

At one minute past six on the evening of April 4, 1968, a rifle shot rang out in a sleazy quarter of Memphis, Tennessee, and Dr. Martin Luther King, the Negroes' most successful leader in their struggle for civil rights, fell dead on the balcony of a hotel. Within hours, other prominent black leaders were receiving anonymous telephone calls: "You will be next", they were told.

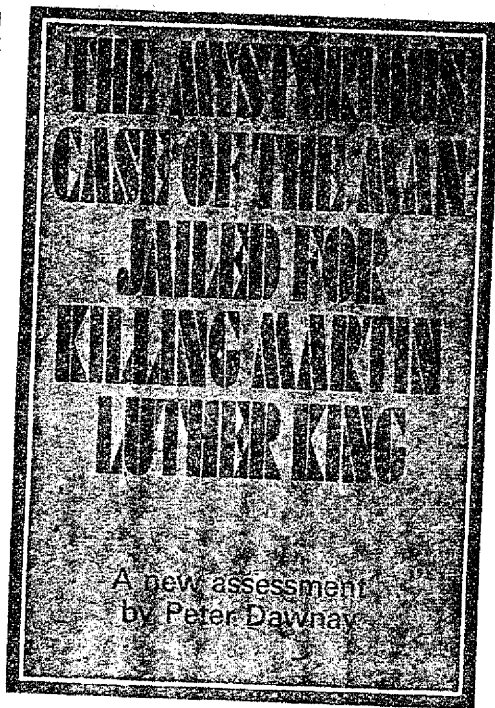
As far as the public is concerned, the killer of Dr. Martin Luther King has been identified, apprehended, convicted, and jailed for life. Next case . . . or is it as simple as that? Was this really just another lone "nut case" getting in a lucky rifle shot, or is that—like the Oswald story—an explanation that becomes less satisfactory the more you examine the facts? The importance of the answer cannot be overrated for, if the man now serving time for King's murder can be shown to have had help, it throws a new light on the plausibility of a conspiracy to assassinate liberal American leaders. The assassin got clean away from the scene of the crime, but 15 days later the FBI gave out his name to the public. He was a petty criminal called James Earl Ray who had escaped from the Missouri State Penitentiary just a year before and had been on the run ever since.

A massive international manhunt was organized to bring the fugitive to justice. The FBI was reported to be employing 3,000 of its G-men in a round-the-clock search for the gunman. There were rumors that he was in Mexico, or Australia. But two months and four days after King's death, he was arrested at London Airport by Scotland Yard detectives. He was subsequently extradited and taken to Memphis on July 19. After a number of delays, the trial was eventually set for November 12, but late in the evening of November 10 Ray sacked his lawyer and hired another.

The trial was then postponed for four months in order to give the new lawyer time to familiarize himself with the case. The trial was held on March 10, 1969, almost a year after the shooting. Against expectations Ray, who had had an elaborate defense prepared by his first lawyer, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to 99 years. The whole procedure was over within about two and a half hours, and because of the guilty plea no witnesses were called.

Percy Foreman, Ray's lawyer, let it be publicly known that he had made a deal with the prosecution, whereby Ray would be granted his life in exchange for his admission of guilt. This afforded the prosecution the obvious advantage of not having to prove its case. Foreman believed that talk of a conspiracy would hurt his client's case.

As soon as the trial was over, an outcry arose in the press. The state had claimed that Ray, acting alone, had fired



the shot and that no one else had been involved. Yet in court, Ray had cut short the District Attorney who was telling the jury that it had taken him months "to prove to myself . . . that it was not a conspiracy". Addressing the judge, Ray said: "I don't want to change things. I just want to add something. I don't agree with the theory that there was no conspiracy".

At this point, Percy Foreman interrupted his client to say that he was pleading guilty to first-degree murder, "not to anything about a conspiracy". The judge then asked Ray for the second time if he was pleading guilty to the killing of Martin Luther King. The prisoner replied that he was. The incident was closed.

