

# MAKING A KILLING

## How Smart Boys Cashed In

■ Back in the days when Humphrey Bogart was a celluloid reporter, a \$20 bill crossing the right palm could crack the toughest crime in town.

But that was before the era of Joe Namath and the other fast buck conglomerates. Today it takes more than constant digging and a flair for a phrase to write the Story Behind the Great Crime.

**It takes Big Money.**

Suppose, for instance, that you're a small-time crook with a \$50 reward on your head for escaping from Missouri State Prison where you were doing time for a grocery store hold-up.

To make ends meet, you smuggle dope from Canada and Mexico and you pull a few heist jobs. Each week you eagerly tune in THE FBI on your motel or rooming house TV set in hopes of having made the Top Ten.

**But no dice.**

So you conclude that you will have to think Big. Think Murder. But who?

While in Los Angeles you help collect signatures to get George Corley Wallace's name on the presidential ballot. One night in a bar you're smoothing off about "niggers" results in a mugging by two onlookers, one of them black.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. is on a speaking engagement in L.A. at the time. So the seed of an idea is planted.

What better way to gain the FBI's top ten list than by slaying the No. 1 "nigger?"

Your odyssey begins. You follow the schedule of the man you know as Martin Lucifer Coon.

You draw maps.

Eventually, in Birmingham, you

buy a high-powered rifle equipped with a telescopic sight.

You stalk your quarry through Selma, Ala., Atlanta, and finally — Memphis. There, after several hours of stake-out, the target fills your scope. You squeeze the trigger.

The gun roars.

The figure on the balcony, joking with an aide a moment before, crumples.

Blood bubbles from the once eloquent lips of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the Baptist preacher who had a dream that was almost Godlike in its scope.

You flee the cheap rooming house across from the Lorraine Motel, toss away your rifle and a small suitcase filled with enough of your calling cards to give even the Keystone Kops sufficient clues to trace your name.

But you remain a bungler to the end. Running out of money, you're picked up by the London police just before boarding a plane for Brussels, a way-station to Rhodesia or South Africa where you had hoped to become a white mercenary and kill some more blacks.

Suddenly, you're hot property.

Enters the reporter. Let's call him William Bradford Huie.

Quicker than you can say "residual rights," the reporter latches onto a literary agent named Arthur Hanes, of Birmingham, who also doubles as a criminal lawyer.

The reporter and the literary agent-lawyer draw up a contract guaranteeing one and all certain percentages of magazine, book, movie, and foreign rights—and, presumably, a cut on the sale of JAMES EARL RAY tee-shirts.

The contract also entitles the reporter to exclusive use of the killer's words, whether they be truth or fiction. In Ray's case, it is more often the latter than the former.

When the "hired" Hanes becomes the "fired" Hanes, the great Percy Foreman of Houston arrives on the scene and the pie is sliced up anew. Huie puts it all succinctly in his greatest contribution to the money pie, a book titled HE SLEW THE DREAMER: MY SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH ABOUT JAMES EARL RAY AND THE MURDER OF MARTIN LUTHER KING.

"Mr. Foreman," says Huie, "liked my three-way contract with Ray. All he wanted was for Mr. Hanes to get out so he could have what Mr. Hanes had had."

"I like the idea of owning 60 per cent of one of your books," he said, "while you own only 40 per cent. So you get Hanes out and let me in, then, goddam it, get to work and write us a good book and make us a good movie and make us some money."

Needless to say, he, too, follows in the footsteps of Hanes: the "hired" Foreman eventually becomes the "fired" Foreman — but not before the greatest seduction scene since Cleopatra told Anthony, "I'm not prone to argue."

Ray is scheduled to plead guilty before Judge Preston Battle on Friday, March 7, 1969, and accept a 99-year sentence for the April 4, 1968, slaying of King. If Ray follows his usual script, he'll fire Foreman and get himself another lawyer and another delay.

But Foreman sees green.

Huie sets the seduction scene!

# OUT OF... On Assassin--

"When Mr. Foreman saw Ray on Sunday afternoon, March 9, Ray was quiet. He denied that he had 'fired Foreman' and said he was ready to enter his plea on Monday morning. Mr. Foreman sat with him for an hour, listening to him. Finally Mr. Foreman said:

"Now that it's over, and not that it makes any difference, I'd like for you to answer one question for me. Why did you leave your fingerprints in those upstairs rooms, and on the rifle, and on the binoculars, and when you ran down those stairs why did you drop the rifle and that bag which contained a transistor radio with your Missouri prison number on it? Why didn't you carry the rifle and the bag another four or five steps and throw them in the Mustang?"

