

Mr. + Mrs. E.C. Johnson
2116 - 14th St.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Richard Glenn
B'ham

Bill Green
Rt 3, B'ham

Jack Miller
2125 Lake St
Tuscaloosa, Ala

James Foster
Leeds, Ala.

Floyd Turner
7905 - 5th Ave
Anniston, Ala.

Ray Mattox
Rt 2
Hanceville, Ala.

J. F. Murphree
1237 - 4th St. No.
B'ham

Mrs. Terry Black
B'ham

Inke Harbin
2373 Cherokee Rd
B'ham.

Tony Smith &
Thomas Jones
Address illegible

Wesley Hissain
1824 - So. Main Ave
Gadsden, Ala.

Jamace Marshall
Johnson City, Tenn

Hugh W. Ferr
912 - 10th St. SW
B'ham

Roy Chapman
Mobile, Ala.

Bill Wilson

2132 - Englow Ave.
Gadsden, Ala.

T. M. Vick

Columbiana, Ala.

Helen Purdy
Birmingham.

Mark Phillips

Oneonta, Ala.

Dell Dyars
Rt 1

Talladega, Ala.

E. J. Amster

104 - 2nd Ave.

H'ville, Ala.

John Howell

Crimson Towers

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

R. M. Kersey

1000 - Marshall

Mattson, Ill

(REA Express)

~~Ray Chapman~~
~~Mobile, Ala~~

8/26/67

J. Cox
B'ham

J. C. Jones
B'ham

Wade Fowler
Sylacauga

Joe Smith
Mobile, Ala.

A. L. Clayton
Gadsden, Ala.

Larry Davis
Rt 2
Centerville, Ala.

Colvin Victory
5361 - 1st Ave, Mo
B'ham

Paul J. Terque
819 - Asylum St
Flint, Mich.

Mr. + Mrs. James O'Brien
1625 - 12th Ave
Meridian, Miss.

Fred Herr
B'ham (drunk)

Passo Bigbie
B'ham

Jack Davis
B'ham

Paul Wasse (or Wesson)
3724 - Knollwood Lane
B'ham

Paul South (or Smith)
B'ham

Zee Smith

132 - So Spruce St.
Kansas City, Mo.

Fred Gings (??)
B'ham.

C.A. Henderson
Huntsville, Ala.

C.R. Davis
1114 - Jupiter St
Judson, Ala.

M. Sellers (beaten up)
Rt 1 - Box 407
Jemison, Ala.

Billy Jackson
481 - S. Brevard
Cocoa, Fla.

* John Z. Rayne (receipt executed for card)
1825 - Lafayette St.
St. Louis, Mo.

8-27-67

B. Z. Froot (trouble)
29 Lakewood
B'ham

Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Wells
B'ham

F. O. Oliver
B'ham

E. B. Black Jr.
667- W. 12th St
Jasper, Ala.

8-28-68

Jim Poynter
308- No. Cherry
Effingham, Ill.

T. M. Vick
Columbia, Ala.

Gerald W. Hamilton
B'ham

H. D. Grimes
3890 Lee St.
Winston Salem, N.C.

J. B. Hayes
Cullman, Ala.

Rosemary Lindsey
B'ham.

J. E. Watkins
B'ham.

Artis Parker
B'ham

R. B. Frost (trouble)
B'ham

Dora Clark
Gray, Ind.

A. L. White
911 - Westover Dr.
High Point, N.C.

Roy Burgess
630 - Kennan Rd
Hiville, Ala.

Joe Brady
no address - day rate

Mrs. P. Stone
415 - Nagler St.
San Antonio, Tex.

Corlea Parish
no address - day rate

W. J. Brother
Birmingham.

Pete Martin
Birmingham - day rate

File No. 44-1987-1A-251Date Received 11-25-68From LA
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By ME
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes
☒ No**Description:** Two photos of Handwriting
on box found by Mrs. W.
Pitman

re MURKIN

2) enclosures to Memphis
to go with Los Angeles report, letter airtel
dated 11/20/68, described as:
Two photos of handwriting on box
found by Mrs. W. PITMAN.

Re: MURKIN
Los Angeles file number 44-1574
Memphis file number 44-1987

James Earl Ray
112 Tucker St.
Leland, Mississippi

John Wesley Rayford Jr.

~~James Earl Ray~~
John Wesley Tucker

h/fo

44-1987-1A-251
~~44-1987-1A~~

James Earl Ray
112 Tucker St
Leland, Mississippi

John Wesley Raymond Jr.

John Wesley Tucker

Handwritten initials or signature, possibly "H/10".

44-1987-~~100~~ 1A-251

2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176

File No. 44-1987-1A-252Date Received 11/25/68From Bh
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By Me
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ NoReceipt given ☐ Yes
☐ NoDescription: ~~1~~ 1 Xerox copy of
registration card of John
S. Layns, at the Arxada
Hotel, Birmingham.

ROOM 210		<i>Wains</i> John L. Rayms		9022	
ARRIVE 8-26-67		DEPART		RATE 4.50	
DATE 26					
FORWARD					
ROOMS 14.50					
CAFE					
TAX 23					
BEVERAGE					
PHONE					
LONG DIS.					
LAUNDRY					
VALET					
GARAGE					
BAGGAGE					
TELEG.					
CASH					
TOTAL					
CR. CASH 4.93					
CR. ALLOW.					
BALANCE					

REGISTRATION CARD

GUESTS WITHOUT BAGGAGE PLEASE PAY IN ADVANCE

Money, jewels and valuables must be deposited in the office safe,
otherwise the proprietor will not be responsible for any loss.

