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Ray Hearing 420 3 Takes Total 1,100

With Wirephoto

By BERNARD GAVZER  
Associated Press Writer

MEMPHIS AP - James Earl Ray-trying to reopen the deal under which he escaped possible death in the electric chair-returns Monday to a Memphis court to begin another chapter in the slaying of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Represented by a new cadre of lawyers, Ray will get a hearing on his petition for a new trial.

When Ray agreed March 10 to plead guilty in exchange for a 99-year prison term, there was an outcry that the deal shut the door on disclosure of the full story of the April 4, 1968, assassination.

Ray, it was said by some might somehow have been induced during a trial to answer some key riddles in the case.

Some of the key questions which remain a mystery are:

1. Where exactly did Ray get the money he apparently spent between his escape from the Missouri State Penitentiary and his capture in London—a sum estimated at no less than \$12,000?
2. Was there a conspiracy, and if not what was his motive in killing King?
3. When did he decide to kill King?
4. How did he pick his sniper's lair?
5. Did he have any part in the radio hoax that fooled Memphis police during the first hour after King was slain?
6. Was there really a mystery man named "Raoul" and, if so, what more does Ray know about him?
7. How did Ray get the names of three Toronto men to use as aliases?
8. Why did he drop the murder weapon when he fled the Memphis roominghouse?

There is only conjecture about two key questions: money and motive.

It is estimated that in the 14 months from the time Ray escaped from the jail at Jefferson City, Mo., April 23, 1967, until his capture June 8, 1968, he had spent between \$12,000 and \$15,000.

Ray told author William Bradford Huie—who had a contract for exclusive access to Ray's story—he was contacted in Montreal by a blond Latin named "Raoul" who subsequently gave him \$8,250 over about eight months for mysterious deals about which Ray professed ignorance. Huie is satisfied Ray was involved in some smuggling operations in Canada and Mexico. But he couldn't find any person matching the mysterious Raoul. Nor could the Canadian Mounties. Nor could the FBI.

When Ray's closest brother, John Larry Ray, was asked about any source of money, he said: "What was Jim in for?"

James Earl Ray's trade was burglary and robbery. Jack Ray has a long record as a burglar and robber. Another brother, Jerry, who is 34, also is an ex-convict.

Under Missouri law, next of kin giving aid to an escaped convict are excepted from charges as accessories after the fact.

Ray could have been helped without the aid having anything to do with the subsequent slaying of King.

Nowhere is there any evidence as to what truly moved Ray. On one occasion, he wrote a private letter Sept. 12, 1968, to the late Judge W. Preston Battle in which he complained about an article "as meaning the only thing I am interested in is money and in my greed for it I am going to help expose someone or organization . . . . I would like to say for the record both public and private, I don't know anyone to expose . . . ."

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Ray's apparent ease in establishing fake identity—particularly his use of the names of three men from the Toronto area—raises the question of help given him. While he may have had help, it doesn't necessarily follow that it was from people who knew about his role in the King slaying.

As his brother, John Larry Ray, says: "Getting a fake ID isn't any problem. Jim didn't have to go to Canada to do that. He could have done it in St. Louis, in one hour."

Ray exhibited all sorts of bizarre behavior that in one case suggests existence of a conspiracy or in another casts doubt on a conspiracy. For example, if there had been a conspiracy, and if it did not arise until a month before the slaying—would the conspirators have been so inept as to have failed to provide some cover for getting rid of the murder weapon? Would they have risked having Ray dump the rifle right outside the door of the roominghouse from which he fired his single shot at King?

Once Ray got away and reached Lisbon—which has no extradition agreement with the United States—why would coconspirators have kept him in the dark about the safety of his haven? If they suspected he might doublecross them, then the conspirators hardly would have let him get into the hands of the police. There was plenty of opportunity for conspirators to get to Ray, had they wanted, as he moved from Memphis to Atlanta to Toronto and finally London.

One of the so-called riddles was given dimension by Arthur Hanes, the onetime Birmingham mayor and foe of integration who was first attorney of record for Ray. Hanes subscribes to a conspiracy theory. In a news conference he said he became assured of this once when showing Ray the prosecution's list of potential witnesses, particularly the ones from the New Orleans area. Hanes said this list had not been made public. Ray, he said, became agitated and worried.

The Associated Press obtained access to that list and a check shows that one person is a Delta Airlines pilot; four are FBI agents; one is the proprietor of a motel; seven are friends or relatives of Charles Stein, the bearded songwriter of Hollywood who said he made a deal with Ray to sign a petition to place Alabama's George Wallace on the presidential ballot in exchange for a free ride to New Orleans.

The pilot would have testified that he received by hand a copy of Ray's registration in the motel; the proprietor would have testified that Ray rented a room; the FBI agents would have testified as to the chain of evidence regarding the motel registration, and Stein's friends and relatives would have said very little, except for one. He's Anthony Charles de Carvalho, a friend, who is a seaman.

Says de Carvalho: "When Charlie and this fellow, Galt, were getting ready to leave New Orleans, I was helping them put things in the car. I saw in the trunk some things like surveyors' equipment in a leather bag. There were rolls of blueprint paper, with lines like a real estate plat, but I could not see of what or where. I asked Charlie, 'What is this?' And Charlie says to me, 'He's an engineer of some kind.'

"One roll starts to unroll from brown wrapping paper and I tried to roll it tight, but this Galt says to me, nice like, 'Never mind. Throw them in.' He seemed a very pleasant fellow."

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