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(Mr. Garrison requests that a report from the physician on behalf of Mr. Jowers be marked as Trial Exhibit 36.)

**LaVada Whitlock Addison**

**Direct examination by Mr. Garrison**

I have lived in Memphis for 35 years or so. I am self-employed. My business is LaVada's Estate Sales. I sell the contents of homes. Some years ago I operated a restaurant at the corner of Macon and National here in Memphis. I opened in 1976 and sold it late in '81 or early in '82. Among the customers was Mr. Frank Liberto. I would see him possibly four or five times a week, we had quite a few conversations, and I got to know him pretty well. Some of these conversations would be about the past. I had many conversations with him about various things, and at some point after I got to know him pretty well we had a discussion about the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. We had two tables pushed together and people would gather around, drink coffee. We called it a roundtable but it wasn't really round. At the time Mr. Liberto and I were the only ones sitting there. The TV was behind me and something came on the TV in regard to Dr.

King and Mr. Liberto leaned over to me and said in a low voice, I had Dr. Martin Luther King killed. I said, don't be telling me anything like that. I don't want to hear it, and I don't believe it anyway.

In all the time I knew Mr. Liberto I never heard him mention the name of Loyd Jowers. I never heard of Loyd Jowers until the last few months or years. Mr. Liberto never told me that he was ever in Mr. Jowers's restaurant.

**Cross examination by Dr. Pepper.**

Mr. Liberto was married. I don't remember that he ever mentioned children and I never learned from him or any other source whether or not there were children in the family. After he made the statement about arranging to have Martin Luther King killed, I saw him again many times. The only way I can recall what year he told me this was that when I opened the pizza parlor I set up a darkroom in the back of the pizza parlor where I developed pictures. I started taking pictures of customers and putting the prints on the walls, black and whites, all the way around the walls. Some of those pictures were dated 1977 and some were 1978. So this had to be during that time.

At the time of this conversation the television was on in the Café, on top of the jukebox behind me. I don't remember what was being shown on the TV but it was something pertaining to Dr. King. I probably saw him a year or so after the discussion. I don't know. He never raised the subject again, and it never came up in conversation. I don't know what year it was that he died I think there was a gap between the last time I saw him and his death.

Page 1730 (Mr. Garrison states his intention to offer the testimony of Mr. James Earl Ray, indicating that Mr. Bledsoe will read from the deposition.)

**(Mr. Bledsoe reads from the deposition of James Earl Ray taken March 11 and March 12 of 1995 from the beginning. A summary follows.)**

*My name is James Earl Ray and I was born March 10, 1928. I have been confined to the River Bend Maximum-Security Institution since March 1991. I entered a guilty plea on March 10, 1969 in Memphis Tennessee, and have been confined since that time*

*I was born in Alton Illinois, the oldest of seven children. My mother's name was Lucille. I believe she died in 1961. I grew up around Alton. I had two years of high school. My first job was at the International Shoe Company in Hartford, Illinois. I believe I was 15 when I had that job and worked there 16 or 17 months.*

*At that time I was living in Alton. Before I became 18 years old I had not been arrested for anything. After the International Shoe Company I joined the Army, serving three years, mostly in Europe. I was in four or five organization—starting out with 7 or 8 months in the quartermaster department, then 8 or 9 months in the military police, and then after several months in the infantry I was discharged at the age of about 20 from, I believe, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. After my discharge I didn't go to any certain place. I was unemployed in Quincy, Illinois for a while after my discharge. I don't believe I had any employment after I was discharged from the service. After you get out, they give you so much money every month for a year. I was in different places. Generally in the St. Louis, Missouri, area.*

*I believe I first served time in 1949, around October 1949, in California. I entered a plea. I believe the charge was attempted burglary, I'm not certain. I was on probation for two years and didn't serve time. At that time I was living in Chicago Illinois. I lived in Chicago from the spring of 1950 until the spring of 1952. I was arrested for robbery around May, 1952 in Illinois, I entered a guilty plea and served two years in Pontiac, Illinois.*