Name John J. Rayns
Street 1825 Lafayette St.
City St. Louis State Mo.

Representing _____

Room <u>210</u> 215	Rate <u>4.50</u>	Arrive <u>9:05</u> A. M. P. M.	Folio
Date <u>8-26-67</u>	No. in Party <u>1</u>	Clerk <u>AK</u>	<u>Seutane</u>

Remarks

Form 34A JOHN WILLY, INC., EVANSTON, ILL.



File No. 44-1987-1A-253

Date Received 11/21/68

From Alia
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By Me
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ No

Receipt given ☐ Yes
☐ No

Description: one set of major
case prints of John
Scott Candlish

LEAVE THIS SPACE BLANK

TYPE OR PRINT

LAST NAME

FIRST NAME

MIDDLE NAME

SEX

RACE

CANDRIAN

JOHN

SCOTT

HT. (Inches)

WT.

74

180

CONTRIBUTOR AND ADDRESS

ALIASES

FBI

MEMPHIS

HAIR

EYES

BROWN

BROWN

DATE OF BIRTH

PLACE OF BIRTH

CHICAGO, ILL

SIGNATURE OF PERSON FINGERPRINTED

John Scott Candrian

SCARS, MARKS, OR AMPUTATIONS

SLIGHT SCAR ON EACH EYE BROW

4" SCAR ON LEFT SHOULDER

SIGNATURE OF OFFICIAL TAKING FINGERPRINTS

DATE

SA James J. Stant

4/14/68

YOUR NUMBER

LEAVE THIS SPACE BLANK

PLACE FBI NO. HERE

CLASS.

REF.

REPLY DESIRED? ☐ YES ☐ NO

REPLY WILL BE SENT IN ALL CASES IF SUBJECT FOUND TO BE WANTED.

1. RIGHT THUMB



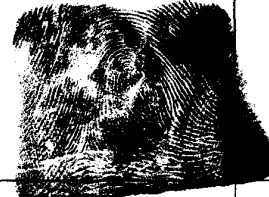
2. RIGHT INDEX



3. RIGHT MIDDLE



4. RIGHT RING



5. RIGHT LITTLE



6. LEFT THUMB



7. LEFT INDEX



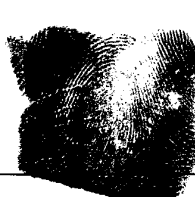
8. LEFT MIDDLE



9. LEFT RING



10. LEFT LITTLE



LEFT FOUR FINGERS TAKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY



LEFT THUMB

RIGHT THUMB

RIGHT FOUR FINGERS TAKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY



☆ U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20537

OCCUPATION STUDENT	EMPLOYER (If U.S. Government, indicate military (give serial number) or civilian employing agency.) MEMPHIS STATE UNIVERSITY MEMPHIS, TENN.
----------------------------------	--

RESIDENCE OF PERSON FINGERPRINTED 1339 COURTLAND AVE, PARK RIDGE, ILLINOIS
--

CURRENT ARREST OR RECEIPT

DATE ARRESTED OR RECEIVED	CHARGE OR OFFENSE (If code citation is used it should be accompanied by charge)	DISPOSITION OR SENTENCE (List FINAL disposition only. If not now available, submit later on FBI Form R-84 for completion of record.)
4/16/68	SUSPECT - CIVIL RIGHTS CONSPIRACY	
FOR INSTITUTIONS USE ONLY Sentence expires _____		

If arrest fingerprints sent FBI previously and FBI# unknown, furnish arrest # _____ . Date _____

If COLLECT wire reply or COLLECT telephone reply is desired indicate here:

☐ Wire reply

☐ Telephone reply

Telephone Number including area code _____

Please Paste Photograph in This Space

Since photograph may become detached indicate name, date taken, FBI number, and arrest number on reverse side whether attached to fingerprint card or submitted later.

INSTRUCTIONS

1. FORWARD ARREST CARDS TO FBI IMMEDIATELY AFTER FINGERPRINTING FOR MOST EFFECTIVE SERVICE.
2. TYPE or PRINT all information.
3. Note amputations in proper finger squares.
4. REPLY WILL QUOTE ONLY NUMBER APPEARING IN THE BLOCK MARKED "YOUR NUMBER."
5. Indicate any additional copies for other agencies in space below - give their complete mailing address including zip code.

SEND COPY TO:

JOHN SCOTT CANDRIAN
4/16/68
BR Vagamon, Santa.

R. LITTLE

R. INDEX

R. RING

R. MIDDLE

R THUMB

JOHN SCOTT CANDRIAN

4/16/68

By SA Jimmy J. Stunt



RIGHT PALM

JOHN SCOTT CANDRIAN

4/16/68

By SA Jimmy J. Stant



LEFT PALM

JOHN SCOTT CANDRIAN
4/16/68

By
Sgt. James J. Smith
LEFT HAND

5-117-7

L. INDEX

5-117-7

L. MIDDLE

L. THUMB

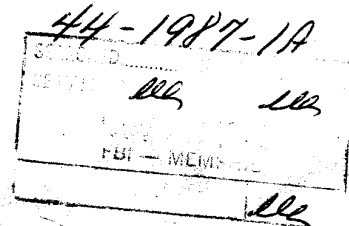
(Title) _____

(File No.) 44-1987-1A

245. 11/21/68 several copies of Circular letter - to all ~~Laundries~~
Laundries and Dry cleaning establishments
246. 11/21/68 2 photostats of New Label Registration card
247. 11/26/68 a summons to SA Robert Fitzpatrick to appear in
Criminal Court on 11/26/68
248. 11/26/68 a summons to Robert Jensen to appear in
Criminal Court on 11/26/68
249. 11/26/68 one set (53) photos of scene 11/20/68

Disposition.

