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White Horse
the Good Guys
Scotch.

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JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

Ray writes:

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

About his six weeks in Birmingham, Ray writes:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

continued

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

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

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

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

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

Ray explained to me:

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

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

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

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

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

continued



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

DATE MARCH 3, 1968

NAME ERIC S. GALT

AGE 37

STREET ADDRESS 5533 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

TEL. 464-1131

CITY HOLLYWOOD, 90028

STATE CALIF.

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

FOR REDUCTION OF PROMINENT NASAL TIP.

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

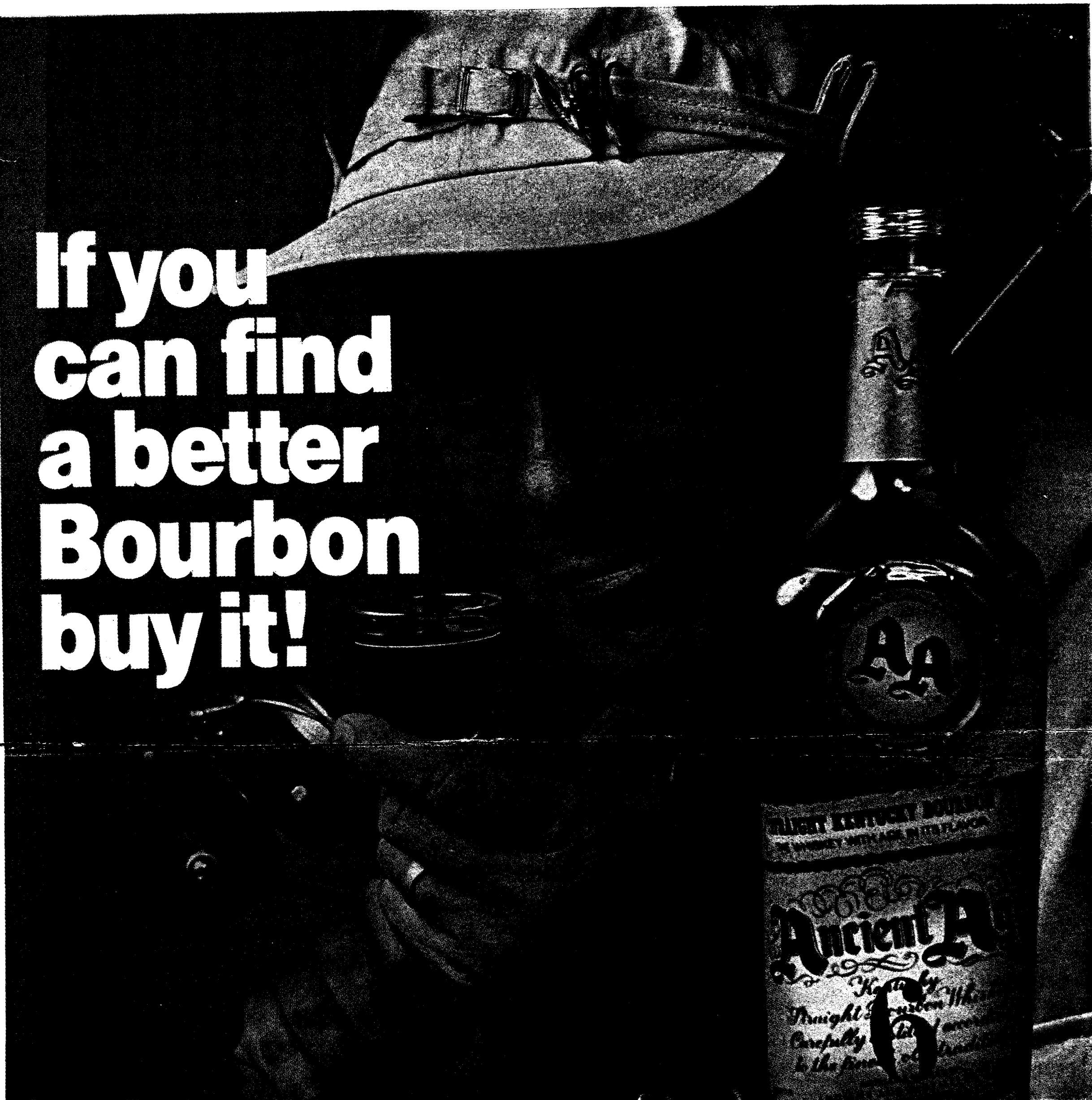
I AM ADVISED AND FULLY UNDERSTAND AND AGREE THAT ALTHOUGH GOOD RESULTS ARE EXPECTED, THEY CANNOT BE AND ARE NOT GUARANTEED. NOR CAN THERE BE ANY GUARANTEE AGAINST UNWARRANTED RESULTS. NO ORAL REPRESENTATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE TO THE CONTRARY.