*During the time I was in Chicago I worked the entire time. I worked about three different places. When I was arrested I was working in Borg Ericson. They made scales. When I got out of prison I went to Quincy, Illinois. I did not work anywhere there. After that I was arrested for burglary in Alton, Illinois. Probably around 1955. I got out on bond. I think the case was nolle prosequere.*

*After that I was arrested again for, I think, transporting stolen documents across the state line. That was in Missouri, a federal charge, I pled guilty and served 45 months in Leavenworth. I was released from there in, I believe, 1958. I went to St. Louis. Mostly I lived with myself there, did not have a job. After about a year and a half I was arrested for armed robbery and car theft, along with James Owens. I was sentenced to 20 years.*

*After about 6 1/2 years confined in Jefferson City Missouri, I escaped in the bread truck.. I had previously attempted to escape twice before that but did not actually get out of the prison compound. I had several jobs in the prison, but when I escaped I was working in the bakery.*

*When I was in Hartford, working for the shoe company in, I believe, 1944 I had training to mix dyes. After I left there I never worked in the dye mixing trade again.*

*My escape from Jefferson City would have been in 1967, April. Eventually I made my way to Chicago and stayed there 8 or 10 weeks. I worked in a restaurant in the suburb of Winnetka about two months, maybe a bit longer. I*

*was working under a false name of John L . Rayns. After I left there, it was my intention to go to a foreign country. I had one more check coming, so went to Quincy, Illinois, and stayed there eight or 10 days.*

*There are black prisoners in all prisons and I served time mixed in with black prisoners. The cellblocks were segregated, but in the yard we were integrated. I did not when I was in Jefferson City turn down a chance to be transferred because they were black people in the area I'd be transferred to. When I was in Leavenworth federal prison, when I was due to be discharged in five or six months they offered to send me outside to work in what they call the dormitories. I was inside the walls. One of the other prisoners told me that people had been getting drug charges out there. I think the procedure was that if you were arrested with marijuana, you could get two years if you entered a guilty plea and 10 years if you went to trial. Most of the blacks smoked marijuana and the whites drank alcohol. So I didn't want to go out there under those conditions where everybody was mixed up in the same dormitory room. I turned it down. It had nothing to do with any race issue.*

*When I worked in the restaurant in Chicago seven or eight of us were working in the restaurant and only two of us were white. I left the job in Chicago for several reasons. When I escaped from the Missouri prison I had \$250. I wanted to accumulate money so I could go to Canada. I was using one of my brother's Social Security numbers and was concerned that it might get found out. I'd accomplished what I set out to do. I made 7 or 8 hundred dollars and I got the identification and purchased a car under the Rayns name. When I escaped from prison I only had a Social Security number with no card. My brother apparently had seven or eight of them and he gave me one to use. When I went to work at the restaurant in Winnetka I gave them my Social Security number and my name as John L Rayns. I purchased a car for I think \$100 under the Rayns name and got her title. Then I got a drivers license in Illinois as John L. Rayns, same name I used at the restaurant. I had never used that name before. It wasn't really one of my aliases. I borrowed it from my brother.*

*It would be hard to say what my first alias was. I 've had quite a few of them. Probably the first was one I used in Mexico in, I believe, 1955 – no, 1959. I think I used James O'Connor. At that time Social Security cards were not good for identification. If I crossed the border with the car apparently I had title and the drivers license in the name of James O'Connor, because the Mexican customs officials check those things. It was 1959 when I was in Mexico. I never knew anyone named James O'Connor. When I was arrested, that was the detective's name and he got upset about it. But I didn't even know him, I didn't get it because it was his name. I can't recall any more of those aliases now. Probably the only ones I can recall are those I used after escaping from the Missouri prison.*

*I think that when I was in Los Angeles I used my regular name, James Ray. When I was doing bartending school I used the name Eric S. Galt and had a drivers license in that name and some other cards and a Bill of Sale for an automobile. After I escaped I used the name John L. Rayns and then I went from Rayns to Galt.*

*I went to Chicago, I had a check due and I stayed around. I left Chicago and went to Quincy, Illinois for 8 or 10 days. I had bought a car in the name of John L Rayns. This would be around late June or early July 1967.*