249. All negatives and one set of prints furnished Supv.
John Murphy



(Title) _____

(File No.) 44-1987-1A

250. 11/26/68 2 copies of legible (handwritten) list of registration cards at the Armand Hotel, Birmingham, Ala.
251. 11/26/68 2 photos of handwriting on box found by Mrs. W. W. (Ditmar)
252. 11/26/68 1 xerox copy of registration card of John L. Payne at the Armand Hotel, Birmingham
253. 12/4/68 one set of major case prints of John Scott Candrian

Disposition.

44-1987-1A

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED <i>llh</i>	FILED <i>llh</i>
NOV 26 1968	
FBI - MEMPHIS	

llh

SAC: MEMPHIS

44-1987-1A-254p100 & copy

File No. 44-1987-1A-254

Date Received 12-12-68

From _____
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(CITY AND STATE)

By ME _____
(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes
☒ No

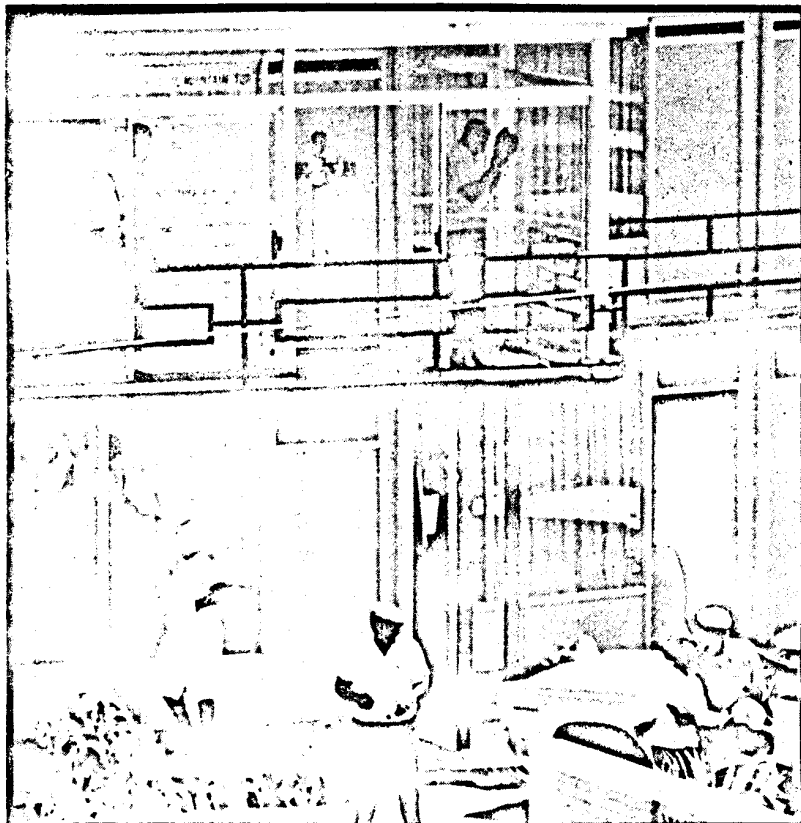
Receipt given ☐ Yes
☐ No

Description: 2 xero x copies of article
that appeared in 11-~~12~~-68 edition
of Look Magazine RE: "I Had Been
In Trouble All"

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.



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.



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.

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.

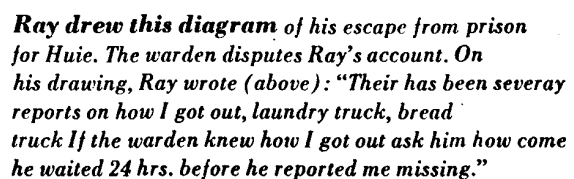
What you read here was written by me in September to be published on the eve of Ray's trial in November. It's a pretrial installment of the story. It is written before Ray has been allowed to talk with me, and while his lawyers are trying to obtain such permission for him.

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.'

Ray continues his story of his escape at Jefferson City: April 23rd [1967] was a Sunday. I was working the 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. shift in the bread slicing room, so I was allowed to eat in the kitchen. When I came for breakfast at 8 a.m. I brought with me in a sack 20 candy bars, a comb, a razor and blades, a piece of mirror, soap, and a transistor radio. The sack attracted no attention: kitchen personnel are allowed to shower and shave in a bathroom in the kitchen. I ate a good breakfast of about 6 eggs since I knew this might be my last meal for a while. Then I went to the bread room where I had hidden a white shirt and a pair of standard green prison pants that I had dyed black with stencil ink. I put these on, then I put my green prison pants and green shirt on top of them. I transferred the items in the sack to my pockets, then stuffed the sack under my shirts. I went down the elevator to the ground floor and out onto the loading dock.

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



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	FICA employee tax withheld	Total FICA wages paid in 1967
1.00	1.00		0.72	0.72
Type or print EMPLOYEE'S identification number, name, and address above.			Includes tax withheld by employee. This amount is before payroll deductions or self-pay deductions.	
Type or print EMPLOYEE'S social security number.			Add this item to wages in figuring the amount to be reported as wages and salaries on your income tax return.	
Type or print EMPLOYEE'S name and address (including ZIP code) above.			The social security (FICA) tax of 4.2% includes .5% for hospital insurance benefits and .9% for old-age, survivors, and disability insurance. If your wages were subject to social security taxes, but are not shown, these wages are the same as wages shown under "Federal Income Tax Information." But not more than \$5,000.	
FORM 941-6-66, Bureau of Internal Revenue Service			Uncollected Employee Tax on Tips	



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

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."

