

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Ray's Pre-Trial Publicity

THE question of who and what are covered by the pre-trial publicity ban of the judge in the James Earl Ray case comes up again with publication of a magazine article today.

Criminal Court Judge W. Preston Battle has held four men in contempt of court. One is Ray's attorney, another a private detective, and two are Memphis newsmen. A fifth man, with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, might have to show cause why he should not be included under the publicity ban if he comes to Memphis to testify.

There is now the question about what effect the court edict has on author William Bradford Huie, whose first in a series of "inside" articles on Ray's life and times is published today in Look magazine.

Huie is paying Ray for information. Ray's attorney is the courier for the questions and answers.

Today's first installment makes sev-

eral flat statements as to what Ray did or did not do in the year or so before the murder of Martin Luther King Jr. in Memphis. Writer Huie spends a good part of his prose on character analysis, based on interviews with people who had known Ray, some of them named and some anonymous.

Nothing in the article relates directly to Memphis events or to the King slaying, but the fact remains that much of what is printed amounts to direct quotations from Ray — something which no working newsman has been permitted to obtain.

We find it interesting that a freelance writer willing to pay Ray for "telling his story" can find his way to individuals who say they have never heard from the FBI, and that he can publish what amounts to a personal interview with the accused when newsmen are chastised for speaking to Ray's attorney or any law-enforcement officers with knowledge of the case.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 6

The Commercial Appeal

Memphis, Tenn.

Date: 10-29-68

Edition: Final

Author:

Editor: Frank R. Ahlgren

Title:

Character:

or

Classification: 44-1987

Submitting Office: Memphis

☐ Being Investigated

44-38861-5330
ENCLOSURE

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Huie Article On Possible Conspiracy Is Published By Look Magazine

By CHARLES THORNTON

Criminal Court Judge W. Preston Battle yesterday ordered witnesses in the James Earl Ray murder case not to read, listen to or watch news accounts of the case, beginning when testimony starts in the trial.

Meanwhile, despite Judge Battle's order to control pre-trial publicity, a national magazine, Look, presented yet another version of a possible conspiracy to kill Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

The possibility of a conspiracy has been tossed about by publications in this country and Europe since The Commercial Appeal disclosed a supposed police chase minutes after the slaying, between a white Mustang and a blue Pontiac may have been a hoax.

In the Look first-of-a-series titled "The Plot to Assassinate Martin Luther King," author William Bradford Huie says Ray wrote in notes to him from his Shelby County Jail cell that he was tempted out of a Canadian hideout before the killing by a \$12,000 offer to make a mystery mission to Birmingham.

Neither Mr. Huie nor Look is known to be within the court's jurisdiction and may not be until the Ray trial opens, if then. Judge Battle's authority stops at the Shelby County line.

In the sequestering order, Judge Battle, who will preside over the trial, said:

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page /

The Commercial
Appeal

Memphis, Tenn.

Date: 10-29-68

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☐ Being Investigated

44-38861-5330
ENCLOSURE

"No witness subpoenaed in the case shall read newspaper articles about the case, watch television programs about the case nor listen to radio broadcasts about the case from the beginning of taking of testimony in the case and until he has been excused by the court. This provision shall not apply to the defendant, personally."

The court order does not mention magazines or books.

Judge Battle last night said "five or six" witnesses have been subpoenaed. One witness subpoenaed is Gregory Jaynes, a reporter for The Commercial Appeal.

"I haven't seen the magazine article but I doubt I would comment on it in any case," said Judge Battle, last night. Members of Judge Battle's friend-of-the-court committee to investigate pretrial publicity, also declined comment.

"I don't think the committee should comment except in open court," said Leo Bearman Jr., one of the seven lawyers on the panel.

Lucius Burch, who has spoken for the committee in court during contempt hearings against reporters and attorneys, was in Nashville and could not be reached.

Mr. Huie, who says he is Ray's biographer, has not seen Ray personally but has submitted written questions to him through his attorney, Arthur J. Hanes of Birmingham. Mr. Huie resides in Hartselle, Ala.

In the article, Mr. Huie says Ray told him the money offer came in a Montreal waterfront cafe from "a man whom Ray

(Continued on Page 4)

calls Raoul and describes to me as being a blond Latin about 35, and whom Ray took to be a seaman."

Mr. Huie said Ray made contact with Raoul by making it known in bars that he was in trouble in the United States and needed money.

He said Ray talked with Raoul about six times in the Neptune Tavern in Montreal, and Raoul's proposition boiled down to this:

Ray would meet Raoul in a railroad station at Windsor, Canada, on Aug. 21, 1967, at 3 p.m., and prepare to make several trips across the border from Windsor to Detroit, carrying packages with unspecified contents in an old red Plymouth Ray was driving.

Ray would then sell the Plymouth and go by train or bus to Birmingham where he would lie low, take no risks, pull no holdups, accumulate "a little ID (identification)" and wait for instructions by general delivery mail.

Raoul, Mr. Huie said, would pay Ray's living expenses and then come to Birmingham and buy Ray a "suitable car." After a few weeks or months, and after a little "joint activity," Raoul would pay Ray \$12,000, give him a passport and "other ID" and help him go "anywhere in the world."

Another part of the proposition was that Ray would ask no questions, and Ray reportedly told Mr. Huie, "Everytime I tried to ask Raoul a question, he told me straight to remember that he wasn't paying me to ask questions."

Mr. Huie wrote that Raoul did, however, reveal to Ray that he (Raoul) had spent some time in New Orleans. He reportedly gave Ray a New Orleans telephone number.

Ray, Mr. Huie said, was wary of returning to the United States where he might be caught and returned to Missouri State Penitentiary from which he escaped in April, 1967.

"Well, I didn't know what to do. If I took Raoul's proposition, I had to go back to the States and risk the Missouri Pen again. I didn't want to do that. I had sworn I'd never go back. But I was running out of capital again and I didn't want to risk another holdup in Canada," Ray was quoted by Mr. Huie.

Ray said he agreed to meet Raoul in Birmingham after he decided against using a pretty Canadian government worker, with whom he had become intimate, to get a fraudulent passport. Ray said the decision to meet Raoul was based on fear that the woman would turn him in if he told her the truth about himself.

The woman reportedly said Ray had written her last March from the States but she tore the letters up after she learned who he was. She said she hoped no one would ever find out she knew him.

The article purports to explain how Ray escaped from the Missouri Penitentiary and how he later chose the name Eric S. Galt. Ray is quoted as admitting he tried for and got a bad conduct discharge from the Army because he didn't like the infantry.

He began a life of crime, it says, which was sharply curtailed in 1960 when he was sentenced to 20 years in prison for an armed robbery of a St. Louis Kroger grocery that netted him \$120.

Warden Harold Swenson has said Ray escaped by hiding in a bread box but Mr. Huie lets Ray correct the warden by claiming he escaped by going over the 23-foot wall.

The name Galt, Mr. Huie wrote, was chosen by luck and not because there is a real Eric S. Galt living in Canada, although there is. Mr. Huie said Ray told him he chose the name after seeing the name on a road sign. Eric was chosen because he wanted an uncommon first name.

The article ends in typical fashion of a first-parter with

the reader wondering about the mission to Birmingham.

Although Mr. Huie refers to "the plot to murder Dr. King," he does not establish any plot to do so. The accused man is never quoted mentioning Dr. King by name.

The only direct hint of conspiracy is Mr. Huie's quoting Ray as saying that Raoul offered \$12,000, among other things, after a little "joint activity," seeming to indicate that the undisclosed mission would involve someone besides Ray.

There have been widely circulated reports that the key defense strategy will be that Ray was only "a decoy" sent

to the scene to drop the deer rifle and lead police on a wild chase while the real killer escaped. This would permit the defense to concede the accuracy of expected FBI testimony tending to place Ray at the scene of the crime.

Mr. Hanes has publicity contended a Communist conspiracy is involved.

Meanwhile, The Commercial Appeal-Chicago Daily News Service reported Mr. Huie, appearing on a television talk show in Chicago, predicted a second arrest in the murder case within two weeks. "It wouldn't surprise me if there were another arrest before the trial begins."

As the trial approaches, Shelby County officials are gearing for the onslaught by the world press. Charles

Holmes, information officer at Memphis State University, began full-time work yesterday to handle news releases for the sheriff's department.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Judge Declines Comment On New Ray Story

Criminal Court Judge W. Preston Battle today declined comment on a national magazine story suggesting James Earl Ray, charged with the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, was approached to participate in a mysterious international conspiracy.

Arthur J. Hanes, attorney for Ray, and Lucious Burch, Memphis attorney who frequently has been spokesman for the Memphis-Shelby Bar Association committee which recommended Judge Battle's ban on pre-trial "publicity," said they had not read the story and also had no comment.

The article, by William Bradford Huie, Alabama author, is published in the Nov. 12 issue of Look Magazine. A spokesman for the magazine in New York said details of the copyrighted story were not available for the press until 6 p.m. today.

Burch said that he was sure that if there were anything in the article that violated the court's order on "publicity," the bar committee would meet and go into it.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

— Page 1

— Memphis Press-
Scimitar

— Memphis, Tenn.

Date: 10-28-68

Edition: Home

Author:

Editor: Charles H.

Title: Schneider

Character:

or

Classification: 44-1987

Submitting Office: Memphis

☐ Being Investigated

44-38861-5330
ENCLOSURE

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Fingerprint Expert Ordered To Appear in Contempt Case

An FBI fingerprint expert has been ordered to appear Dec. 6 before Criminal Court Judge W. Preston Battle to show cause why he should not be held in contempt in connection with the court's order against pre-trial publicity in the James Earl Ray case.

Battle issued the order yesterday on a contempt petition brought against FBI agent George Bonebrake, by the court's seven-lawyer advisory committee.

In issuing the order, Battle said he did not set a hearing in advance of Ray's trial, scheduled to begin Nov. 12, because the earliest date he could hear the matter would be Nov. 1, just 11 days before the trial.

RULING

"The reason for orders on publicity and hearings on their alleged violations is to deter prejudicial publicity from infecting the community from which the jury must be drawn," Battle wrote. "In the nature of things, hearings on alleged violations of publicity orders result in pervasive dissemination of

prejudicial publicity and are, to that extent, self defeating."

The bar association committee cited a story appearing Sept. 12 in the Wichita, Kan., Beacon in which Bonebrake was quoted as saying fingerprints taken of Ray in London matched "latent prints" taken by police in Memphis shortly after Dr. Martin Luther King was slain.

PUBLICATION

The story was picked up earlier this month by The Press Scimitar and the Commercial Appeal. It also prompted Arthur J. Hanes, Ray's attorney, to blast the court's injunction as unfair to the defense and the committee was called "Harper Valley P-TA hypocrites."

Hanes, along with a private investigator, Renfro Hays, and two reporters, Roy Hamilton of the Press Scimitar and Charles Edmundson, of the Commercial Appeal, had been held in

contempt earlier by the judge in connection with other stories. Battle did not pass sentence, however, stating he wanted to hold the case under consideration until after the trial. The two newspapers have taken steps to appeal his ruling as it affects coverage of the news.

A copy of the judge's latest order is being forwarded to Bonebrake's boss, U.S. Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark in Washington. It asks that Bonebrake submit himself voluntarily to the court's jurisdiction.

Battle's anti publicity injunction prohibits out of court comments on the Ray case by all those with official connections in the case, including attorneys, investigators and witnesses.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

—Page 12

—Memphis
Press-Scimitar

—Memphis, Tenn.

Date: 10-25-68

Edition: Final

Author:

Editor: Charles H.

Title: Schneider

Character:

or

Classification: 44-1987

Submitting Office: Memphis

☐ Being Investigated

44-38861-5330
ENCLOSURE

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

FBI Tries To Tag Voices In Ray Case

By ART PETACQUE

The Commercial Appeal-Chicago
Daily News Service

CHICAGO, Oct. 24. — The United States Justice Department is using tape recordings of voices of James Earl Ray's acquaintances to determine whether they contacted him by telephone or other means while he worked at a Winnetka, Ill., restaurant or elsewhere, it was learned Thursday.

The disclosure came from Harvey Klingeman, who for 35 years has operated Indian Trail Restaurant in Winnetka, a Chicago suburb. Ray, accused of murdering the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., worked at the restaurant in 1967.

Klingeman's wife was asked about phone calls made to the restaurant for Ray during the May 3-June 24, 1967, period, when he worked as a dishwasher and kitchen helper, Klingeman said.

Mrs. Klingeman also was asked about persons who went to the back door of the restaurant, while Ray was working, and waited to talk to him outside, the restaurateur said.

Klingeman said that because of the time that had elapsed his wife wasn't able to be of much help to the Federal Bureau of Investigation agents who interrogated her.

At the time Ray worked at the restaurant, he was a fugitive from justice because of his escape from the Missouri State Prison.

