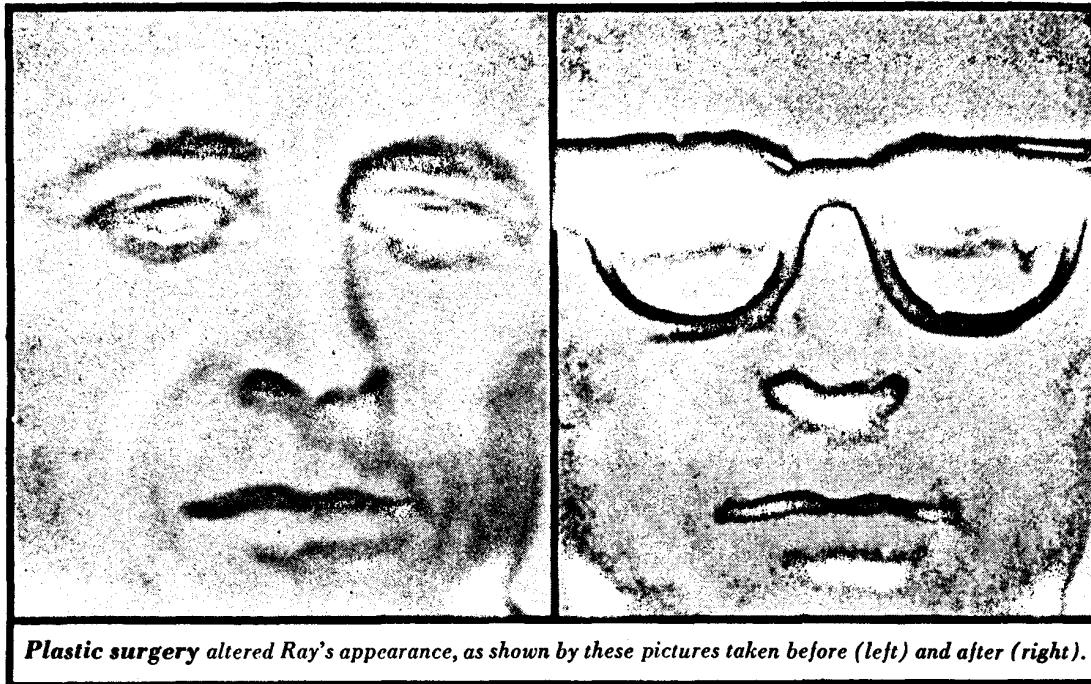
**The Story of James Earl Ray
and the Plot to Kill**

Marvin Luther King Part II

By William Bradford Huie

**"I GOT INVOLVED
GRADUALLY,
AND I DIDN'T KNOW
ANYBODY WAS
TO BE MURDERED"**

James Earl Ray



Plastic surgery altered Ray's appearance, as shown by these pictures taken before (left) and after (right).

AFTER COMMUNICATING IN WRITING for two months with James Earl Ray through his attorney, and after traveling to Chicago, Montreal, Ottawa, Los Angeles, and Birmingham and Selma, Ala., to verify what Ray has told me, and to investigate further, I have reached these conclusions:

- That the plot to murder Martin Luther King, Jr., existed as early as August 15, 1967, eight months prior to the murder on April 4, 1968.

- That Ray was drawn unknowingly into this plot in Montreal on August 18, 1967, and thereafter moved as directed by the plotters.

- That as late as March 23, 1968, less than two weeks before the murder with which he is charged, Ray did not know that the plot included murder or that it was aimed in any way at Dr. King.

In the preceding issue of LOOK, I detailed how, on April 23, 1967, Ray escaped from the Missouri State Penitentiary, went to Chicago and worked for eight weeks at the Indian Trail Restaurant in Winnetka, Ill. How he then went to Montreal, seeking a Canadian passport, hoping to reach a country from which he could not be extradited to the United States. How, on the Montreal waterfront, Ray met a man who called himself Raoul and who, after eight meetings with Ray, offered him living expenses, a good car and, ultimately, "travel papers" and \$12,000, if Ray would return to the United States, establish himself in Birmingham and be "available." And how Ray accepted this offer and met Raoul at the railroad station in Windsor, Ontario, at 3 p.m. on Monday, August 21, 1967.

Here, I will resume the story of Ray's odyssey, but tell no more than should be told before the trial, scheduled to begin in Memphis, Tenn., on November 12, 1968.

From his perpetually lighted, perpetually viewed and perpetually guarded cell in Memphis, Ray writes:

On my way to Birmingham, Raoul wanted me to make two trips across the border at Windsor-Detroit. I guess he figured I wouldn't attract much attention in my old red Plymouth for which I had paid \$200. I arrived at the Windsor railroad station a few minutes before 3 p.m. and waited about 30 minutes. Raoul came in with an attaché case and said let's go. On the way to the tunnel we stopped and he took three packages out and put them behind the back part of the seat where you rest your back. We rode a little further toward the tunnel, and I let him

out after he told me where to meet him on the other side. He said he'd cross in a cab. I went through the customs all right, and when he met me in Detroit he directed me to a side street where he removed the packages. We then drove to the Detroit bus station where he went in after telling me to go back to the Windsor railroad station and wait for him. I had waited about 10 minutes at the railroad station when he arrived in a cab. Then it was the same procedure, except this time he told me to go over the bridge to Detroit, not through the tunnel.

Waiting in line at the bridge, I noticed that the customs officers were shaking down about every other car. So I remembered the TV set in the trunk that I had bought in Montreal. Hoping to keep them from shaking down my car, I declared this TV set. I had to pull out of traffic, into a special lane, and the officers not only looked at the TV set but really shook down the car. I thought they were going to find the packages, but they didn't go quite that far. This procedure took about 30 minutes, and cost me \$4.50 duty on the TV set.

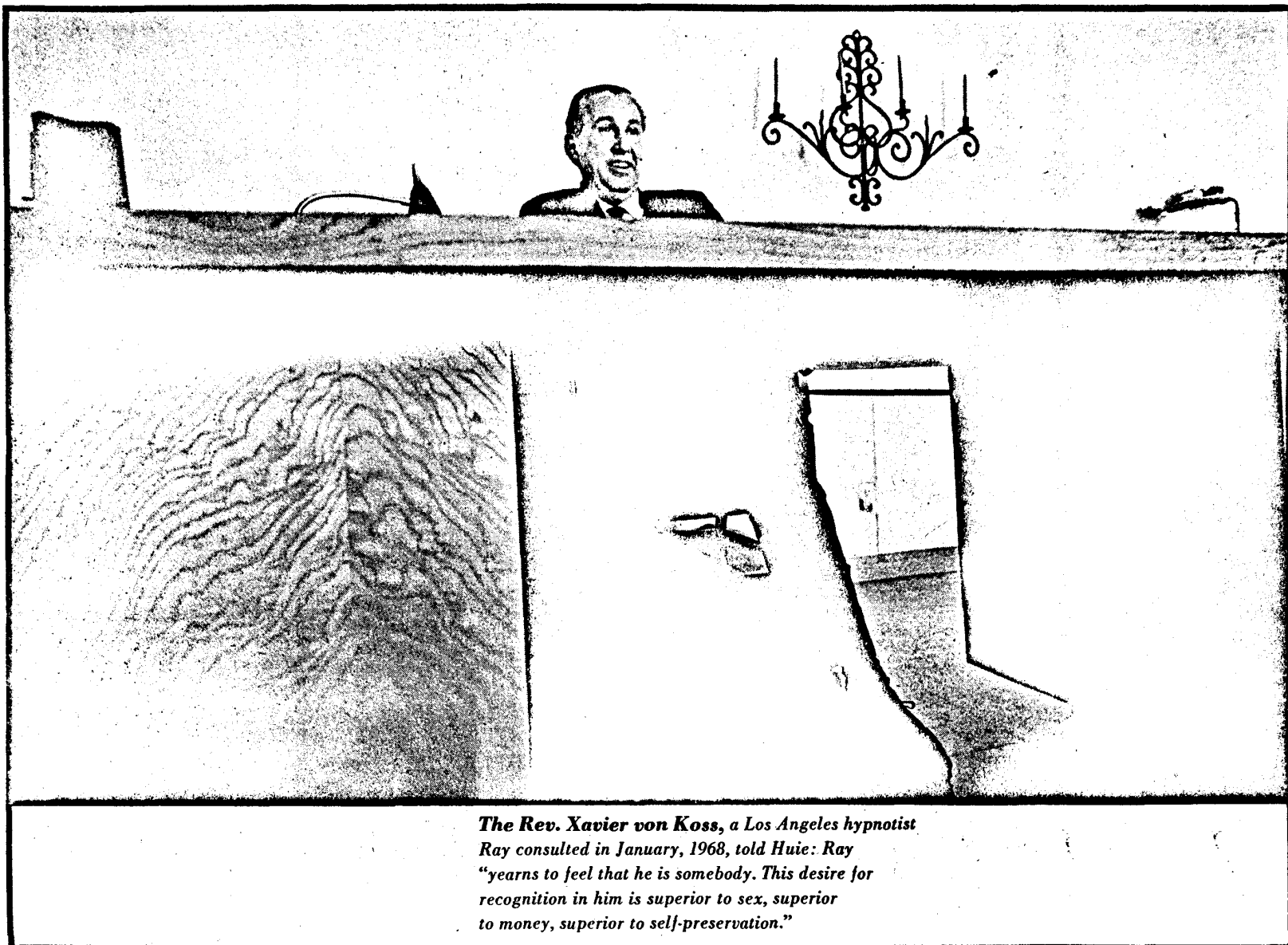
Raoul was nervous when I met him. He asked me what had taken me so long, and I showed him the receipt for the import tax. We parked on a side street where he got his 3 packages and gave me \$750. He told me to sell the old car and go to Birmingham where he'd write me a general delivery letter telling me where and when to meet him. He again repeated the telephone number where I could contact him in New Orleans in an emergency. He said he'd bring me the money for a new car. I asked him again what I was expected to do, and he said for me not to worry, it would be relatively safe. I then drove him again to the Detroit bus station and left for Chicago. I spent that night in a motel about five miles east of Gary, Indiana, and next day I sold the old red Plymouth in Chicago and caught a train for Birmingham.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation can now obtain the record of that import-tax payment at the bridge in Detroit and know exactly when Ray returned from Canada. The receipt was issued to Eric S. Galt, Ray's alias at that time. Perhaps this receipt, and the exact time of day, will help FBI agents identify Ray's accomplice.

Ray traveled from Chicago to Birmingham on the Illinois Central Railroad and arrived in Birmingham at the Terminal Station. He spent

continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED



The Rev. Xavier von Koss, a Los Angeles hypnotist
Ray consulted in January, 1968, told Huie: Ray
"yearns to feel that he is somebody. This desire for
recognition in him is superior to sex, superior
to money, superior to self-preservation."

the night of August 25, 1967, at the Granada Hotel, 2230 Fourth Avenue North. There, for some reason, he used his old alias, John L. Rayns. Next day, as Eric S. Galt, he took a room and board at a house managed by Peter Cherpes at 2608 Highland Avenue. On the registration card, Ray identified himself as a shipbuilder recently employed at a shipyard in Pascagoula, Miss.

Ray writes:

As I said before, Raoul said he would find a meeting place in Birmingham and mail me the address and time. (I also had the New Orleans phone number he gave me.) I received the letter from him about my second or third day in Birmingham [Monday, August 28, 1967]. At this time I didn't have very good I.D. [identification] under the Galt name, but all the postal clerk asked me when I asked for my mail at the general delivery window was my middle initial. In the letter Raoul told me to meet him that night in the Starlite Cafe, on Fifth Avenue North, right across the street from the U. S. post office. I met him and he told me to get a good car, around \$2000. Next day I found such a car and described it to him that night at the Starlite. He said it sounded okay, and next morning on the street he gave me \$2000 in 100 and 50 and 20-dollar bills. The car was a white 1966 Mustang, with red interior and about 18,000 miles on it. The only thing I didn't like about it was the color. Raoul didn't like that either, but he said go ahead and get it. At his request I gave Raoul a set of keys to the car, and he took my home address and telephone number and said he'd either write or call me in maybe six weeks. He also gave me \$500 for living expenses and another \$500 to buy some camera equipment he described to me. [Ray still does not

know why he was asked to buy the photographic equipment.] He said for me just to lie low and stay out of trouble.

In checking this information given me by Ray, I discovered these facts in Birmingham:

During the morning of Monday, August 28, 1967, Ray, as Eric S. Galt, rented Safety Deposit Box No. 5517 at the Birmingham Trust National Bank in downtown Birmingham. The bank's log on this box, the record showing each time it was unlocked, seems significant. This log shows that the box was not unlocked when Ray rented it, but that he returned that afternoon, at 2:32 p.m., and had access to the box for five minutes. The log shows further that the box was unlocked, and Ray had access to it, on September 5 from 1:52 to 1:58 p.m.; on September 21 from 11:04 to 11:08 a.m.; and on September 28 from 10:16 to 10:19 a.m.