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PART A1 ITEM 11

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 Donnellys in Chicago I wrote to the Canadian embassy for information on immigration. The reply was one of the letters the Donnellys say I got. In prison I studied about how a broker named Burell 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 then and later.)

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 he had been 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

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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.

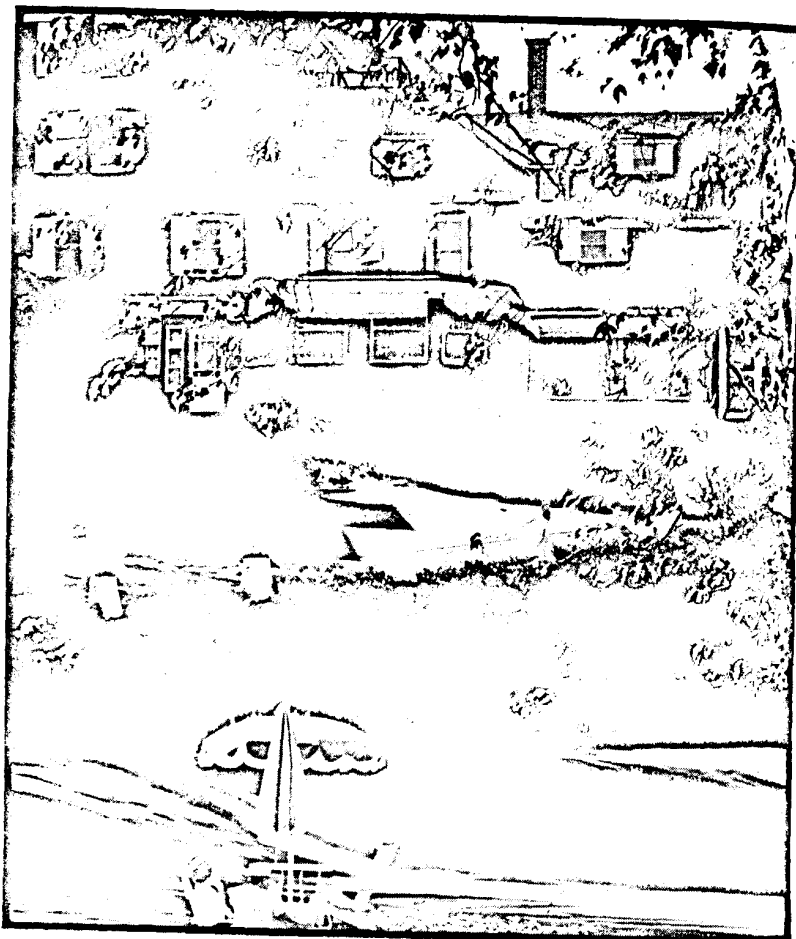
At Tip Top Tailors, 488 St. Catherine West, he spent about \$200 for new clothes. Tip Top is comparable to the Bond stores in the United States: where you can buy a suit for \$65 to \$110; a sweater for \$20; and sport shirts for \$10. Ray bought a new powder-blue Botany suit, a pair of gray slacks,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

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JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED



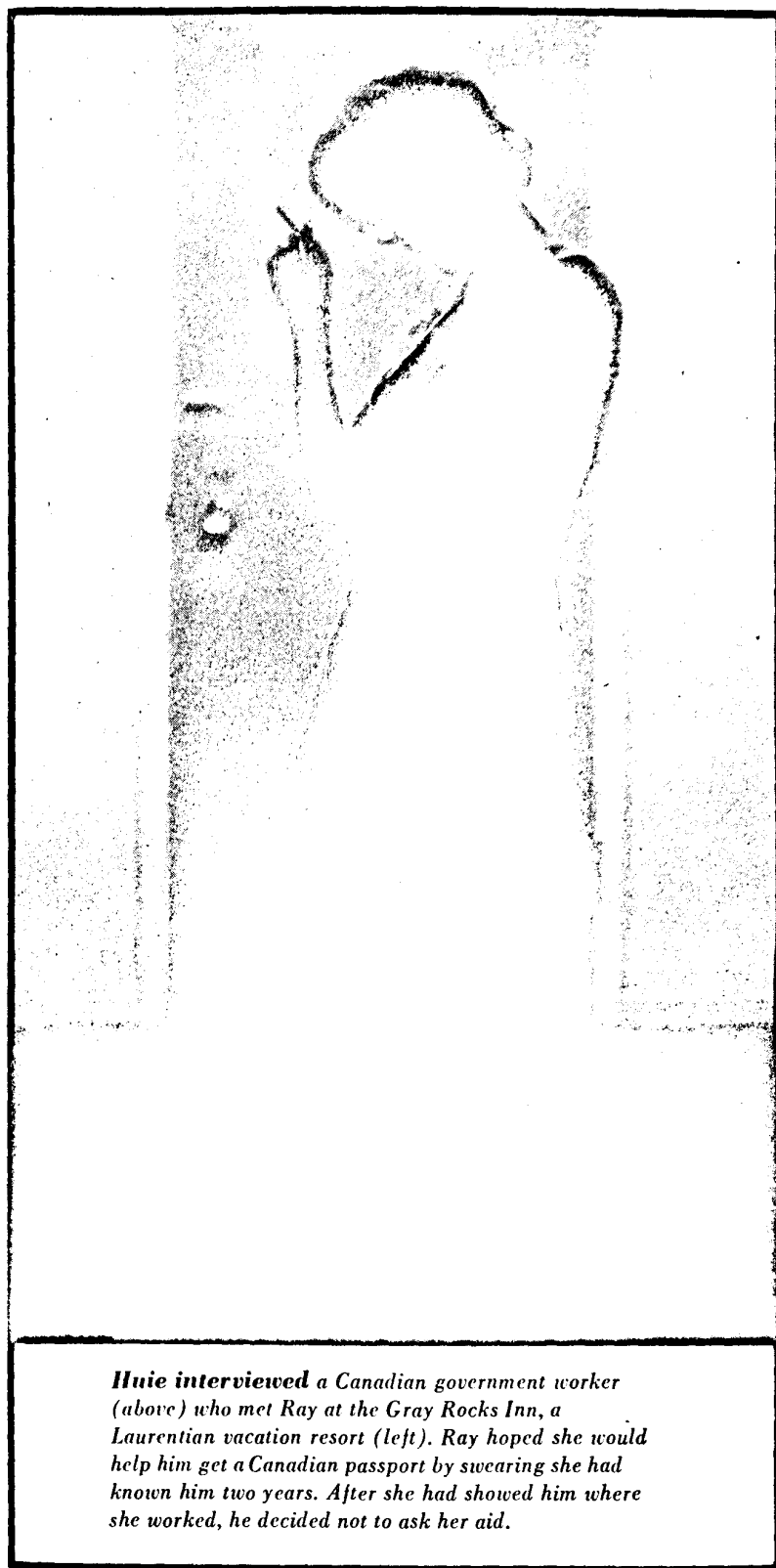
Many of the thousands of seamen who pass through Montreal visit the Neptune Tavern on the waterfront. During the summer of 1967, Ray had several meetings there with a man named Raoul, who convinced him that he should return to the United States.