*I don't recall any discussions in prison with anybody about Dr. Martin Luther King. If his name was called all the time I was in prison, I have no recollection of it. We didn't have TV or radios. I have read some affidavits of prisoners saying we did talk about Dr. King. I think one person has testified to it. I know he was an informant so I just assumed he just made up the story. I got statements from the Congressional Committee that investigated the Martin Luther King case in 1977 and 78. I think it was just one individual that said I ever mentioned Martin Luther King. That was not true. He was an informant, and I think he checked in to protective custody after he said that.*

*I have no recollection of any convicts ever talking about Pres. Kennedy. I was in the Missouri prison when he was assassinated. I think somebody must have come by the cell and told me about it. We did have earphones in one station but we didn't have access to too much news.*

*(Dr. Pepper asks in the deposition: did you ever have any discussion with any of the prisoners or anyone else that if someone assassinated Dr. Martin King, they would make a lot of money? Mr. Ray answers: did I ever have any questions? No, I never have.)*

*I never had any discussions before the assassination of Dr. King with any person about the prospect of making a lot of money assassinating Dr. King. I haven't seen all of the affidavits. There's 15 or 20 of them. One party says one thing and one says another. I have seen one in connection with an individual who gave a story to, I think, Ebony magazine. Most of these are convicts. If I drop dead today, you could probably go out here and get 100 affidavits saying that I confessed to killing Martin Luther King. I don't put too much credibility in what informants say.*

*I celled alone. I didn't cell with anyone when I was there. I was in a single cell most all the time I was in the Missouri prison. I think maybe three or four months I was in with another individual, but I preferred a cell to myself so I usually celled in a single cell. I can't think of this individual's name. He was in Leavenorth when*

*I went in there in 1955, but I think they transferred him to another place because he was informing against these accomplices. His name is Ray Curtis. I can't think of anyone else that made a hostile affidavit against me except James Bradley. He said he thought I was dealing in drugs. That has nothing to do with Martin Luther King. I've never seen any affidavits saying that I mentioned Martin Luther King.*

*I first met Raoul in East Montréal, Canada, in July 1968 in the Neptune bar. I might have been there once before the time I met him. I had been in Montréal another time and would have been there a few days when I met Raoul.*

*I left Chicago and had gone to Quincy, Illinois where I stayed probably 8 or 10 days. I went back to Chicago and got a check and I drove to Montréal. I had been there before in 1959 staying about three weeks. I can't remember where I stayed--fairly close to the train station. I was there in 1959 because the police were after me.*

*The next time I went was 1968, and I went because I assumed the FBI or the police were after me in connection with the Martin Luther King Junior homicide. On April 3, I had met this individual named Raoul in a motel called the New Rebel. We been in involved in other things and he asked me to meet him at a place he wrote down on paper, I think it was Jim's Grill, the next day. He gave me the address. I think it was 422 1/2 Main. I had a rifle with me and I turned it over to him the night of April 3.*

*On April 4 I was supposed to meet him at Jim's Grill, probably about 3:30. I would guess I checked out of the motel about 11 o'clock and I stalled around on the outskirts of Memphis. I was getting ready to come back for the meeting and I had a flat tire somewhere south of Memphis, not certain just where. I changed the tire myself. Probably that was in Mississippi. I drove into Memphis and about 10 or 12 blocks from downtown I drove into a parking lot. I was going to leave the car there and find this address. I asked the parking lot attendant about the address and I think I asked him where uptown was. I had never before been to Memphis. I asked a policeman, and he gave me general directions. I got on S. Main St. and went into a bar on the right hand side of the street going South, and I think it was Jim's something. I asked the bartender about this address and she said it was down the street on the left a block or so.*

*There were two individuals in there who maybe appeared to be watching me. When I got to Jim's Grill where I was supposed to meet Raoul, he wasn't in there. But those two individuals were. And I was concerned because we were dealing in rifles and such things. But Raoul wasn't there.*

*So I went back to the parking lot and got the Mustang and parked it about 10 or*