He was living in Chicago and commuting most of the way to Winnetka by the Chicago Transit Authority elevated system, Klingeman said.

Klingeman said FBI agents did not disclose the identity of the voices on the tapes. He speculated, however, that they were those of relatives or others who might have been involved with him at some time

prior to the murder of Dr. King in Memphis April 4.

Klingeman said visitors interrupted Ray at work on at least two occasions that he could recall. He did not see the callers, Klingeman reported, adding that none of the current employees did either.

The whereabouts of Ray during this time in his life came to light when William Bradford Huie, an author Ray hired to write his life story, went to the restaurant last August to interrogate the Klingemans about the employee they knew as John L. Rayns.

After that visit, the Klingemans went to the Winnetka police and told them of the writer's visit.

One of the reasons given by Huie in pursuing the restaurant period in Ray's life was his desire to knock down stories that linked him with prostitutes and cast a bad light on his habits.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1

The Commercial Appeal

Memphis, Tenn.

Date: 10-25-68

Edition: Final

Author:

Editor: Frank R. Ahlgren

Title:

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or

Classification: 44-1987

Submitting Office: Memphis

☐ Being Investigated

ENCLOSURE

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI (44-38861)

DATE: 11/5/68

FROM : SAC, KANSAS CITY (44-760) -P-

SUBJECT: MURKIN

Re Kansas City letter to the Bureau, dated 8/14/68.

On 8/27/68, MELVIN LEMONS, Secretary to the Director, Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Missouri, advised inmate STEPHEN LUTHER EVANS was transferred to the U. S. Penitentiary, Lewisburg, Pa., 7/19/67. He has requested his file be returned here for review.

On 8/31/68, AXIE POWELL, Deputy U. S. Court Clerk, Springfield, Missouri, advised she recalled EVANS did have a hearing in U. S. District Court before the Honorable ELMO B. HUNTER, but this would be on file in Kansas City, Missouri.

On 9/20/68, the file pertaining to EVANS revealed the attorney to be E. C. CURTIS, 750 N. Jefferson, Springfield, Missouri and the officer involved as JAMES W. CALLAHAN, JR.

On 10/2/68, Attorney E. C. CURTIS advised he recalled the hearing involving discrimination at the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners, Springfield, Missouri, and that he represented EVANS. He did interview some of the witnesses for EVANS but at no time was there ever any conversation about MARTIN LUTHER KING. The entire proceeding was limited exclusively to alleged discriminatory practices at the prison. He never asked KENNETH LONE or any other witness if he had heard a guard say he was a member of a group which would pay to have MARTIN LUTHER KING killed. KING's name never came up during the entire proceedings.

② - Bureau (RM)
2 - Kansas City
JAM:ENV
(4)

EX-102

REC 54

44-38861-5331
11 NOV 7 1968



5 NOV 15 1968

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds Regularly on the Payroll Savings Plan

KC 44-760

Several attempts were made to interview CALLAHAN with negative results. He has been working the Midnight to 8:00 AM shift at the prison.

On 10/28/68, CALLAHAN stated he has no information regarding any group that would pay to kill MARTIN LUTHER KING. He denied he ever made the statement, "I know how to take care of colored people". He has never shown any racial basis in his treatment of inmates and in fact, he was an admirer of KING. He never heard of the Cooley organization. He did appear in U. S. District Court, Springfield, Missouri some time ago to answer charges made by EVANS that he was discriminating against Negro inmates. He denied all of the accusations made by EVANS. He never heard the name of MARTIN LUTHER KING mentioned by anyone at this hearing since the testimony was limited to the alleged discriminatory practices at the prison.

November 6, 1968 -
GENERAL INVESTIGATIVE DIVISION

This is the case involving the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Office of Mr. Phil M. Canale, Jr., State Attorney General, Shelby County, Memphis, Tennessee, previously requested the Bureau to search its files to ascertain whether or not any information of an aggravating nature exists on approximately 100 names from which the jury will be selected on the state trial of James Earl Ray on 11-12-68, at Memphis.

In view of fact that this involved a partial jury panel investigation and written authorization must be obtained from the Deputy Attorney General before a request such as this is honored, we directed a letter to the Deputy Attorney General.

The attached is in response to our letter, and Memphis is being advised accordingly.

REL:erg

[Handwritten signatures and initials: "J", "C", "R", "M", "D", "L"]

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

TO : Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation

DATE: November

FROM : *SJP* Stephen J. Pollak
Assistant Attorney General
Civil Rights Division

SJP:eb

D.J. 144-72-682

SUBJECT: Assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Mr. Tolson	✓
Mr. DeLoach	✓
Mr. Mohr	✓
Mr. Bishop	✓
Mr. Casper	✓
Mr. Callahan	✓
Mr. Conrad	✓
Mr. Felt	✓
Mr. Gale	✓
Mr. Rosen	✓
Mr. Sullivan	✓
Mr. Tavel	✓
Mr. Trotter	✓
Tele. Room	✓
Miss Holmes	✓
Miss Gandy	✓

The Deputy Attorney General has asked me to respond to your memorandum of November 1, 1968, in respect to the above referenced matter.

You are hereby authorized to respond to the request of the office of Mr. Phil M. Canale, Jr., that the Bureau search its files to determine whether any of the persons on the venire from which jurors will be chosen have or have had associations with the Ku Klux Klan or other hate groups.

REC 5

44-38861-5332

4 NOV 5 1968

EX-105

SIX

Nov 6 10 42 AM '68

REC'D DE LOACH
F B I

Nov 6 8 29 AM '68

REC'D DE LOACH
F B I

REC'D ROSEN
FBI

Nov 5 3 58 PM '68
Nov 6 10 26 AM '68

RECEIVED DIRECTOR
F. B. I.

Nov 6 8 54 AM '68

REC'D - CIV RIGHTS
FBI

RECEIVED TOLSON
FBI

Nov 6 12 06 PM '68

REC'D - CIV RIGHTS
FBI

Nov 5 5 01 PM '68

100-441600
11/6/68

November 7, 1968

AIRTEL

1 - Mr. Long

To: SAC, Memphis (44-1987)

From: EX-105 REC 5 Director, FBI (44-38861) - 53 32

MURKIN

Re Memphis airtel to the Bureau 10-30-68.

The Deputy Attorney General, U. S. Department of Justice, has given the Bureau authority to respond to the request of Mr. Phil M. Canale, Jr., State Attorney General, Shelby County, Memphis, Tennessee, concerning the search of Bureau files to determine whether any of the persons on the venire from which jurors will be chosen have or have not associations with the Ku Klux Klan or other hate-groups.

You will, therefore, immediately search your respective files and provide the appropriate information to Mr. Canale in true blind memorandum form (unwatermarked plain bond). You should submit a copy of this memorandum to the Bureau.

717552 A review of the Bureau files concerning the names of respective jurors disclosed the following

George Anderson
822 King Road Your attention is called to San Diego teletype to Bureau, copy to Memphis file 44-1987, dated 6-11-68, re MURKIN, which refers to one George Anderson.

James L. Bell
1301 Dogwood Drive See Knoxville report, SA Theodore A. Sanders, dated 12-2-65, "United Klans of America, Inc., Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Racial Matters," cc designated for Memphis file 105-38. This report, on page four, lists one James Bell as an officer of Klavern #3.

Enclosures (66)

REL:jms
(4)

SEE NOTE PAGE THREE

56 NOV 15 1968

MAIL ROOM ☐ TELETYPE UNIT ☐

Tolson _____
DeLoach _____
Mohr _____
Bishop _____
Casper _____
Callahan _____
Conrad _____
Felt _____
Gale _____
Rosen _____
Sullivan _____
Tavel _____
Trotter _____
Tele. Room _____
Holmes _____
Gandy _____

RECEIVED CIVIL RIGHTS
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
(S) DIVISION 571

NOV 7 10 23 AM '68

F. B. I.
U. S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

COMM 181
NOV - 3 1968
MAILED 3

REC'D CIV RIGHTS
FBI
NOV 7 3 55 PM '68

Airtel to Memphis
RE: MURKIN

Aaron ~~Payne~~ *nm*
543 Edith See Memphis file 44-2034 in which matter Aaron
Payne, Jr., 543 Edith Street, Memphis, was the complainant.

Marvin T. ~~Perkins~~
2713 Windsor Parkway See Charlotte report; SA Bois D. Crocker,
dated 12-4-58, "U. S. Klans, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,
Incorporated (North Carolina); Internal Security - Klan," copy
of which was designated Memphis file 105-381. Page 23 of this
report identifies one Marvin Perkins as an officer of Klavern
#2, Lexington, North Carolina.

J. William ~~Price~~
118 Farrow Memphis, see your file 91-798 re John William
Price. *Price*

Fred ~~Smith~~ *nm*
980 West Normand By letter, 9-25-68, Knoxville in letter
captioned "Dixie Klans, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc.,
aka., IS - Klan," furnished list of members of this organiza-
tion received from KX 1004-S. Included on list was name of
Fred Smith, not further identified.

Willie L. ~~Price~~ *nm*
219 Timberlane See Memphis file 43-190 re Willie Lee Price.

Based on the extremely limited identifying data
furnished, no record or identifiable information was found listed
on the jury panel with the exception of the above, which may
pertain to these jury members.

For your further assistance two copies each of 33
individual identification records are enclosed.

No assurance whatever can be made that the above material
pertains to any of the members of the jury panel due to the fact
that the only identifying data furnished were the names and
addresses. Many of the names on the panel list are extremely
common names; and in such instances, it was necessary to limit the
search of ~~the~~ indices to the Tennessee area. (This paragraph
should be included in the blind memorandum given to Mr. Canale.)

NOTE:

See Departmental memorandum of Stephen J. Pollak, AAG, to the Bureau dated 11-4-68, captioned, "Assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr." Memphis is being furnished with results of Bureau indices search and search of identification records for their assistance, as well as instructions regarding dissemination of this information. Information regarding our indices search and instructions to Memphis to proceed with their indices search given to Memphis by telephone on 11-6-68.

11-5-68

AIRTEL

1 - Mr. Long

To: Legat, Ottawa

From: Director, FBI REC-35

MURKIN

EX-102

William Bradford Huie, author, has written an article for "Look" magazine and this article appeared in the November 12, 1968, issue circulated in the United States on October 29, 1968. Included in this article is an account of a deal concerning a "joint activity" (not fully described or identified) with an individual by the name of "Raoul" wherein Ray was to transport packages between the United States and Canada. The article also includes an account of Ray robbing a house of prostitution in Montreal, Canada.

Legat, Ottawa, should request the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) at Montreal, Canada, to make appropriate inquiry on information pertaining to "Raoul's" and Ray's alleged "joint activity" and the alleged holdup by Ray of the house of prostitution. Legat may desire to review this entire article for background information and for making suggestions to the RCMP.

Two copies of this article enclosed.

Enc: (2)
1 - SAC, Memphis (44-1987)

1 - Foreign Liaison (Cleared with SA Graham Day)

REL:jms
(5)

NOTE: See Rosen to DeLoach memorandum 10-31-68, captioned, "Murkin."

Tolson _____
DeLoach _____
Mohr _____
Bishop _____
Casper _____
Callahan _____
Conrad _____
Felt _____
Gale _____
Rosen _____
Sullivan _____
Tavel _____
Trotter _____
Tele. Room _____
Holmes _____
Gandy _____

51 NOV 15 1968

MAIL ROOM ☒ TELETYPE UNIT ☐

copies made
2-2-78 JTA/jm
re: Huie
For review at FBIHQ by
HSCA re 1-20-78 request.
(See Bufile #82-117290)

REC'D MAIL ROOM
FBI

Nov 5 3 45 PM '68

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI
FROM: SAC, NEW YORK

(1)
RE: MURDER OF

RECEIVED
NOV 10 1968
FBI NEW YORK

COPIES MADE DATE 5/14/78 BY
RBC/SS RE M.L. King, Jr.
FOR REVIEW AT FBIHQ AND/OR DEPT.
TO HSCA RE REQUEST DATED 5/3/78.
(SEE BUFILE 62-117290).

REC-32

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

Tolson _____
DeLoach _____
Mohr _____
Bishop _____
Casper _____
Callahan _____
Conrad _____
Felt _____
Gale _____
Rosen _____
Sullivan _____
Tavel _____
Trotter _____
Tele. Room _____
Holmes _____
Gandy _____

TO : Mr. DeLoach

DATE: October 31, 1968

FROM : A. Rosen

1 - Mr. DeLoach
1 - Mr. Rosen
1 - Mr. Malley
1 - Mr. McGowan
1 - Mr. Long

1 - Mr. Bishop
1 - Mr. Sullivan

SUBJECT: MURKIN

SYNOPSIS:

This is the case involving the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr.