Therefore, Ray had access to this box only four times: on August 28, September 5, September 21 and September 28, 1967. Ray told me that he used the box to safeguard "my Rayns I.D., Raoul's telephone number in New Orleans, and a little money in case I got robbed." Bank officials closed the record on the box on December 13, 1967, after receiving "the customer's key" through the mail from Baton Rouge, La. The bank records show that the customer, Eric S. Galt, gave as a reference one Karl Galt, 2515 Lafayette St., St. Louis, Mo.

It has been widely reported that Ray used money from this bank box, money that presumably he himself had brought to Birmingham, to buy the car. But the owner of the car, William D. Paisley, Jr., and his

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES HANSEN

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

father, William D. Paisley, both of 701 South 48th Street, Birmingham, tell this story:

The white Mustang was advertised for sale for \$1,995 in the Birmingham News of Sunday, August 27, 1967. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 29th, Ray telephoned the Paisley home. Mrs. Paisley advised him to call back around 6 p.m., when her husband would be there. Ray called soon after 6, wanted to see the car and was advised how to reach the Paisley home. He arrived in a cab a little after 7. Mr. Paisley offered to let him test drive the car, but Ray declined, saying he had no Alabama driver's license. Mr. Paisley then drove Ray around the block in the car, and Ray said: "I'll take it off your hands." Ray then explained that he "did business" at the Birmingham Trust National Bank, where he offered to meet Mr. Paisley next morning at 10 a.m. and pay him in cash. Mr. Paisley said that he would want to deposit the money in the First National Bank, across the street from Birmingham Trust, and the two agreed to meet next morning in front of the First National Bank, from where they would cross the street to Birmingham Trust to get the cash. Mr. Paisley and his son then drove Ray back to downtown Birmingham, where Ray got out about five blocks from the Starlite Cafe.

Next morning, Mr. Paisley met Ray in front of the First National Bank, expecting to go with Ray across the street to Birmingham Trust. But Ray startled Mr. Paisley by saying that he already had the money, and he caused Mr. Paisley some apprehension by promptly counting out an even \$2,000 in nothing smaller than \$20 bills. "Man, let's be careful with this kind of money," Mr. Paisley said, "right here on 20th Street in broad daylight." Mr. Paisley gave Ray a \$5 bill in change and walked directly into the First National Bank and deposited the \$1,995. Then he took Ray to a parking lot and gave him two sets of keys and the car.

Mr. Paisley's deposit slip shows that this transaction occurred on the morning of August 30, 1967. The log on Ray's deposit box shows that he did not have access to it between August 28 and September 5. This seems to indicate that the published accounts are wrong. The \$2,000, most probably, was never in Ray's deposit box. Ray did not bring it to Birmingham. He did not "remove it from the bank deposit box" to pay for the car. Exactly as Ray insists, he was handed the \$2,000 in Birmingham, perhaps only a few minutes before he handed it to Mr. Paisley.

Ray writes:

I suppose I became involved in some sort of plot to kill King when I first took those packages into the U.S. from Canada. I would think it had all been decided before the car was bought in Birmingham, as no one would have given me \$3000 in Birmingham just to haul narcotics across the border. But nobody told me anything about any planned murder of King or of anyone else.

About his six weeks in Birmingham, Ray writes:

My stay in Birmingham was uneventful. Birmingham is about like St. Louis, only smaller. I think I told you I went to that dance school three times. It cost \$10 total. I thought I might have to go to a Latin country, and it helps socially in those countries to know a little about Latin dances. However you have to learn the standard dance first in order to learn the Latin, if you can believe the schools. Also I told you about my experiences with the doctors in Birmingham. [He went to one doctor and asked for, and was given, anti-depressant pills.]

Going back to Canada a minute, when I left there I brought some Canadian papers with me. I guess you saw an article which linked me with a hippie lonely hearts club? What I did was enroll in one of these international clubs while in Birmingham. The people in these clubs are not criminals, but they are not what you would call square. I still had not ruled out a Canadian passport, and I thought I might contact some woman in Canada through this club. After I got her address, I'd go to Canada and meet her through normal channels. I wouldn't tell her I was from the U.S., or had been writing to her. I'd just tell her I was a Canadian from another city, and after a while ask her to sign a passport form. However, I never heard from anyone, and I forgot about it till I got to California.

I bought the camera equipment for Raoul, but had to ship some of

it back. I took a driver's test, passed it, and got an Alabama driver's license. I also bought new Alabama license tags [in the name of Eric S. Galt] after the first of October. I remember the man who later got elected mayor of Birmingham [George G. Seibels, Jr.] shook hands with me and asked me to vote for him while I was waiting in line to buy the tags. About October 5th or 6th, Raoul wrote me and told me where and when to meet him in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

On my way to Mexico I mailed the safety deposit box keys to the bank in Birmingham as I was sure I'd never see Birmingham again. I don't remember the name of the motel in Nuevo Laredo where I met Raoul, but I'll draw you a map so you can find my registration record. I had been in the motel about two hours when Raoul came to my room. He told me to follow him across the border, back into Texas. He took a cab, and after we passed through U.S. customs he got out of the cab and into the Mustang with me. He directed me to a car in front of a frame house. He opened the trunk of that car and transferred a tire on a car wheel to my car trunk. He rode with me as we again crossed the border into Mexico. At Mexican customs he got out and waited beside the building. Following his instructions, I asked the customs men for a tourist card, telling them I was going into the interior of Mexico, not just into Nuevo Laredo. (No tourist card is necessary to visit the border towns in Mexico; only if you are going into the interior.) When the customs men started to search the car, I gave them \$3 as Raoul had told me to do, and they stopped the search and put a mark on everything. Raoul and I then got in the car and drove to the motel where we had met and where I was registered. There we found the car Raoul had taken the tire out of: it had been driven there by another driver. Raoul again transferred the tire and wheel from my car back to the other car [which had a Mexican license plate]. We talked a while, and Raoul said he wanted me to haul the wheel, the tire, and the tire's contents through the Mexican interior customs check which is about 50 kilometers south of the border. He also told me to keep the photographic equipment for the time being.

I stayed at that motel that night, and next morning Raoul came and again transferred the tire to my car. Then I followed him and his car to the interior customs house where officers checked both his car and mine. We drove a little further, and when we were out of sight of the customs house, we again transferred the tire from my car to his. Then he gave me \$2000, all in 20-dollar bills. He said he couldn't get the travel papers for me as yet, but for sure he'd have them for me the next time he saw me. He'd also have for me the \$12,000, enough for me to go in business in a new country.

Raoul said he figured he'd need me again in about two or three months, and he suggested that I stay in Mexico. I told him I'd stay in Mexico a while, but then I wanted to go to Los Angeles and wait there. (The main reason I wanted to go to Los Angeles was to see if I could get a job on a ship.) Raoul said okay, but for me to let him know where I was by calling the New Orleans telephone number from time to time, and that he'd write me general delivery in Los Angeles.

I decided to go to Acapulco. There I checked in at the San Francisco Motel, where I had stayed in early 1959. But next day I moved to another motel and stayed four days, then I decided to go to Puerto Vallarta. (The reason I left Acapulco was that everything was money. You couldn't park or go to the beach without somebody wanting pesos.) I had read about Puerto Vallarta in True or Argosy. On the way there I stayed at the Pancho Villa Motel in Guadalajara. I had an infected tooth, and the manager referred me to a dentist.

The road between Tepic and Puerto Vallarta was bad. The rainy season was just ending. About 30 kilometers from Puerto Vallarta I got stuck. But since the road is just one lane wide, some Mexicans in a truck pulled me out so they could get through. I spent a month in Puerto Vallarta. The first three weeks I stayed at the Hotel Rio; the last week at the Tropicana which is right on the beach. This is the best town in Mexico. When I get out of jail again, I'm going back there permanently. Quite a few businesses there are owned by English-speaking persons.

I spent most of my time on the beach. I was in one brothel in town about four times, plus twice during the day on business. A male waiter there had a small lot he wanted to trade for my car. I went out and looked

continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

at the lot. The main reason I didn't trade is that it's illegal to trade or sell your car while in Mexico; and I was afraid if I traded, the police would find out and I'd be out both the car and the lot. For a time I thought about going back to the U.S., stealing a Mustang, and bringing it to Puerto Vallarta and trading it for the lot.

On one occasion a man came to my hotel room late at night and said he had seen my Alabama tag and that he was from Alabama. He wanted to talk about Alabama. I guess he thought I was crazy since I didn't say much as I didn't know much about the state. Several times people have said things to me about Alabama, both pro and con. In Los Angeles I once almost got arrested when people in a bar were razzing me about Alabama. If I'm ever a fugitive again, I won't buy a car tag in Alabama. I'll pick some state that people don't want to talk so much about.

Late in November, 1967, Ray left Puerto Vallarta and drove up the west coast of Mexico, through Tijuana, to Los Angeles, where he rented a room at the St. Francis Hotel, 5533 Hollywood Blvd. Almost immediately, he received a command to come to New Orleans for instructions.

Much has been published about Ray's trip to New Orleans in mid-December. A bearded man named Charles Stein was with him all the way, and two children, relatives of Stein, returned with them from New Orleans to Los Angeles. So this trip was unique for Ray, the loner and the fugitive. Compared with his other travels, his usual guarded movements, it seems reckless.

Ray explained to me:

Yeah, I guess I talked too much. In the bar of the St. Francis I mentioned I was making a quick trip to New Orleans, and a waitress asked me to give her cousin [Stein] a ride. I didn't mind helping them out. Raoul had written me and told me to meet him at a certain bar in New Orleans at a certain time on December 15th. He said he only wanted a conference, and that I'd be going back to Los Angeles. Stein and I took turns driving and drove day and night.

Three hours after I got to New Orleans I was ready to leave. Raoul just wanted a report on what I had been doing. He said we had one more job to do, and we'd do it in about two or three months. Then we'd be finished, and, for sure, he'd give me complete travel papers and \$12,000 and help me go anywhere in the world I wanted to go. He wanted me to be careful, not get in any trouble, and he'd keep in touch. When I asked him what the next job was, he said not to worry about it and not to ask questions. Then he gave me another \$2500, all in 20-dollar bills. I wanted to leave for Los Angeles that night, but Stein was picking up the children and wanted to visit some more relatives, so I agreed to wait one day for him.

Ray's activities in Los Angeles for the next three months have been widely reported. While there, he became infected with the self-improvement virus that seems to affect so many Southern Californians. From December 18, 1967, to February 12, 1968, at a cost of \$465, he took dancing lessons at the National Dance Studios, 2026 Pacific Avenue, Long Beach. From January 15 to March 2, 1968, at a cost of \$220, he took bartending lessons and was graduated from the International School of Bartending.

But his two most revealing experiences during this period in Los Angeles have not been reported. He told me he had become interested in hypnosis while he was working in the hospital kitchen at the Missouri State Penitentiary. Now, on January 4, 1968, he kept an appointment he had made with the head of the International Society of Hypnosis, the Rev. Xavier von Koss, at his office at 16010 Crenshaw Blvd., in the South Bay area of Los Angeles.

Nine months later, on September 27, I talked at length with Reverend von Koss, a well-educated, middle-aged man who conducts seminars and, among other things, tries to help salesmen find more self-confidence. Ray had forgotten his name and exact address, but again Ray's diagram showing me how to find the office was accurate. The office is almost directly across Crenshaw Blvd. from El Camino College. Reverend von Koss is said to be "an internationally recognized authority on hypnosis and self-hypnosis in the field of self-improvement."

continued



When Ray went to Dr. Russel C. Hadley (above) for plastic surgery in 1968, he signed the name Eric S. Galt (below). Elsewhere, he listed his own former Birmingham address as the home address of his "nearest relative," a nonexistent Carl L. Galt. Until interviewed by Huie, Hadley did not know the identity of the man he had operated on.

DATE MARCH 3, 1968

NAME ERIC S. GALT

AGE 37

STREET ADDRESS 5533 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

TEL. 464-1131

CITY HOLLYWOOD, 90028

STATE CALIF.

THE UNDERSIGNED PROMISES TO PAY RUSSEL CURTIS HADLEY, M.D. IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER FOR THE SURGERY DESCRIBED BELOW: \$ 200.00 IN ADVANCE AND/OR:

FOR REDUCTION OF PROMINENT NASAL TIP.