*15 feet south of the front door. And I went in and Raoul was in there now, and I think he asked me where I was at. He seemed mainly interested in the Mustang. When we went out the door he said he wanted me to rent a room upstairs. I pointed the Mustang out to him because he was concerned that I had it there. I went upstairs and rented a room and I don't know where he went. He could have went back in Jim's Grill; he could have sat in the Mustang. He had keys to the Mustang.*

*I walked upstairs and turned right, walked down a small foyer, to the office. The lady up there, I later learned her name was Bessie Brewer. I said I would like to rent a room for, I believe, a week. She showed me two rooms. One was a sleeping room and one had cooking facilities. I said I was interested in the sleeping room. Soon Raoul came up and we started talking and he said we might be there couple of days and I should bring my clothes and stuff and put them in the room. But I didn't do that. I think I mentioned to him that it was a wino place. There were no door handles on the door, just a strap.*

*I brought up an overnight case and a sheet or something to sleep on. After we talked about this and that he asked me to go down the street and check on a pair of infrared binoculars. He told me generally it was down the street on the right somewhere. I couldn't find the place. It was probably 4:30 when I rented the room. Came back and asked Raoul for more specific directions, and he told me, but I don't think I walked farther. So I went back and asked the guy about infrared binoculars and he's indicated that I would have to get them at Army surplus. He had binoculars but no attachments for night vision. I just purchased what he showed me and went back to the room and more or less set them on the bed and told Raoul that if he wanted the infrared, he would probably have to get them military surplus.*

*I had not eaten in quite a while, missed lunch due to the flat tire, and I went down to a place that I subsequently learned from a policeman is called the Chickasaw restaurant. I don't know what I ate there, ice cream or something. The manager was instructing a new employee, a young lack lady, in operating the cash register. I was there 5 or 10 minutes and then back at the rooming house and possibly I sat in the car a little while, in the Mustang. I went back to the rooming house and Raoul said he was going to meet with some people later in the evening and I should go to a movie or something and not come back for a while. About two blocks up I stopped in a restaurant and had a beer or something, and I was going to a movie, and then I thought about getting my flat tire fixed. So I got the Mustang back at Jim's Grill and I drove three blocks or six blocks and turned right and went one or two blocks and turned right again I stopped at one service station and they were busy, and maybe I went to another one on another corner. I'm not sure. So I kept going south, turned right and went up to Main and I was going to turn right again.*

*And I looked down Main Street and saw three or four policeman running around. I believe the police car was blocking off the intersection or the street. It looked like he was waving his hands and possibly waving people off. So I turned left instead of right and entered a rundown area, a black neighborhood, drove real real slow and finally came out on Main Street. I had a phone number in New Orleans, it was Raoul's number*

*It was my intention to get maybe 3 or 4 miles outside of Memphis and call him up and ask him there was anything going on down there because I know there was at least one gun down there. I tried to find out if they had raided the place.*

*So I would say about 15 minutes, I'm not positive on this, they said there was a bulletin that came over the radio saying that Rev. Martin Luther King had been shot. I didn't pay too much attention to that, just kept on driving, and I guess I was fairly close to the edge of town when the radio said they were looking for a white man in a white Mustang in connection with the shooting so I decided to get out of Dodge. I kept going South into Mississippi and the first highway I came to I made a left turn and from there I went to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Detroit, and then back to Canada.*

*In 1967 after I had escaped, I had left Quincy, Illinois, to go to Montréal. I believe I stayed up there about 30 days. That was when I met Raoul that first time, in 1967. I was living in sort of an apartment complex in South Montréal, in the French section. I'd escaped with \$250. At the restaurant I made \$700 or \$800. The car I had purchased broke down and I had to buy a Plymouth. I believe I paid \$195 for it. I don't know how much money I had when I got to Montréal, but not too much. The day before I moved into Montréal, the International Exposition was there, and I robbed a brothel and got about \$1800 out of it. I had a .38 I had bought in Birmingham, Alabama.--no, wait. That was a different gun.*