William Bradford Huie, author, has written an article, based upon notes of James Earl Ray for "Look" magazine. The article appears in the November 12, 1968, issue; this issue circulated October 29, 1968. The items essentially discussed in this article are: background of Ray including his incarceration at Missouri State Penitentiary (MSP) and his assignment with the U. S. Army in Germany, method of escape from MSP; employment at the Indian Trail Restaurant, Winnetka, Illinois; a partial account of his activities in Montreal, Canada, including consorting with a female employee of the Canadian Government; deal concerning a "joint activity" (not fully described or identified) with an individual by the name of "Raoul," where Ray was to transport packages (not further described) between the United States and Canada, however, the possibility exists that the packages could contain contraband, such as narcotics. No specific information in article of a conspiracy, however, inference is given by the author that a conspiracy exists; and an account of Ray robbing a house of prostitution in Montreal. We have been aware of all the information appearing in this article, with the exception of that pertaining to "Raoul" and Ray's alleged holdup of the house of prostitution in Montreal, Canada.

ACTION:

We are requesting the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, through Legat, Ottawa to make appropriate inquiry on the information pertaining to "Raoul" and Ray's alleged holdup of the house of prostitution, which had not been previously brought to our attention.

REL:jld/cs/jms

REC-35

17 NOV 8 1968

SEE DETAILS PAGE TWO...

REC'D DE LOACH
Nov 4 12 47 PM '68

Nov 4 12 21 PM '68

REC'D DE LOACH Nov 1 9 33 AM '68

F B I

REC'D DE LOACH
F B I

Nov 1 12 36 PM '68

RECEIVED DIRECTOR
F B I

Nov 7 12 41 PM '68
RECEIVED
F B I

Nov 4 12 05 PM '68

F B I
REC-D BISHOP

Nov 7 12 41 PM '68

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI
FROM : SAC, NEW YORK (100-100000)
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a memorandum or letter body.]

Nov 7 12 41 PM '68
REC'D DE LOACH
F B I

Rosen to DeLoach Memo
RE: MURKIN

DETAILS:

This is the case involving the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr.

William Bradford Huie, author, whose books include, "Three Lives for Mississippi" dealing with murder of the three civil rights workers in June of 1964, previously advised us that he entered into a contract with James Earl Ray to write the true account of Ray's activities and background concerning the assassination of King. Huie has been provided with notes from James Earl Ray, through Ray's attorney Arthur B. Hanes, Sr., Birmingham, Alabama.

Huie has written an article based upon the notes of James Earl Ray, for "Look" magazine. This article appears in the November 12, 1968, issue of "Look" magazine and this issue has reached the newsstands for circulation on October 29, 1968.

The items essentially discussed in this article are as follows;

1. Background of James Earl Ray concerning different phases of his incarceration at the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City, Missouri, and his service in the U. S. Army including assignment at Bremerhaven, Germany.

We are aware of this information, in fact it has been established that Ray contracted a venereal disease during his assignment with the military in Germany.

2. Method of escape from Missouri State Penitentiary on April 23, 1967, which indicates that he scaled the wall and walked out to the street.

The official version from the records of the Missouri State Penitentiary indicates that he effected his escape by hiding in a bread truck. The unofficial version is that Ray did scale the wall and walked out onto the street. We again were aware of the two stories concerning his escape.

DETAILS - CONTINUED

Memo Rosen to DeLoach
RE: MURKIN

3. Ray was employed by the Indian Trail Restaurant in Winnetka, Illinois, during May and June of 1967.

The owners of this restaurant previously gave us the entire account of his employment at the Indian Trail Restaurant and we, of course, ran out all leads concerning the information they provided to us. Prior to being interviewed, they were contacted by Huie. Nothing of significance was developed out of this information.

4. A partial account of Ray's activities in July and August, 1967, in Montreal, Canada, including consorting with a female employee of the Canadian Government.

We, of course, were aware of some of the activities of Ray while he was in Montreal during this period of time. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) provided Legat, Ottawa with this new information on October 25, 1968, based upon an interview with the female employee of the Canadian Government. They are presently endeavoring to confirm all the facts of the information related by her and, of course, we will be kept advised.

5. The article contains an account of an individual by the name of "Raoul." This individual and Ray, according to the article were endeavoring to make some type of deal concerning a "joint activity" for which "Raoul" would pay Ray \$12,000. The specific nature of the "joint activity" is not fully described or identified, but Ray was to transport packages (not further described) between the United States and Canada. The possibility exists that the packages could contain contraband, such as narcotics. No mention is made here of "Raoul" providing Ray with funds which would implicate "Raoul" in a conspiracy in the King assassination, however, Huie infers that a conspiracy exists.

This information is new to us and the article is very sketchy. We are requesting the RCMP to make inquiry concerning this.

6. The article states that Ray robbed a house of prostitution in Montreal, Canada, in the amount of \$800.

We are also requesting the RCMP to provide us with any information relative to this.

The article generally gives the impression that Ray did not like to consort with prostitutes or women generally.

Memo Rosen to DeLoach
RE: MURKIN

We know of several instances in which he consorted with prostitutes of the "street type" character.

We have been aware of all the information appearing in this article, with the exception of that pertaining to "Raoul" and Ray's alleged holdup of the house of prostitution in Montreal, Canada. We are requesting the RCMP to conduct appropriate inquiries concerning these matters.

J
sgm
jam

LOOK

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October 25, 1968

Public Information Officer
Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Constitution Avenue & 10th
Street, Northwest
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

An advance copy is enclosed of
Look's forthcoming article, "The
Story of James Earl Ray and the
Assassination of Martin Luther King."
This will appear in the November 12
issue -- out Tuesday, October 29.

ENCLOSURE ATTACHED Sincerely,

Leonard Rubin

LB/ct
Enc.

REC-35

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CAUTION

Release date is 6 P. M., E. S. T.
Monday, October 28, 1968.

Direct quotes from this article
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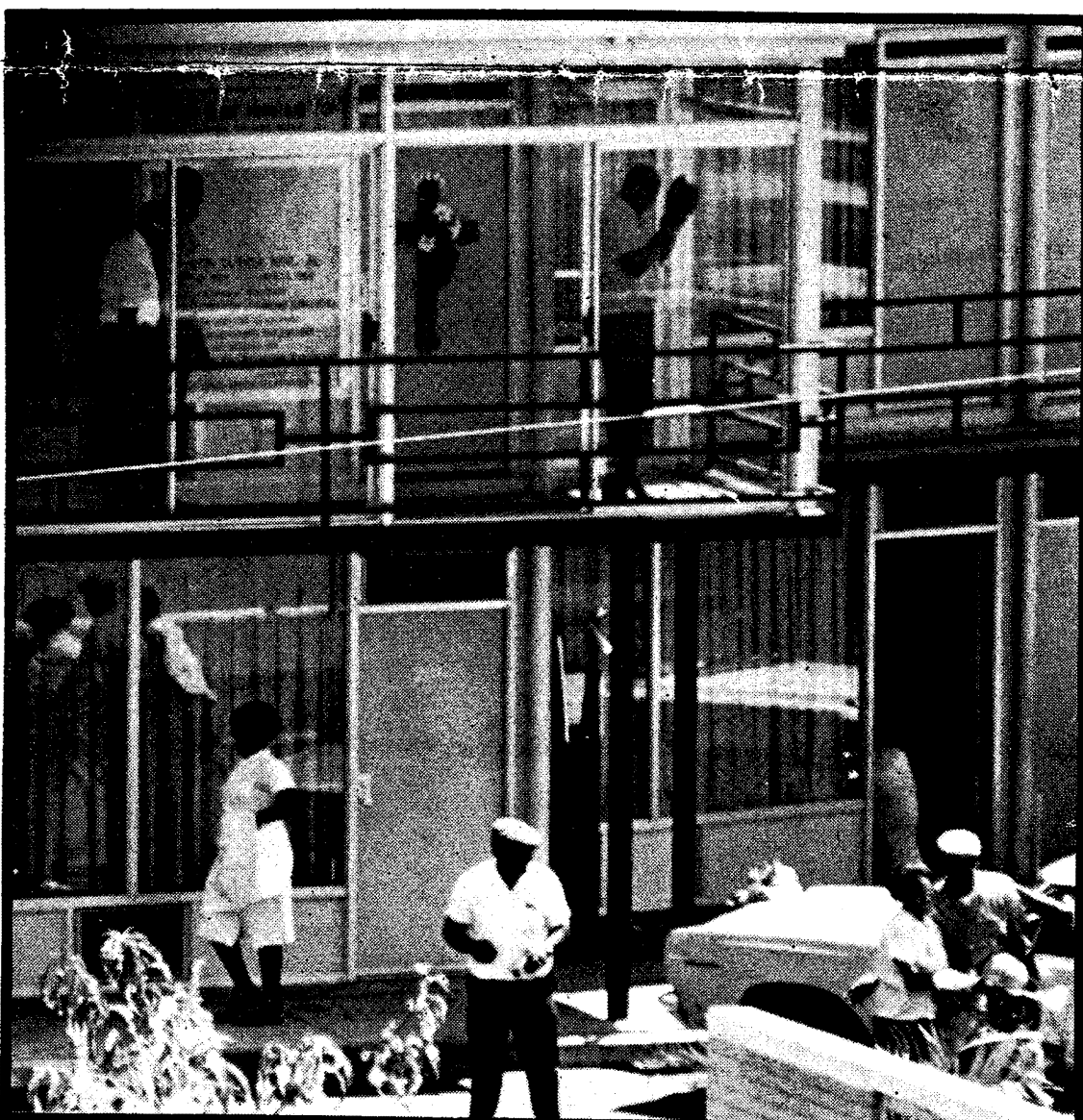
The Story of James Earl Ray and the Plot to Assassinate

"I HAD BEEN IN TROUBLE ALL

William Bradford Huie is the author of 16 books, including *The Execution of Private Slovik*, *The Revolt of Mamie Stover*, *The Americanization of Emily*, *The Klansman* and *Three Lives for Mississippi*. *Time* magazine has called him an "aggressive, blunt-spoken reporter" with "a fierce persistence and an equally intense passion for the underdog." In his introduction to *Three Lives for Mississippi*, Martin Luther King, Jr., wrote: "William Bradford Huie writes as a reporter but also as an impassioned man. He writes with clinical detail but not with detachment. And above all, he writes of evil in the South as an eighth generation Southerner. . . . Mr. Huie recognizes that the unholy alliance of violence and 'Southern justice' indicts not only murderers but the larger society that shelters them." LOOK here presents Huie's extraordinary account of the life of James Earl Ray, based upon Ray's own revelations to Huie and Huie's retracing of Ray's erratic journey that led to a fateful trip south.



After Scotland Yard turned Ray over to the FBI at Lakenheath Air Base, north of London, the FBI dressed him in a leather girdle and bulletproof shirt and trousers, with his hands manacled to the girdle. This was the last photograph taken of Ray before his trial.



The motel room occupied by Martin Luther King and the balcony on which he was standing when he was shot have been converted into a shrine. (The balcony is now enclosed.) This photograph was taken from the room from which the shot was fired.

men
are
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discuss
it
freely

Sister Mary Conza

MY LIFE, IN JAIL MOST OF IT"

In April, 1967, I had been in the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City for seven years. During these years my brother Jerry or my brother John visited me on the average of once every eight months, depending on which one of them was out of jail and could come. They were my only visitors. I've never been close to marrying. No woman has ever thought much of me. I was thirty-nine, and I had been in trouble all my life, in jail most of it. But in all my crimes I was proud that I had never hurt anybody. I had never molested any child or pistol-whipped any victim I held up.