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.



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

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

and talk in confidence about an individual she met about a year ago. I guessed that she had read the Gal-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

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

continued

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."

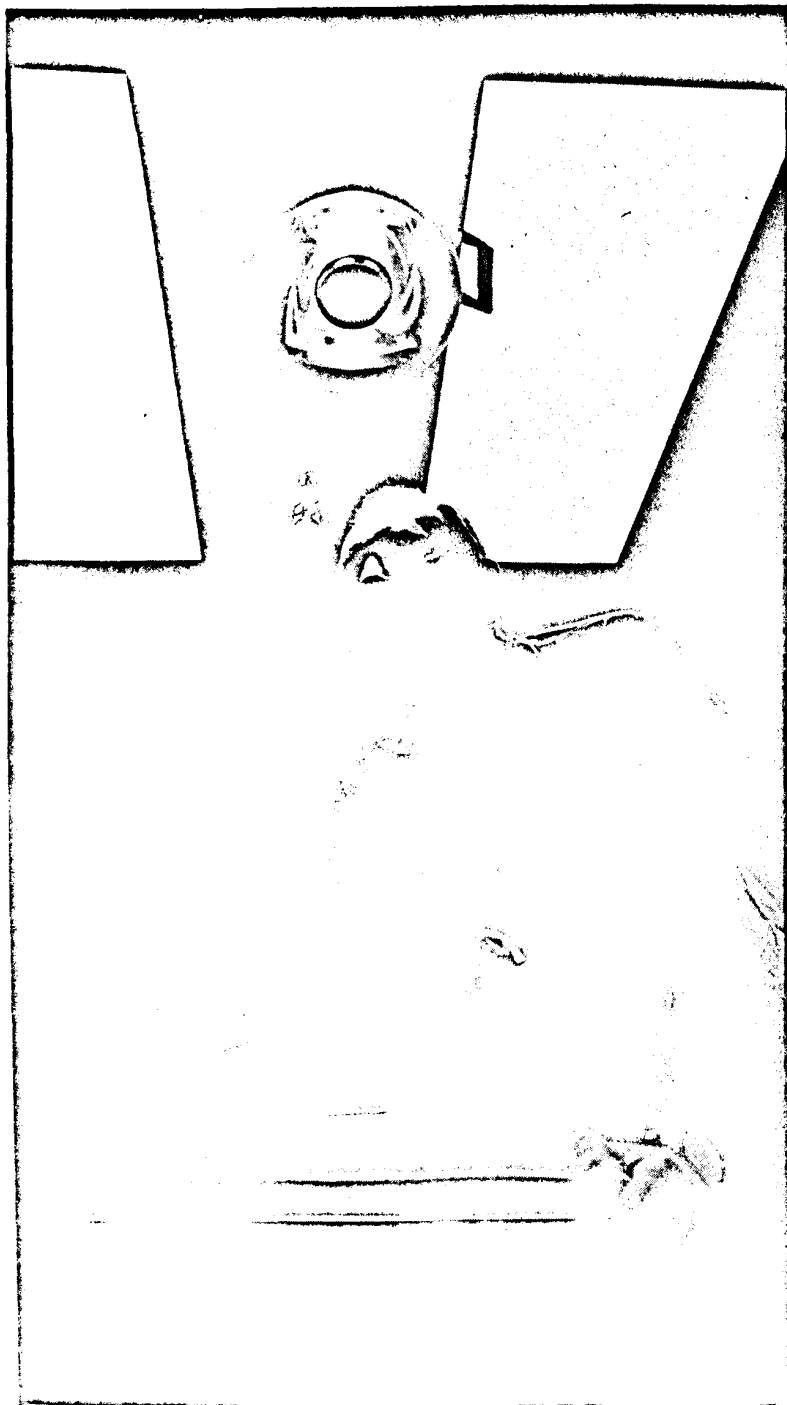
"I showed him where I work, and all the government buildings and the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

