



2 Freepers, 2 FBI men by Allen Zak

Tucked among the classifieds in the Los Angeles Free Press last Feb. 2 was an ad for a "passionate married female for mutual enjoyment," signed "Eric S." —and paid for by "Eric S. Galt," the pet alias of suspected assassin James Earl Ray. Whether he scored remains his secret, but, shortly thereafter, he answered another ad—placed by a "swingers club" that sent him (for \$1) a list of five presumably congenial girls. He picked one and sent her a Polaroid photo of himself—a photo the FBI tracked down and made public last week.

Newsweek, May 20, 1968

SINGLE MALE CAUC. 36 YRS. 5-11-170LB, DIGS PR. CULT.
 DESIRES'S DISCREET MEETING WITH PASSIONATE MARRIED
 FEMALE FOR MUTUAL ENJOYMENT, AND/OR FEMALE FOR SWING SESSIONS
 AP. FURN. WILL EX. PHOTO.

WRITE
 ERIC S. 406-So. 2nd, ALHAMBRA. 91802.

(RETURN NAME AND ADDRESS, ERIC S. GALT. SAME AS ABOVE)
 INCLOSED IS M.O. FOR \$4.25, RUN ADD UNDER 31 UNIT, SYSTEM.
 THANKS.

TED ZATLYN

Two FBI agents paid a visit to the Free Press the other day to search out a personal ad placed by Eric Galt, accused killer of Dr. Martin Luther King.

While the suspect ad was being traced by the bookkeeping dept.,

Freep staffer Uncle Tom showed the agents around the newly bombed building, and entertained them with samples of photolithography.

As the agents appeared only dismally amused by the seminudes, I decided to provide them the mental stimulus of dodging some of my questions: Like, how the hell did they know Galt placed an ad in the F.P. nearly five months ago?

Agent X (who refused to identify himself because, as we all know, notoriety decreases an agent's effectiveness) said, "We know."

"How?" (Thursdays are slow days.)

"We know."

This line of questioning was

nonproductive and boring. Did Agent X think the trail had grown cold now that the Bureau was searching through our files a month after the crime?

"Not necessarily," Agent X said. Agent Bob concurred.

"He's probably in Argentina by now," I said.

"Or Mexico," Agent X replied. Then he added, "The Montoya brothers were taken in Mexico," the perfect nonsequitor. Unlike fishermen, FBI men prefer to dwell on the ones that don't get away.

We were interrupted in the midst of this interrogation by a Communist who just happened to be passing through the building. Have you ever asked yourself why Communists and FBI agents have such an affinity for one another?

Regardless, it was still the best theater happening at the moment. Discreetly I asked the Subversive what he thought about running into an FBI agent (outside of a regular C.P. meeting). Looking thoughtfully across the room, he said, "I think I already

recruited one of them." Meanwhile the agents stood around waiting and making small conversation, unaware of the red menace within—until now.

After a few minutes Galt's typewritten ad was located. We learned from the files that the ad was published in the Feb. 2 issue.

I reached over to pick it up. Agent Bob said, "Don't touch it! There may be fingerprints." He

repeated his warning several times to people who happened by with a curious urge to poke the thing.

I looked at it. Typewritten with a red ribbon, a quarter page, like a thousand others, yet this one could wind up in the archives.

"I wonder if he got any answers."

"That's something we may never find out," Agent Bob said, "not likely they'd tell anybody about it."

They gathered up their evidence just like in the movies, only this time the killer's hand comes out of the screen to drop us a little advertisement for himself, complete with fingerprints.

Like the bomb that went off the night before, I wonder if it really isn't something personal.