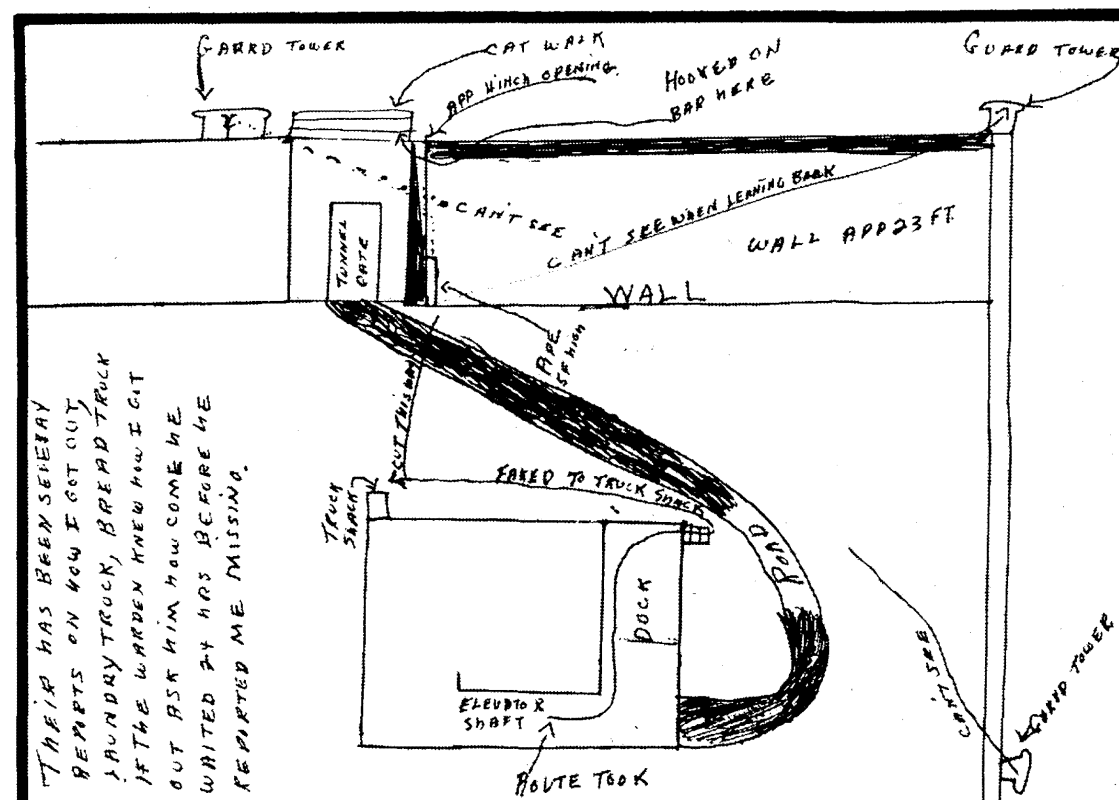
On April 23 [1967] I was ready to try again to break out. I had nothing to lose since eighteen more years were hanging over me and I had nobody on the outside and no "good behavior" on the inside working for me. I thought I "behaved" all right in prison. I did my work, was quiet and clean, and didn't fight or disturb anybody. I didn't even snore or jerk or holler in my sleep. I don't smoke, so I sold my "commissary" to other prisoners and accumulated cash in my shoes. But I was always trying to break out, and that's marked down as "bad behavior" and adds to your sentence. As long as you keep trying to break out you can never get out legally, no matter how short your original sentence was. I had already tried to break out three times and failed; I was awaiting trial for attempted escape; I had just got out of isolation for the last attempt; and the warden had sent me word what to expect if I was caught trying again. So this time I had to get out! Then I had to use a little self-discipline and not get caught after I got out.

What you read here was written by me in September to be published on the eve of Ray's trial in November. It's a pretrial installment of the story. It is written before Ray has been allowed to talk with me, and while his lawyers are trying to obtain such permission for him.

Born in 1928 in dirt-floor poverty in southwest Illinois, he was a miserable, hungry, defiant youth, embarrassed by his ignorance, his appearance and his odor. He dropped out of high school and enlisted in the Army in 1946, a month before his eighteenth birthday. He says:

Sure I was expelled from the Army. They put me in the Military Police for two years and I got along fine. I liked to ride around on patrol in Bremerhaven [Germany] and keep order. But when they transferred me to the infantry, I wanted out. Who wants to be in the infantry? The only way I could get out was to buck for a bad conduct discharge. That's what I did and I succeeded.

The wall is 23 feet high, but there is a truck tunnel through it. and



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JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

FEDERAL INCOME TAX INFORMATION			SOCIAL SECURITY INFORMATION	
Federal income tax withheld	Wages paid subject to withholding in 1967	Other compensation paid in 1967	F.I.C.A. employee tax withheld	Total F.I.C.A. wages paid in 1967
117.60	813.56		30.72	820.16
Type or print EMPLOYEE'S name and address (including ZIP code) above:			Uncollected Employee Tax on Tips	
John L. Rayns 2771 Sheffield Chicago, Illinois				

WAGE AND TAX STATEMENT 1967
Copy C—For employee's records



Mrs. Gertrude Struvé Paulus, who worked with Ray at the Indian Trail Restaurant in Winnetka, Ill., remembers joking with him about girls. Huie says: She saw "a gentleness" in the man she knew as John Rayns. Above is one of the tax-withholding statements for "Rayns."



Mrs. Clara Struvé Klingeman, owner of the restaurant, at the steam table where Ray worked for eight weeks. She told Huie: "Of course I remember John. Such a nice man. . . . We so regretted to see him go. . . . His story saddens me terribly—such a waste of life!"

where the wall meets the tunnel there is a water pipe that runs up about 6 feet. I got on top of the elbow of this water pipe, and with that hook, using some cracks and crevices, I got to the top, then swung down and dropped.

I had accumulated about \$300 in prison which I had in my shoes, along with a social security number. [Not a card, only the number of a card issued to him as John L. Rayns about 1951. In 1944, a card was issued to him as James Earl Ray.] I ran around the wall, across the railroad tracks, and along the river [Missouri] until I was out of sight of the tower guards. Then I took off my prison clothes and hid the green pants but kept the green shirt so I could wear it at night when it was cold. I put the shirt and other articles in the sack. I went down the track to a railroad bridge under which I hid out for the day, listening to the radio for the announcement of my escape. I didn't hear anything, and I found out later that the warden didn't report me missing because he thought I was hiding inside the prison.

I had traveled east from the prison, toward St. Louis, but I knew the police would think I would go there [he was born near East St. Louis], so when it was dark I crossed the bridge and headed back the other way toward Kansas City. I walked all that night, except for short rests to eat candy bars. It was a little cold, but I wasn't complaining.

Ray likes to draw diagrams, showing me the location of motels, bars, rooming houses, or where he was standing or running at dramatic moments. So far, his diagrams have proved accurate. He even remembers whether a tree was an oak or a pine. So those who have called him stupid

are mistaken. He doesn't look like a criminal, but he thinks like one. He looks like he belongs: he would go unnoticed in most any crowd. But he prefers not to belong. The only game that interests him is him against police. His impassive, easily forgotten face lights up only when he is told of FBI agents hotfooting down a false trail. He continues:

The 2nd day I hid and slept and listened to radio reports. Then I walked all night. I looked at the stars a lot. I hadn't seen them for quite a while. On the 3rd day I ran out of candy bars. I slept, and since the area is mostly bluffs, I could see a long way along the highway. Now and then I saw highway patrol cars, and naturally I figured they were after me. On the radio I heard the report that I had escaped.

While walking at night, when I approached a house along the railroad track that had strong lights that lighted the track, I had to detour, over rough ground and through creeks. This was causing my feet to swell, and I began having trouble getting my shoes on if I took them off. On the 3rd night I found a trailer sitting by the river. I broke in and took half a bottle of wine and some food. Also a blanket and some pants as it was cold. Then I found a place in the woods and got comfortable. I ate, and drank the wine, and covered up with the blanket, and when I woke up it was raining on me. The wine must have got me. I got up and walked the rest of the night.

The 4th day I slept and watched, but I couldn't risk taking my shoes off because I'd never get them back on. The 4th night I walked, but on those feet I couldn't walk far.

By daylight on the 5th day it was raining. I decided to build a fire. I had got some matches out of the trailer. I found a tunnel about 4

continued

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

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

"Yes," said Mrs. Paulus, "I recognized that in him. He is not a man for the girls. During his last week, he said that he hated to leave here, but he had to go back to the boats in order to keep his seaman's license. That's the way he put it: He 'had to go back to the boats.'"

Of the 78 employees of the restaurant, about 22, normally, are Negroes, and there are usually five or six Filipinos. Several Negroes worked close to Ray, and with him, but no one remembers any indication that he disliked them.

One recollection seems important. For seven weeks at the restaurant, John Rayns received not a single telephone call. But during the week he left, he received "three or four pressing calls" that seemed to excite him.

The restaurant served lunch to about 550 people, mostly women, some of whom had to wait in line. Mrs. Klingeman was busy, so I didn't leave until after the last customer had left. Then Mrs. Klingeman said to me: "I have been wondering why I remember John Rayns so clearly. I have just gone through our records, where I saw the names of a dozen white men who worked for us for short periods a year or so ago, and I have no recollection of any of them. Yet when you mentioned John, I remembered him instantly. So there was something unique about him, and it must have been something good. His story saddens me terribly—such a waste of life! But you can say for me that whatever he is and whatever he has done, while he was here, we saw a little spark of dignity in John Rayns."

BACK IN MEMPHIS, I told Ray about my visit to the Indian Trail Restaurant and asked him why he quit his good job there. He replied: *Yes, I had a good job there, and I hated to quit. But you know why I had to quit. I had been there two months, and since I had used that name and social security number before, I thought the FBI would be on me if I risked another month there. I see now that I over-estimated them. After they run out of informers they lose their imagination.*

I accumulated a little capital there. I bought a 1960 Chrysler for \$100. I saw it advertised in the Tribune, and I bought it from an individual, so I didn't need to show I.D. to get it, only money. With the car I got a car title and a temporary driver's license to use for I.D. This left me with \$450. But I still had to have a name and some I.D. for that new name. I couldn't use Rayns much longer and I could never use Ray again.

What I needed was to get to Canada. While I was staying at the Donnelly's in Chicago I wrote to the Canadian embassy for information on immigration. The reply was one of the letters the Donnelly's say I got. In prison I studied about how a broker named Burrell or Birell got a Canadian passport and escaped to South America.

(Lowell McAfee Birrell was indicted by Federal and New York County juries in several alleged multimillion-dollar stock swindles. The New York Times and other newspapers carried a story on September 4, 1959, explaining how Birrell, through a friend, obtained a Canadian passport with which he escaped to Brazil, which then had no extradition treaty with the United States. In its issue of February 27, 1962, LOOK published a picture story showing Birrell and two other "million-dollar fugitives" living luxuriously in Rio. An overline said: *Scot-free within Brazil's borders, the three are safe from extradition.* The LOOK story explained again how Birrell entered Brazil on a "false Canadian passport made out in the name of Lowell McAfee." Ray memorized Birrell's escape story, and it influenced his actions both before and after the murder of Dr. King.)

Normal citizens who are never in prison and who never become fugitives perhaps cannot understand the precarious position of a fugitive like Ray, without capital and without ID, in today's computerized society. What sort of job could you get, how much capital could you accumulate, if you suddenly found yourself alone in a large city, unable to disclose a previous address, unable to mention a former employer, unable to name one citizen who will say he knows you, and without a Social Security card, a birth certificate, or a driver's license, and unable to apply for any of them?

In the millions of words published about James Earl Ray, there has

been the implication that he didn't want to work. Everyone has been told that Ray took a course in bartending in Los Angeles, was called adept by his teacher, then refused two offered jobs as a bartender. Ray believed that no employer in California could hire a bartender without first having him approved by the police. And Ray's name there was Eric S. Galt, a name for which he had no Social Security number and dared not try to obtain one. He took the bartending course not in the hope of working in California or anywhere in the United States but in the hope of working in Brazil if he could obtain a Canadian passport and reach Brazil.

In Los Angeles, Ray advertised in the *Times* for a job as a "culinary." He was offered three good jobs. But he had to run from them because those employers asked for references and his Social Security card. They were not as trusting as Mrs. Klingeman. Ray had not had a Social Security card, but he had remembered the number issued to him as John Rayns around 1951, and Mrs. Klingeman accepted it.

Ray has been ridiculed for his reported visits to lonely hearts clubs and for his advertising in lonely hearts magazines. The suggestion is that he sought cheap social and sexual comfort or that he planned to rob the women. It isn't true. Until Ray reached Canada on his second visit, on April 6, 1968, two days after the murder of Dr. King, he believed mistakenly that to obtain a Canadian passport, he had to have a Canadian citizen who would attest that he had known Ray, under some alias, for two years. So in going to lonely hearts clubs, Ray was seeking a woman he could cultivate who might have a relative in Canada who could be persuaded to lie for him. He advertised in a magazine only after being told that it had circulation in Canada; and Ray hoped that a lonely Canadian woman would respond to his notice, after which he would cultivate her by mail, then visit her and persuade her to be the friend through whom he obtained a Canadian passport.

In his cell in Memphis, nothing irritates Ray more than the suggestion that his interest in lonely hearts organizations was romantic, social or sexual. He says he was only a lone fugitive seeking ID.

As for his dancing, it must be remembered that Ray had never been outside the United States except in Army uniform. He had viewed the United States from cheap rooming houses, bars and jails. He imagined that in the Latin country he expected to live in, dancing would help him get along. So at each of the two dance studios he visited during 1967-68, he asked to be taught Latin dances. He was discouraged when instructors insisted that he must learn the simpler dances of the United States before attempting the conga, the tango, the samba or the meringue.

A lone fugitive in the United States today must move, and move often, or the computers will catch him. He can't earn a living. To get capital, even to live, he must steal or commit other crimes for which he is paid. Every hour, he is at the disposal of some more secure criminal who recognizes him and says: "I know you. Do as I tell you or you're back in the penitentiary." A criminal who belongs to an organized gang has support in obtaining capital and ID. But Ray was a loner.