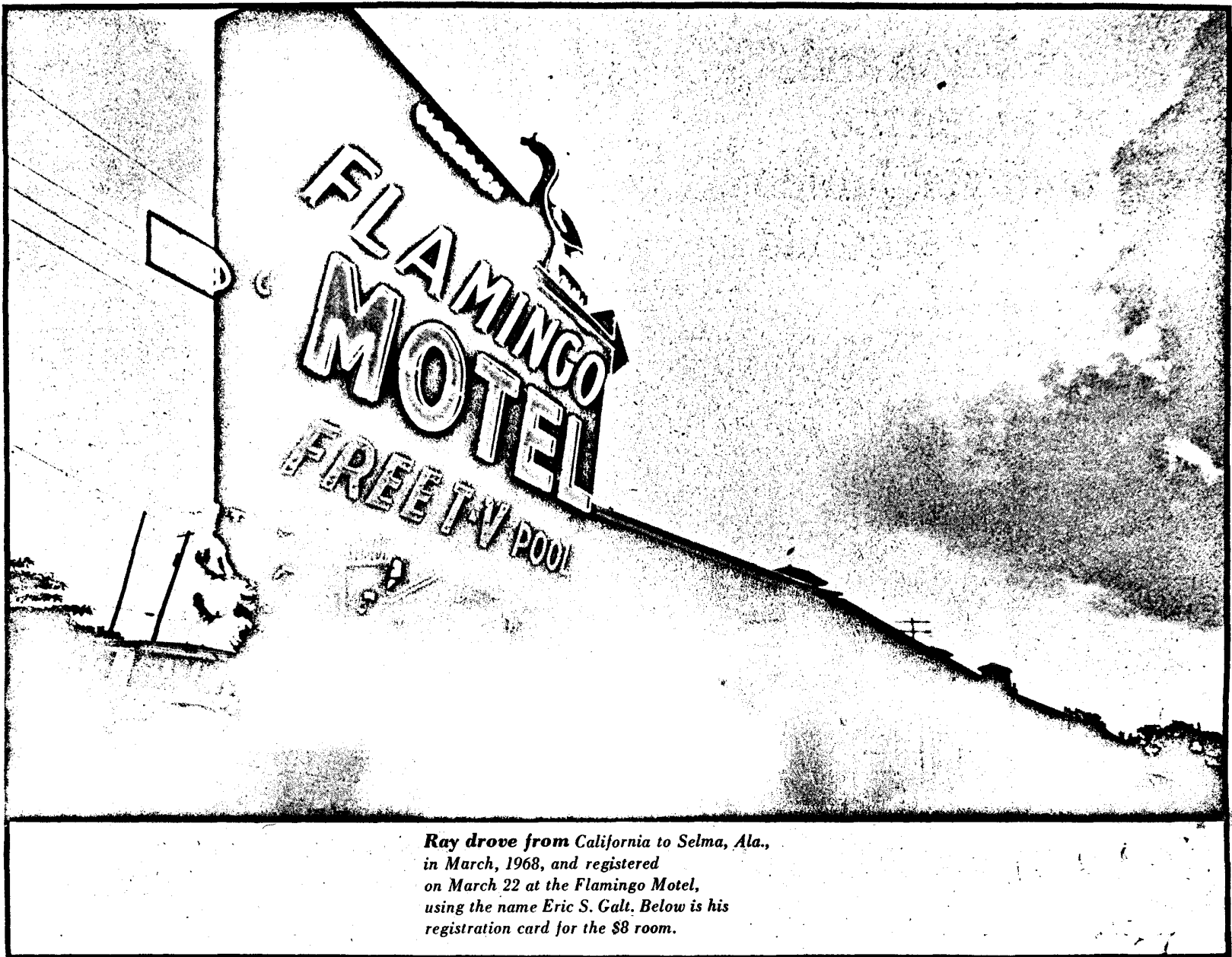
I HEREBY EMPLOY RUSSEL C. HADLEY, M.D. TO PERFORM SUCH PLASTIC OR RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY UPON ME AS WE HAVE HERETOFORE AGREED UPON AND I UNDERSTAND THE DOCTOR WILL GIVE HIS BEST PROFESSIONAL CARE TOWARD THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE RESULTS.

I AM ADVISED AND FULLY UNDERSTAND AND AGREE THAT ALTHOUGH GOOD RESULTS ARE EXPECTED, THEY CANNOT BE AND ARE NOT GUARANTEED. NOR CAN THERE BE ANY GUARANTEE AGAINST UNWANTED RESULTS. NO ORAL REPRESENTATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE TO THE CONTRARY.

I AUTHORIZE RUSSEL C. HADLEY, M.D. TO TAKE MY PHOTOGRAPHS FOR HIS RECORDS AND ALSO TO REPRODUCE THEM FOR USE FOR MEDICAL AND EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES.

SIGNATURE Eric S. Galt

DATE



Ray drove from California to Selma, Ala., in March, 1968, and registered on March 22 at the Flamingo Motel, using the name Eric S. Galt. Below is his registration card for the \$8 room.

"Yes," said Reverend von Koss, "according to my record and my notes, Eric Galt telephoned me and came here for an interview at 2 p.m. on Thursday, January 4, 1968. We talked at length. I remember him clearly now. He seemed very much interested in self-improvement. He wanted to find a way to improve himself and his life. He had read several books on the subject and was impressed with the degree of mind concentration which one can obtain by the use of hypnosis. He wanted to use this for self-improvement. He mentioned that people who used hypnosis often can solve problems in 30 seconds which normally would require 30 minutes at the conscious level. He also seemed to be aware of self-image and its importance to a person. So he had studied hypnosis and self-hypnosis, and he came to me seeking further information.

"I questioned him about his goals in life, and he told me he was considering taking a course in bartending. I explained carefully that to reach a better and more satisfying life, one must clearly see in one's mind what one wants to achieve. He seemed in full agreement. But when I emphasized that he must complete his course in bartending, that he must work hard, that he must go to night school, that he must construct a settled-down life, I could feel a wall rising between us. I lost him. His mind moved far away from what I was saying to him. I, of course, did not then know his desperate situation. But I could clearly feel whatever it was in him which prevented his moving toward a way of life that would satisfy him."

"Did you reach any conclusions about him?" I asked. "His capabilities? His fantasies?"

"Yes. All persons, like myself, who work in the profession of mind

FLAMINGO MOTEL			
Selma, Alabama			
Date	<u>March 22-68</u>	Room No.	<u>3</u>
Name	<u>Eric S. Galt</u>		<u>8.32</u>
Street	<u>2608 Highland Ave.</u>	City	<u>Birmingham</u>
Make of Car	<u>Mustang</u>	State	<u>Alabama</u>
		License No.	<u>1B5493</u>

power can readily discern the main motivational drive of any person. Ray belongs to the *recognition* type. He desires recognition from his group, from himself. He yearns to feel that he is somebody. This desire for recognition in him is superior to sex, superior to money, superior to self-preservation."

"Did you offer him any advice?"

"Well," said Reverend von Koss, "I tried to paint a picture of a future in which he would have recognition as a worthwhile member of society. I noticed how he went along with me and then seemed to collapse."

"Of course," I said. "He was a fugitive. He couldn't hold a job. The way of life you pictured was impossible."

continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

"I know that now," Reverend von Koss replied. "I learned it when Eric Galt was revealed to be an accused assassin. He had given my name as a reference somewhere, so FBI agents came and I gave them my record."

"Did you hypnotize him?"

"I tested him for hypnosis. But I quickly encountered very strong subconscious resistance. He could not cooperate. This, of course, is the case when a person fears that under hypnosis he may reveal something he wishes to conceal. So I didn't press further with Ray. I felt sorry for him. I wished I could help him. But there was nothing I could do except recommend a few books for him to study."

"What books did you recommend?"

"Well, the list is here in my notes. I recommended three books: *How to Cash in on Your Hidden Memory Power* by William D. Hersey. *Self-Hypnotism: The Technique and Its Use in Daily Living* by Leslie M. LeCron. And *Psycho-Cybernetics* by Maxwell Maltz."

When Ray was arrested at the London Airport, in his luggage officers of Scotland Yard found well-worn copies of all three of these books.

The one point Ray has made most often to me is that when you are a criminal and a fugitive, you cannot afford a "prominent feature" in your face. Ray had two such prominent features: a "nasal tip" and a low-hanging left earlobe on which he had too often tugged. He wrote: *I felt sure that the FBI, sooner or later, would put me on the Top Ten [the ten most wanted criminals]. Prominent features are not noticed too much when you just casually look at a man. But they are noticed at once in a photograph. So I figured that if I could remove my two prominent features, then when the FBI put me on the Top Ten and circulated my old pictures, and stressed my nasal tip and low-hanging ear, then nobody would recognize me because I wouldn't any longer have those prominent features. Also, I kept trying to look several years younger than the FBI would put my age. While I was in Hollywood I had the nasal tip removed by Dr. Russel Hadley. I was going to get another plastic surgeon to fix my ear, but I didn't have time.*

On Wednesday, September 25, 1968, I walked into the busy offices of Dr. Russel C. Hadley, in the new Muir Medical Center, at Hollywood and La Brea, 7080 Hollywood Blvd. As a prospective patient, I filled out a form, paid a \$10 consultation fee and waited, along with a Mexican-American boy with a scar on his lip and a woman who had always wanted her nose made smaller.

Dr. Hadley has impressive credentials. He is on the teaching staff of the University of Southern California Medical School, where he got his MD. He is on the staff of the Children's Hospital of Los Angeles; a member of the Los Angeles Surgical Society; and one of his duty assignments during the Second World War was with the 7th Infantry Division in the Aleutians, where the chief medical problem was frozen feet. He is a big, gruff, no-nonsense man, balding, with reddish hair. Because he does much of his operating in his own suite of offices, he wears his skull cap and green fatigues while he receives prospective patients.

When I was alone with him, I closed the door and said: "Doctor, I'm not really a prospective patient. I signed one of these forms so I could reach you in complete confidence. I came here at the request of a former patient, a man you knew as Eric S. Galt and whose real name is James Earl Ray."

"Who's he?" the doctor asked. "And who are you? I don't get the connection."

"I'm only a writer," I said. "But I thought you might remember operating on James Earl Ray alias Eric Galt. He is a man of some prominence. Hasn't anyone been here in the last few weeks to refresh your memory?"

"I'm still in the dark," Dr. Hadley said. "I don't remember any Galt or Ray. I'm a busy man. And nobody has refreshed my memory."

"Well, Ray alias Galt," I said, "is charged with the murder of Martin Luther King. And he told me you operated on him earlier this year."

I got the doctor's undivided attention. "What!" he said. "You mean I operated on this fellow who's accused of killing King?"

"He told me that you did," I said.

"And what was the name he says he came here under?"

"Galt. Eric S. Galt."

Abruptly, the doctor left the room, and I knew he was looking at his files. When he returned, he was on guard. He was also shaking his head in disbelief.

"Do you have his medical authority?" he asked.

"No, sir," I said. "I don't have it at this moment. Ray is in jail in Memphis, and I have to get the authority through his lawyer. I'll have it in 36 hours."

"Well, let's get this straight," the doctor emphasized. "I will not tell you anything. You bring me proper medical authority, and I'll proceed in the legally prescribed manner."

On Friday morning, September 27, 1968, I telephoned Dr. Hadley and told him I had the authority. He invited me to come to his office at 5:30 p.m. When I arrived, his nurses were gone. Only the doctor, his lawyer and his wife were present. After the lawyer examined and approved the authority I presented, Dr. Hadley was friendly and cooperative. But he was still stunned at the realization that during all the publicity he had never remembered that less than a month before the murder of Martin Luther King, he had altered the appearance of Eric S. Galt.

The doctor's records show that Ray first came to his office on February 19, 1968. Ray did his usual cheating on his age, giving his birth date as [redacted]. He gave his address as the St. Francis Hotel and listed his nearest relative as Carl L. Galt, 2608 Highland Ave., Birmingham, Ala. (He had used the same name before, with a different spelling of the first name and a St. Louis address.)

Ray's surgery was for "Reduction of Prominent Nasal Tip." On the record were these entries:

3/5 Nasal tip reconstruction for pointed tip.

Under local anesthesia in office.

Ret. Thurs.

3/7 Nasal pack removed. Doing well.

Ret. Mon.

3/11 Sutures removed. Healing well.

Ret. 6 wks.

Ray, of course, did not return in six weeks. And this meant that Dr. Hadley did not have before-and-after photos of his patient. Normally, the doctor makes before-and-after photos of every patient. He made *before* photos of Ray, but, for some reason, the camera wasn't working properly, and Ray's *before* photos were spoiled, along with those of several other patients. The *after* photos are not made until about six weeks after the operation, when healing is complete; and apparently Ray expected to be in Los Angeles six weeks after his operation. (The photos shown with this article are therefore from other sources.)

The fee for Ray's operation was \$200, paid in cash.

"I suppose I'm a fairly observant person," Dr. Hadley said. "And what amazes me is that, try as I might, I cannot remember anything at all about Eric S. Galt. I guess nobody will believe it, but it's the truth."

"I can believe it," I said. "Most everybody who has ever seen Ray describes him as a man who can go unnoticed in any crowd."

I advised Dr. Hadley to notify the FBI, which he promptly did. He also notified the Los Angeles Medical Association.

Before his nose could heal completely, Ray received by mail on March 15 the directive he had been expecting. He was wanted in Selma and Birmingham, Ala.

He drove his white Mustang from California through New Orleans,
continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

and on Friday, March 22, 1968, registered at the Flamingo Motel in Selma. The motel is near the Edmund Pettus Bridge, which Americans will remember. This was the bridge that became famous when Alabama State Troopers and the mounted deputies of Sheriff Jim Clark tear-gassed, beat down, rode down, and dispersed the first column of whites and Negroes that attempted to march from Selma to Montgomery. The television films of these incidents, which enraged many, are believed to have assured passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

The Flamingo Motel faces Highway 80, route of the Selma-to-Montgomery March, the high-water mark of the old Movement in which whites and blacks walked and hoped together. The man who led the march was Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

On February 16, 1968, Dr. King had spoken in Selma, and the *Times-Journal*, under a three-column picture of him on page one, reported:

"Dr. Martin Luther King brought his drive for a planned spring poor people's march on the nation's capital to Selma Friday in an appearance before a capacity crowd at the Tabernacle Baptist Church. . . .