"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

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

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

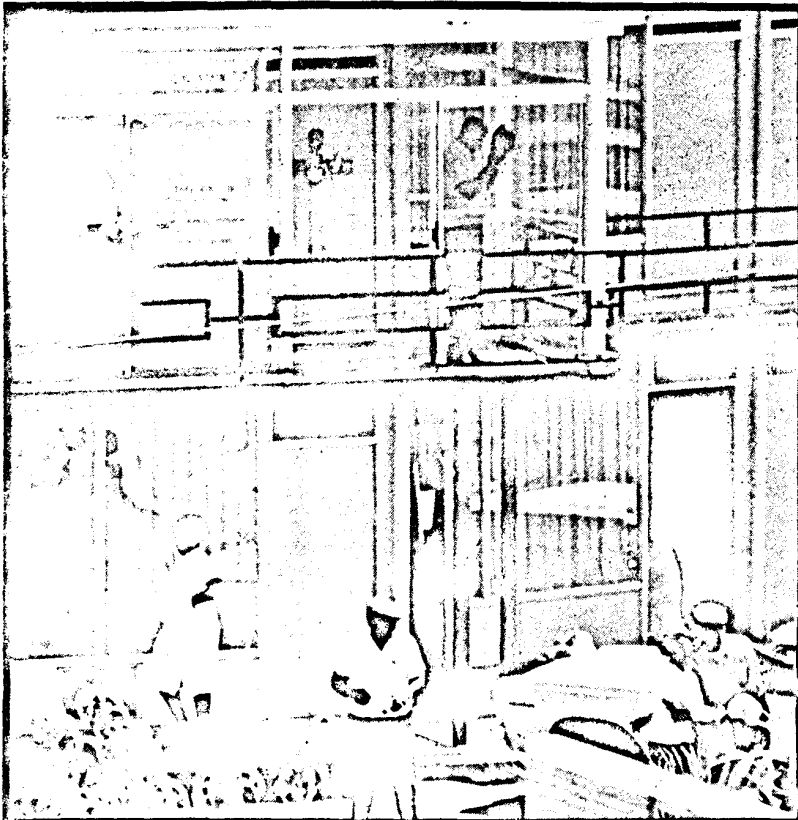


The Plot to Assassinate Martin Luther King, continuing in the next issue of LOOK, tells of the people James Earl Ray met after his return from Canada, including a doctor (above) who, until interviewed by Huie, did not know the man he had treated was Ray.

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.



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.



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.

Martin Luther King By William Bradford Huie

MY LIFE, IN JAIL MOST OF IT

FROM HIS JAIL CELL in Memphis, Tenn., the accused assassin of Martin Luther King, Jr., writes to me:

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.

In prison I worked in the kitchen. During yard-time I sometimes gambled. I read detective books and True and Argosy and books about how to change yourself and get along. But mostly I studied how to break out and how to get capital and I.D. [identifying cards or documents] after I broke out.

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.

JAMES EARL RAY writes to me because, after his arrest in London, I contracted with him to tell me what he knows. Through his lawyers, I paid him for his promised help. He began by answering my written questions orally and warily to his lawyers. Then he switched to answering in writing. Each week, he seems to write with less effort at deception. If, in time, he tells me all he knows, and helps me find it is true, I'll be satisfied.

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.

In quoting Ray, I have in spots improved his grammar and spelling. But he expresses himself clearly. His handwriting is easier to read than mine. He has a table in his cell at which, under perpetual light and watched by perpetual television and human eyes, he works at writing, employing a dictionary he asked me for.

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.

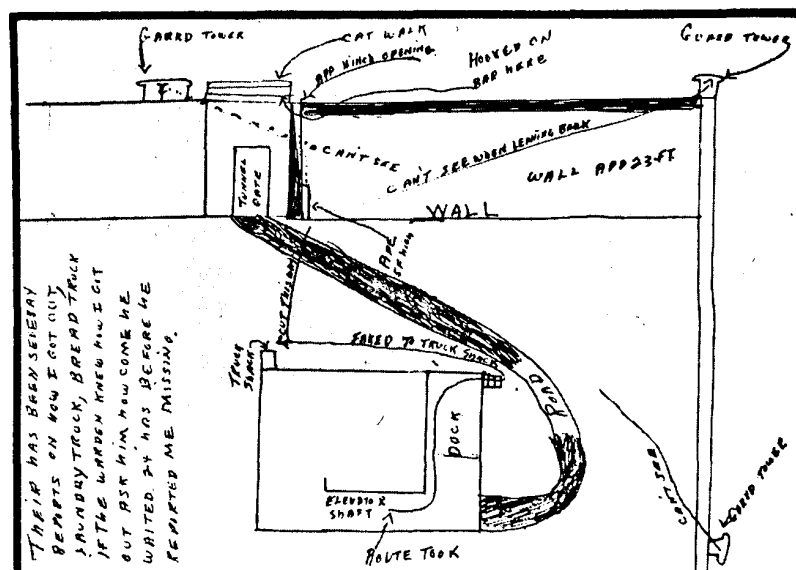
Out of school and out of the Army, Ray began his in-and-out prison career with a two-bit robbery in Los Angeles in 1949. Then, as did Caryl Chessman and others, he educated himself in prison. The book he values most, and quotes often to me, is *Psycho-Cybernetics* by Maxwell Maltz, a plastic surgeon. The publishers say this book will "help you escape life's dull, monotonous routine—make you look younger, feel healthier, and be more successful!" The author says when you change a man's face, you change his future, and when you change his physical image, you change his personality and behavior.