Only by understanding the insecurity of a lone fugitive like Ray in today's complex society can anyone understand his involvement in the plot to murder Dr. King.

After Ray quit his job at the Indian Trail Restaurant, he decided to spend a few days in the area where he was born before leaving for Canada. He writes:

Except for the \$450 and the old Chrysler I didn't have many possessions. Just a few clothes, a sports jacket, and pants. On my way to East St. Louis I had car trouble, but I got there. I sold that car for \$50, and bought a '62 red Plymouth for \$200. You can find where I bought it: from a dealer on Main Street coming out of East St. Louis toward Belleville. The car lot is between the 1500 and 2000 block on the left hand side of Main Street as you travel east. I used the Rayns name on the car title. I spent a night with the friend who took me to Edwardsville when I escaped. I stayed six or seven days in Quincy, and here are the names of two men there you can see, but don't write about them or they will be arrested for harboring me. I just want to show you that I've got friends who have known me all my life. And they think well of me.

From Quincy I went back to Chicago to pick up my last check from
continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

the Indian Trail. The check was mailed to a box I had in the post office in Winnetka. Then I went back to East St. Louis and stayed a few days, and told my friends I was leaving the country and to tell my family. I didn't tell anybody which country I was going to. The last thing I did was get a new .38 pistol from a friend, but I didn't pay him for it then. I was just too short of capital.

Out of East St. Louis I spent the first night in Indianapolis. The next day I crossed from Detroit into Windsor, but since a lot of traffic was moving to Expo there was no trouble at the border, and I headed for Montreal.

EVERYONE WHO HAS SEEN RAY emphasizes how he could go unnoticed almost anywhere. So, behind the wheel of his beat-up red Plymouth, he traveled unnoticed among Expo-bound tourists. He was bareheaded, with his black hair cut a bit longer than a crew cut. He wore no glasses. He was 39, but could be taken for 35. He was 5' 11" and weighed only 165, so except for a paunch, he looked thin. His face was thinner than it is now. His nose looked sharp. He wore a light-blue sport shirt and dark pants, and in his pockets were about \$280 and the pistol. As he drove along the MacDonald-Cartier Freeway (401), he was trying to choose a new name. He explains:

I've used a dozen different names, but picking a new one is never easy. I can't afford to pick something easy like Smith or Brown or Jones, because I might forget who I was if somebody suddenly asked me. My name has to be unusual so it'll stick in my memory and I'll always know who I am.

He chose Eric S. Galt, and since there is a real Eric S. Galt in Toronto, the assumption has been that Ray saw this name in print. But he says no. Between Windsor and Toronto, he passed near the city of Galt, and he says he chose Galt when he saw it on an exit marker. He says he chose Eric only in the process of seeking something different from the more common first names. In any case, John L. Rayns had become Eric S. Galt by the time he reached a motel in Toronto on July 16. He was Galt at a motel in Dorion on July 17, and in Montreal on July 18, when he signed a six-month lease on a room at the Har-K Apartments, 2589 East Notre Dame. The rent was \$75 a month, and he paid the first and last months' rent, a total of \$150. He writes:

One thing was certain: I never in my life intended to return to the United States. What hope was there for me back there? The first thing I did in Montreal, even before I rented a room, was call a travel agency and ask what I.D. was necessary to get a passport. They told me none, but I had to have somebody who'd swear he had known me for two years. Later [in April, 1968] I found out this wasn't true. But right then I had to start looking for somebody who'd say he had known me for two years, or I had to find a way to get on a ship without a passport. And, of course, I had to get some more capital, as I had only about \$70 left after I paid for the room. But I can swear this: I was never going to cross that border back into the United States.

I believe it's true that he never intended to return to the United States. But things happened in Canada to change his mind. He did return. He was in Canada from July 16 to August 21, 1967. He reached Birmingham, Ala., on August 25, 1967. So on September 14, 1968, carrying with me Ray's diagrams and explanations, I flew to Montreal to try to confirm his story of what caused him to risk a return.

I found where he had lived and Xeroxed the lease he signed. He hadn't remembered the house's number or name, but his diagram was accurate. Notre Dame is the east-west boulevard that for many blocks runs along the north bank of the St. Lawrence River. By the time you reach its 2500 block east, it has run down to cheap lodgings, warehouses and industries. The Har-K is a three-story hive of 57 rooms. Its sign says: Welcome American and Canadian Artists. Across from it is a textile mill—Tex-made Cotton Yarns and Fabrics—which hums day and night. What may have attracted Ray, with his Latin ambitions, was a now-shuttered nightclub, the Acapulco, on the ground-floor corner of the Har-K. Its extravagant yellow-and-red neon sign, by this time dark,

promised "Acapulco Spectacles" in now-dingy sombreros and serapes.

But Ray only slept at the Har-K. He lodged his hopes—and spent his days and evenings—with "the boats," about 30 blocks to the west. Each year, Montreal is visited by 6,000 ships, which pour hundreds of seamen each day onto its docks and into its waterfront taverns and its club for merchant seamen, Mariners House, at 165 Place D'Youville. And since Montreal is the easiest big city in the world to bring contraband into, and get contraband out of, it is an international crime center. Much of the contraband moving from Europe into the United States goes through Montreal. This includes most of the millions of dollars worth of heroin that moves each year from the Middle East to Marseille to Montreal to New York.

Ray hung around the seamen's hiring hall and was told, "no jobs." He hung around Mariners House, trying to educate himself. He shadowed seamen from tavern to tavern, hoping to steal an ID from one who drank too much.

He frequented Neptune Tavern, 121 West Commissioners Street. I visited it. The ceiling lights are suspended from pilot wheels. There is a pilot wheel up over the bottles back of the bar. The furniture is massive oak, in its natural color, and signs welcome all seamen, promise highest prices for English money, and inform you that "Nous Servons les Repas." The menu is chalked on a blackboard furnished by Molson's Bière.

On his third or fourth night in the Neptune, Ray says he "sort of let the word get around that he had had a little trouble down in the States, that he was looking for ID and capital, and just might be available for activities that didn't involve too much risk." This resulted in a contact. A man whom Ray calls Raoul and describes to me as being a blond Latin about 35, and whom Ray took to be a seaman, showed interest in him. They began cautious verbal exploration, with Raoul hinting that if Ray was willing to assist certain projects, Raoul might be able to provide Ray ID and capital. Ray says this exploration continued during "at least eight meetings" over a period of three weeks.

Meanwhile, Ray had an immediate need for capital, and he says he satisfied it in this way:

On St. Catherine East, out past the 1400 block, there are a lot of night-clubs. Prostitutes hang out in these places, and in 1967, with the Expo crowds, they were doing big business. The procedure is that the girl leaves the club with you, and the two of you take a cab to an apartment run by whoever she is working for. I picked up one of these girls. I picked the best-looking one I could find, as I figured she'd take me to the most prosperous place. We went to the apartment where I gave her \$25 which she took to the office. When I left I wrote down the address. The next night I took my car and parked it close to that address. Then I went back to the club and picked up the same girl. We took a cab to the same house. I gave her another \$25, but when she started to the office I put the gun on her and went with her. When she got the manager by knocking, I put the gun on him. We went into his room, and I made her take her stockings off and tie his hands and feet while he lay on the bed. He tried to hold out on me, but he must have figured that I was down to about my last \$5 and just might put a bullet in him. He pointed to a cabinet where I found about \$800. Then I made the girl get under the bed and left. I hated to take a risk like that, but I figured that if I held up a whorehouse they probably wouldn't report it, and I guess they didn't.

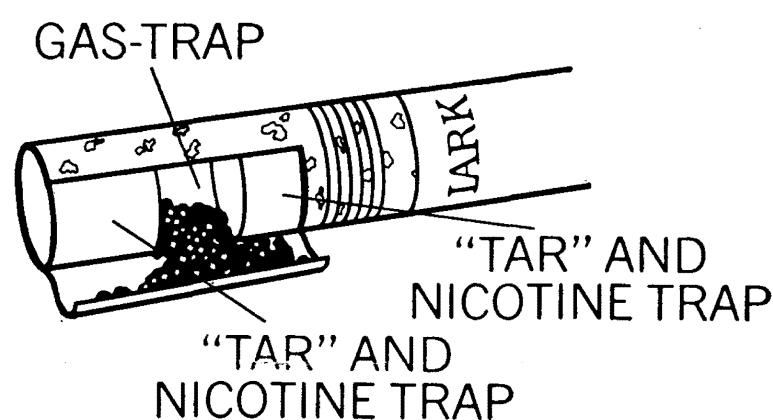
WITH THIS NEW CAPITAL in his pocket, Ray's next action was one that I have found to be typical of him. He never puts all his eggs in one basket. He had a prospective deal working with Raoul at the Neptune. He thought Raoul might get him a passport or get him work on a ship. But Ray is not a man to rely on one prospect. He still thought he might find a Canadian woman who would help him get the passport. So he devised and carried out a plan.

At Tip Top Tailors, 488 St. Catherine West, he spent about \$200 for new clothes. Tip Top is comparable to the Bond stores in the United States: where you can buy a suit for \$65 to \$110; a sweater for \$20; and sport shirts for \$10. Ray bought a new powder-blue Botany suit, a pair of gray slacks, a red T-shirt, a yellow T-shirt, yellow swimming trunks, red pajamas, socks, underwear, neckties—the kind of clothes he had

continued

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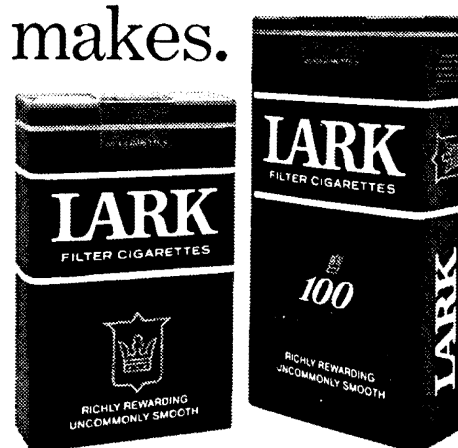
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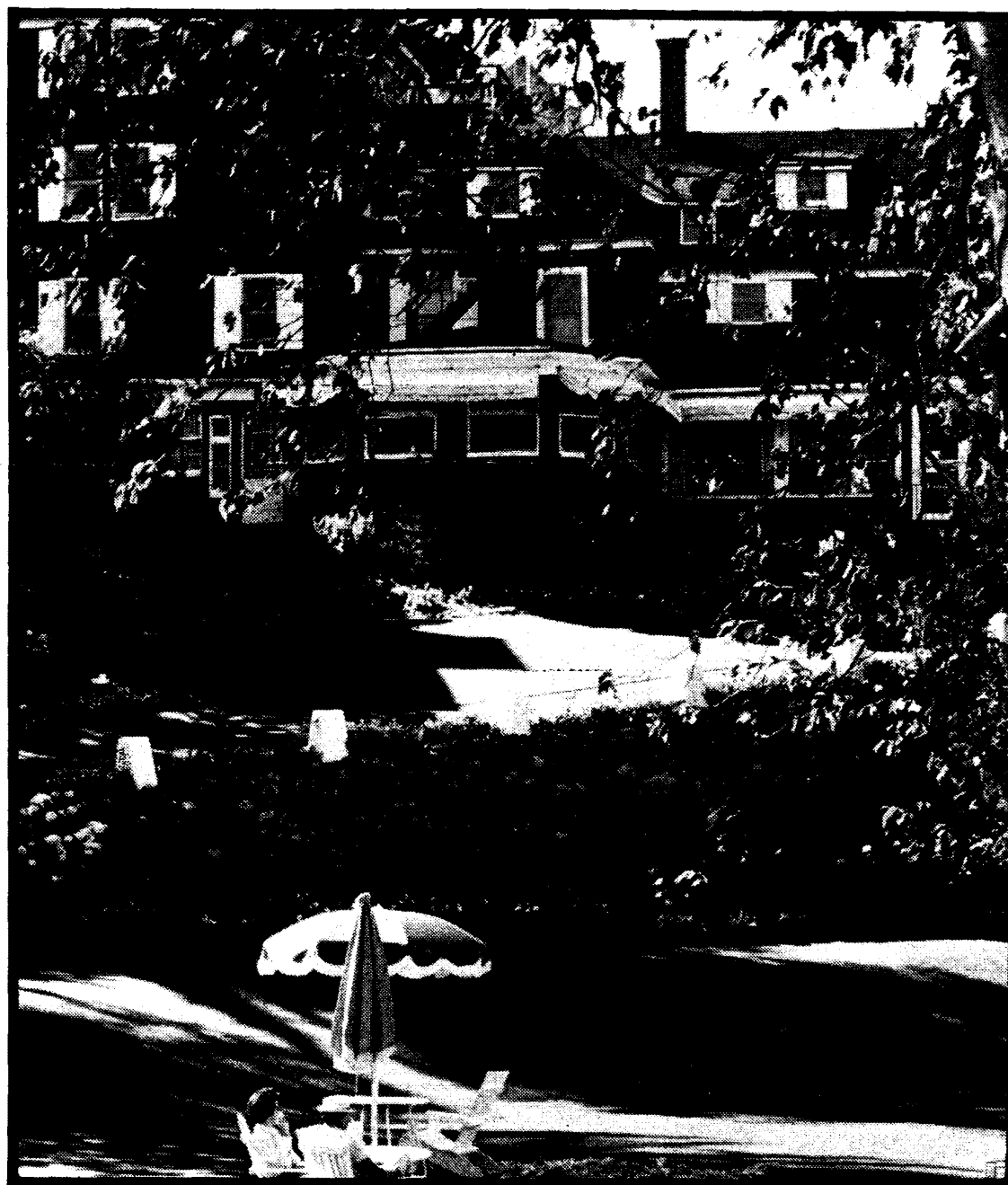
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JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED



Many of the thousands of seamen who pass through Montreal visit the Neptune Tavern on the waterfront. During the summer of 1967, Ray had several meetings there with a man named Raoul, who convinced him that he should return to the United States.



never owned before. He had his nails manicured at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. Then he asked a travel agency to suggest a resort.