"During the appearance he solicited both physical and financial support for the proposed march on Washington to protest against the economic plight of the nation's Negroes.

"He said that just like the plagues of Pharaoh's time they are planning to send waves of some 3000 persons each to the city until Congress takes some action toward eliminating economic depression among Negroes.

"King said that the city of Selma has probably made more progress in the past several years than any other in the South in its race relations.

"But he warned the crowd, made up of about equal numbers of adults and young people . . . that they must not become complacent, that there is still a long battle to be fought."

On Thursday afternoon, March 21, 1968, the Selma *Times-Journal* published this Associated Press dispatch:

"BIRMINGHAM, Ala. (AP)—Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. takes his recruiting drive for his poor people's march on Washington back into south Alabama today after spending the night in Birmingham. . . .

"King and his followers moved into Alabama late Wednesday after a two-day swing through Mississippi." The story also said: "He planned to drive to Lisman, Linden and Camden today, then fly to Atlanta. . . . Camden is 33 miles from Selma.

On March 23, James Earl Ray left Selma for Atlanta.

The outline of the plot to murder Dr. King now begins to become visible to me. It may not be visible to my readers because, until Ray has been tried, I cannot reveal all that I have found to be true. But from what I know, from what I have learned from Ray, and from my investigative research, some of the features of the plot were:

- Dr. King was to be murdered for effect. His murder was planned, not by impulsive men who hated him personally, though they probably did hate him, but by calculating men who wanted to use his murder to trigger violent conflict between white and Negro citizens.

- He was to be murdered during the election year of 1968.

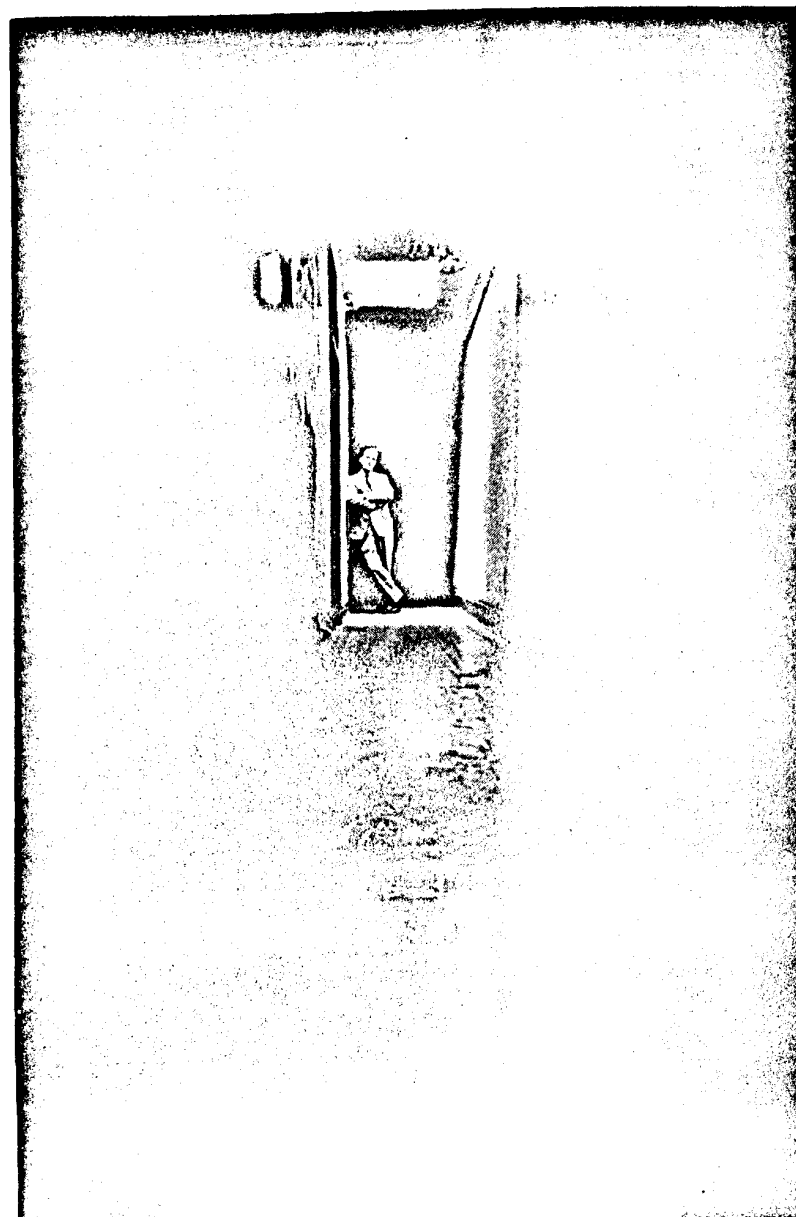
- Since he was to be murdered for maximum bloody effect, he was to be murdered, not while he was living quietly at his home in Atlanta, but at some dramatic moment, at some dramatic place where controversy was raging. By March 15, 1968, the plotters clearly had begun aiming at murdering him at some point where he was forming or leading the Poor People's March.

- He was to be murdered by a white man, or white men, who would be described as "Southerners" and "racists."

- Preferably, he was to be murdered in Birmingham or Montgomery or Selma, since these cities were milestones in his career as an advocate of racial change.

- There was no necessity, after the murder, for the murderer or murderers to be murdered to prevent a trial or trials—because a trial or trials could yield extra dividends of hatred and violence.

Therefore, in this plot, Dr. King was the secondary, not the primary, target. The primary target was the United States of America.



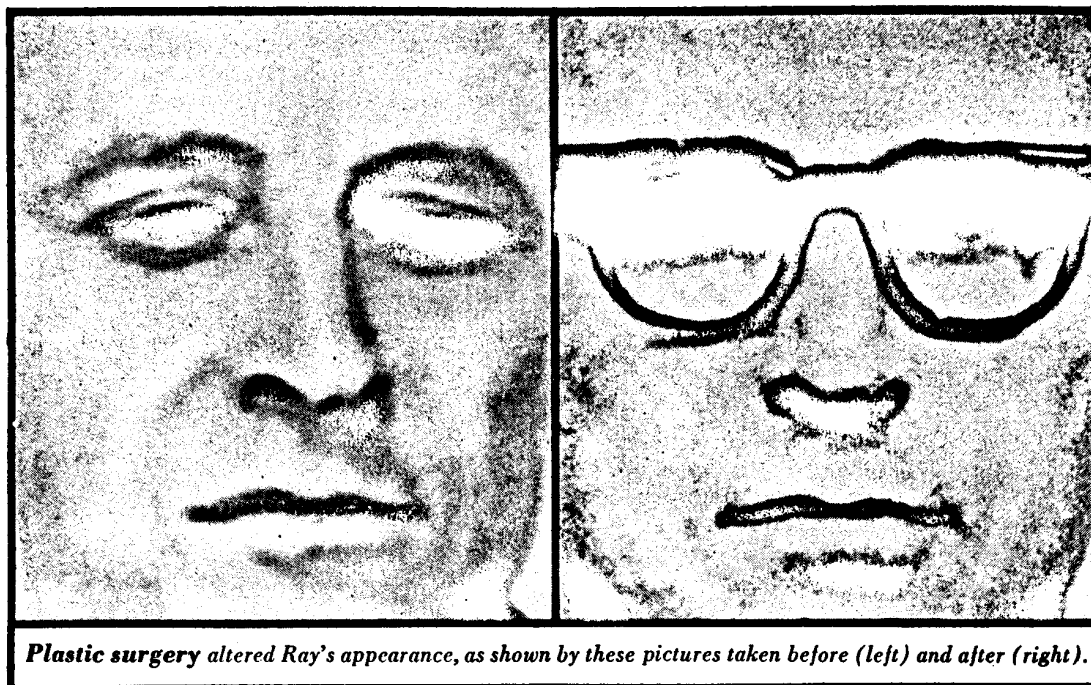
While he was in the Missouri State Penitentiary, Ray says, he noted the names of two lawyers he saw on television: F. Lee Bailey and another lawyer named Hanes. After he was arrested in London in 1968, Ray decided to ask Bailey to defend him in the United States. This request was forwarded through his court-appointed British attorney, but Bailey said no. Through the U.S. Embassy, the British attorney learned the full name of Arthur J. Hanes, and telephoned him. Hanes, shown above standing in the hallway of the rooming house from which the shot was fired that killed King, later received a letter from Ray and agreed to defend him.

In a future issue, William Bradford Huie plans to tell in detail the personal story that may not be developed at the trial—the activities of James Earl Ray between March 23 and the day that he was arrested in London.

**'The Story of James Earl Ray
and the Plot to Kill
Martin Luther King Part II
By William Bradford Huie**

**"I GOT INVOLVED
GRADUALLY,
AND I DIDN'T KNOW
ANYBODY WAS
TO BE MURDERED"**

James Earl Ray



Plastic surgery altered Ray's appearance, as shown by these pictures taken before (left) and after (right).

AFTER COMMUNICATING IN WRITING for two months with James Earl Ray through his attorney, and after traveling to Chicago, Montreal, Ottawa, Los Angeles, and Birmingham and Selma, Ala., to verify what Ray has told me, and to investigate further, I have reached these conclusions:

- That the plot to murder Martin Luther King, Jr., existed as early as August 15, 1967, eight months prior to the murder on April 4, 1968.

- That Ray was drawn unknowingly into this plot in Montreal on August 18, 1967, and thereafter moved as directed by the plotters.

- That as late as March 23, 1968, less than two weeks before the murder with which he is charged, Ray did not know that the plot included murder or that it was aimed in any way at Dr. King.

In the preceding issue of *LOOK*, I detailed how, on April 23, 1967, Ray escaped from the Missouri State Penitentiary, went to Chicago and worked for eight weeks at the Indian Trail Restaurant in Winnetka, Ill. How he then went to Montreal, seeking a Canadian passport, hoping to reach a country from which he could not be extradited to the United States. How, on the Montreal waterfront, Ray met a man who called himself Raoul and who, after eight meetings with Ray, offered him living expenses, a good car and, ultimately, "travel papers" and \$12,000, if Ray would return to the United States, establish himself in Birmingham and be "available." And how Ray accepted this offer and met Raoul at the railroad station in Windsor, Ontario, at 3 p.m. on Monday, August 21, 1967.

Here, I will resume the story of Ray's odyssey, but tell no more than should be told before the trial, scheduled to begin in Memphis, Tenn., on November 12, 1968.

From his perpetually lighted, perpetually viewed and perpetually guarded cell in Memphis, Ray writes:

On my way to Birmingham, Raoul wanted me to make two trips across the border at Windsor-Detroit. I guess he figured I wouldn't attract much attention in my old red Plymouth for which I had paid \$200. I arrived at the Windsor railroad station a few minutes before 3 p.m. and waited about 30 minutes. Raoul came in with an attaché case and said let's go. On the way to the tunnel we stopped and he took three packages out and put them behind the back part of the seat where you rest your back. We rode a little further toward the tunnel, and I let him

out after he told me where to meet him on the other side. He said he'd cross in a cab. I went through the customs all right, and when he met me in Detroit he directed me to a side street where he removed the packages. We then drove to the Detroit bus station where he went in after telling me to go back to the Windsor railroad station and wait for him. I had waited about 10 minutes at the railroad station when he arrived in a cab. Then it was the same procedure, except this time he told me to go over the bridge to Detroit, not through the tunnel.

Waiting in line at the bridge, I noticed that the customs officers were shaking down about every other car. So I remembered the TV set in the trunk that I had bought in Montreal. Hoping to keep them from shaking down my car, I declared this TV set. I had to pull out of traffic, into a special lane, and the officers not only looked at the TV set but really shook down the car. I thought they were going to find the packages, but they didn't go quite that far. This procedure took about 30 minutes, and cost me \$4.50 duty on the TV set.

