lames Earl Ray Tells of: The Mystery Man Who Tricked He Into Taking the Rap for Martin Luther King's Murder

"I am the victim of a conspiracy . . . I was set up from The air inside the library was the word go."
With those bitter words, convicted killer James Earl

Ray admitted — for the first time ever — that he be-lieves he was duped into taking the rap for the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

In an exclusive ENQUIRER interview, Ray said a mystery man named "Raoul" had

By ROBERT G. SMITH

tang I part-owned with Raoul. I was set up." Ray, now 49, and graying at the temples, spoke with The

the temples, spoke with The ENQUIRER in the library at Tennessee's gloomy Brushy Mountain Penitentiary, where

he's held under maximum

tery man named "Raoul" had talked him into buying a rifle, then brought him to Memphis on April 3, 1968 . . . just in time for him to become the fall guy for King's assassination the following day.

"I swear I knew nothing about any plot to kill Martin Luther King," Ray said heat-

edly.

"At the time King was shot,
I was three blocks away having a tire changed on the Musing a tire changed on the Musinto the face of a mountain.

chilly.

Speaking in measured tones, Ray — serving 99 years — told a fascinating tale of being deceived by the mysterious Raoul, whom he said he met in Montreal while on the run. Ray had escaped just four months earlier — in April 1967 — from a state prison in Jefferson City, Mo., where he'd been serving 20 years for armed robbery.

"I'd gone up there (to Can-Speaking in measured tones

armed robbery.

"I'd gone up there (to Canada) to try to get myself some false papers so I could get out of the country," Ray explained. "One night I was in a bar and I got to talking to this man, who I came to know simply as Raoul. He was a Spanish-looking guy with dark reddish hair.

reddish hair.

"He was about five feet eight and weighed about 150 pounds.

"He asked me if I'd like to

work for him.

work for him.

"He promised me money, and said he'd fix me up with false papers.

"Over the next few months he paid me \$9,500 to drive cars for him. I drove a 1962 Plymouth on tripp between the U.S.

for him. I drove a 1962 Plymouth on trips between the U.S. and Canada.

"Hidden in the lining of the car were lots of plastic bags, which I assumed contained drugs. We also made trips to Mexico, using the 1967 Mustang

tang.
"This is how I made most of my money while I was the run from Jefferson City

of my money while I was on the run from Jefferson City." Eight months after casting his lot with Raoul, Ray said, he was "set up" to take the blame for King's murder. He said he and Raoul first drove to Birmingham, Ala., where, at Raoul's instructions, he bought a military rifle. "I'd already bought one rifle, but he made me take it back — saying it wasn't the kind he had written on a piece of paper," said Ray.

"Then we drove to Memphis, arriving there on April 3, 1968.

"Then we drove to Memphis, arriving there on April 3, 1968.
"We checked into a motel called the New Rebel Motor Hotel. I assumed we were in Memphis for more guns, and that they were part of a contraband deal Raoul was handling.

BITTER: "I was set up from the word go," says James Earl Ray, pictured in Brushy Mountain Peni-tentiary, Tenn.

That's when I panicked. I was a man on the run from a 20-year prison sentence, and my only thought then was to avoid detection

detection.
"I drove straight to Atlanta where I dumped the car in a parking lot and rode a Greyhound bus to Toronto, Canada. Then I set about finding myself a new identity."

Port soid be wedney itself.

Ray said he randomly picked the name "Ramon George Sneyd" out of a newspaper, forged that name to an application for a birth certificate, and then used the certificate to get a passport

Portugal, he was arrested by police.
"You see," he said, "the

problem was that Ramon Sneyd, whose name I'd used

Sneyd, whose name I'd used to get a passport, was a Canadian policeman."

Asked why he later pleaded guilty if he was innocent, Ray charged that his attorney at the time, Percy Foreman, had "acted in his own self-interests and not mine, and made a deal with the prosecution." (Foreman denied to The ENQUIRER that he failed to protect Ray's interests. He said QUIRER that he failed to protect Ray's interests. He said he counselled Ray to plead guilty and take a 99-year sentence because "there was no doubt in my mind, nor in his, that he would have received the death penalty.")
Ray, asked to explain how the rifle — bearing his fingerprints — happened to be found on the sidewalk near the rooming house from which King was shot, replied:
"Either he (Raoul) put it there, or someone else did. I just don't know."
Ray, who still has 90 years to go, said he doubts if the mysterious Raoul will ever be found.
"People like him criminals."

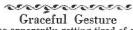
found.
"People like him, criminals, don't go around giving themselves up," he noted.
Ray's new attorney, Jack Kershaw of Nashville, was more optimistic. "We have leads (to Raoul)," he said. "I feel reasonably confident we shall be able to trace this man. man.

"I have reason to believe he is on the North American continent."

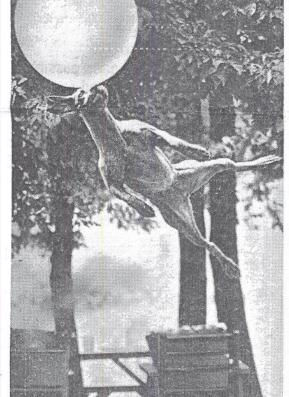
cation for a birth certificate, and then used the certificate to get a passport. "I used that passport to get myself to London," he said. "What I really wanted to do was get to Australia like the Great Train Robbers."

But Ray's romantic fantasy of losing himself Down Under never became reality . . because, incredibly, he continued to be a loser.

On June 8, 1968, while returning to England from a trip to in the deriving rain in the collar of his jacket, and walked with hunched shoulders out into the driving rain in headed back to his cell.



My son was apparently getting tired of saying grace at every meal. I found him one day saying the blessing in the kitchen pantry. "What are you doing?" I asked, glad to hear him praying without being asked for a change — but puzzled as to his intent.



Dog With a Nose for Heights — & Balloons

Leaping with powerful grace and agility, a German shorthaired pointer named Cocoa Girl pokes a balloon with her nose, bouncing it high in the air, then repeating the trick over and over to keep the balloon aloft often for up to 15 minutes at a time. The dog, owned by the John W. Bake family of Carrollton, Ohio, can jump as high as four feet when she's "playing balloons." And if one breaks, Cocoa Girl will go to the drawer where the balloons are kept in the house and wait until some one blows up another one for her to bounce.

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