Next day the conservative *Los Angeles Times* published a cartoon showing the judge and both defense and prosecution counsel hurriedly leaving the courthouse and going their separate ways. With their hats pulled down and coat collars held up over their faces, they looked the picture of guilty conspirators. The caption beneath read: "We find no evidence of conspiracy in the sentencing of James Earl Ray".

The FBI and the Justice Department in Washington found themselves unable to endorse such justice. Two days after the trial, a Justice Department spokesman in Washington said that the Martin Luther King murder case was still open and under investigation. FBI agents were understood to be still examining the possibility of a conspiracy.

They could hardly have done otherwise, for a number of prominent men, both in and out of Congress, were complaining that the most important questions were still unanswered, and some were even, rather naively, calling for

another Warren Commission to establish the truth. Five days after the trial, N. Beloff, correspondent of London's *Observer*, alluding to Ray's outburst from the dock, stated the obvious and pertinent question: "Why, then, do Negro intellectuals are asking, not the suspension of the death penalty, made conditional on the accused giving details of fellow-conspirators?"

The authorities conceded that there were two problems: where did the money come from to finance Ray's travels, and what was his motive? As to the latter, "they were inclined to think that it lay in the viciously disturbed personality of the murderer—a 'nut case' one authority said—who has shown himself consumed by race hatred from his early childhood . . . It was not just that Ray, like other white Southerners, was racially intolerant, but that he was permeated with fanatical hatred. The authorities say that, if there had been a conspiracy to murder Dr. King, no gang would have risked going into action with a man whose whole life was so unstable and erratic. In the end, they believe, Ray was driven by the craving for notoriety and found in Dr. King his ideal victim".

As to the money, the answer to that was simple: he robbed banks, including at least one in London.

What these explanations leave out of account are the circumstances of Ray's arrest at London Airport, on June 8, 1968. The curious inconsistencies revealed by that event point to a conspiracy job, and strongly suggest that the FBI and the Justice Department are aware of this background.

What seems to have happened is this: on May 28, 1968, a character calling himself Ramon George Sneyd checked in at the New Earls Court Hotel in London. He checked out again eight days later and flew to Lisbon. On the same day, another character carrying a bag with a BEA label and looking sunburnt, checked in at the Pax Hotel in Pimlico. Although he also called himself Ramon George Sneyd, his description, manner and behavior were all different from that of the man who had stayed at the New Earls Court.

A few days later, on June 8, the first Sneyd flew back from Lisbon, landed at London Airport at 6:10 a.m. and was arrested as he filed into the airport building, by the head of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad, Detective Chief Superintendent Thomas Butler, of Train Robber fame. With him was Detective Chief Inspector Ken Thompson.

The same morning, at about 9:00 a.m. the second Sneyd checked out of the Pax Hotel and took a taxi to London Airport. Although his intended destination is not known, there is reason to believe that it was somewhere in Africa. As he passed through Immigration, the

official stamping his passport noticed the name, a most unusual one and identical with that of a wanted man arrested five hours earlier. Naturally he contacted Scotland Yard's Special Branch office in the airport building, and naturally Detective Sergeant Philip Birch, who was sent to investigate, had no alternative but to detain this man too while inquiries were made. The time was 11:15.

Five and a quarter hours later a joint announcement was made in Washington by the head of the Justice Department and the head of the FBI. (At that very moment, the funeral service for Senator Robert Kennedy was in progress at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.) The statement said that James Earl Ray, indicted for the assassination of Martin Luther King, had been arrested at 11:15 a.m. London time, 6:15 a.m. Washington time, on arrival by air from Lisbon at London Airport. The arresting officers had been Superintendent Butler and Inspector Thompson.

I believe the announcement was a fusion of the two arrests. One can only assume that J. Edgar Hoover, the head of the FBI, mistook the two separate times of arrest, one at 6:15, one at 11:15, for differences in time between London and Washington. The double arrest, however, must have placed Butler in a quandary. Not only would he not have known which of the two Sneyds was the correct one, information urgently required because he had to get him into court on Monday morning, but he also needed to know what to do with the other Sneyd. And, of course, once the announcement had come from Washington, he was besieged by journalists asking for a statement.