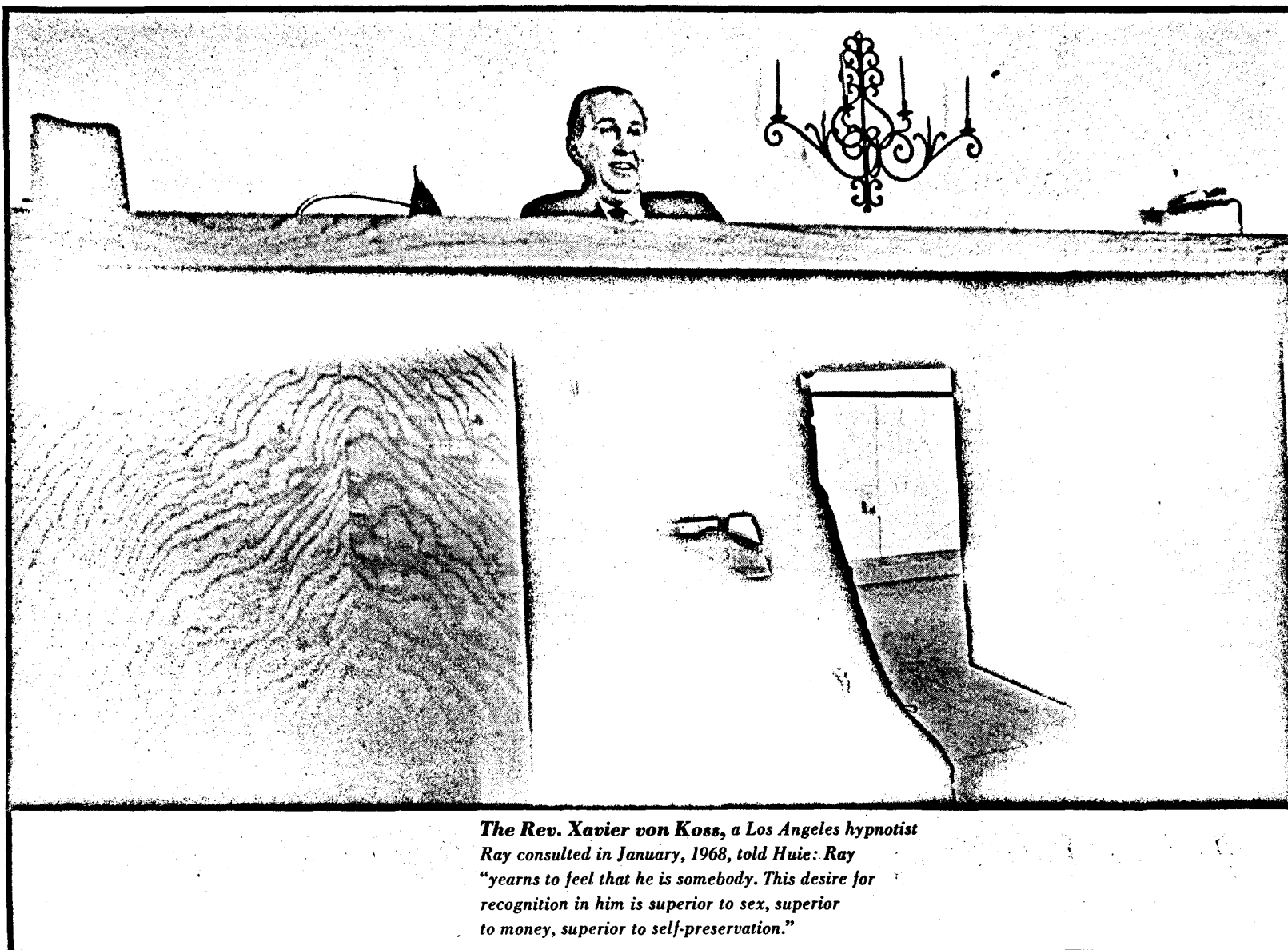
Raoul was nervous when I met him. He asked me what had taken me so long, and I showed him the receipt for the import tax. We parked on a side street where he got his 3 packages and gave me \$750. He told me to sell the old car and go to Birmingham where he'd write me a general delivery letter telling me where and when to meet him. He again repeated the telephone number where I could contact him in New Orleans in an emergency. He said he'd bring me the money for a new car. I asked him again what I was expected to do, and he said for me not to worry, it would be relatively safe. I then drove him again to the Detroit bus station and left for Chicago. I spent that night in a motel about five miles east of Gary, Indiana, and next day I sold the old red Plymouth in Chicago and caught a train for Birmingham.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation can now obtain the record of that import-tax payment at the bridge in Detroit and know exactly when Ray returned from Canada. The receipt was issued to Eric S. Galt, Ray's alias at that time. Perhaps this receipt, and the exact time of day, will help FBI agents identify Ray's accomplice.

Ray traveled from Chicago to Birmingham on the Illinois Central Railroad and arrived in Birmingham at the Terminal Station. He spent

continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED



The Rev. Xavier von Koss, a Los Angeles hypnotist Ray consulted in January, 1968, told Huie: Ray "yearns to feel that he is somebody. This desire for recognition in him is superior to sex, superior to money, superior to self-preservation."

the night of August 25, 1967, at the Granada Hotel, 2230 Fourth Avenue North. There, for some reason, he used his old alias, John L. Rayns. Next day, as Eric S. Galt, he took a room and board at a house managed by Peter Cherpes at 2608 Highland Avenue. On the registration card, Ray identified himself as a shipbuilder recently employed at a shipyard in Pascagoula, Miss.

Ray writes:

As I said before, Raoul said he would find a meeting place in Birmingham and mail me the address and time. (I also had the New Orleans phone number he gave me.) I received the letter from him about my second or third day in Birmingham [Monday, August 28, 1967]. At this time I didn't have very good I.D. [identification] under the Galt name, but all the postal clerk asked me when I asked for my mail at the general delivery window was my middle initial. In the letter Raoul told me to meet him that night in the Starlite Cafe, on Fifth Avenue North, right across the street from the U. S. post office. I met him and he told me to get a good car, around \$2000. Next day I found such a car and described it to him that night at the Starlite. He said it sounded okay, and next morning on the street he gave me \$2000 in 100 and 50 and 20-dollar bills. The car was a white 1966 Mustang, with red interior and about 18,000 miles on it. The only thing I didn't like about it was the color. Raoul didn't like that either, but he said go ahead and get it. At his request I gave Raoul a set of keys to the car, and he took my home address and telephone number and said he'd either write or call me in maybe six weeks. He also gave me \$500 for living expenses and another \$500 to buy some camera equipment he described to me. [Ray still does not

know why he was asked to buy the photographic equipment.] He said for me just to lie low and stay out of trouble.

In checking this information given me by Ray, I discovered these facts in Birmingham:

During the morning of Monday, August 28, 1967, Ray, as Eric S. Galt, rented Safety Deposit Box No. 5517 at the Birmingham Trust National Bank in downtown Birmingham. The bank's log on this box, the record showing each time it was unlocked, seems significant. This log shows that the box was not unlocked when Ray rented it, but that he returned that afternoon, at 2:32 p.m., and had access to the box for five minutes. The log shows further that the box was unlocked, and Ray had access to it, on September 5 from 1:52 to 1:58 p.m.; on September 21 from 11:04 to 11:08 a.m.; and on September 28 from 10:10 to 10:19 a.m.

Therefore, Ray had access to this box only four times: on August 28, September 5, September 21 and September 28, 1967. Ray told me that he used the box to safeguard "my Rayns I.D., Raoul's telephone number in New Orleans, and a little money in case I got robbed." Bank officials closed the record on the box on December 13, 1967, after receiving "the customer's key" through the mail from Baton Rouge, La. The bank records show that the customer, Eric S. Galt, gave as a reference one Karl Galt, 2515 Lafayette St., St. Louis, Mo.

It has been widely reported that Ray used money from this bank box, money that presumably he himself had brought to Birmingham, to buy the car. But the owner of the car, William D. Paisley, Jr., and his

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES HANSEN

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

father, William D. Paisley, both of 701 South 48th Street, Birmingham, tell this story:

The white Mustang was advertised for sale for \$1,995 in the Birmingham News of Sunday, August 27, 1967. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 29th, Ray telephoned the Paisley home. Mrs. Paisley advised him to call back around 6 p.m., when her husband would be there. Ray called soon after 6, wanted to see the car and was advised how to reach the Paisley home. He arrived in a cab a little after 7. Mr. Paisley offered to let him test drive the car, but Ray declined, saying he had no Alabama driver's license. Mr. Paisley then drove Ray around the block in the car, and Ray said: "I'll take it off your hands." Ray then explained that he "did business" at the Birmingham Trust National Bank, where he offered to meet Mr. Paisley next morning at 10 a.m. and pay him in cash. Mr. Paisley said that he would want to deposit the money in the First National Bank, across the street from Birmingham Trust, and the two agreed to meet next morning in front of the First National Bank, from where they would cross the street to Birmingham Trust to get the cash. Mr. Paisley and his son then drove Ray back to downtown Birmingham, where Ray got out about five blocks from the Starlite Cafe.

Next morning, Mr. Paisley met Ray in front of the First National Bank, expecting to go with Ray across the street to Birmingham Trust. But Ray startled Mr. Paisley by saying that he already had the money, and he caused Mr. Paisley some apprehension by promptly counting out an even \$2,000 in nothing smaller than \$20 bills. "Man, let's be careful with this kind of money," Mr. Paisley said, "right here on 20th Street in broad daylight." Mr. Paisley gave Ray a \$5 bill in change and walked directly into the First National Bank and deposited the \$1,995. Then he took Ray to a parking lot and gave him two sets of keys and the car.

Mr. Paisley's deposit slip shows that this transaction occurred on the morning of August 30, 1967. The log on Ray's deposit box shows that he did not have access to it between August 28 and September 5. This seems to indicate that the published accounts are wrong. The \$2,000, most probably, was never in Ray's deposit box. Ray did not bring it to Birmingham. He did not "remove it from the bank deposit box" to pay for the car. Exactly as Ray insists, he was handed the \$2,000 in Birmingham, perhaps only a few minutes before he handed it to Mr. Paisley.

Ray writes:

I suppose I became involved in some sort of plot to kill King when I first took those packages into the U.S. from Canada. I would think it had all been decided before the car was bought in Birmingham, as no one would have given me \$3000 in Birmingham just to haul narcotics across the border. But nobody told me anything about any planned murder of King or of anyone else.

About his six weeks in Birmingham, Ray writes:

My stay in Birmingham was uneventful. Birmingham is about like St. Louis, only smaller. I think I told you I went to that dance school three times. It cost \$10 total. I thought I might have to go to a Latin country, and it helps socially in those countries to know a little about Latin dances. However you have to learn the standard dance first in order to learn the Latin, if you can believe the schools. Also I told you about my experiences with the doctors in Birmingham. [He went to one doctor and asked for, and was given, anti-depressant pills.]

Going back to Canada a minute, when I left there I brought some Canadian papers with me. I guess you saw an article which linked me with a hippie lonely hearts club? What I did was enroll in one of these international clubs while in Birmingham. The people in these clubs are not criminals, but they are not what you would call square. I still had not ruled out a Canadian passport, and I thought I might contact some woman in Canada through this club. After I got her address, I'd go to Canada and meet her through normal channels. I wouldn't tell her I was from the U.S., or had been writing to her. I'd just tell her I was a Canadian from another city, and after a while ask her to sign a passport form. However, I never heard from anyone, and I forgot about it till I got to California.

I bought the camera equipment for Raoul, but had to ship some of

it back. I took a driver's test, passed it, and got an Alabama driver's license. I also bought new Alabama license tags [in the name of Eric S. Galt] after the first of October. I remember the man who later got elected mayor of Birmingham [George G. Seibels, Jr.] shook hands with me and asked me to vote for him while I was waiting in line to buy the tags. About October 5th or 6th, Raoul wrote me and told me where and when to meet him in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

On my way to Mexico I mailed the safety deposit box keys to the bank in Birmingham as I was sure I'd never see Birmingham again. I don't remember the name of the motel in Nuevo Laredo where I met Raoul, but I'll draw you a map so you can find my registration record. I had been in the motel about two hours when Raoul came to my room. He told me to follow him across the border, back into Texas. He took a cab, and after we passed through U.S. customs he got out of the cab and into the Mustang with me. He directed me to a car in front of a frame house. He opened the trunk of that car and transferred a tire on a car wheel to my car trunk. He rode with me as we again crossed the border into Mexico. At Mexican customs he got out and waited beside the building. Following his instructions, I asked the customs men for a tourist card, telling them I was going into the interior of Mexico, not just into Nuevo Laredo. (No tourist card is necessary to visit the border towns in Mexico; only if you are going into the interior.) When the customs men started to search the car, I gave them \$3 as Raoul had told me to do, and they stopped the search and put a mark on everything. Raoul and I then got in the car and drove to the motel where we had met and where I was registered. There we found the car Raoul had taken the tire out of: it had been driven there by another driver. Raoul again transferred the tire and wheel from my car back to the other car [which had a Mexican license plate]. We talked a while, and Raoul said he wanted me to haul the wheel, the tire, and the tire's contents through the Mexican interior customs check which is about 50 kilometers south of the border. He also told me to keep the photographic equipment for the time being.

I stayed at that motel that night, and next morning Raoul came and again transferred the tire to my car. Then I followed him and his car to the interior customs house where officers checked both his car and mine. We drove a little further, and when we were out of sight of the customs house, we again transferred the tire from my car to his. Then he gave me \$2000, all in 20-dollar bills. He said he couldn't get the travel papers for me as yet, but for sure he'd have them for me the next time he saw me. He'd also have for me the \$12,000, enough for me to go in business, in a new country.

Raoul said he figured he'd need me again in about two or three months, and he suggested that I stay in Mexico. I told him I'd stay in Mexico a while, but then I wanted to go to Los Angeles and wait there. (The main reason I wanted to go to Los Angeles was to see if I could get a job on a ship.) Raoul said okay, but for me to let him know where I was by calling the New Orleans telephone number from time to time, and that he'd write me general delivery in Los Angeles.

I decided to go to Acapulco. There I checked in at the San Francisco Motel, where I had stayed in early 1959. But next day I moved to another motel and stayed four days, then I decided to go to Puerto Vallarta. (The reason I left Acapulco was that everything was money. You couldn't park or go to the beach without somebody wanting pesos.) I had read about Puerto Vallarta in True or Argosy. On the way there I stayed at the Pancho Villa Motel in Guadalajara. I had an infected tooth, and the manager referred me to a dentist.