*When I quit the job in Winnetka and went to Quincy, then I went back to Chicago and got my check and came to East St. Louis. I was going to see my brother and before I left the country I was going to arrange for help and get him help, a PO Box and things where I could write him. This was John Ray. I had another brother in Chicago named Jerry Ray. Most of my contacts were around the St. Louis area.*

*There was a guy named Jack Gawron. I didn't know at the time that he was an FBI informant. He lived in St. Louis. He didn't have a telephone, but he was in and out of this bar all the time and I called the bar and made arrangements for him to come and meet me in East St. Louis, Illinois. I didn't buy a gun from him. I knew a fence in Madison, Illinois. My purpose in meeting Jack Gawron was to give him a message from my brother John Ray. I was going to see John, but I*



*thought maybe the police had him under surveillance, and my brothers knew Gawron for a long time and trusted him. They were in the penitentiary with him in Illinois in Menard prison. So Gawron and I went to Madison in my car. I didn't have enough money to buy a gun. He said he would take care of it and I guess he did. It's maybe 7 miles from East St. Louis to Madison.*

*When I got out of Leavenworth, Gawron got out of parole after I did. Apparently he was in there for murder on a life sentence and got out on parole in 1955. At that time I was selling wine. They call that bootlegging. He came to see my mother and tell her how my brothers were getting along and I met him at her house. While I was bootlegging I was living on the edge of a wino neighborhood but I can't remember the street. I believe it was Lafayette Street in South St. Louis. I left a message with him at the bar about where to meet me. I knew where to get the gun. I took him down there because he was going to pay for it after I left. I had dealt with this guy in Madison, a fence, several times before in 1954 and 1955. I had bought guns from him before. So Gawron rode over there with me and bought a .38 from someone in Madison. From there I think I went to Indianapolis on my way to Canada.*

*The first time I was ever in Alabama was after I had escaped and after I came back from Canada, in August 1967. I was in Birmingham. I met Raoul in Montréal (and I'm leaving out some other things I've done) and Raoul was going to get me a passport --he called them traveling documents--if I would help him take certain things across the border in my Plymouth. I took some material across the border in the backseat of my car in August 1967. Raoul claimed he didn't have a passport but he did give me \$1600. Before that we agreed to meet in Birmingham. He initially wanted to meet in Mobile, but I wanted to meet in a bigger town. Once I got a passport and some money I intended to go back to Canada and leave the country. I didn't get the passport but I did get the money and so I agreed to meet him in Birmingham. That was my first time ever in Birmingham. 1968 was the only time I was in the Atlanta except one time in 1955 while working briefly for my uncle I went down there. He was supposed to get a job in Florida and we were down there for three or four days. His name was William Maher. In 1955 I could have been through some of the towns but I have no recollection of which town I went through.*

*After obtaining a .38 in Madison with Mr. John Gawron I went to Indianapolis, stayed overnight, then went to Detroit. I was getting short on money and I think I slept in the car one night. I don't think I stayed in Detroit. I think I crossed over straight into Canada. Sometime in Canada I think I slept in the car again. First time I rented a motel was in Dorion, three or 4 miles from Montréal.*

*After I got the .38 in Madison I did not hold up or rob anyone before I got to Montréal. This would have been July in 1967. I had a 1962 Plymouth. I believe it*

*was two-door and red. I did not know anyone in Montréal then. My purpose was to get some travel documents and leave the country.*

*It was probably six or seven days after I arrived that I met Raoul at the Neptune Bar. It had something on the windows, I think, where it looks like a ship steering wheel or something. Inside it had heavy tables. It was just another bar except fixed up to make a seaman feel comfortable. I think it's pretty close to the waterfront. I don't remember if they served food. If they did, I didn't order anything. I think they had male waiters, bartenders.*

*Initially I contacted a travel agency and asked them how to get a passport and get out of the country. I just made a telephone call, picked it out of the directory. I put down some story about identification or something. I was from a different city than Montréal and they told me that if I didn't have sufficient identification, I would need to get a guarantor, someone I knew two years, who would vouch for me and swear that I was who I said I was. I didn't want to wait two years.*