The agency suggested one of the most beautiful places on earth: the "Dean of the Laurentian Mountain Resorts," "incomparable, world-famous" Gray Rocks Inn, on Lake Ouimet, near St. Jovite and Mt. Tremblant, a place known to thousands of Canadian and American vacationers for golf, swimming, boating and riding in summer and for skiing in winter. Ray paid the agency \$153 for minimum room and board for a single man for a week. On Monday, July 31, he put his new clothes in the decrepit old red Plymouth and drove 80 miles up the Laurentian Auto-route for the biggest week of the season, the week that would end on Sunday, August 6, with the running of the annual 200-mile road race at Mt. Tremblant.

A year and seven weeks later, I followed Ray's route to Gray Rocks.

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

and talk in confidence about an individual she met about a year ago. I guessed that she had read the Galt-Ray stories, had been appalled, and was trying to keep secret that she once knew the accused assassin of Dr. King. Her voice quavered on the telephone. She said: "You must have the wrong party. I have no idea what you are talking about. So why should we meet?"

"You needn't be afraid," I said. "I won't harm you. It's important that you tell me what you know about a man who has received a great deal of publicity."

"You mean," she said, "a man . . . a man . . . a man I met last summer at Gray Rocks?"

"Yes," I said, "and don't be afraid. No one in the United States knows your name except him and me and his lawyers. I'll keep it that way." If she refused to see me, she had to fear that I might go to the Canadian police. So she had no choice.

Still hesitant, she said she would meet me for lunch. I told her how to recognize me: a harmless-looking man of 57, no hair, a blue suit, in a rented gray Ford. She said she would be on a street corner at noon: a brunette in an orange dress, "less than 40, but not much less."

I had an hour to kill before I met her, so I walked on Parliament Hill. It's another majestic place, with vistas that rival Washington's. The Canadian Parliament was in session. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had delivered his message from the throne. With other sightseers, I watched the maple leaf flags flying from spires atop tall towers. I looked at monuments to the uncommon valor of old wars. Then I got in the gray Ford and went to find the brunette in the orange dress.

I wondered how she would look. Since Ray has been so widely described as a creep who quivers when a woman dance instructor touches him, I guessed that she had to be a shapeless frump. So when she got in the car, I was flabbergasted. Of the thousands of women who work for

the Canadian Government, she must be one of the most attractive. Not in the manner of a brainless sexpot, but in the manner of a cultivated, sensitive, efficient, tastefully dressed and coiffeured mature woman. She could have her pick of the unattached men at most any resort.

"I guess you know how frightened I am," she said. "And how frightened I was last April to learn what had happened to Eric Galt. I'm divorced, but I have wonderful children to protect."

"I understand," I said. "All I want is for you to tell me about him. I've never met him. You have. He wants you to tell me."

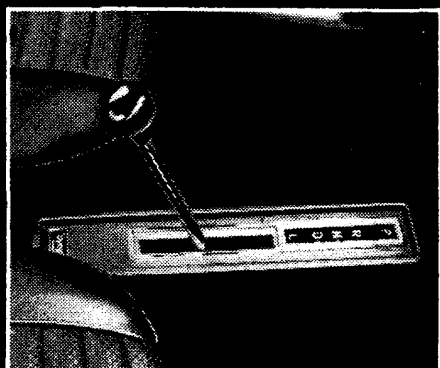
"I'll tell you all I know," she said. "I don't feel ashamed. Only afraid, for my children, and for my position, which is a responsible one."

At a restaurant, we ordered lunch, and I said: "I suppose you have noticed how surprised I am at your looks and personality. I had expected a much less attractive woman. As a novelist, I have written many boy-meets-girl situations. But I can't imagine how you and James Earl Ray ever met. Tell me how it happened."

"Well, first," she said, "remember that I think of him as Eric. Last year, after years of trouble with an aggressive man, I had just gotten my divorce. A woman friend and I drove to Gray Rocks for a long weekend and to see the 200-mile race at Mt. Tremblant. We didn't stay at Gray Rocks Inn, but at a cheaper place in St. Jovite. On Sunday, we saw the race. It lasted for many hours, with men trying to kill themselves, all tremendously exciting. The evening was for celebration, fiesta, so, of course, we expected to drink and dance and mingle with many people, perhaps kiss, and even make love if we found attractive partners. It was that sort of an occasion.

"We began the evening," she continued, "in the lounge of the Gray Rocks Inn. We found it crowded, and people were dancing, and there was this lone man sitting at a table. He was neat and well-dressed and shy. I guess it was his shyness which attracted us. My friend said, 'Let's

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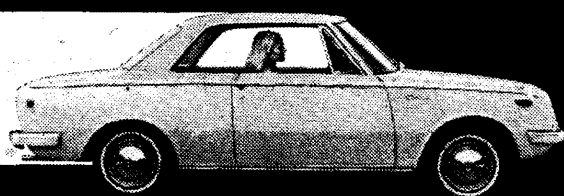


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Huie interviewed a Canadian government worker (above) who met Ray at the Gray Rocks Inn, a Laurentian vacation resort (left). Ray hoped she would help him get a Canadian passport by swearing she had known him two years. After she had showed him where she worked, he decided not to ask her aid.

It was a perfect, brisk, sunny, fall afternoon. The car was driven by a French-speaking private detective, and with us was Jim Hansen, a LOOK photographer who appreciates mountains and color. The trees in the Laurentians were turning . . . reds, browns, yellows . . . and we agreed that the red was the richest we had ever seen.

Jim Hansen said: "I bet old Ray, down there in that cell in Memphis, wishes to hell he was back up here."

"Yeah," I said, "I guess he does. And I wish to hell that some other rascals I've trailed had led me to places like this."

Ray had found a woman at Gray Rocks. He told me about her. He wanted me to find her and get her to tell me about him. So I found her. She lives in Ottawa and works for the Canadian Government.

When I reached Ottawa, I telephoned her. I assumed I'd frighten her. She'd resist the voice of a strange man insisting that she meet him

continued

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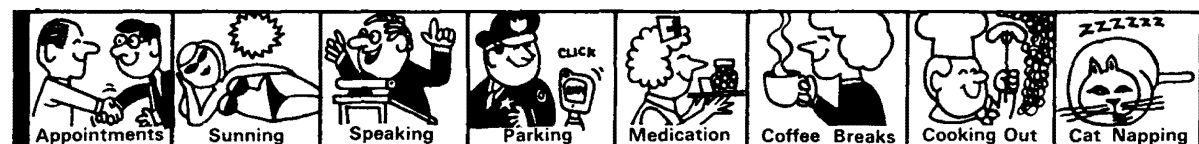
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sit with this man,' and we sat down and ordered drinks and began trying to talk."

"So he didn't pick you up? You picked him up?"

"Yes, you might say that. But it wasn't a pickup, only a friendly meeting, like everybody does on such an occasion. We didn't expect it to last all evening. But Eric was a nice man. He was not a take-charge guy. He listened and didn't talk much. He was so unaggressive. All around us were aggressive men, trying to paw you and take you to their cars or rooms. Eric wasn't that way. He wasn't boastful. He spent his money generously, but not wastefully, and he made nothing of it."

"Did he dance?"

She laughed. "I managed to get him on the floor. I love to dance. He was so clumsy, and he has no ear for music, but I tried to teach him, and he was good-natured about it."

"Where did he say he was from?"

"From Chicago. He said he worked for his brother in some sort of business. In fact, he was meeting his brother in Montreal next day. Later, when we left Gray Rocks Inn and went to other crowded, celebrating places, we rode in his old car, and he apologized for it. He said it was his brother's wife's car, a second car used to haul groceries and things."

"As the evening wore on, did you ever think of ditching him and spending time with another man?"

She reflected. "No, I didn't," she said. "Naturally, after all that developed with him, I've tried to analyze my feelings. I guess I felt comfortable with Eric. He had a sort of lost-and-lonely manner. You didn't feel sorry for him, but you sort of wanted to help him have fun. As the evening wore on, he seemed to become more confident. And more protective toward me. When other men would make plays for me, Eric warned them off. I guess a woman likes that."

"Did he get drunk? Did you?"

"No, neither of us got drunk. We drank a lot. But we both knew exactly what we were doing."

That evening, she and I dined together and talked for hours. She told me about herself. But I kept coming back to Ray. "Tell me about sex," I said. "Did you go to Ray's room at Gray Rocks?"

"I did," she answered. "And I stayed till morning."

"Well, what about him? I had concluded that he is some sort of neuter. His prison record indicates he isn't homosexual. Yet when he got out on April 23, 1967, and reached Chicago, he avoided women. So what about him?"

"Nothing unusual," she said. "My experience has been limited. But with me, I thought he acted perfectly normal."

"That seems incredible," I said. "Except for perhaps a whore in Montreal, you must have been the first woman he had been in bed with in nearly eight years. He knows nothing about women. He's a loner. A fugitive. A criminal. He doesn't belong. You must have seemed overwhelming to him. Yet you say he is perfectly normal."

"He was," she insisted. "I saw him again in Montreal, then again when he came to Ottawa. He is perfectly normal. As for how he found me, well, he was complimentary."

I smiled. "Did you see the film *Never on Sunday*? Where the overwhelming and generous woman puts the nervous young sailor at ease so that he can gather confidence and perform like a man and then imagine he has conquered the world? With you and Ray, it must have been something like that."

She smiled. "I saw *Never on Sunday*," she said. "Maybe it was like that. Except I wasn't selling anything to Eric. I was giving."

From Gray Rocks, the two women planned to visit Expo in Montreal on their way back to Ottawa. When Ray left Gray Rocks on Monday morning, August 7, he told them he had no address in Montreal, he was

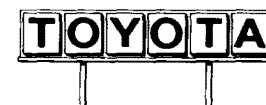
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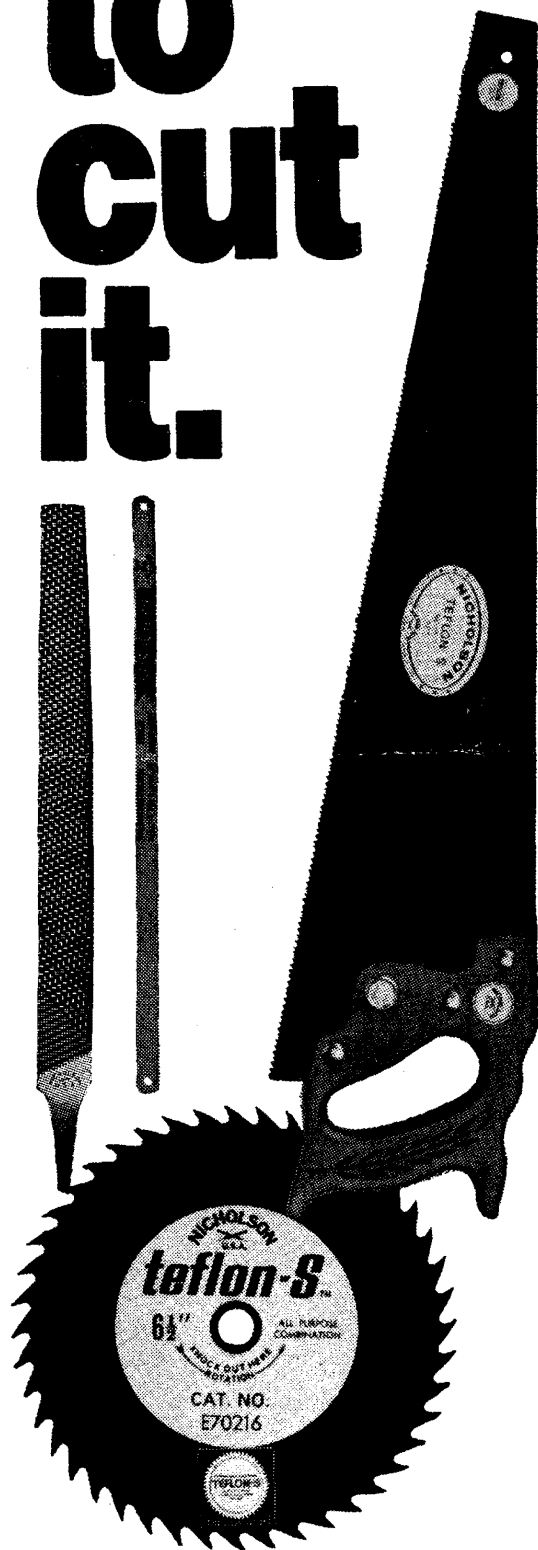
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JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

rushing to meet his brother, but he would get an apartment and telephone them so they could stay with him that night. During the afternoon, he telephoned, gave them the Notre Dame address, and they drove there.

