

JUN 10 1968

Mounties Hunt 'Fat Man' in Ray Case

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Special to The New York Times

TORONTO, June 9—The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are hunting a "fat man" who delivered an envelope to James Earl Ray at a Chinese rooming house in the West Side four days before Ray's flight to London May 6.

The landlady, Mrs. Loo Sun, remembers that the fat man was the only visitor that Ray, suspect in the slaying of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., received during the 16 days he rented a small second-floor rear bedroom for \$9 a week.

She remembers that it was third day and that this was the third time she had received an advance payment from the silent tenant who vanished for days at a time and seldom used the room.

The fat man wore no jacket, the landlady recalled. He exchanged a few words with Ray and handed him an envelope, she told the police.

Trip to Travel Bureau

On the same day Ray went to a travel bureau. He picked up a Canadian passport for which he had applied falsely, giving the name of Ramon George Sneyd, who happens to be a Toronto constable, and paid \$345 in Canadian currency for a 21-day excursion ticket to London.

Ray had been living at the Chinese boarding house, 962 Dundas Street West, since April 19. Before that he lived for 11 days at a boarding house run by a Polish immigrant, Mrs. Fela Szpakowsky, at 102 Ossington Street, about half a mile away.

Both boarding houses are faded brick buildings jostled by nondescript clutters of small shops.

Ray had submerged himself in a polyglot, racially mixed neighborhood, the last place one might look for a man who had a reputation as a loud-mouthed racist.

Ray came to the Polish woman's house on April 8, four days after Dr. King was assassinated in Memphis.

She did not ask him his name, she said yesterday, because he paid in advance and seemed well-dressed and gentlemanly. He was wearing a burgundy sports jacket, she recalled, and carried a raincoat and a small suitcase. She did ask him his occupation, though he told her he was in real estate, she said.

Two Telephone Calls

Ray made two telephone calls, she said, and one day someone telephoned him. Her small daughter had answered the phone. Ray was out. The daughter could not remember anything about the caller's voice.

A few days after Ray departed on April 19, a letter came for him. Since he had left no forwarding address, Mrs. Szpakowsky returned it to the post office. The return address said 70 Lombard Street, which was the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

The mounted police found that the letter contained a birth certificate made out to Paul Bridgeman at the Ossington Street address. The real Paul Bridgeman is a consultant teacher employed by the Toronto Board of Education.

Paul Bridgeman was the first alias used by Ray in Toronto. After he moved to the Chinese residence he called himself Sneyd and that was the name he used when he appeared at the Kennedy Travel Bureau, Ltd., on Bloor Street and applied for his ticket and passport.

Getting a passport in Canada is easy. Ray found that he did not need a birth certificate. The agent, Miss Lillian Spencer, merely asked him if he had a passport and a smallpox vaccination. He said he had no

passport, so she gave him an application blank. She couldn't recall his reply about the vaccination. But because he was going only to England, a smallpox certificate was not necessary.

Passport Requirements

To get a passport one may give the name of a guarantor who is supposed to have known the applicant for at least two years. If unable to give a guarantor, the applicant need only make a statutory declaration that the information he gives about himself is correct.

Ray told Miss Spencer that he had been born in Toronto but that he had been away from the city for years, had returned only three weeks before and knew no one here.

So she had him make a declaration under oath that he was a Canadian citizen, and this was notarized by Henry Moos, owner of the travel bureau.

Reached in Cozumel, Mexico, where he was investigating resort facilities, Mr. Moos said he could not remember whether Ray had appeared before him in person. He said he often delegated such matters to Miss Spencer, who could remember almost nothing about the case.

Mr. Moos said that the total time for receiving passport applications was about five minutes.

Miss Spencer said she had not inquired whether Ray's

purpose in going to Europe was business or pleasure.

"I don't care whether he's going over to see a polka dotty cow," she said.

"You do take people at face value," she said with a shrug. "I didn't ask you to produce any identification when you came in the door. These people just come in off the street. So you get one bad apple in the barrel."

Miss Spencer said that Ray had worn glasses when he applied for the passport and when he dropped in to pick up the passport and ticket.

There was nothing unusual in his paying cash for the ticket, she said. He lived in a poor neighborhood crowded with recent arrivals from Europe.

"There's a lot of mattress money there," she explained. "Those people don't trust banks."

The two passport photos produced by Ray showed him wearing glasses, she recalled.

"The eyes looked more steely and the jaw a little more determined on the photos than I recall from seeing him," she said. "But the whole thing is so nebulous in my mind. He was just a grayness. He faded into the wallpaper."

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