

RAY'S 65-DAY TRAIL

DRAMATIC DETAILS OF 2-CONTINENT FLIGHT

Who Helped Him in Canada?

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police turned up a fraudulent passport and, in London, Scotland Yard got its man: James Earl Ray, the suspected assassin of Dr. Martin Luther King.

The arrest of Ray ended the manhunt of the century. The following report details how Ray was tracked down.

By United Press International and Associated Press

The cavernous terminal at London's Heathrow Airport echoed last Saturday with the whine of jets rising and dying amid the chatter of footfalls of myriad passengers.

As most passengers headed for ticket, customs and passport checks, one—a slight, dark-haired man with horn-rimmed glasses and an oddly protruding left ear, strode toward the transient lounge.

Nervously, he reached up and tugged at his ear. His flapping raincoat hid the bulge of the pistol in his pocket.

LEADEN SKIES

It was 7:50 a.m. in London. The leaden skies and chill air would soon give way to warm and welcome sunshine.

It was 2:50 a.m. in New York, a city steeped in grief for Robert Kennedy.

It was 1:50 a.m. at Memphis, where wilted wreaths and a marble plaque mark room 306 at the Lorraine Hotel. It was there, on April 4, that Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated, and the massive manhunt for his killer was all but forgotten in the fresh grief of Kennedy's death.

As the passenger hurried toward the transient lounge,

a burly man with an official air stepped beside him, gently took his arm, and asked him to step into a nearby office. Inquiries, he explained, needed to be made.

Eight hours later, during the requiem mass for Robert Kennedy, Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark in Washington announced the arrest.

The capture—result of a dozen Canadian mounties spending 15 nights rummaging through passports—answered some of the questions of how Ray, disappeared. But the man still is shrouded in mystery.

Despite Atty. Gen. Clark's technical statement that King's killer acted alone, most investigators believe the assassination was hired, and the killer's escape carefully arranged.

IN MONTREAL

Ray, it was revealed, arrived in Montreal on April 8, four days after King died. He left there on May 6, bearing a shiny new passport issued

—Turn to Page 6, Col. 1

in the name of Ramon George Sneyd.

Sneyd is a Toronto policeman. But Ray apparently produced a fake birth certificate in this name, and listing Sneyd's actual parents.

Sneyd, his superiors say, never heard of Ray outside the investigation.

Neither did Eric S. Galt, who lives about two miles from Sneyd in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough. But it was under the name of Eric Starvo Galt, the FBI says, that Ray bought in Birmingham, Ala., the .30-06 rifle that killed King.

SIMILARITIES

The real Galt's middle name is St. Vincent. He is 52, 12 years older than Ray. But he is roughly Ray's height, and roughly his weight. He has a scar on his forehead and a scar on his palm. So does Ray.

"There were so many similarities," said Galt, "that I was afraid someone might take a potshot at me."

The simplest explanation, someone in Canada is adapting identities for sale to persons who want to make use of the nation's tax passport laws.

Ray—traveling as Galt—visited Canada at least once before King was killed. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police revealed that he appeared in Montreal in September, 1967, and spent six weeks there. This trip to Canada was not mentioned by the FBI when it issued its warrant for Ray, although it mentioned his trips between Birmingham and New Orleans, Atlanta, Los Angeles and Mexico.

TRAVEL AGENCY

Ray turned up in Toronto April 8—four days after King was killed—and rented a room under the name of Paul Bridgeman. Not surprisingly, a man named Paul Bridgeman lives not far from Constable Sneyd and his neighbor, Galt.

He bought a \$345 plane ticket from Toronto to London through the Kennedy Travel Bureau. The agency handled all the details including mailing his two fuzzy photographs and his faked birth certificate to Ottawa to get his passport in the name of Sneyd.

Mrs. Lillian Spencer, who sold him the ticket, said he "made absolutely no impression on me at all. He completely faded into the wallpaper."