"Ray hesitated a moment, then said: 'I don't suppose I could ever persuade you that I didn't do it?'"

"'You sure couldn't,' Mr. Foreman answered. 'Not in a thousand years.'"

"After more reflection, Ray said: 'I thought I was going to get away. I thought I could get to Africa and serve two or three years in one of them mercenary armies, and those folks over there wouldn't send me back.'"

Foreman then follows up with two "Dear James" letters that successfully carve up the killer into financial hors d'oeuvres, entree and dessert. Both are dated March 9. They deserve to be quoted in full:

*Dear James Earl:*

*You have heretofore assigned to me all of your royalties from magazine articles, book, motion pictures, or other revenue to be derived from the writings of William Bradford Huie. These are my own property unconditionally.*

*However, you have heretofore authorized and requested me to negotiate a plea of guilty if the State of Tennessee through its District Attorney General and with the approval of the trial judge would waive the death penalty. You agreed to accept a sentence of 99 years.*

*It is contemplated that your case will be disposed of tomorrow, March 10, by the above plea and sentence. This will shorten the trial considerably. In consideration of the time it will save me, I am willing to make the following adjustment of my fee arrangement with you:*

*If the plea is entered and the sentence accepted and no embarrassing circumstances take place in the courtroom, I am willing to assign to any bank, trust company or individual selected by you all my receipts under the above assignment in excess of \$165,000. These funds will be held by such bank, trust company or individual subject to your order.*

*I have either spent or obligated myself to spend in excess of \$14,000, and I think these expenses should be paid in addition to a \$150,000 fee. I am sure the expenses will exceed the \$15,000, but I am willing to rest of (sic) that figure.*

*Yours truly,  
Percy Foreman*

*Dear James Earl:*

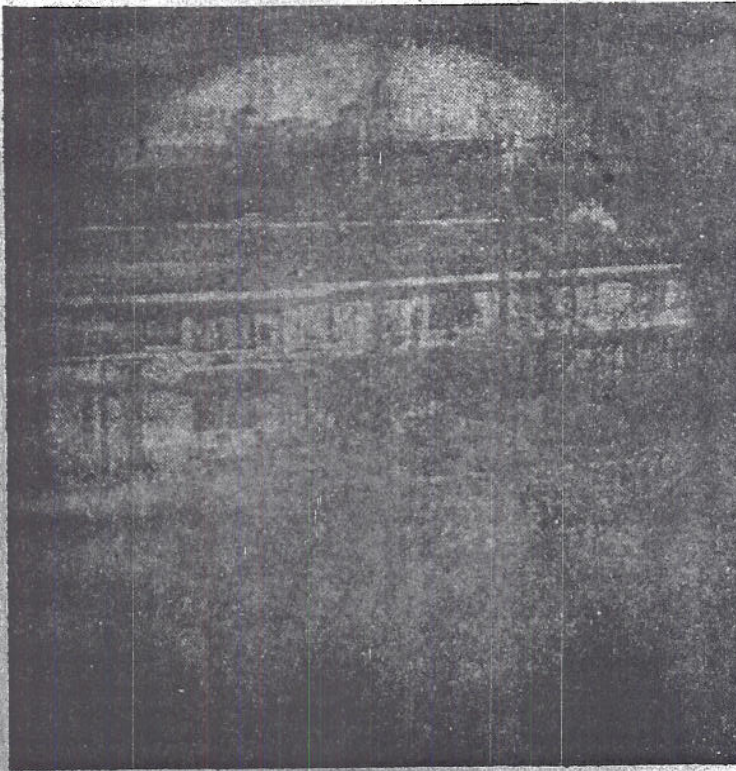
*You have asked that I advance to Jerry Ray \$500 of "the \$5,000," referring to the first \$5,000 paid by William Bradford Huie. At that time I had spent in excess of \$9,500 on your case. Since then I have spent in excess of \$4,000 additional.*

*But I am willing to advance Jerry \$600 and add it to the \$165,000 mentioned in my other letter to you today. In other words, I would receive the first \$165,000. But I would not make any other advances - just this one \$500. And this advance also is contingent upon the plea of guilty and sentence going through*

King

6 Sep 70

# ...A KILLING James Earl Ray



Sniper's-eye view of the balcony of the Lorraine Motel, where James Earl Ray gunned down Martin Luther King.

on March 10, 1969, without any unseemly conduct on your part in court.