Ray continues his story of his escape at Jefferson City:

April 23rd [1967] was a Sunday. I was working the 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. shift in the bread slicing room, so I was allowed to eat in the kitchen. When I came for breakfast at 8 a.m. I brought with me in a sack 20 candy bars, a comb, a razor and blades, a piece of mirror, soap, and a transistor radio. The sack attracted no attention: kitchen personnel are allowed to shower and shave in a bathroom in the kitchen. I ate a good breakfast of about 6 eggs since I knew this might be my last meal for a while. Then I went to the bread room where I had hidden a white shirt and a pair of standard green prison pants that I had dyed black with stencil ink. I put these on, then I put my green prison pants and green shirt on top of them. I transferred the items in the sack to my pockets, then stuffed the sack under my shirts. I went down the elevator to the ground floor and out onto the loading dock.

In the kitchen cooks use a 4-foot-long hook to pull pans around. I had one of these hooks in my hand. I stood there on the dock watching the guard on the tower. I had studied his actions. They all act different. Some of them doze, but they must call in every 15 minutes. So if you take any action you must do it right after you see them call in. I watched this guard call in, saw his head drop, then I ran the 75 feet to the wall.

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



Ray drew this diagram of his escape from prison for Huie. The warden disputes Ray's account. On his drawing, Ray wrote (above): "Their has been severay reports on how I got out, laundry truck, bread truck If the warden knew how I got out ask him how come he waited 24 hrs. before he reported me missing."

JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

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

FEDERAL INCOME TAX INFORMATION			SOCIAL SECURITY INFORMATION	
Federal income tax withheld	Wages paid subject to withholding in 1967	Other compensation paid in 1967	FICA employee tax withheld	Total FICA wages paid in 1967
1.400	1.4		.72	1.4

Type or print EMPLOYEE'S name, address, and address above.

1 Includes tips reported by employee. This amount is before payroll deduction or such pay reduction.

2 Add this item to wages in figuring the amount to be reported as wages and salaries on your income tax return.

3 The social security (FICA) rate of 4.2% includes 3% for hospital insurance and 1% for disability insurance.

4 If wages were subject to special tax rates, but a net amount was paid for the same as wages shown under Federal Income Tax Information, but not more than \$5,000.

Uncollected Employee Tax on Tips

FORM W-2—All, Bureau of Internal Revenue



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

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."

WARA 50B # N1-65-87-11
PART A; ITEM 11

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 Donnellys in Chicago I wrote to the Canadian embassy for information on immigration. The reply was one of the letters the Donnellys say I got. In prison I studied about how a broker named Burell 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 then and later.)

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 he had been 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:

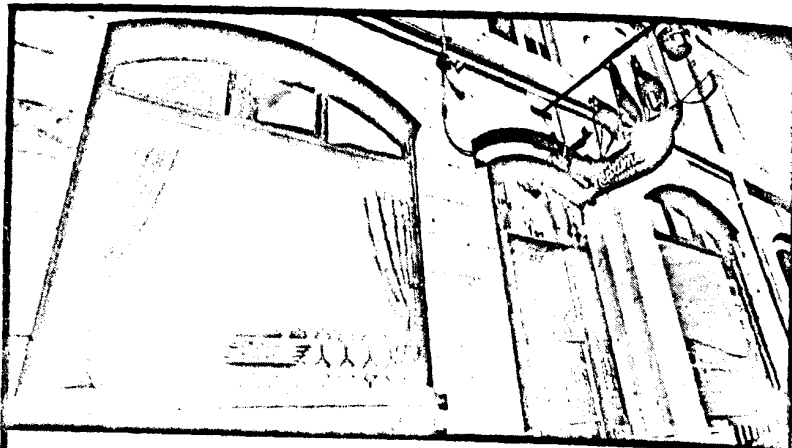
On St. Catherine East, out past the 1400 block, there are a lot of nightclubs. Prostitutes hang out in these places, and in 1967, with the Expo crowds, they were doing big business. The procedure is that the girl leaves the club with you, and the two of you take a cab to an apartment run by whoever she 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.