*At that point I had the Rayns ID, and had rented the apartment under the Rayns name. Maybe I rented a room under the Galt name. I got the Rayns drivers license and Illinois car title from Chicago. I did not have to show a birth certificate to get the drivers license. In Illinois you get a book and read up and then you take the test.*

*Probably when I met Raoul at the Neptune bar it was the second time I was there. It might have been the first. I was going to these bars and making inquiries, and thinking about the possibility that I could catch a merchant seaman drunk and roll him. A merchant seaman's papers is traveling just like a passport or possibly I could buy one. Someone possibly could have mentioned my name to him. It was one of the first times in the Neptune that I met Raoul. I was sitting at a table by myself when he came in. I don't think I'd been there very long. I never did stay around bars too long. I don't believe many people were there. He sat down and started a conversation with me and we were just talking about where we were from and suchlike and what we were doing. I got the impression he was in the Merchant Marines and I told him I was interested in being on a ship. I still had the gun but I wasn't carrying it with me.*

*I'm 5 foot 10 and I assumed Raoul was about 5'-8" or 5'-9". I didn't think he weighed a whole lot. I was probably drinking beer. I don't know if he came straight to my table. He just showed up. I usually don't pay too much attention to people when I get in a bar. Probably he got a beer. That's the general practice. He was wearing a dark dress suit without a tie and without glasses. I'm sure he had ordered something to drink. We we just started talking and I showed my interest in travel documents or getting in the Merchant Marine. This was in the afternoon. I believe I'd been there less in an hour when he came in and we*

*talked 15 or 20 minutes. Probably he left before I did, probably saying he had to go somewhere. But we agreed to meet again and talk.*

*I agreed to meet him again because I got the impression from the way he looked in the way he acted in the way he talked that I might be able to make a deal with him. He gave the impression that he might help me from the way he talked about getting in the Navy and getting in the Merchant Marines and travel documents. He said we would talk about it some other time. He never did tell me much of anything, but I got the impression from the conversation that he had been in the Merchant Marines. I can't remember the details of what he was saying, but got the impression that he might be able to help. I didn't have anything else to do. I did mention to him at that first meeting that I needed a passport. We got around to that later.*

*I think I saw him again a couple of days later. We met at the same place, I was there first, he was dressed about the same--same color suit, no tie, shirt buttoned. I thought he weighed about 140 or 145 pounds. He had dark hair with a red tint to it. Maybe he dyed it. There was no part, just wavy and combed back. No eyeglasses. I did not observe whether he was right-handed or left-handed. He had something of a Spanish accent and I assumed he came from a Spanish-speaking country. I have been to Mexico, and in Leavenworth I knew a lot of Mexicans. He was darker than the average Anglo-Saxon. The first time I saw him he told me his name was Raoul. At that time I told him my name was Eric Galt. Probably I just told him Eric. And he told me his name was Raoul.*

*At the second meeting I was there first. I told him I was interested in travel documents. He referred to that name. Later I learned that travel documents means a one way ticket with no return. Up to this point I'd never had a passport. Other than my visa for Mexico I never had a visa. I was in Mexico in 1959 under the O'Connor name.*

*The second meeting we probably talked 30 minutes or so, left at the same time, and continued talking as we walked down the street. That second meeting we got more specific about going to foreign countries. He did not want me to pay in. There was never any question about that. I did not tell him where I wanted to go. Probably we went over the details when I went outside. I was looking for someone being my guarantor, giving an affidavit saying they knew me and could vouch for me, that I was a citizen of Canada. I was thinking about trying to meet a female and see if she could help me do that. I think before I met Raoul the second time, I ask a travel agent about nearby resorts and they told me about one called Gray Rocks. I went up there and met a woman after five or six days.*

*When I talked with Raoul outside it was not for very long. I have no idea how he left the area. I had walked down there. I was living in the Ajax Apartments on S.*

*Notre Dame St., 4800 or so. I had money. I had \$250 when I escaped from prison, I worked the restaurant a while and I held up a brothel for \$1600 before I met Raoul. In Dorion, the day before I went to Montréal, I met a woman at a bar and went home with her. The next day I met her again. Her pimp was in the building and I robbed him of 1600 or \$1700 in mixed bills, US and Canadian. The apartment on Notre Dame was the Harkay.*