Police refused to speculate in detail on how Ray, without considerable and expert assistance, could have faked a birth certificate—using the name of a real man and his parents—so quickly.

"He must have had access to some confidential information not generally available

to the public," said Toronto Deputy Police Chief Bernard Simmons.

Few leads on people who might have had contact with Ray or helped him were turning up, but Toronto police are checking a lead from the owner of a boarding house where he stayed.

THE FAT MAN

Mrs. Sun Loo said she saw a "fat man" pass a small envelope to Ray about four days before he flew to London May 6. She said she could not give a detailed description of the man and did not know what was in the envelope.

Ray got the envelope on the day his rent was due and the day he paid for the plane ticket.

Earlier in his Toronto stay Ray had lived at another cheap board rooming house. The landlady of that one, Mrs. Adam Szpakowski, said she thought she recognized him from a newspaper sketch of the man wanted for King's slaying, but her husband told her she was wrong and they forgot it.

'RICH TOURIST'

Later, she said, when she was cleaning Ray's room, she found a newspaper folded open to the sketch. She said her suspicions were not aroused because "he was such a gentleman. How was I to know he was a bandit?"

On May 8, Ray appeared in Lisbon.

He took a \$2.10 a day room in the Hotel Portugal and, according to the clerk there, "behaved like a rich tourist, spending the nights in night clubs and coming back late, sometimes at six in the morning."

But Inspector Jose Paço said Ray "did nothing worth attracting our attention."

On May 16 he walked into the Canadian embassy in Lisbon, complained that his name was misspelled on his passport, and demanded another. The passport read Sneya, he pointed out, and it should have been Sneyd. Officials agreed and gave him a new one. He went away with the old one, too.

There is a gap not yet explained in his movements between May 17, when he left the hotel in Portugal, and May 28, when he turned up at London's New Earls Court Hotel, a cosmopolitan inn where Londoners rub shoulders with Australians and New Zealanders, Canadians, Indians and Pakistanis, Negroes from Africa or Jamaica — and everyone minds his own business.

There Sneyd stayed from May 28 to last Wednesday. Jane Nassau, 21 year old receptionist, remembers Sneyd as "very quiet, nervous, pathetically shy and unsure of himself."

She said he had no visitors at the hotel and no telephone messages. Because the hotel serves only breakfasts, he went out for his other meals. He took breakfast in the hotel dining room with other guests.

EASY-GOING

Ray seemed to have been an easy going fugitive until three days before his arrest.

Then, overnight, he was jumpy and sought to hide himself. He switched from the New Earls Court Hotel to an obscure back-street hotel, locked himself in and changed his whole mode of life.

When he went out it was only to buy cold snacks from a shop around the corner. He ate them in his room. And his nervousness seemed to increase when he was twice informed that his planned flights out of England had been delayed.

The seven room Pax Hotel in Pimlico, where Ray spent these three days, is about as anonymous as a hotel can be. Even taxi drivers have never heard of it. Mrs. Anna Thomas, the owner, saw little of Sneyd during the three days

he was with her from last Wednesday to Saturday. He was already lying low.

"He arrived in the middle of a violent rainstorm Wednesday evening," Mrs. Thomas said today. "He had only an airline bag as luggage. He said he was from Toronto."

She noticed how nervous and ill he seemed.

"He hardly ever went out and then only to buy food, lots of newspapers and aspirins," Mrs. Thomas said.

ASPIRIN

"He seemed so ill and stayed in bed all day. He told me he had arrived on an early flight and was very tired. He seemed very, very nervous."

When Mrs. Thomas brought him breakfast the first morning he refused to open the door and told her to leave the tray outside. She asked him for the hotel register which she'd given him to sign. He put it out later with the tray. But she found he hadn't signed it.

Mrs. Thomas said Sneyd had no visitors and only two phone calls — both from a girl at British European Airways about postponed flight bookings to Germany.

The girl telephoned Sneyd Thursday and again Friday. Mrs. Thomas pushed the messages under his door. He didn't open it or answer.