"I was only briefly alone with Eric that night," she said. "The three of us spent the evening in that Acapulco Club, and I tried to teach Eric the Latin dances. He seemed much more serious, perhaps worried. He told me he wanted to come to Ottawa and talk to me about a serious matter. As for sleeping, it was ridiculous. He had tried to get another room and couldn't. So the three of us slept across his bed in his one little room. The place was not Gray Rocks: it was seedy and run-down, and Eric was embarrassed about it. When I left him next day, he said he would telephone, and he told me again that he was coming to Ottawa to talk about the serious matter. He was very serious."

FROM AUGUST 8 TO THE 18TH, Ray says he talked at least five more times with Raoul in the Neptune Tavern. And Raoul made him this proposition:

1. That Ray would meet Raoul in the railroad station at Windsor at 3 p.m. on Monday, August 21.

2. That Ray would make several trips across the border from Windsor to Detroit for Raoul, using both the bridge and the tunnel border crossings, carrying packages concealed in the old red Plymouth.

3. That Ray would then sell the Plymouth and go by train or bus to Birmingham, Ala. There, Ray would lie low, take no risks, pull no holdups, accumulate a little ID, and wait for instructions by general delivery mail.

4. That Raoul would pay "living expenses" and also come to Birmingham and buy Ray a "suitable car."

5. That after a few weeks or months, after a little joint activity, Raoul would pay Ray \$12,000 and give him a passport and "other ID" and help him go "anywhere in the world."

6. That Ray would ask no questions. (Ray told me: "Every time I tried to ask Raoul a question, he told me straight to remember that he wasn't paying me to ask questions.") Raoul did, however, reveal to Ray that he (Raoul) had spent some of his time in New Orleans, and he gave Ray a New Orleans telephone number.

Ray wrote to me:

Well, I didn't know what to do. If I took Raoul's proposition, I had to go back to the States and risk the Missouri Pen again. I didn't want to do that. I had sworn I'd never go back. But I was running out of capital again, and I didn't want to risk another hold-up in Canada. I couldn't get on a ship. I couldn't get I.D. So I told Raoul okay I'd meet him in Windsor. But I didn't know then whether I'd meet him or not. The woman in Ottawa seemed to like me. She was my last chance. I hadn't had time to talk to her in Montreal about the passport. So now I was going to Ottawa and tell her something about myself, and if she'd help me get the passport, I wasn't going to meet Raoul.

"Yes, he came to see me," she said. "He had kept in touch by telephone, and he arrived here on August 19. He stayed in a motel on Montreal Road. But he was without a car. We used my car, and I rode him around and showed him the sights."

"He still had the old car," I said. "He told me that he hid it from you, and told you he was without a car, trying to play on your sympathy."

"That sounds strange," she said. "But he did seem worried. For long periods as we rode around, or while we were together at the motel, he said nothing. He just looked at me, like he was trying to get up the nerve to say something."

"I showed him where I work, and all the government buildings and the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

"That's what worried him," I said. "You see, he came here to decide whether to risk telling you some of the truth and asking you to help him get a passport by swearing that you had known him for two years. He told me that he had about decided to risk you, but when you showed him where you worked, and all the government buildings, and the Mountie headquarters—well, he said he just had to conclude that if he told you the truth, you'd just naturally have to turn him down and probably deliver him to the Mounties."

continued



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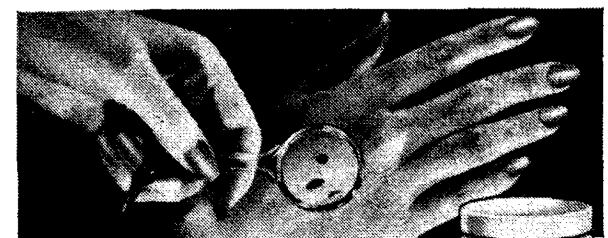
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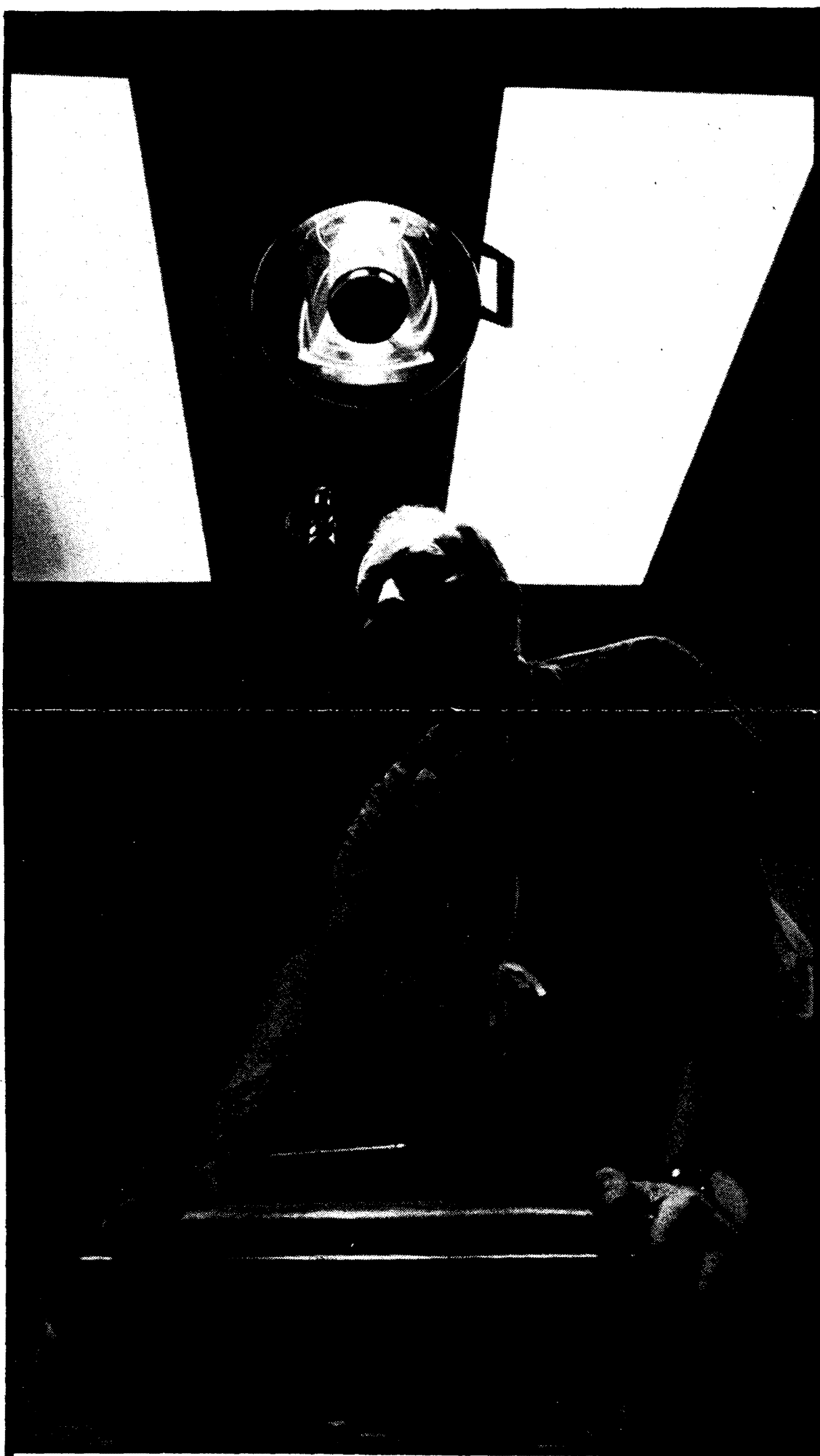
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JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

CAUTION

She shook her head. "That's what I never suspected that. And maybe the saddest part is that 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. I 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.

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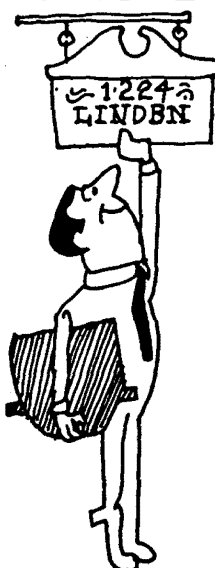
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Looking at Books

"What Is Our Innocence, What Is Our Guilt?"

YOU WILL BE GLAD to hear that I have at last come up with two debatable generalizations rashly intended to summarize what most serious current fiction is all about. Among the more beautiful book people, they are known as Prescott's Principles of Innocence and Contingency:

1) Innocence is an attractive quality—as long as it is limited to infants and the mentally defective. In adults, innocence is always less than the occasion requires. Life is real, life is earnest, the novelists tell us; it is often quite smelly and sometimes bloody as well. When the going gets rough, we will be betrayed both by our ethical reflexes and by our need to tidy up our lives. "You want all the lines joined up and all the colors flat," says a woman in John Le Carré's new novel, *A Small Town in Germany* (Coward-McCann). "You haven't got the guts to face the halftones." It is an old idea: facing the halftones was the concern of both Homer and Henry James. But perhaps only in our own day has the terrifying destructive potential of innocence so consistently haunted our fiction.

2) Contingency, once an argument used to prove the existence of God, is now used to describe the condition of man in a world in which God is either silent, dead or a dangerous delusion. In olden times, when Aristotle invented it and Aquinas applied it to theology, contingency meant simply that because man is ragged, incomplete and an insufficient cause unto himself, something else—a First Cause or God—must have started him. Characters in contemporary fiction recognize their contingency well enough: they talk endlessly about how ragged, incomplete and insufficient they are, but they generally agree that there will be no help from God. "No," says one character in Richard E. Kim's second novel, *The Innocent* (Houghton Mifflin), "there is nothing out there." Another agrees: "We have only ourselves." It is important to note that the presence of such an argument in a novel is not *prima facie* evidence of the author's own convictions; today, believing and skeptical writers alike find it convenient to have their characters talk that way.

Both novels make much of both principles, but of the two books, Le Carré's is the better. Like his other novels, *A Small Town in Germany* resembles a spy story, but if a spy story is what his readers expect, they are going to be disappointed. *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, Le Carré's first popular success, was a spy story—the best ever written—which, like all good spy stories, subordinated every element it contained to the requirements of its deceptive plot. Admirers of that book found Le Carré's next novel, *The Looking Glass War*, an unsettling experience. "Too confusing," said one book club in declining it. But it was not confusing; in fact, it was not even a spy novel—it was a novel about spies. Without warning, Le Carré had moved from the realm of entertainment to the realm of serious fiction, where character and commentary take precedence over plot. Now, he has done it again. Spy and counterspy hunt their quarries with all the cataclysmic urgency found in a thousand lesser tales, but that is not what the book is about. It is about the walking wounded that Le Carré, in his black and polished pessimism,

DRAWING BY DAVID LEVINE

believes us all to be.