This may explain why at first he repeatedly denied that Ray had been arrested. Eventually, at 5:05 that Saturday afternoon, 35 minutes after the announcement had been made in Washington, an evasive statement was issued.

"Raymond George Sneyd", it read, "born 8/10/32 Toronto, Canada, no fixed abode and no occupation, was arrested at 11:15 a.m. on 8/6/68 at London Airport and later charged at Cannon Row with possessing a forged passport and possessing a firearm". The man would appear at Bow Street Magistrates Court on Monday. It continued: "Superintendent Butler and Inspector Thompson are in charge of the inquiry. The arrest was the result of liaison with the FBI, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and New Scotland Yard. The man was in transit through Immigration on arrival from Lisbon on his way to another country" (my italics). Nowhere was there any reference to his correct name or to the assassination of Martin Luther King.

Meanwhile the true situation had pre-



Do these pictures show the same man? Ray (left) photographed on way to Memphis jail, and Ray after conviction and 99-year sentence. Note the striking difference between the two right ears. A London landlady says the man on right lodged with her as "Sneyd" but doesn't recognize the other picture.



Do these pictures show the same man? FBI sketch, issued to Mexico only, shows suspected murderer of Martin Luther King. Photograph shows one of three men arrested behind the grassy knoll in Dallas immediately after the shooting of President Kennedy.

sumably become apparent in Washington. At any rate, within hours, the head of the Criminal Division of the Justice Department, a man immediately below the Attorney General in the hierarchy, was on a plane bound for London. In the early hours of Sunday morning, Mr. J. Fred Vinson Jr. landed at Heathrow for the ostensible purpose of reviewing "on behalf of the United States the custody, protection and expeditious return to this country of James Earl

Ray".

Vinson's first action on arrival was to visit Tommy Butler at Scotland Yard, to thank him for the part he had taken in the arrest, and his second action was to visit the prisoner in the cells. The following morning, Scotland Yard had no difficulty in producing the real James Earl Ray in court.

In the interval, however, another problem had arisen. Every paper that appeared that Sunday morning, in both

England and America, had the arrest as its lead story. And they all, without exception, contained the information that Ray had flown into London from Lisbon immediately before his arrest. Some of them reported which flight he came in on, BE 075, which landed at 6:10 a.m., details that appear to have come from airline officials at London Airport and not from Scotland Yard. Most of them indicated in one way or another that he had arrived about five hours before the arrest at 11:15 a.m. and some made efforts to explain this discrepancy. Nobody noticed the improbability of his being arrested at 11:15, for when he landed, as both *The Observer* and the *Sunday Telegraph* reported, he had in his pocket a ticket to fly on to Brussels on flight BE 462 which would have left at 7:50 a.m. Nor did anyone inquire how he came to be passing through Immigration when transit passengers go straight through without showing their passports.

Still, the contradiction might have slipped past if a senior *Daily Telegraph* journalist, Ian Colvin, had not remembered that a man called Ramon Sneyd had rung him up twice the week before. Colvin had promised to let him have some information on how to join the mercenaries in Africa and had made a careful note of his addresses. On the first occasion the man had spoken from the New Earls Court Hotel and on the second from the Pax, in Pimlico. Surmising that this was the man who had been arrested, Colvin set off that Sunday for the two hotels. At the Earls Court hotel, he found that the police had preceded him and that no one would talk, but he had better luck in Pimlico where the landlady told him that Sneyd had stayed there for three days until 9:00 a.m. on Saturday, June 8, which was of course the day of the arrests.

The question of how Sneyd could have been both in a plane between Lisbon and London and asleep in Pimlico at the same time does not seem to have occurred to Colvin but it does appear that someone on his paper attempted to check with the Yard. Like every other leading British newspaper, the *Telegraph* has a reporter permanently stationed in the Press Room at the London police HQ.