*At Gray Rocks I met a woman after about 45 days but I didn't want to approach her about something that was illegal. I didn't know her long. I was there 6 or 7 days, I returned to Montréal. I had set up an appointment with Raoul. I never had any telephone number for him and we were going to set up a certain date to meet at the Neptune. One time we met in the Neptune and went somewhere else, I think to a restaurant. When I met Raoul the third time, he knew I was looking for travel papers. He never said I would have to pay him. It was quid pro quo. I had already agreed to take some things across the border for him in the backseat of the Plymouth. I was going to cross at Windsor, Canada. I assumed it was drugs, but he didn't say. I agreed to do that if he would help me get travel papers. We had maybe five visits together.*

*I did take something in plastic bags across the border. He had me meet him in Windsor near the train station or bus station. I was sitting in the car and he showed up on time. He walked up with an attache case in his hand, and he got in and directed me to a different area of Windsor. He got in the back of the car and he raised the backseat backrest up, apparently familiar with the configuration, and he took stuff out of the attache case. I think he put in about three packages. I didn't turn around to look but did notice in the rearview mirror.*

*This was sometime in the afternoon. I was going to drive it across the border and into Detroit. Then he would give me a passport and some money and we would go our separate ways.*

*I think I had been to Windsor before when I went to Montréal in 1959 or 1960. He got out of the car before we went through the tunnel. He asked me to meet him on the other side. I suppose he got a cab or a ride, and then I went through Customs and picked him up on the other side. He directed me to a side street in Detroit and took this material out of the backseat and told me we were going to do this again, that same day. So we went back to the same street where we met earlier. I assume the first time was a dry run. On the second trip we went across the bridge instead of the tunnel. He still didn't go with me. When I got to the Customs Officer I started thinking about a TV I had bought in Montréal and I told the Customs agent about it. I had Illinois plates on the car. The Customs agent started going through the car in detail, starting under the hood. When he started searching the back another customs agent came and took over. He terminated the search and took me to the office and charged me three or four dollars export*

tax.

*Then I met Raoul on the other side. He seemed concerned about the delay. I told him I had to pay a tax and I showed him the receipt with the Rayns name on it. And of course I had told him my name was Galt. He didn't say anything about it. We drove together on into Detroit. Since Raoul was paying the bills I never did inquire about his last name. I guess you could say I was his employee. He had given me 1600 or \$1700 for taking this stuff cross the border. That was the second time. He didn't give me anything the first time. We didn't stay there long.*

*After he got the material out he told me he had some problems getting the passport, said he'd to get it later. There was a lot of deception going on here. If I had the passport and the money I didn't intend to go to Birmingham or anywhere else. I intended to go back to Canada. So when he said he had problems getting the passport and would get it next time, I went ahead and agreed to go to Birmingham. He said when I got there I should check the General Delivery at the post office under the name of Eric S Galt. He didn't say whether the passport would be Canadian or American. He only said travel documents and I didn't know what they were. Subsequently I learned they were one way tickets to somewhere.*

*The next time I saw Raoul would have been in Birmingham. The discussion about the Birmingham jaunt took place in Montréal. He just said we could make some more money and promised me for certain I would get a passport for help to me again. I don't believe he ever mentioned why he wanted me in Birmingham. I think he mentioned something about Mexico and money and passports. I did not go back to Montréal. I went to Chicago and then from there to Birmingham.*

*Before we went to Birmingham he mentioned that he was going to get a different car because though my Plymouth ran all right it was old. So I gave it to my brother. In Gray Rocks I was driving the Plymouth. I met a woman there probably five days after I was there. Subsequently she came to Montréal on vacation and I saw her there in July. Then I saw her again before I met Raoul. I was thinking about asking her again before I met Raoul in Windsor, but she worked for a government agency in Ottawa. I met her in Ottawa. I saw her three times. Once in Gray Rocks, and I gave her my address in Montréal and she came there on some kind of vacation for a couple of days. The third time was in Ottawa or Toronto. I never went to her home. I think she was married and divorced and had children.*