The road between Tepic and Puerto Vallarta was bad. The rainy season was just ending. About 30 kilometers from Puerto Vallarta I got stuck. But since the road is just one lane wide, some Mexicans in a truck pulled me out so they could get through. I spent a month in Puerto Vallarta. The first three weeks I stayed at the Hotel Rio; the last week at the Tropicana which is right on the beach. This is the best town in Mexico. When I get out of jail again, I'm going back there permanently. Quite a few businesses there are owned by English-speaking persons.

I spent most of my time on the beach. I was in one brothel in town about four times, plus twice during the day on business. A male waiter there had a small lot he wanted to trade for my car. I went out and looked

continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

at the lot. The main reason I didn't trade is that it's illegal to trade or sell your car while in Mexico; and I was afraid if I traded, the police would find out and I'd be out both the car and the lot. For a time I thought about going back to the U.S., stealing a Mustang, and bringing it to Puerto Vallarta and trading it for the lot.

On one occasion a man came to my hotel room late at night and said he had seen my Alabama tag and that he was from Alabama. He wanted to talk about Alabama. I guess he thought I was crazy since I didn't say much as I didn't know much about the state. Several times people have said things to me about Alabama, both pro and con. In Los Angeles I once almost got arrested when people in a bar were razzing me about Alabama. If I'm ever a fugitive again, I won't buy a car tag in Alabama. I'll pick some state that people don't want to talk so much about.

Late in November, 1967, Ray left Puerto Vallarta and drove up the west coast of Mexico, through Tijuana, to Los Angeles, where he rented a room at the St. Francis Hotel, 5533 Hollywood Blvd. Almost immediately, he received a command to come to New Orleans for instructions.

Much has been published about Ray's trip to New Orleans in mid-December. A bearded man named Charles Stein was with him all the way, and two children, relatives of Stein, returned with them from New Orleans to Los Angeles. So this trip was unique for Ray, the loner and the fugitive. Compared with his other travels, his usual guarded movements, it seems reckless.

Ray explained to me:

Yeah, I guess I talked too much. In the bar of the St. Francis I mentioned I was making a quick trip to New Orleans, and a waitress asked me to give her cousin [Stein] a ride. I didn't mind helping them out. Raoul had written me and told me to meet him at a certain bar in New Orleans at a certain time on December 15th. He said he only wanted a conference, and that I'd be going back to Los Angeles. Stein and I took turns driving and drove day and night.

Three hours after I got to New Orleans I was ready to leave. Raoul just wanted a report on what I had been doing. He said we had one more job to do, and we'd do it in about two or three months. Then we'd be finished, and, for sure, he'd give me complete travel papers and \$12,000 and help me go anywhere in the world I wanted to go. He wanted me to be careful, not get in any trouble, and he'd keep in touch. When I asked him what the next job was, he said not to worry about it and not to ask questions. Then he gave me another \$2500, all in 20-dollar bills. I wanted to leave for Los Angeles that night, but Stein was picking up the children and wanted to visit some more relatives, so I agreed to wait one day for him.

Ray's activities in Los Angeles for the next three months have been widely reported. While there, he became infected with the self-improvement virus that seems to affect so many Southern Californians. From December 18, 1967, to February 12, 1968, at a cost of \$465, he took dancing lessons at the National Dance Studios, 2026 Pacific Avenue, Long Beach. From January 15 to March 2, 1968, at a cost of \$220, he took bartending lessons and was graduated from the International School of Bartending.

But his two most revealing experiences during this period in Los Angeles have not been reported. He told me he had become interested in hypnosis while he was working in the hospital kitchen at the Missouri State Penitentiary. Now, on January 4, 1968, he kept an appointment he had made with the head of the International Society of Hypnosis, the Rev. Xavier von Koss, at his office at 16010 Crenshaw Blvd., in the South Bay area of Los Angeles.

Nine months later, on September 27, I talked at length with Reverend von Koss, a well-educated, middle-aged man who conducts seminars and, among other things, tries to help salesmen find more self-confidence. Ray had forgotten his name and exact address, but again Ray's diagram showing me how to find the office was accurate. The office is almost directly across Crenshaw Blvd. from El Camino College. Reverend von Koss is said to be "an internationally recognized authority on hypnosis and self-hypnosis in the field of self-improvement."

continued



When Ray went to Dr. Russel C. Hadley (above) for plastic surgery in 1968, he signed the name Eric S. Galt (below). Elsewhere, he listed his own former Birmingham address as the home address of his "nearest relative," a nonexistent Carl L. Galt. Until interviewed by Huie, Hadley did not know the identity of the man he had operated on.

DATE MARCH 3, 1968

NAME ERIC S. GALT

AGE 37

STREET ADDRESS 5533 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

TEL. 464-1131

CITY HOLLYWOOD, 90028

STATE CALIF.

THE UNDERSIGNED PROMISES TO PAY RUSSEL CURTIS HADLEY, M.D. IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER FOR THE SURGERY DESCRIBED BELOW: \$ 200.00 IN ADVANCE AND/OR:

FOR REDUCTION OF PROMINENT NASAL TIP.

I HEREBY EMPLOY RUSSEL C. HADLEY, M.D. TO PERFORM SUCH PLASTIC OR RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY UPON ME AS WE HAVE HERETOFORE AGREED UPON AND I UNDERSTAND THE DOCTOR WILL GIVE HIS BEST PROFESSIONAL CARE TOWARD THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE RESULTS.

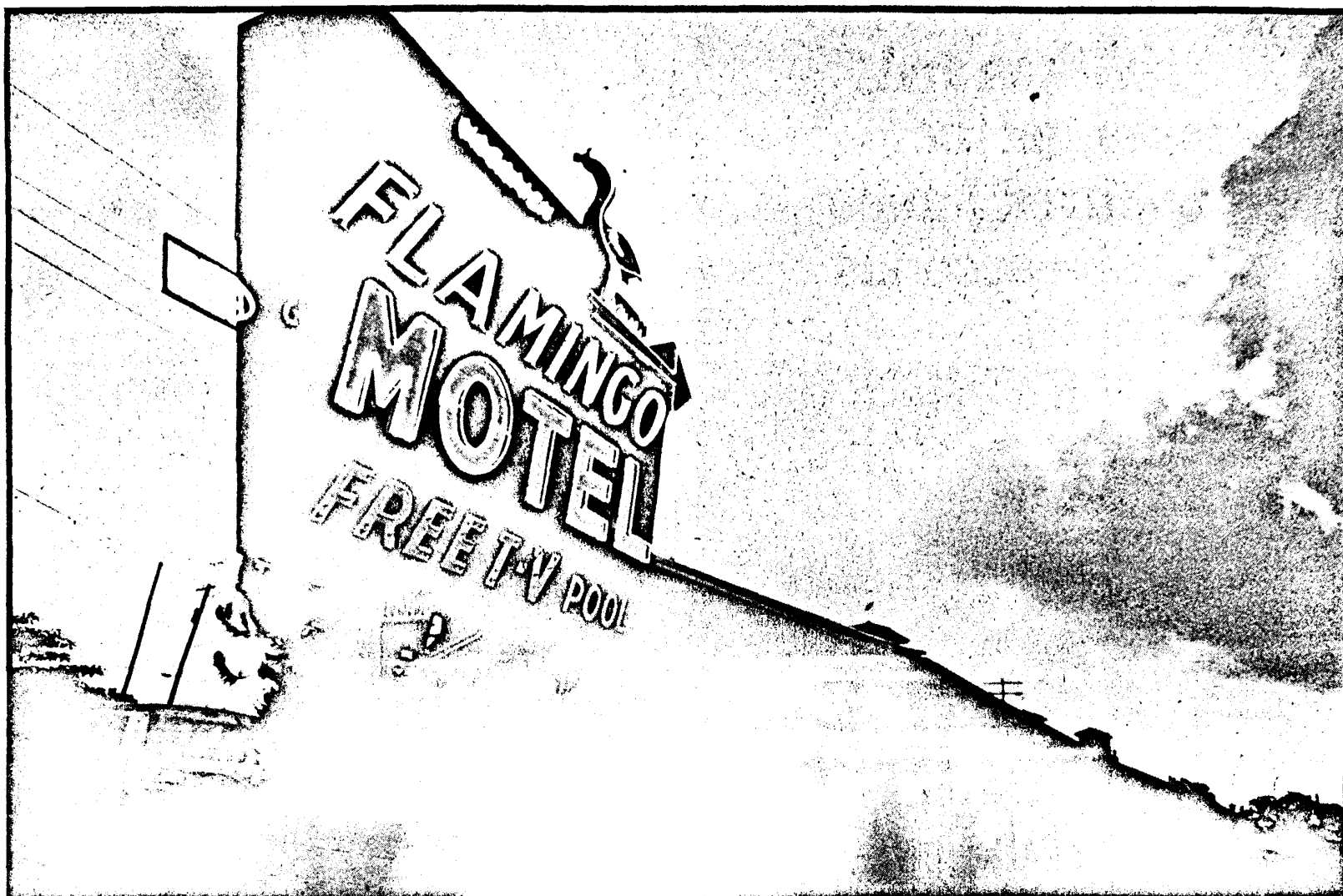
I AM ADVISED AND FULLY UNDERSTAND AND AGREE THAT ALTHOUGH GOOD RESULTS ARE EXPECTED, THEY CANNOT BE AND ARE NOT GUARANTEED. NOR CAN THERE BE ANY GUARANTEE AGAINST UNWANTED RESULTS. NO ORAL REPRESENTATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE TO THE CONTRARY.

I AUTHORIZE RUSSEL C. HADLEY, M.D. TO TAKE MY PHOTOGRAPHS FOR HIS RECORDS AND ALSO TO REPRODUCE THEM FOR USE FOR MEDICAL AND EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES.

SIGNATURE Eric S. Galt

DATE

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED



Ray drove from California to Selma, Ala., in March, 1968, and registered on March 22 at the Flamingo Motel, using the name Eric S. Galt. Below is his registration card for the \$8 room.

"Yes," said Reverend von Koss, "according to my record and my notes, Eric Galt telephoned me and came here for an interview at 2 p.m. on Thursday, January 4, 1968. We talked at length. I remember him clearly now. He seemed very much interested in self-improvement. He wanted to find a way to improve himself and his life. He had read several books on the subject and was impressed with the degree of mind concentration which one can obtain by the use of hypnosis. He wanted to use this for self-improvement. He mentioned that people who used hypnosis often can solve problems in 30 seconds which normally would require 30 minutes at the conscious level. He also seemed to be aware of self-image and its importance to a person. So he had studied hypnosis and self-hypnosis, and he came to me seeking further information.

"I questioned him about his goals in life, and he told me he was considering taking a course in bartending. I explained carefully that to reach a better and more satisfying life, one must clearly see in one's mind what one wants to achieve. He seemed in full agreement. But when I emphasized that he must complete his course in bartending, that he must work hard, that he must go to night school, that he must construct a settled-down life, I could feel a wall rising between us. I lost him. His mind moved far away from what I was saying to him. I, of course, did not then know his desperate situation. But I could clearly feel whatever it was in him which prevented his moving toward a way of life that would satisfy him."

"Did you reach any conclusions about him?" I asked. "His capabilities? His fantasies?"

"Yes. All persons, like myself, who work in the profession of mind

FLAMINGO MOTEL			
Selma, Alabama			
Date	March 22-68	Room No.	3
Name	Eric S. Galt		8.00 32 8.32
Street	2608 Highland Ave.	City	Birmingham
Make of Car	Mustang	State	Alabama
		License No.	135493

power can readily discern the main motivational drive of any person. Ray belongs to the *recognition* type. He desires recognition from his group, from himself. He yearns to feel that he is somebody. This desire for recognition in him is superior to sex, superior to money, superior to self-preservation."

"Did you offer him any advice?"

"Well," said Reverend von Koss, "I tried to paint a picture of a future in which he would have recognition as a worthwhile member of society. I noticed how he went along with me and then seemed to collapse."

"Of course," I said. "He was a fugitive. He couldn't hold a job. The way of life you pictured was impossible."

continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

"I know that now," Reverend von Koss replied. "I learned it when Eric Galt was revealed to be an accused assassin. He had given my name as a reference somewhere, so FBI agents came and I gave them my record."

"Did you hypnotize him?"

"I tested him for hypnosis. But I quickly encountered very strong subconscious resistance. He could not cooperate. This, of course, is the case when a person fears that under hypnosis he may reveal something he wishes to conceal. So I didn't press further with Ray. I felt sorry for him. I wished I could help him. But there was nothing I could do except recommend a few books for him to study."

"What books did you recommend?"

"Well, the list is here in my notes. I recommended three books: *How to Cash in on Your Hidden Memory Power* by William D. Hersey. *Self-Hypnotism: The Technique and Its Use in Daily Living* by Leslie M. LeCron. And *Psycho-Cybernetics* by Maxwell Maltz."

When Ray was arrested at the London Airport, in his luggage officers of Scotland Yard found well-worn copies of all three of these books.

