

10 JUNE 68

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How Ray Ran — A Tortuous Trail

Compiled from AP and UPI
British European Airways flight 075 from Lisbon rolled up to the cavernous international terminal at London's Heathrow Airport and disgorged its 96 passengers.

One, a slight, dark-haired man with hornrimmed glasses and an oddy protruding ear, was quietly tapped on the shoulder and taken into custody.

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

The trail of James Earl Ray stretched across the U.S., into Canada and across the ocean to Lisbon, Portugal and England. Here, compiled from AP and UPI reports, is the story of his own flight.

of Scotland Yard's Flying Squad.
His arrest, the result of a dozen Canadian Mounties spending 15 nights rummaging through passports, answered some of the questions of how James Earl Ray disappeared. But the man still is shrouded in mystery.

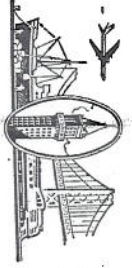
most investigators believe the assassination was hired, and the killer's escape carefully arranged.
Ray, it was revealed, arrived in Montreal on April 6, four days after King died. He left there on May 6, bearing a shiny new passport issued in the name of Ramon George Sneyd.

apparently produced a fake birth certificate, showing that he was Sneyd, and listing Sneyd's actual parents.
Policeman Sneyd, his supporters say, never heard of James Earl Ray outside the investigation.
Neither did Eric S. Galt, who lives about two miles from Sneyd in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough. But it

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Ray's Flight Traced in Flood of Details

Continued from Page 1

April 8—four days after King was killed—and rented a \$10-a-week room under the name of Paul Bridgeman. Not surprisingly, a man named Paul Bridgeman, a consultant teacher with the Toronto board of education, lives not far from Constable Sneyd and his neighbor, Eric S. Galt.

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 James Earl Ray.

"There are so many similarities," said Eric St. Vincent Galt, "that I was afraid someone might be tempted to think I really was the one and would take a potshot at me."

The simplest explanation, authorities think, is that someone in Canada is adapting identities for sale to persons who want to make use of the nation's loose 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.

Ray turned up in Toronto

Police 'Frisking' Upheld by Court

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victed of violating federal marijuana laws. The court will hear arguments next fall or winter that the requirement that drug importers are subject to registration and taxation violates the 5th Amendment protection against self-incrimination.

4—Upheld the 1966 extension of the federal wage-hour law to an estimated 1.65 million employees of state schools and

about four weeks ago with only a suit on his back and a newspaper in his hand."

She added that 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 on the same day he paid \$345 for an excursion flight ticket to London.

Mrs. Szpakowski said Ray described himself as a real estate salesman. Mrs. Loo said he told her he was a hospital worker.

Ray purchased the 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."

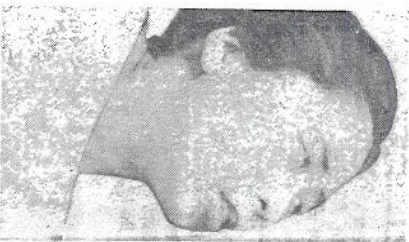
Police refused to speculate in detail on how Ray, without considerable and expert assistance, could have faked a birth certificate — using the name of a real man and his parents — so quickly.

"He must have had access to some confidential information not generally available to the public," said Toronto deputy police chief Bernard Simmons.

Ray departed Toronto on May 6 and, on May 8, he appeared in Lisbon, Portugal. 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 Paco said Ray behaved like any normal tourist and "did nothing worth attracting our attention."

On May 16 he walked into the Canadian Embassy in Portugal, complained that his name was misspelled on his



MRS. SUN LOO 'Fat man' mystery

STRANGELY, he might have avoided arrest had he booked his flight from Lisbon to Brussels through Paris instead of London.

In Paris, customs was still snarled by the strikes. But in London, Scotland Yard was waiting for him.

The alert for Ramon George 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 employees 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 was ready for an arrest as early as Friday.

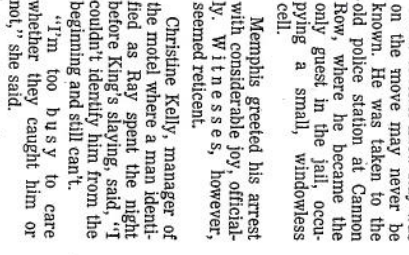
How officials knew Ray was on the move may never be known. He was taken to the old police station at Cannon Row, where he became the only guest in the jail, occupying a small, windowless cell.

Memphis greeted his arrest with considerable joy, officially. Within 24 hours, however, 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 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 Florida house, 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."



MRS. ADAM SZPAKOWSKI Rented room to Ray

There is nothing in Ray's background as a petty criminal, culminating with his escape from the Missouri State

warrant, said Ray conspired with a man he claimed to be his brother in the killing.

Ray's actual brother, no suspect in the 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.

A man who served three 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. He was spending considerable amounts of money, and there is no indication where the money came from. Nor is there any indication of the source of the money he apparently spent so lavishly in Europe — although he left the Hotel Portugal without tipping the chambermaid.

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."

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