The following morning the *Daily Express* came out with a front page lead story that completely reversed the facts published on Sunday, the day before. Ray had not flown in from Lisbon, it told its readers, but had been in London all the time, in fact for three weeks before the arrest. Scotland Yard had the addresses of *four* hotels at which he had stayed. He had been arrested by Special Branch (nearly every paper the day before had said the Flying Squad) when attempting to board the 11:50 flight to Brussels.



In London Sneyd (Ray) stayed at four hotels, according to police, but only these two have been discovered. The Pax in Pimlico (*left*) has since been renamed the Station. The New Earls Court is where Sneyd telephoned the *Daily Telegraph* for information about joining mercenaries in Africa.

Curiously, Colvin's story also had the information that Ray had been in London for three weeks before his capture and that the arrest had been made by Special Branch. Since Colvin could not possibly have discovered this from the two hotels he visited, it is reasonable to assume he got it from Scotland Yard, which was no doubt also the source of the *Express* story. Significantly, Colvin did not state categorically that Ray had been in London until the time of the arrest but only that "He was known to have been in London until at least last Thursday", the day, in fact, of the second telephone call.

No other newspaper published that morning carried any hint that anything in the official story had changed. Indeed, *The Times*, in its front page story, was still talking about Ray having been arrested on arrival from Lisbon.

Naturally, reporters on other papers were bewildered. Confusion was increased when Scotland Yard refused to confirm or deny the stories in the *Express* and the *Telegraph*, and the *New York Times* even reported that Scotland Yard officials were continuing to maintain "that Ray was arrested here on Saturday morning following his arrival from Portugal".

The FBI was then consulted, but no help could be obtained from that source either. A spokesman declared that "according to the bureau's information, Ray arrived in England on May 7, left the same day for Lisbon and flew back to London on Saturday". In other words he was in Lisbon from May 7 until June 8, and not in London.

The following day, however, the FBI admitted that a mistake had been made. Their belief that Ray had been in Lisbon, a spokesman said, had led to the incorrect announcement.

It was the London *Evening Standard*, sister paper of the *Express*, that put the record straight for the British public. On the same day as the FBI correction was

issued, it carried these words by John Ponder: "He (Ray) landed in London, I can now reveal, on May 17 from Lisbon. On Saturday he was stopped as a result of an 'all ports' warning message about a man traveling in Europe under the name of Sneyd that was issued by Scotland Yard only two days earlier. The man who stopped him was a Special Branch detective at Heathrow airport, Det-Sgt. Philip Birch".

The press have stuck to this version rigidly ever since. Not one journalist, not even Colvin, spotted the explanation that the two Sneyds could not have been the same man—yet one Sneyd had a Southern American accent and the other a Canadian, and they had both spoken to Colvin. (In his account of the episode, he wrote: "a Canadian or perhaps American voice".) My contention is that it was precisely because they were both pretending to be the same man, and therefore working closely together, that Scotland Yard and the FBI could not allow their separate existence to be known.

At Bow Street Magistrates Court no photographs were permitted of the prisoner entering or leaving the court where every room was searched and searched again in advance of Ray's appearance. The result was that no pictures are available of the man who appeared in court that day.

Restrictions were imposed on the reporting and broadcasting of the proceedings, so that the evidence of arrest was not reported in the press. Butler asked for the prisoner to be remanded in custody while further inquiries were made. And it was Butler again who gave evidence at the extradition proceedings held later in the month. According to his testimony, Ray had had two passports, both of which showed that he had been born in Toronto on October 8, 1932.

The extradition order having been granted, Ray was virtually smuggled out of the country on board an American Air Force plane which left at dead of night. The same secrecy prevailed as he was taken to the jail in Memphis. The press was not permitted to photograph him, but a photograph was issued by the Sheriff's office which showed him arriving in his cell, trussed and with his head bowed. It was almost impossible to distinguish his facial features. In fact no press photographs of the accused man were taken until the day of the trial, March 10, 1969, eight months later.