"He said he would be leaving Saturday," she said, "and I said to myself: Good riddance."

Sneyd paid his hotel check



MRS. SUN LOO
Ray's landlady

with a five-pound bill, the equivalent of \$12. Then he went out for the last time through that anonymous-looking street door. He was arrested at Heathrow Airport a few hours later, booked on a flight for Brussels, not Germany. But there was no clear lead as to why he might go to either place.

Brussels airport police had Ray's name with a couple of aliases on the watch list, according to an informant at the Belgian state police. But they had no picture.

What Ray Sneyd might have done in Portugal is still not clear.

But in London Ian Colvin, a reporter for the Daily Telegraph who has close contacts with European groups recruiting foreign mercenaries in Africa, said he talked with a man calling himself Raymond Sneyd several times by

— Turn to Page 7, Col. 1

Continued from Page 6

phone last Tuesday; the conversation gave a hint.

Colvin said: "When we first spoke, a Canadian or perhaps an American voice said to me: 'This is Raymond Sneyd. I want to join my brother who has been in Portuguese Angola.'"

LARGE FAMILY

Ray has 10 brothers and sisters. None is known to be outside the United States. Angola is in West Africa.

Colvin said Ray called him again last Thursday and said, "this time he was more explicit. He said his brother was not missing but that he had not seen him for four months. It was not so much that he wanted to start a search for his brother, but he wished to become a mercenary in Africa himself."

Reports have circulated that some of the white mercenaries who fought in the Congo have now joined Portuguese forces battling guerrilla armies in the African territory.

The alert for Sneyd was issued last week. It came after a dozen Mounties launched a massive search through the more than 200,000 Canadian passports issued since Ray's September visit to Montreal.

They worked only at night and on weekends keeping their search secret even from employes of the passport department. They set aside every passport bearing a picture that remotely resembled the FBI photographs of Ray. One of those was of Sneyd, and when it proved to be fraudulent, the FBI, Scotland Yard and Lisbon police were alerted.

There were, apparently, other sources of information. A spokesman for the Mounties said they had learned "Ray had traveling plans," and were ready for an arrest as early as Friday.

How officials knew Ray was on the move may never be known. He was taken to the old police station at Cannon Row, where he became the only guest in the jail, occupying a small, windowless cell.

Memphis greeted his arrest with considerable joy, officially. Witnesses, however, seemed reticent.

Christine Kelly, manager

of the motel where a man identified as Ray spent the night before King's slaying, said, "I couldn't identify him from the beginning and still can't."

'I'M TOO BUSY'

"I'm too busy to care whether they caught him or not," she said.

Mrs. Bessie Brewer, who soared to brief fame when police determined the assassin fired the fatal shot out of the bathroom window of her flophouse, was equally hesitant.

"I don't know if I'll have to testify," she said, "I never could recognize him. I haven't heard anything about it in a long time. I've been so busy I haven't paid any attention."

Few Negroes believe that King's assassination was planned and carried out by only one man. The FBI, in its warrant, said Ray conspired with a man he claimed to be his brother in the killing.

Ray's actual brother, no suspect in this crime, said he believes that if James Earl killed King, he was well paid to do it.

There is nothing in Ray's background as a petty criminal, culminating with his escape from the Missouri State Prison, to indicate the type of fanaticism that would lead to a lone assassination — for hate rather than money.

'CONTRACT'

A man who served time with him in the Missouri prison said another convict told him that a million-dollar

"contract" was out for King's death. Ray, the convict said, replied that if he ever got out of prison he would pick up that contract.

From the time Ray appears in the public reckoning of the FBI — in 1967 — he was dashing about the country with reckless abandon, putting 19,000 miles on his now-famous white Mustang.

A resident of Memphis, learning of Ray's arrest, said that "now we'll find out what was behind it." But Ray's convict buddy recalled his taciturn nature and ventured the opinion that "if anybody was in it with him, he'll take the secret to his grave."