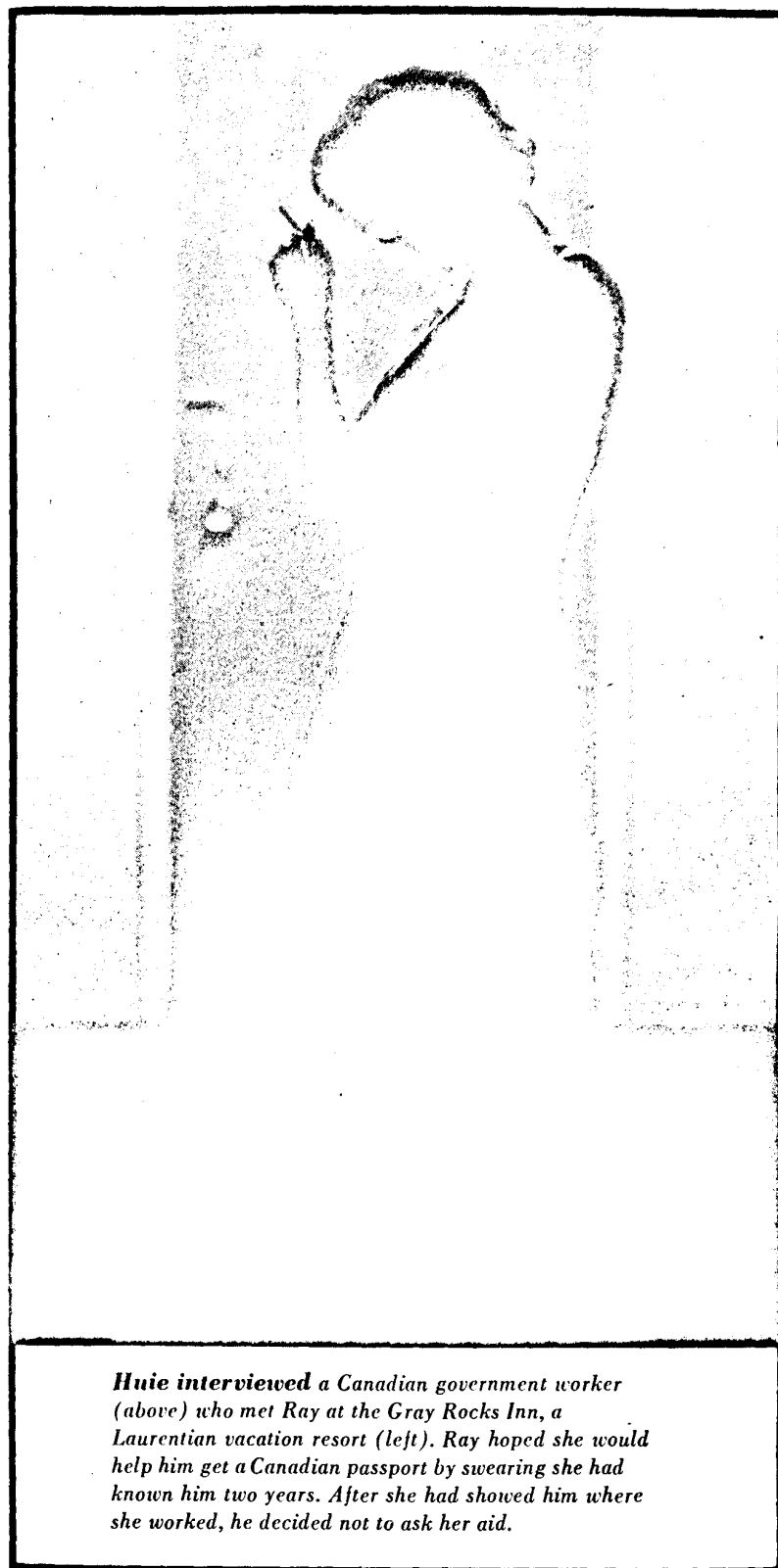
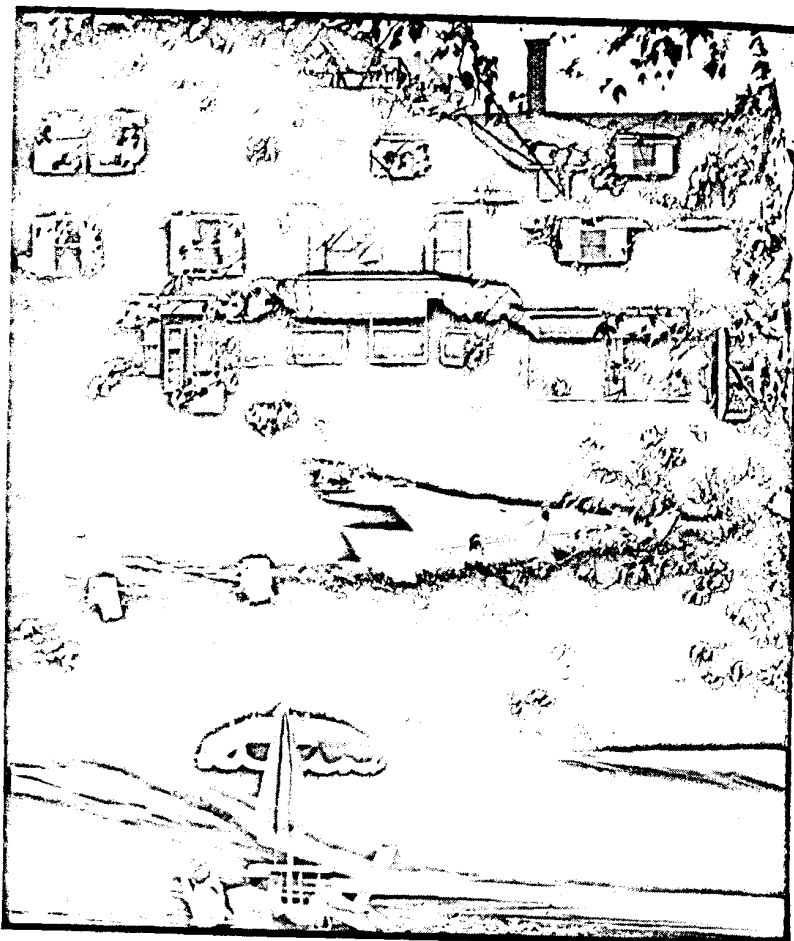
At Tip Top Tailors, 488 St. Catherine West, he spent about \$200 for new clothes. Tip Top is comparable to the Bond stores in the United States: where you can buy a suit for \$65 to \$110; a sweater for \$20; and sport shirts for \$10. Ray bought a new powder-blue Botany suit, a pair of gray slacks,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

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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.



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.

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.

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

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JAMES EARL RAY CONTINUED

and talk in confidence about an individual she met about a year ago. I guessed that she had read the Gal-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

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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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."

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