Ray's first American lawyer, Arthur J. Hanes, let it be known that his client was the victim of a conspiracy which, he broadly hinted, was communist in origin. Ray had not fired the shot, Hanes maintained, but had been simply a decoy or a dupe who had been lured into the conspiracy for the purpose of framing him. The planted evidence was

transparent. A rifle with Ray's fingerprints on it, binoculars also fingerprinted, underclothes with Ray's laundry mark on them, and a transistor radio with his penitentiary identification number stamped on it—these had all been left in a bundle a few yards from the front door of the house from which the shot had been fired. Ray had allegedly abandoned them there in his haste to get away.

This evidence had been found within minutes of the shooting and Ray's fingerprints were on file at FBI headquarters in Washington. The FBI can identify prints in their files in a matter of minutes but it took them 15 days to discover his identity. Only two days before, they had announced that his name was Eric Starvo Galt, the false identity which Ray had in fact assumed before the killing.

What is the explanation of the FBI's delay? May it not have been that they were endeavoring to discover who was the real assassin? For there is evidence suggesting that Martin Luther King's real assassin may also have been one of those involved in the shooting of John F. Kennedy.

There exists a photograph which shows three men who were arrested behind the grassy knoll in Dallas shortly after the President's assassination. They are being marched away by police officers, one of whom is carrying a rifle, a weapon not normally issued to cops on the beat. Although the Warren Report described them as tramps who were found in the freight yard, the leading prisoner looks anything but a tramp. Tall and well built, he is in the prime of manhood. There is something distinctive, almost handsome, about his face, with its firm jawline and prominent nose.

Shortly after the shooting of King, the FBI circulated a drawing, made from eye-witness descriptions, of the unnamed suspect. It was issued in every country except Mexico, where for some reason a totally different drawing was circulated. Not only does it bear an uncanny resemblance to the man photographed in Dealey Plaza, but could actually have been made from that photograph, for it shows a man with his profile set at exactly the same angle, and with the same twist to his lips. Some days after King was killed, a report was published that a man had been arrested in Mexico. It was then stated that he was an innocent tourist and that a mistake had been made. But how the error occurred was never explained. Nor was it revealed why Mexico alone was favored with that drawing. Could the innocent tourist have been the real assassin who, once found, was carefully hidden away?

Just why Ray fired Arthur Hanes and then hired Percy Foreman 36 hours before his trial was due to start has never been explained either. Nor do we

know how Foreman persuaded him to plead guilty. What seems clear is that the man who appeared in the dock in Memphis on March 10 was not the man whose photograph was released by the Sheriff's office on July 20 of the year before. He was almost certainly the second Sneyd, the man who stayed at the Pax Hotel in Pimlico, and not Ray, for it was the latter who had been arrested on arrival from Portugal. (The photograph issued after the arrest shows the man who stayed at the New Earls Court, not the man who stayed at the Pax.)

The landlady of the Pax Hotel, who saw the prisoner leaving the Memphis courthouse on television after his conviction, swears that this was the man who stayed with her. Ray told Hanes that he was in Portugal until June 8, and if the landlady is right, the man who received 99 years cannot have been Ray. Moreover, we can compare a photograph of this man taken just after the trial with the photograph of July 20. Although in each case, the head is bowed and the facial features are hard to distinguish, a direct comparison can be made between the right ear of each man. They are so unlike that they must belong to different men.

If we conclude that the man convicted was the second Sneyd, we then have to explain how he ever came to plead guilty in another man's name. I believe that the answer lies in the fact that he was a drug addict. He left a syringe in his room at the Pax and the landlady described him as someone who was clearly mentally ill, and who scarcely seemed to know where he was.

There is an aftermath of this sad and sordid affair. Percy Foreman, who normally charges \$250,000 for defending a murderer, did not do so badly out of defending his penniless client. He made an arrangement with W. Bradford Huie, the author who was at work on Ray's biography, whereby he, Foreman, would collect 60% of the proceeds of the book. Since serialization rights had been sold to *Look* magazine for a vast sum, and film rights to Carlo Ponti for even more, Foreman stood to improve his bank balance by \$260,000. Foreman is reported to have promised to donate anything he received over and above \$150,000 to Ray's family.