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

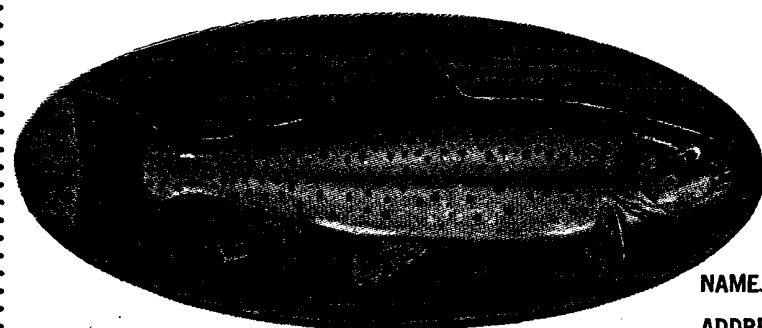
SIGNATURE Eric S. Galt

DATE _____

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|--|-----------------------------------|
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BOURBON

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

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

Ray writes:

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

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

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

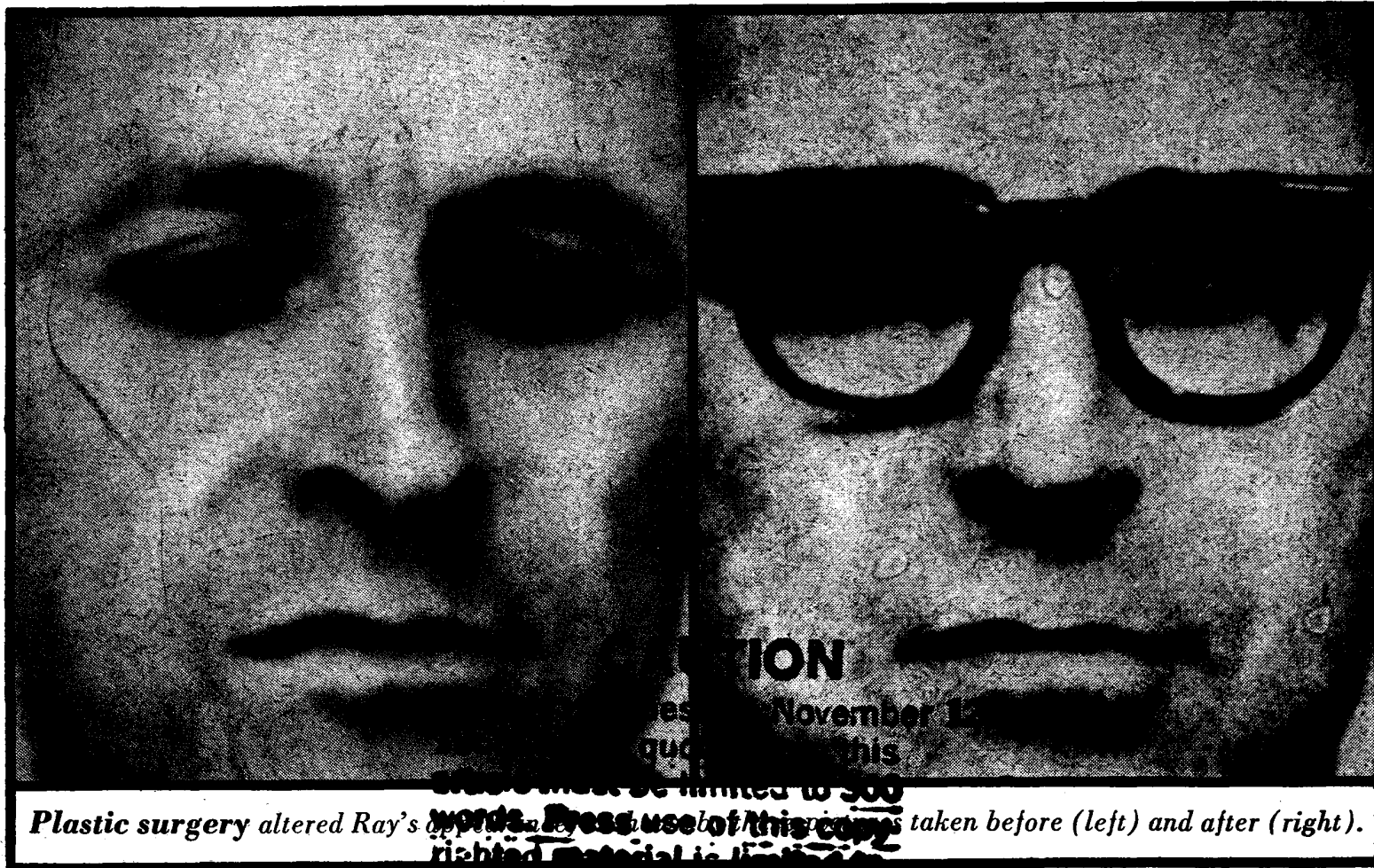
During the morning of Monday, August 28, 1967, Ray, as Eric S. Galt, rented Safety Deposit Box No. 5517 at the Birmingham Trust National Bank in downtown Birmingham. The bank's log on this box, the record showing each time it was unlocked, seems significant. This log shows that the box was not unlocked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

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

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

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES HANSEN



Plastic surgery altered Ray's appearance. Photos taken before (left) and after (right).
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AFTER COMMUNICATING IN WRITING for two months with James Earl Ray through his attorney, and after traveling to Chicago, Montreal, Ottawa, Los Angeles, and Birmingham and Selma, Ala., to verify what Ray has told me, and to investigate further, I have reached these conclusions:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

continued

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a woman become
a woman?**

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

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

James Earl Ray