The one point Ray has made most often to me is that when you are a criminal and a fugitive, you cannot afford a "prominent feature" in your face. Ray had two such prominent features: a "nasal tip" and a low-hanging left earlobe on which he had too often tugged. He wrote: *I felt sure that the FBI, sooner or later, would put me on the Top Ten [the ten most wanted criminals]. Prominent features are not noticed too much when you just casually look at a man. But they are noticed at once in a photograph. So I figured that if I could remove my two prominent features, then when the FBI put me on the Top Ten and circulated my old pictures, and stressed my nasal tip and low-hanging ear, then nobody would recognize me because I wouldn't any longer have those prominent features. Also, I kept trying to look several years younger than the FBI would put my age. While I was in Hollywood I had the nasal tip removed by Dr. Russel Hadley. I was going to get another plastic surgeon to fix my ear, but I didn't have time.*

On Wednesday, September 25, 1968, I walked into the busy offices of Dr. Russel C. Hadley, in the new Muir Medical Center, at Hollywood and La Brea, 7080 Hollywood Blvd. As a prospective patient, I filled out a form, paid a \$10 consultation fee and waited, along with a Mexican-American boy with a scar on his lip and a woman who had always wanted her nose made smaller.

Dr. Hadley has impressive credentials. He is on the teaching staff of the University of Southern California Medical School, where he got his MD. He is on the staff of the Children's Hospital of Los Angeles; a member of the Los Angeles Surgical Society; and one of his duty assignments during the Second World War was with the 7th Infantry Division in the Aleutians, where the chief medical problem was frozen feet. He is a big, gruff, no-nonsense man, balding, with reddish hair. Because he does much of his operating in his own suite of offices, he wears his skull cap and green fatigues while he receives prospective patients.

When I was alone with him, I closed the door and said: "Doctor, I'm not really a prospective patient. I signed one of these forms so I could reach you in complete confidence. I came here at the request of a former patient, a man you knew as Eric S. Galt and whose real name is James Earl Ray."

"Who's he?" the doctor asked. "And who are you? I don't get the connection."

"I'm only a writer," I said. "But I thought you might remember operating on James Earl Ray alias Eric Galt. He is a man of some prominence. Hasn't anyone been here in the last few weeks to refresh your memory?"

"I'm still in the dark," Dr. Hadley said. "I don't remember any Galt or Ray. I'm a busy man. And nobody has refreshed my memory."

"Well, Ray alias Galt," I said, "is charged with the murder of Martin Luther King. And he told me you operated on him earlier this year."

I got the doctor's undivided attention. "What!" he said. "You mean I operated on this fellow who's accused of killing King?"

"He told me that you did," I said.

"And what was the name he says he came here under?"

"Galt. Eric S. Galt."

Abruptly, the doctor left the room, and I knew he was looking at his files. When he returned, he was on guard. He was also shaking his head in disbelief.

"Do you have his medical authority?" he asked.

"No, sir," I said. "I don't have it at this moment. Ray is in jail in Memphis, and I have to get the authority through his lawyer. I'll have it in 36 hours."

"Well, let's get this straight," the doctor emphasized. "I will not tell you anything. You bring me proper medical authority, and I'll proceed in the legally prescribed manner."

On Friday morning, September 27, 1968, I telephoned Dr. Hadley and told him I had the authority. He invited me to come to his office at 5:30 p.m. When I arrived, his nurses were gone. Only the doctor, his lawyer and his wife were present. After the lawyer examined and approved the authority I presented, Dr. Hadley was friendly and cooperative. But he was still stunned at the realization that during all the publicity he had never remembered that less than a month before the murder of Martin Luther King, he had altered the appearance of Eric S. Galt.

The doctor's records show that Ray first came to his office on February 19, 1968. Ray did his usual cheating on his age, giving his birth date as [redacted]. He gave his address as the St. Francis Hotel and listed his nearest relative as Carl L. Galt, 2608 Highland Ave., Birmingham, Ala. (He had used the same name before, with a different spelling of the first name and a St. Louis address.)

Ray's surgery was for "Reduction of Prominent Nasal Tip." On the record were these entries:

3/5 Nasal tip reconstruction for pointed tip.

Under local anesthesia in office.

Ret. Thurs.

3/7 Nasal pack removed. Doing well.

Ret. Mon.

3/11 Sutures removed. Healing well.

Ret. 6 wks.

Ray, of course, did not return in six weeks. And this meant that Dr. Hadley did not have before-and-after photos of his patient. Normally, the doctor makes before-and-after photos of every patient. He made *before* photos of Ray, but, for some reason, the camera wasn't working properly, and Ray's *before* photos were spoiled, along with those of several other patients. The *after* photos are not made until about six weeks after the operation, when healing is complete; and apparently Ray expected to be in Los Angeles six weeks after his operation. (The photos shown with this article are therefore from other sources.)

The fee for Ray's operation was \$200, paid in cash.

"I suppose I'm a fairly observant person," Dr. Hadley said. "And what amazes me is that, try as I might, I cannot remember anything at all about Eric S. Galt. I guess nobody will believe it, but it's the truth."

"I can believe it," I said. "Most everybody who has ever seen Ray describes him as a man who can go unnoticed in any crowd."

I advised Dr. Hadley to notify the FBI, which he promptly did. He also notified the Los Angeles Medical Association.

Before his nose could heal completely, Ray received by mail on March 15 the directive he had been expecting. He was wanted in Selma and Birmingham, Ala.

He drove his white Mustang from California through New Orleans,

continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

and on Friday, March 22, 1968, registered at the Flamingo Motel in Selma. The motel is near the Edmund Pettus Bridge, which Americans will remember. This was the bridge that became famous when Alabama State Troopers and the mounted deputies of Sheriff Jim Clark tear-gassed, beat down, rode down, and dispersed the first column of whites and Negroes that attempted to march from Selma to Montgomery. The television films of these incidents, which enraged many, are believed to have assured passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

The Flamingo Motel faces Highway 80, route of the Selma-to-Montgomery March, the high-water mark of the old Movement in which whites and blacks walked and hoped together. The man who led the march was Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

On February 16, 1968, Dr. King had spoken in Selma, and the *Times-Journal*, under a three-column picture of him on page one, reported:

"Dr. Martin Luther King brought his drive for a planned spring poor people's march on the nation's capital to Selma Friday in an appearance before a capacity crowd at the Tabernacle Baptist Church. . . .

"During the appearance he solicited both physical and financial support for the proposed march on Washington to protest against the economic plight of the nation's Negroes.

"He said that just like the plagues of Pharaoh's time they are planning to send waves of some 3000 persons each to the city until Congress takes some action toward eliminating economic depression among Negroes.

"King said that the city of Selma has probably made more progress in the past several years than any other in the South in its race relations.

"But he warned the crowd, made up of about equal numbers of adults and young people . . . that they must not become complacent, that there is still a long battle to be fought."

On Thursday afternoon, March 21, 1968, the Selma *Times-Journal* published this Associated Press dispatch:

"BIRMINGHAM, Ala. (AP)—Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. takes his recruiting drive for his poor people's march on Washington back into south Alabama today after spending the night in Birmingham. . . .

"King and his followers moved into Alabama late Wednesday after a two-day swing through Mississippi." The story also said: "He planned to drive to Lisman, Linden and Camden today, then fly to Atlanta. . . ." Camden is 33 miles from Selma.

On March 23, James Earl Ray left Selma for Atlanta.

The outline of the plot to murder Dr. King now begins to become visible to me. It may not be visible to my readers because, until Ray has been tried, I cannot reveal all that I have found to be true. But from what I know, from what I have learned from Ray, and from my investigative research, some of the features of the plot were:

- Dr. King was to be murdered for effect. His murder was planned, not by impulsive men who hated him personally, though they probably did hate him, but by calculating men who wanted to use his murder to trigger violent conflict between white and Negro citizens.

- He was to be murdered during the election year of 1968.

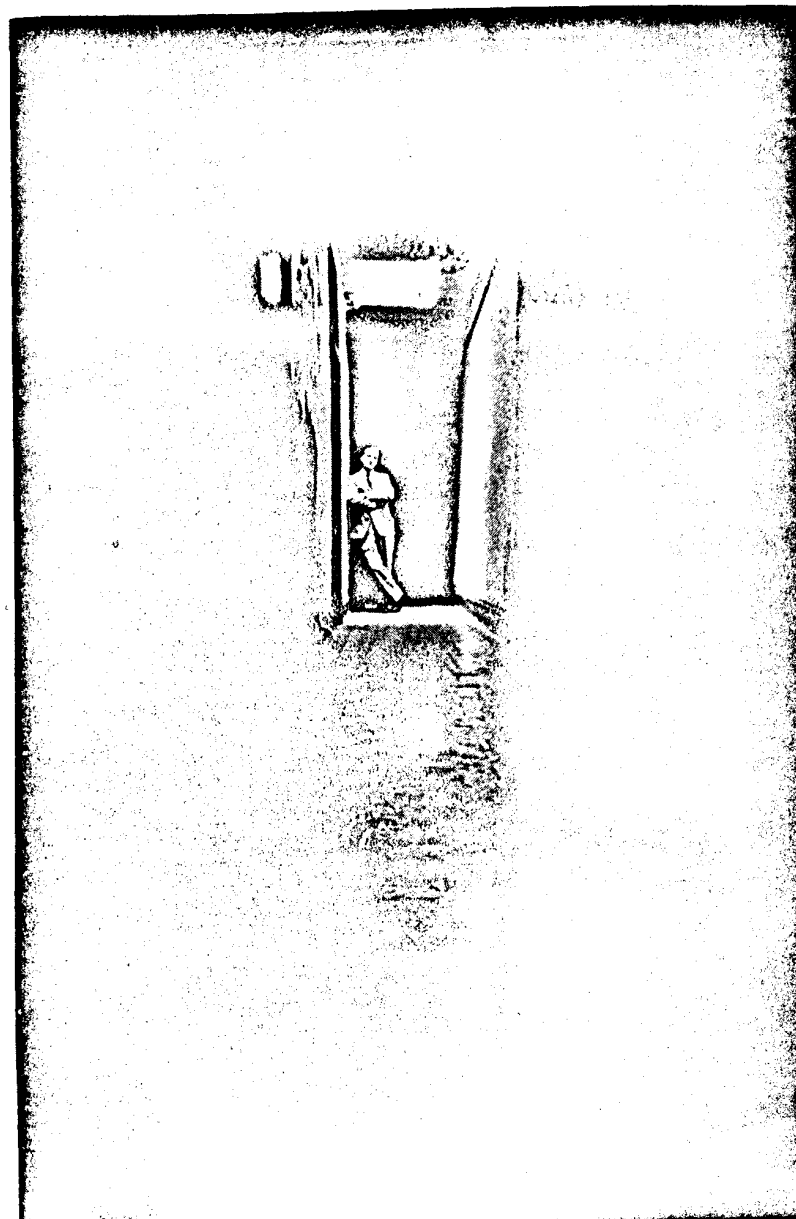
- Since he was to be murdered for maximum bloody effect, he was to be murdered, not while he was living quietly at his home in Atlanta, but at some dramatic moment, at some dramatic place where controversy was raging. By March 15, 1968, the plotters clearly had begun aiming at murdering him at some point where he was forming or leading the Poor People's March.

- He was to be murdered by a white man, or white men, who would be described as "Southerners" and "racists."

- Preferably, he was to be murdered in Birmingham or Montgomery or Selma, since these cities were milestones in his career as an advocate of racial change.

- There was no necessity, after the murder, for the murderer or murderers to be murdered to prevent a trial or trials—because a trial or trials could yield extra dividends of hatred and violence.

Therefore, in this plot, Dr. King was the secondary, not the primary, target. The primary target was the United States of America.



While he was in the Missouri State Penitentiary, Ray says, he noted the names of two lawyers he saw on television: F. Lee Bailey and another lawyer named Hanes. After he was arrested in London in 1968, Ray decided to ask Bailey to defend him in the United States. This request was forwarded through his court-appointed British attorney, but Bailey said no. Through the U.S. Embassy, the British attorney learned the full name of Arthur J. Hanes, and telephoned him. Hanes, shown above standing in the hallway of the rooming house from which the shot was fired that killed King, later received a letter from Ray and agreed to defend him.

In a future issue, William Bradford Huie plans to tell in detail the personal story that may not be developed at the trial—the activities of James Earl Ray between March 23 and the day that he was arrested in London.

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

feet high under the railroad, and I got in there and built a fire. When the fire was going good, I heard a motor. I stomped the fire out, but too late. Two railroad workers got off a motor car and came down to check on the smoke. I told them I had been hunting and got wet and started the fire to dry out. They said okay and left. They were the first humans I had spoken to since my escape. I stayed there the rest of the day, trying to help my feet, but I couldn't even rub them since I couldn't take my shoes off.

The 5th night I hobbled on. I had plenty of water to drink because there were many springs along the track, and I could hear them running. Just before daylight I saw the lights of a town big enough to risk going into. So I hid, and waited all the 6th day, and tried to clean up the best I could. I decided the heat must be off by now. So when night came I walked into the town, bought two cans of beer and some sandwiches, and went back to the railroad. Later that night I caught a train back to St. Louis. There I bought some over-sized shoes and a jacket. I took a cab to East St. Louis where I called a friend who drove me to Edwardsville, where I caught the bus for Chicago.

SIXTEEN MONTHS LATER, on August 21, 1968, I flew to Chicago to see if Ray was telling me the truth about the date of his arrival there after his escape. In a rented car, I drove down Diversey Parkway to North Sheffield Avenue, using a Ray diagram. I found the red-brick house he described: 2731 North Sheffield, a two-story-plus-basement rooming house.