Huie had an almost exactly similar deal with Hanes before Ray sacked him. In his case, however, the sums involved were much smaller. Moreover, until Hanes left the case, Huie had been selling excerpts of his book for publication in *Look*, and two of these had appeared before November 10, the date on which Foreman was hired. It is clear from these excerpts that Huie also believed Ray to be the innocent victim of a "plot", albeit a left-wing one, and there are repeated references to a man


called Raoul who apparently provided Ray with his money and his marching orders.

Just before Foreman took on the case, Huie was warned that he would be in contempt of court if he published any more before the trial. A month after the conviction, *Look* magazine was again carrying an excerpt by this author. It now appeared that in the interval, Huie had been traveling thousands of miles and checking his facts, and had discovered that he had been wrong after all. Ray was no innocent victim, he was just another crazed "loner". Raoul didn't exist.

Alongside this excerpt was a contribution from Foreman. "Why did Ray kill Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.?" he asked. And his answer? Because he wanted to win recognition. This explained why he had deliberately left the incriminating bundle of evidence in the doorway when he could have carried it a few feet further on and placed it in his get-away car. He *wanted* to be identified. "He hoped that by killing Martin Luther King, he could make the rest of his futile boring life exciting".

If "Ray" himself found the prospect of spending the rest of his life in jail exciting, his subsequent actions indicate the contrary. Two days after the trial, he was quoted as saying: "When I went to the court on Monday I was convinced if I did not plead guilty, I was going to the electric chair. I wish the hell I hadn't now because with what they had on me I believe the worst I'd gotten would have been life imprisonment." (This would have meant remission after about 13 years.)

A week later it was learned that he had written to the judge to say that he had dismissed his lawyer and would be seeking a further court hearing. The judge, W. Preston Battle, had made the incredible statement that a full trial "would have muddied our understanding of the substantial evidence which established Ray as the killer". When, three weeks later, Judge Battle, aged 60, was found dead of a heart attack, two letters from Ray were found in his possession. In one of them, Ray had written: "I would respectfully request this court to treat this letter as a legal notice of an intent to ask for a reversal of the 99 year sentence petitioner received in the afore-mentioned Court for the murder of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.". What the other letter contained has never been revealed, but all Ray's efforts to obtain a retrial have to date been unavailing.

Thus it would seem that many of the characteristics of the murder of John F. Kennedy reappear in that of Martin Luther King, only this time without even the pretense of a proper investigation or a public statement of the prosecution's case. 

## CASE HISTORY OF A BURGLARY

By the time you read this, our entry into the American market will have passed quietly into history. The issue you hold in your hand is No. 4. It is slightly larger than No. 1 in that it contains a few more pages of editorial as well as a few more pages of advertising. We printed 375,000 of No. 1 and 500,000 of No. 4, which makes it larger still. In direct cover-to-cover competition on the nation's newsstands, No. 1, we are told, outsold the average recent issues of *Life*, *Look*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Esquire*—to mention a few. Altogether, the publishing micro-history of Penthouse in America is worth noting, because it reflects something of the special character of this otherwise inexplicable industry and something else of the people, like yourself, who support it.

Until the advent of our North American edition informed opinion had it that *Playboy's* lock on the only meaningful male market in America was burglar-proof. No one, it seemed, could break and enter. This particular community of male readers was held to be untouchable—sanctified in a common devotion to one God . . . inviolate, haremlike, twittering boy-concubines overlorded by some grotesque, eunuch-like pleasure syndrome from which there was no rescue, no escape, no release. Their single cohesive quality being a morbid need for identification with the fantasy life-style of their all-purpose, all-providing mini-God mentor. This was not an ordinary readership, we were informed, not a mere commercial market to be wooed and won; this was a religion with all of the fearsome and fastidious implications of any other religion. Now, everyone knows you don't march into one man's church and shout: "Look here, my God is better than yours". Everyone knows how crude, not to mention ineffectual, that would be.