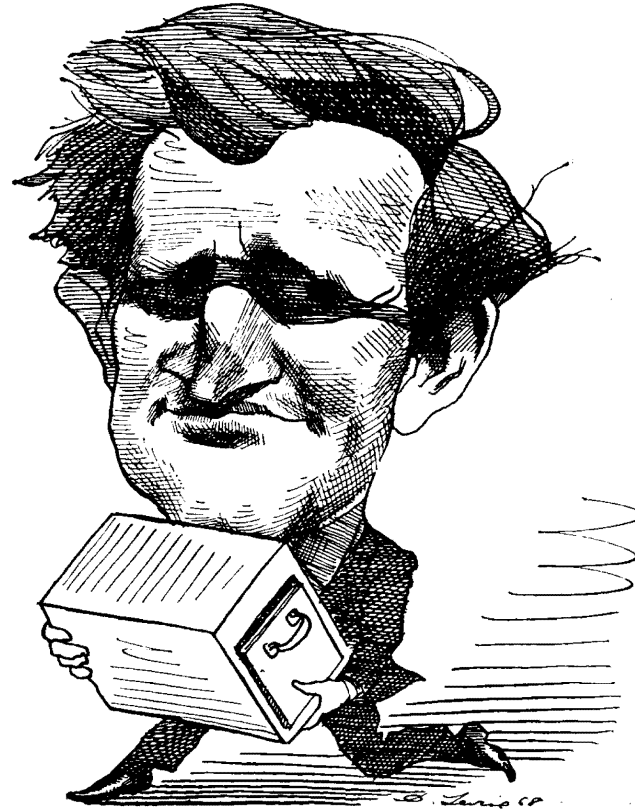
The time is 1970, and the scene is Bonn. In Brussels, the British are once again being considered for membership in the Common Market, but they will need Germany's vote to get in, and Germany is torn by dissent. A popular movement, mixing farmers and students and led by a man of "flatulent sincerity," insists that Germany turn to Russia in the future. So busy are the diplomats in the British Embassy at Bonn that they almost overlook the disappearance of one of their members,

who has taken a cartload of secret files with him. One of the files, in fact, could turn the tide against Britain's entry into the Common Market.

Alan Turner, "clever, predatory and vulgar, with the hard eye of the upstart" and a tendency to destroy those whom he investigates, is rushed from the security department of Britain's Foreign Office to track down Leo Harting. Harting, as a child in the war, had fled Germany for Britain; now, he has returned as a temporary and slightly tawdry diplomat to wangle his way into every file the British possess. He has vanished, of course, by the time Turner arrives, but he has left his track. As Turner tightens the screws on the men and women connected with the Embassy's political section, he discovers that Harting had somehow turned the weaknesses and romantic illusions of each to his own advantage—not because Harting was skillful at this kind of exploitation, but because men and women, poor wounded creatures that they are, are anxious to offer trust and love where they are ill advised to do so, recklessly exposing their vulnerabilities even when they know that the consequences are bound to prove disastrous.

This cheerless message is one of three unvarying themes that extend through all of Le Carré's fiction. Another is the depreciation of the human organism and the institutions it is capable of creating. A sense of attenuation, of enervation, hangs over all his books; his buildings and cities are cold and damp, and his characters are aging, facing retirement without having discovered a meaning in their dull and sometimes dangerous lives. Finally, there is the theme of the hunt, which, in Le Carré's stories, expresses the kinship of two dedicated people—the hunter and the hunted—in an alienated society, a kinship that is a kind of love in a world where the opposite of love is not hatred but apathy. "That's how we spend our lives, isn't it?" Turner asks. "Looking for people we'll never find."

Le Carré began his career with good stories that were too easy for him. The necessity of showing that a manhunt is more than a scuffle in a dark and European alley, and that the corruption of man is endemic, and not just a matter of bribery and pol-



itics, forced Le Carré to switch from thrillers to serious fiction. The result, combining the best elements of both, seems still in the process of developing, but it is something very special in fiction, and it is altogether fascinating.

The Innocent is a sequel of sorts to Richard Kim's extraordinary first novel, *The Martyred*. It doesn't much matter. One or two characters overlap, and the narrator is the same Korean Army officer, promoted to major now, but no wiser than he was before, in spite

of all the moral ambiguity he had to cope with in the earlier book. What does matter is that this is essentially the same story told over again with rather too many words this time.

Major Lee is the theoretical strategist of an army coup aimed at ridding South Korea of the corrupt government that emerged from the Korean War. Lee lost his religious faith in the earlier novel; not the nature of God, but the nature of social justice is what is argued in the present book. Must every coup degenerate into "an act of blood-stained violence?" Lee insists that if the new government is to be better than the old, it must not murder the opposition. Lee's opponents insist that you cannot be honorable if you don't survive.

The leader of the coup is Lee's old friend, Colonel Min. Min is a magnificently shady character—rather like Mr. Shin, the shady saint of Kim's previous novel. Min is charged with having fought with the Japanese and then with the Communists, with murdering a Russian, a Japanese and an entire company of North Koreans. Hardly the kind of man to lead a bloodless coup, as Major Lee slowly comes to understand. But Min has a reasonable explanation for each act of horrifying violence. As generals defect and the coup progresses, Min and Lee find time to meet in darkened rooms to argue whether the evil in society will be expunged by the good or the evil in men. Both, it turns out, are fatalists, insisting they have "no other choice" in what they do, but Lee is the innocent, the rigid man who nearly ruins the coup by his impotent idealism.

The Martyred was a lean, ascetic story; one could almost see the holes where superfluous words had been stripped away. *The Innocent* is an intriguing novel, better than most, but nevertheless overburdened with contrived dialogue and underburdened with onstage action. Major Lee is unsatisfactory as a narrator; lacking sophistication and self-doubt, he is less than morally obtuse—he is an uninteresting man. The arguments seem windy and polarized, not integrated into the course of action as they were in the previous novel, and the whole story should be shorter by a third.

PETER S. PRESCOTT

F B I

Date: 11-6-68

Transmit the following in _____
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(Priority)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (44-38861)
FROM: SAC, MEMPHIS (44-1987) P
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Enclosed for the Bureau are two copies each of letters directed to eight individuals regarding the appearance of witnesses in instant case. These are furnished for the Bureau's information and no action is recommended.

3 BUREAU (Enc. 16)
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C. C. Bishop

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RE NEW YORK TELETYPE TO BUREAU, NOV 7 1966, 10 40 PM.
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MURKIN

FROM: SAC, NEW YORK (100-100000) (P)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-100000) (P)

YIKES

UN

ROBERT K. DWYER
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

LLOYD A. RHODES
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

JOHN L. CARLISLE
H. J. BEACH
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CRIMINAL INVESTIGATORS

EARL E. FITZPATRICK
NON-SUPPORT DIVISION

PHIL M. CANALE, JR.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY GENERAL
FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT OF TENNESSEE
COUNTY OF SHELBY

SHELBY COUNTY OFFICE BUILDING
157 POPLAR AVENUE
MEMPHIS, TENN. 38103

November 1, 1968

ASSISTANTS

WILLIAM D. HAYNES
JAMES C. BEASLEY
EWELL C. RICHARDSON
JEWETT H. MILLER
J. CLYDE MASON
SAM J. CATANZARO
LEONARD T. LAFFERTY
ARTHUR T. BENNETT
DON D. STROTHER
DON A. DINO
JOSEPH L. PATTERSON
BILLY F. GRAY
EUGENE C. GAERIG
HARVEY HERRIN
F. GLEN SISSON
JOHN W. PIEROTTI

Honorable M.F.A. Lindsay
Commissioner of the Royal Canadian
Mounted Police
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Dear Commissioner Lindsay:

As you will recall, Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Beasley, and Mr. Carlisle of this office were in Montreal and Toronto recently in their pre-trial investigation in the case of the State of Tennessee vs. James Earl Ray, set for November 12, 1968, in which James Earl Ray is charged with the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. They brought back glowing reports of the cooperation and the treatment they received from all the persons under your command with whom they came in contact, and were high in the praise of the efficiency of your personnel. They are particularly appreciative of the assistance rendered them by Chief Superintendent Joe Downey, Chief Superintendent M.J. Dube, Superintendent C.R. Doey, Staff Sergeant L.M. Morse, Sergeant E.J.C. Mager, Corporal M.J. Smith, Corporal J.S. Dunlop, and Corporal Michael F.T. Power.

At this time, I respectfully request that you assign Corporals Dunlop and Smith to interview Mr. and Mrs. Morris Quintal, 1392 Hickory Road, Windsor, Ontario. This couple was the landlord and landlady of the Harkay Apartments in Montreal where James Earl Ray resided in July and August of 1967. We are anxious to know if Mr. Quintal will be available to testify in the trial of the case here. Will you please advise?

I further respectfully request that you direct Corporal Dunlop and Corporal Smith to check with the following witnesses to determine if said witnesses will be available to testify here at the Ray trial:

1. Paul Bridgman, 80 Cassandra Blvd., Apt. 1, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada
2. Eric St. Vincent Galt, 49 Leahann Drive, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada
3. Sun Fung Loo, 962 Dundas West, Toronto, Ontario Canada
4. Feliksa Szpokowsky, 102 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Canada

November 1, 1968

5. Mabel Agnew, 137 Yonge, Suite 64
Arcade Bldg., Toronto, Ontario
6. Lillian Ann Spencer, 50 Oxtan Ave., Apt. 102
Toronto, Ontario
7. Robert McNaulton, 10 Bellehaven Crescent
Toronto, Ontario

We ask that Corporals Dunlop and Smith advise Mrs. Szpokowsky that she may bring her daughter, Lydia, with her as an interpreter while she is testifying. Also, will you ask the Corporals to advise Mrs. Agnew that she is authorized to be accompanied by her daughter.

It will also be essential that Corporal Dunlop and Corporal Smith be available in Memphis as witnesses in this case, and it might be well for them to accompany the above-named witnesses. It is respectfully requested that Corporals Dunlop and Smith bring with them any essential evidence in this case which they have in their possession.

If the above-named persons are available to visit the United States the State of Tennessee will pay their expenses as follows:

Payment for transportation from their place of residence to the Point of Entry into the United States; then ten cents (10¢) a mile from the Point of Entry into the United States to Memphis, Tennessee; plus five dollars (\$5.00) a day every day they are in attendance as witnesses; the State of Tennessee will pay the witnesses ten cents (10¢) a mile from Memphis to the Point of Exit from the United States and then their transportation from the Point of Exit of the United States to their place of residence.

I wish further to inform you that the said witnesses' lodging and meals during their stay here in Memphis, Tennessee will be paid for by the State of Tennessee.

When this office is notified to the effect that these witnesses are available to come to Memphis, Tennessee, I will arrange to have the funds forwarded to each witness to purchase a round trip airline ticket, tourist class, plus an incidental expense fund, in order to enable the witnesses to make said trip. This amount advanced will then be deducted from the total amount due the witnesses upon their being paid their additional witnesses' fees here in Memphis.

In view of our trial date being November 12, 1968, it is important for us to be notified as soon as possible whether these witnesses will be available to visit the United States.

Although the trial date is set for November 12th, it is not expected that the persons named above will be needed on that date, as it will probably take us some time to select a jury, and we will have other witnesses to offer in evidence prior to the need for the presence of the above-named persons. I estimate that it will be the early part

November 1, 1968

of December before the presence of the above-named persons is needed, and when you notify us that the witnesses are available for attendance, we will give you and them approximately one week's advance notice in order that they might complete arrangements for their trip. It is anticipated that the presence of the above witnesses will not be needed in Memphis more than the time necessary for them to testify at the trial, and in no event will they be required for more than three or four days.

I am sincerely appreciative of your wonderful cooperation in this matter, and please feel free to call me collect if there is any question which arises.

Sincerely yours,

PHIL M. CANALE, JR.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY GENERAL
FIFTEENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
STATE OF TENNESSEE

PMCjr/lb

11-22-68

ROBERT K. DWYER
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

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DON A. DINO
JOSEPH L. PATTERSON
BILLY F. GRAY
EUGENE C. GAERIG
HARVEY HERRIN
F. GLEN SIBSON
JOHN W. PIEROTTI

Honorable H.F.C. Humphries
Deputy Registrar for the Province
of Ontario
Office of the Registrar General
70 Lombard Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Dear Mr. Humphries:

The trial of the State of Tennessee vs. James Earl Ray, who is charged with the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., is set for trial in Memphis, Tennessee on November 12, 1968. You will recall, Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Beasley, and Mr. Carlise, of this office, conferred with you about this matter on October 18, 1968.

It is respectfully requested that you make the necessary arrangements to be in Memphis, Tennessee to testify for the State of Tennessee at this trial, and to bring with you the original records pertaining to the requests for birth certificates under the name of Ramon George Sneyd and Paul Bridgman.

If you are available to visit the United States, the State of Tennessee will pay your expenses as follows:

Payment for transportation from Toronto, Ontario to the Point of Entry into the United States; then ten cents (10¢) a mile from the Point of Entry into the United States to Memphis, Tennessee; plus five dollars (\$5.00) a day every day you are in attendance as a witness; the State of Tennessee will pay you ten cents (10¢) a mile from Memphis to the Point of Exit from the United States and then your transportation from the Point of Exit of the United States to Toronto, Ontario.

I wish further to inform you that your lodging and meals during your stay here in Memphis, Tennessee will be paid for by the State of Tennessee.

When this office is notified to the effect that you are available to come to Memphis, Tennessee, I will arrange to have the funds forwarded to you to purchase a round trip airline ticket, tourist class, plus an incidental expense fund, in order to enable you to make said