I told the managers, Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, that I was looking for a man who disappeared after being in the Army, a man named John Rayns, who might have stayed in their house late in April or early in May, 1967. Mr. Donnelly produced his book, and there it was, in Ray's handwriting: *John Larry Rayns 4-30-67*.

"I remember him," Mrs. Donnelly said. "He had foot trouble when he came here. He stayed in the back basement room. A nice, quiet fellow, neat and clean. He paid \$14 a week for his room, and he always paid promptly. He was tidy and careful about his garbage. He stayed here six or eight weeks, got mail several times; and when he left, he said he had to go to Canada on business. I sure hope nothing has happened to him."

I didn't tell Mrs. Donnelly what had happened to the nice, quiet fellow named John Rayns. When she reads this, she'll know.

On May 3, 1967, John Larry Rayns read this advertisement in the Male Help Wanted section of the *Chicago Tribune*:

Kitchen man and dishwasher. 6-day wk. \$94.

For north suburban restaurant. Call Indian Trail at HI 6-1703.

Ray got this job, and thereby caused me to meet and astonish three fine, friendly people. It happened this way:

Winnetka, Ill., on Lake Michigan, 18 miles north of the Chicago Loop, is an incorporated village of 13,500 affluent white people. It's a fashionable suburb just north of Evanston and Northwestern University. One of Winnetka's sound institutions is the Indian Trail Restaurant, in a white, single-story, brick building across from the post office. The restaurant is the creation of two sisters, Clara and Elly Struvé, together with Clara's husband, Harvey Klingeman, who is Pennsylvania Dutch and a Rotarian. For 34 years, the Indian Trail has been a favored place for suburban families to lunch and dine in one of its three art-filled rooms. Some of the 78 employees have worked there since 1934, when the Klingemans and Elly Struvé rescued the restaurant from its third Depression failure.

The Klingeman family is the American success story. Industry, efficiency, responsibility, devotion, thrift, accumulation, humanitarianism. Hardworking parents whose four sons and one daughter all have attended college and lead comfortable, rewarding lives. The oldest son, a Ph.D., teaches at Oregon State at Corvallis, Ore. The middle son is a reserve marine and is a senior at Michigan State University. Clara Struvé Klingeman was born in Haifa, where her father was the U.S. consul. The family belonged to a Quaker-like sect, the Temple Society; and Mrs. Klingeman today is a Congregationalist, a serene, white-haired, kind-

eyed woman who radiates belief in the essential goodness of every human being.

About 9:30 a.m., August 21, 1968, I walked into the Indian Trail. The door was open, but there were no customers since there is no service until lunchtime. I went into the busy kitchen and found Mrs. Klingeman giving instructions. She took me for a salesman and invited me to join her for coffee and Danish pastry. I told her I was a writer from Alabama, and I wondered if she remembered an employee named John Rayns.

"Of course I remember John," she smiled. "Such a nice man. He was here for two or three months, and we so regretted to see him go. He came here as a dishwasher. But during his first week, we saw that he could be more than a dishwasher. So we promoted him to the steam table and raised his wages. He was quiet, neat, efficient and so dependable. He was never late a minute, though he had to ride the buses for perhaps fifteen miles each way. I felt sorry for him when he arrived here. He had been on a hunting trip, and his feet were sore. My sister got one of those long bandages from the hospital and showed him how to bind his feet, and he seemed so appreciative. I hope he is well. We wrote him after he left and told him how much we valued him and how we'd always have a job waiting for him. Do you know where he is now?"

I hesitated, temporarily overwhelmed by the ironies. "Yes," I said, "I know where he is. But first tell me: Hasn't anyone been here recently asking you about John Rayns?"

"No," she said, her curiosity rising. "You are the only person who has asked me about him since he left."

"That surprises me almost as much as I am going to surprise you," I said. "Let's lower our voices. You see, John Rayns is really James Earl Ray, and he is in jail in Memphis, accused of the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King."

I'll never forget the astonishment, followed quickly by anguish, in Mrs. Klingeman's eyes. For a long interval, she didn't speak. Then she asked: "Are you sure? It seems impossible. You mean he is the man we have read so much about? So cruel? So senseless? So shameful?"

I nodded, and she went on: "I don't know what to say. Dr. King spoke in Winnetka several years ago, and we went to hear him. He was such a good man. And I would have trusted John Rayns in my home to baby-sit with my grandchildren. It's frightening to learn that one can be so mistaken about people."

"Well," I said, "maybe you weren't so mistaken about the man you knew. Maybe he *was* reliable while he worked for you. He's prouder of his experience here than he is of anything else in his life. He urged me to 'learn about' him by talking first with you. You are the only employer who ever valued him and promoted him and paid him \$117 a week."

The earning record of John L. Rayns, furnished me by Mrs. Klingeman, shows that he received eight weekly checks, from May 7 to June 25, 1967. The Social Security number is [redacted]. The W-2 form shows that his total taxable earnings were \$813.66, with \$112.60 withheld for Federal income tax, and \$36.72 withheld for Social Security.

I lunched at the Indian Trail as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Klingeman. The sister who gave Ray the bandage was not Miss Elly Struvé, one of the three owners of the restaurant and who is now in poor health, but Mrs. Gertrude Struvé Paulus, who prepares salads in the kitchen. She worked near Ray and often talked with him.

"He would never initiate a conversation," Mrs. Paulus told me. "He seemed lonely and shy. But once I had asked him something, like how he felt, he would talk. We talked about Bremerhaven: He had been there in the Army, and I knew it years ago. And once or twice, I kidded him about the girls. But he didn't like it. He was not a man who liked the girls."

"No, he didn't," I said. "That's one of the published errors about him, about how he is always consorting with prostitutes. When he has sought the company of women, it has been only in the hope of getting their help in establishing an identity. When he came here, he had been in prison for seven years. Yet, in two months in Chicago, there is no evidence that he was once even close to a woman. Apparently, he has no sexual interest in women. He gets angry whenever I mention women to him."

continued

44-1987-1A-254

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

feet high under the railroad, and I got in there and built a fire. When the fire was going good, I heard a motor. I stomped the fire out, but too late. Two railroad workers got off a motor car and came down to check on the smoke. I told them I had been hunting and got wet and started the fire to dry out. They said okay and left. They were the first humans I had spoken to since my escape. I stayed there the rest of the day, trying to help my feet, but I couldn't even rub them since I couldn't take my shoes off.

The 5th night I hobbled on. I had plenty of water to drink because there were many springs along the track, and I could hear them running. Just before daylight I saw the lights of a town big enough to risk going into. So I hid, and waited all the 6th day, and tried to clean up the best I could. I decided the heat must be off by now. So when night came I walked into the town, bought two cans of beer and some sandwiches, and went back to the railroad. Later that night I caught a train back to St. Louis. There I bought some over-sized shoes and a jacket. I took a cab to East St. Louis where I called a friend who drove me to Edwardsville, where I caught the bus for Chicago.

SIXTEEN MONTHS LATER, on August 21, 1968, I flew to Chicago to see if Ray was telling me the truth about the date of his arrival there after his escape. In a rented car, I drove down Diversey Parkway to North Sheffield Avenue, using a Ray diagram. I found the red-brick house he described: 2731 North Sheffield, a two-story-plus-basement rooming house.

I told the managers, Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, that I was looking for a man who disappeared after being in the Army, a man named John Rayns, who might have stayed in their house late in April or early in May, 1967. Mr. Donnelly produced his book, and there it was, in Ray's handwriting: *John Larry Rayns 4-30-67*.

"I remember him," Mrs. Donnelly said. "He had foot trouble when he came here. He stayed in the back basement room. A nice, quiet fellow, neat and clean. He paid \$14 a week for his room, and he always paid promptly. He was tidy and careful about his garbage. He stayed here six or eight weeks, got mail several times; and when he left, he said he had to go to Canada on business. I sure hope nothing has happened to him."

I didn't tell Mrs. Donnelly what had happened to the nice, quiet fellow named John Rayns. When she reads this, she'll know.

On May 3, 1967, John Larry Rayns read this advertisement in the Male Help Wanted section of the *Chicago Tribune*:

Kitchen man and dishwasher. 6-day wk. \$94.
For north suburban restaurant. Call Indian Trail at HI 6-1703.

Ray got this job, and thereby caused me to meet and astonish three fine, friendly people. It happened this way:

Winnetka, Ill., on Lake Michigan, 18 miles north of the Chicago Loop, is an incorporated village of 13,500 affluent white people. It's a fashionable suburb just north of Evanston and Northwestern University. One of Winnetka's sound institutions is the Indian Trail Restaurant, in a white, single-story, brick building across from the post office. The restaurant is the creation of two sisters, Clara and Elly Struvé, together with Clara's husband, Harvey Klingeman, who is Pennsylvania Dutch and a Rotarian. For 34 years, the Indian Trail has been a favored place for suburban families to lunch and dine in one of its three art-filled rooms. Some of the 78 employees have worked there since 1934, when the Klingemans and Elly Struvé rescued the restaurant from its third Depression failure.

The Klingeman family is the American success story. Industry, efficiency, responsibility, devotion, thrift, accumulation, humanitarianism. Hardworking parents whose four sons and one daughter all have attended college and lead comfortable, rewarding lives. The oldest son, a Ph.D., teaches at Oregon State at Corvallis, Ore. The middle son is a reserve marine and is a senior at Michigan State University. Clara Struvé Klingeman was born in Haifa, where her father was the U.S. consul. The family belonged to a Quaker-like sect, the Temple Society; and Mrs. Klingeman today is a Congregationalist, a serene, white-haired, kind-

eyed woman who radiates belief in the essential goodness of every human being.

About 9:30 a.m., August 21, 1968, I walked into the Indian Trail. The door was open, but there were no customers since there is no service until lunchtime. I went into the busy kitchen and found Mrs. Klingeman giving instructions. She took me for a salesman and invited me to join her for coffee and Danish pastry. I told her I was a writer from Alabama, and I wondered if she remembered an employee named John Rayns.

"Of course I remember John," she smiled. "Such a nice man. He was here for two or three months, and we so regretted to see him go. He came here as a dishwasher. But during his first week, we saw that he could be more than a dishwasher. So we promoted him to the steam table and raised his wages. He was quiet, neat, efficient and so dependable. He was never late a minute, though he had to ride the buses for perhaps fifteen miles each way. I felt sorry for him when he arrived here. He had been on a hunting trip, and his feet were sore. My sister got one of those long bandages from the hospital and showed him how to bind his feet, and he seemed so appreciative. I hope he is well. We wrote him after he left and told him how much we valued him and how we'd always have a job waiting for him. Do you know where he is now?"

I hesitated, temporarily overwhelmed by the ironies. "Yes," I said, "I know where he is. But first tell me: Hasn't anyone been here recently asking you about John Rayns?"

"No," she said, her curiosity rising. "You are the only person who has asked me about him since he left."

"That surprises me almost as much as I am going to surprise you," I said. "Let's lower our voices. You see, John Rayns is really James Earl Ray, and he is in jail in Memphis, accused of the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King."

I'll never forget the astonishment, followed quickly by anguish, in Mrs. Klingeman's eyes. For a long interval, she didn't speak. Then she asked: "Are you sure? It seems impossible. You mean he is the man we have read so much about? So cruel? So senseless? So shameful?"

I nodded, and she went on: "I don't know what to say. Dr. King spoke in Winnetka several years ago, and we went to hear him. He was such a good man. And I would have trusted John Rayns in my home to baby-sit with my grandchildren. It's frightening to learn that one can be so mistaken about people."

"Well," I said, "maybe you weren't so mistaken about the man you knew. Maybe he *was* reliable while he worked for you. He's prouder of his experience here than he is of anything else in his life. He urged me to 'learn about' him by talking first with you. You are the only employer who ever valued him and promoted him and paid him \$117 a week."

The earning record of John L. Rayns, furnished me by Mrs. Klingeman, shows that he received eight weekly checks, from May 7 to June 25, 1967. The Social Security number is [redacted]. The W-2 form shows that his total taxable earnings were \$813.66, with \$112.60 withheld for Federal income tax, and \$36.72 withheld for Social Security.

I lunched at the Indian Trail as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Klingeman. The sister who gave Ray the bandage was not Miss Elly Struvé, one of the three owners of the restaurant and who is now in poor health, but Mrs. Gertrude Struvé Paulus, who prepares salads in the kitchen. She worked near Ray and often talked with him.

"He would never initiate a conversation," Mrs. Paulus told me. "He seemed lonely and shy. But once I had asked him something, like how he felt, he would talk. We talked about Bremerhaven: He had been there in the Army, and I knew it years ago. And once or twice, I kidded him about the girls. But he didn't like it. He was not a man who liked the girls."

"No, he didn't," I said. "That's one of the published errors about him, about how he is always consorting with prostitutes. When he has sought the company of women, it has been only in the hope of getting their help in establishing an identity. When he came here, he had been in prison for seven years. Yet, in two months in Chicago, there is no evidence that he was once even close to a woman. Apparently, he has no sexual interest in women. He gets angry whenever I mention women to him."

continued

44-1987-1A-254