July - 2 100 wrong file to check 100 ot Contalles tomfile Mr. W. R. Wannall

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MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

1 - Mr. J. B. Adams
1 - External Affairs Div.
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1 - General Investigative
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1 - Mr.

In the attached newspaper article which appeared in "The Washington Post" on 12/17/75, Jack Anderson claims that shortly after King's assassination on 4/4/68, Mr. Hoover, through an intermediary, sent word to Anderson that the motive behind the murder of King was cuckoldry and that the assassin apparently had been hired by a jealous husband. According to this article, the FBI intermediary identified the Los Angeles couple to Anderson.

Personnel in the Intelligence and General Investigative Divisions, familiar with our investigations of King and his assassination, were canvassed and had no recollection that an FBI representative contacted Anderson and advanced the above motive theory outlined in his article. In addition to canvassing personnel familiar with our investigations concerning King, there was recently completed a serial-by-serial review of the assassination (MURKIN) case and no evidence was discovered that Anderson was contacted.

Our canvass of personnel included SAC Richard Long of the Phoenix Office, who supervised the MURKIN case at FBIHQ.

Long stated that early in the MURKIN investigation, prior to identifying Ray, the Bureau interviewed a number of people close to King, including the Los Angeles woman with whom King had had a close relationship, to ask them if King had confided in them information relating to threats on King's life, which information could be used for leads in determining the identity of the assassin. However, Long did not recall anyone going to Anderson as claimed in the article.

ACTION :

None. For information and record purposes.

Enclosure

1) - 44-38861 (MURKIN)

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Hoover Floated Hoax Story on King

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Training _____ Telephone Rm. __ Director Sec'y ___

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Chillips

By Jack Anderson sud Les Whitten

The FBI vendetta against Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. didn't end with his murder. FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who had tried to blacken King's name while he was alive, also tried to tarnish it after his death.

Not long after King was gunned down on the balcony of his Memphis motel on April 4, 1968, Hoover sent word to me that they motive behind the murder was cuckoldry. I that the assassin apparently had been

hired by a jealess husband.

I have held back this story for more than seven years because of my rule against revealing sources. But Hoover is now fading from the contemporary scene into bistory. His incredible attempt to panic King into committing suicide, it seems to me, also abrogates any right he may have had to confidentially. Therefore, I have decided it is in the public interest to tell the story.

Back in 1968, I was on good terms with the old FBI curmodgeon. He sent word through an intermediary that King's killer, James Earl Ray, had been in Los Angeles shortly before he returned cast to

stalk the civil rights leader.

Hoover's messenger suggested that Ray had been hired by a jectous husband, who had become enraged by the discovery that his wife had borne King's child. The intermediary identified the Los Angeles couple and showed me supporting data, including an FBI report describing a passionate interfude between the wife and Dr. King in a New York City hotel.

I was eager, of course, to find out who was behind the assassination. So I flew to Los Angeles and did my damnedest to confirm the FBI leads. I waylaid the wife and husband separately for confrontational interviews, and questioned

others who might have known of the alleged love affair, the paternity of the child or the attitude of the husband toward King.

I could find absolutely no evidence that contradicted the couple's own explanation that Dr. King was an honored friend of the family, a frequent guest in their home and

nothing more.

I also discovered with deepening apprehension that there were no FBI agents on this trail that was supposed to be so hot. I returned to Washington satisfied that the FBI story was erroneous and half convinced that it was a deliberate hoax.

Yet I was reluctant to believe ill of Hoover. Like so many others, I wanted to believe there was at least one rock of integrity in Washington. He had, after all, created a miracle — an honest and efficient police force out of what had been in 1924 a corrupt menagerie of drunks, hacks, misfits and courthouse hangers on. So I kept the jury out on Hoover.

In late 1970 the jury came in, for me. I happened to be on an airplane with the late Rep. Hale Boggs (D-La.), then the-House majority k ader. He told me how members of Congress were being intimidated, if not

blackmailed, by Hoover.

He said that the FBI would come upon a skeleton in a member's closet — a woman, a vice, a shady business associate — and then get word to him that an accusation against him had reached the FBI and they wanted to alert him so he could be on his guard. From then on the member was likely to be a captive of Hoover.

For the next few days, I circulated

For the next few days, I circulated among officials and reporters who were likely to know something about the dark side of Hoover. I discovered that every last one of them was alraid of Hoover. A check of the newspaper morgues in late 1970 demonstrated the result of Hoover's carrot-and-dick mastery of public relations: decodes of knudatory, often

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Daily News (New York)	Ell direct
The New York Times	
The Wall Street Journal	
The National Observer _	
The Los Angeles Times	

ENCICARRE

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dollzing coverage; but no sustained, brass-knuckied, mass circulation attack and few criticisms of any kind.

and tew criticisms of any kind.

Because we believed no police official should ever oecome this powerful in America, we began an investigation of the FBI chief. In a series of columns that ran sporadically from December, 1970, through the fall of 1971, we revealed

among other things:

That Hoover had received \$50,000 for books written in his name by FBI personnel on government time; that he had accepted annual free vacations at the Hotel Del Charro near the Del Mar, Calif. race track from oil millionaire Clint Murchison Jr.: that Hoover used the FBI to dig up and ciculate dirt about the private lives of prominent Americans who had committed no crimes; that he had kept members of Congress under sur-

wept members of Congress under surveillance then hed about it.

We also discovered that the man of steel, the deity who kept a life-sized bronze bust of hunself in the lover of his home, was in reality, even as you and I, a fatty with a sweet tooli and a stomach full of gas pains; a dweller in a burglary-ridden neighborhood whose own Christmas lights had been vandalized; a fearful old man who crouched in one corner of his bulletproof limousine and propped up his

butterproof influence and propped up his hat in another corner.

As the mouths of 19/1 passed, and it was seen that we had not been struck down by lightning, critical scrutiny began throughout the national media — Life, Time, Newsweek, the duily press, nightly television.

The result was instructive. Hoover suddenly pulled in his horns.

White House aides complained that

Hoover had grown soit. But Hoover had rediscovered the restraints of the American system - too late for his reputation but not too late for the country.