*P. S. The rifle and the white Mustang are tied up in the suit filed by Renfro Hayes (the private detective who worked for Mr. Hanes). Court costs and attorneys fees will be necessary, perhaps, to get them released. I will credit the \$165,000 with whatever they bring over the cost of obtaining them, if any.*

Ray dutifully acknowledges and signs both letters.

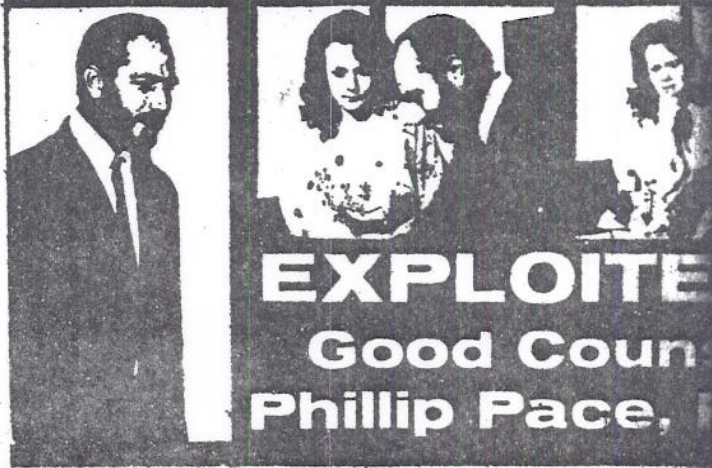
In other words, no one ever accuses either Hanes or Foreman of chasing after charity cases.

Small wonder then that great chunks of Hule's book read more like

the Wall Street Journal than cops and robbers.

And that's just about the gist of it, folks. There's poor old Ray, plucked cleaner than one of Minnie Pearl's breasts (fried chicken, that is), not only expecting to make a killing off his killing, but almost counting the days before President Wallace grants him a pardon and a medal.

Instead, he rots away in Brushy Mountain Prison in Petros, Tenn., while his lawyers and official biographer pick their teeth.



Mrs. V. R. of New York writes:  
"Dear Dr. Pace:

"Jim and I have been married for almost 10 years. It hasn't been a bad marriage at all, but I know that he's strayed quite a few times. He never made a big announcement of it to me, but he never really lied about it either. Well, I've been attracted to other men, too. So not long ago I suggested to him that we join a swap club where we could be open and honest about the whole thing and both have our fun, but still not disturb the marriage. He blew up. I've never seen him so mad. He says, 'It's one thing to have an affair now and then on the side, but to make a public orgy out of it is something else.' It seems to me that I'm being modern about this and I can't understand him being so old-fashioned. I bet if I committed adultery, he'd feel the same way. Like most men, he wants to have his cake and eat it too. What should I do?"

**DR. PACE REPLIES:**

It does seem that your husband is a victim of some old-fashioned values that make him contradict himself. At the same time, I wonder if you aren't a victim of new-fashioned ideas. Ask yourself: Do you really want this wife swapping thing, or are you really only doing it to get back at your husband? I know you've been attracted to other men - but what person in this world isn't attracted to the opposite sex, married or not? But if he hadn't committed adultery, would you have ever have come up with the idea?

Mrs. V. R.:  
"I guess not."

**DR. PACE:**  
Then you'll have to understand that what you want is only a reaction to what he has done. The real heart of the matter is to find out exactly why he's doing it, and why you waited so many years before really making an issue of it.

Mrs. V. R.:  
"I guess I thought all men were that way and it couldn't be helped. Also, I'd say to myself, 'as long as he doesn't love these other women...'"

**DR. PACE:**  
Adultery is a very common thing in this country, but not all men are like your husband. I think what you really want to know is not whether he loves these other women, which he probably doesn't, but whether he loves you.

Ralph G. of Virginia writes:  
"Dear Dr. Pace:  
"I'm going with this Women's Liberationist. She's a beauty. On the outside, that is. But she's kind of

being down on them to read I'm sure what is the best something to do here some working with

Miss Priscilla K. "Dear Dr. Pace: "Last Valley of that it had so I bought embarrassment made that obscene and where unadorned?"

**DR. PACE:**  
Did you

Priscilla K. "Yes -- of my own

**DR. PACE:**  
That publicity and think it is no guaranteed "X" will offend have chosen will have to

Priscilla K. "well, why

**DR. PACE:**  
Tell me more

Priscilla K. "I'm 29,

**DR. PACE:**  
Did she go

Priscilla K. "Oh, no! had a fit."

**DR. PACE:**  
I'm sure what you've child with to rebel again