Or so we were told.

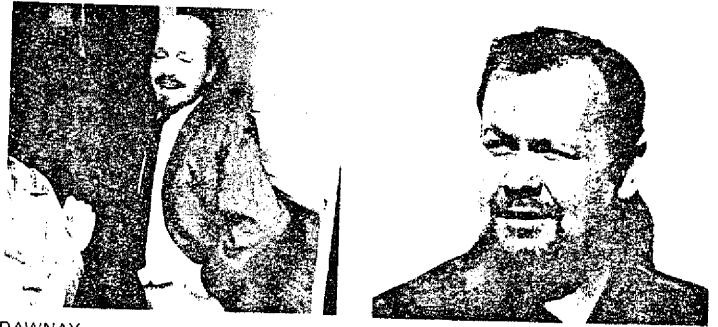
But the pundits of the publishing world are as unimaginative in their tribal view as the pundits, critics and prophets in any area of creative endeavor. If it hasn't been done successfully before, chances are it cannot be done at all—not now, not never! So dire and widespread were the predictions of our failure, that we were unable to call on the usual sources of help. The press was only mildly amused at our antics; certain contributors (since dropped) demanded payment in advance, and banks—in making their customarily piggish, hidebound and unsympathetic assessment of our profitability quotient—turned up their noses.

Now publishing, like the theater, has a mystique that confounds predictability. It is, happily, a non-absolute science because it relies for its success entirely on human emotions. It either communicates or it does not. There is no other criterion. Penthouse, which has now intruded into this precious and forbidden soil, has succeeded in, if nothing else, rehumanizing that damnfool image of the American male. Nor does the idea of our first, sweet taste of success leave us drooling for bigger and better bites of the pie. No, this is not enough. It is rather our desperate, perhaps puerile, but positively irrepressible need to say: "See, I told you so!"

—B.G.



MARILU TOLO WITH OMAR SHARIF



DAWNAY

BOCCA

## HOUSECALL

The young lady stepping out in Rome with screenstar Omar Sharif, a regular escort of hers, in the picture above can be appreciated in more intimate pictures elsewhere in this issue. She forms the delectable subject of our pictorial essay *The Nublest Roman of Them All*, for which Staff Photographer Amnon Bar-Tur journeyed to the Eternal City. A discovery of Carlo Ponti's, Marilu Tolo is an up-and-coming actress in Continental movies. Another Italian touch in this issue is the profile of the prodigious private eye Tom Ponzio, a man who has made a million out of his fearless ferreting, mostly into marital tangles. This article is written by the British-born New York author Geoffrey Bocca, who has lately branched out into sexy fiction, publishing *Commander Amanda Nightingale* under the pen-name George Revelli. Bocca became the highest paid journalist in the States with his international hit biography of the Duchess of Windsor *She might have been Queen*.

For our exclusive Penthouse Interview this month we talked to a man who, but for a twist of history, might have been emperor: Otto von Habsburg, former crown

prince of the Austro-Hungarian royal house. After a long exile, now ended (and much of it spent in the U.S.), he has renounced his succession, and lives as an author and lecturer, specializing in international affairs. Indeed, he shows such a shrewd grasp of his subject that readers may speculate what Austria has missed by rejecting the monarchy.

Our intriguing expose of the strange facts behind the arrest of James Earl Ray for the murder of Martin Luther King is the work of Peter Dawnay, a London publisher who endorses the conspiracy theories of Joachim Joesten, author of numerous books on the Dallas assassination. Dawnay has published these books in Britain and, through his own researches, become steeped in the mysterious minutiae of both the Kennedy killings and the King tragedy too. Whether or not his suspicions can be sustained, he has certainly unearthed some bewildering contradictions in the official version of the Ray case.

Correction: Through a transatlantic mix-up a photograph of Charles Childs in November was captioned Dr Brussel. Apologies to both contributors.