*I don't believe I told Raoul that I had never been to Birmingham before. There was no reason to. I was just going to check the post office. He had given me 16 or \$1700.*

*After leaving Detroit I think I stayed in a motel outside Chicago. I think I stayed in a motel outside Alton for one day. Think I stayed with my brother for one or two days. I gave the Plymouth to my brother and took a train to Birmingham from Chicago. I did not know how long I would be in Birmingham. I assumed we were just going to make some kind of run. I would've arrived there in late August, 1967, between August 23 and 27th.*

*Raoul had given me a telephone number to contact him, a New Orleans number. I had stopped in New Orleans for one day when I went to Mexico in 1959. I did not call Raoul's telephone number when I reached Birmingham. I went to the post office and it was a Sunday or a Monday and there was a letter from him addressed to Eric S Galt, Gen. Delivery. The letter said to meet him at a bar across the street, the Starlight.*

*Raoul's desire that I travel to Birmingham had something to do with illegal activities. I'm not certain how long after I got the letter it was before I met Raoul. I believe the place is closed on Sunday so it's probably a Saturday or a Monday and not over a day or two after I got the letter.*

(After a lunch break, Mr. Garrison moves for a mistrial on grounds that Mr. Jowers is disabled and on medication and cannot testify to defend himself. A statement from his physician says he cannot attend court.)

(The Court reads from the affidavit dated December 3, 1999, saying Mr. Jowers suffers from severe cerebral arteriosclerosis, clinically significant malnutrition, urinary tract infection and headache.)

(Dr. Pepper states strong opposition to the Motion.)

(The Court denies the motion for the mistrial.)

(The reading of the deposition transcript of James Earl Ray continues. A summary follows.)

*I got to the Starlight Bar first, before Raoul. He wanted to purchase a car and to buy sophisticated photo equipment. At that point I still didn't know his last name, where he was from, or anything about his background. That first time I met him at the Starlight we were not there long because it was getting close to the evening. He did not then give me any money. He didn't tell me what he wanted with the photo equipment. He just gave me a list and I showed it to the clerk.*

*Raoul stayed around there somewhere, I don't know where, while he had me look for a car. It took me two or three days to find one. I was staying at*

*twentysomething Highland Avenue in Birmingham in a rooming house. I'm not certain whether it was the next day after the first meeting at the Starlight that I met him in Nashville. We met at the Starlight again at some point, and I don't know whether he walked, drove, or got a ride to get there. Usually I would be the first one to a meeting.*

*At some point I told him about the Mustang and he agreed to purchase it and gave me the money, and I purchased it. After that I picked him up at the Starlight and we went to Highland Avenue and parked near the rooming house and he went into the photographic equipment and what all he wanted me to do. The Mustang cost about \$1900 and he gave me some more money, I'm not sure how much. I think the photography equipment came to about \$500. The 1600 or \$1700 in Montréal was in small bills, \$20 bills, mixed currency. I think the Mustang payment must've been in larger bills because otherwise it would have been kind of bulky.*

*Raoul told me that we were going to go to Mexico. I was supposed to meet him sometime in early October. I did not have the Rayns drivers license at that point. While I was in Birmingham the landlord at my apartment, Peter Cherpes, went down to the State Highway Patrol and he drove the car down. So they gave me a drivers test and I got a drivers license in the Galt name. I believe I found the Mustang through the want ads. Probably I took a taxi out to see the car at the seller's home. I didn't drive the car-- he drove me around. I believe it was in 1966 or 1967 model, sort of whiteish. He did not owe any money on the car and I paid him in cash. I believe he gave me a receipt and I drove it away. I picked up Raoul at the Starlight and we went back to the Highland Avenue apartment. He had told me to meet him there after I got the car. I told him I was going to purchase the car.*

*After I purchased the Mustang we went back to the Highland Avenue apartment and he explained everything to me. He told me he wanted the camera equipment and I guess he gave me \$1000. I think the camera equipment cost about \$500. I purchased some of it in downtown Birmingham, showed the lady the list. Some of it was specialized and they had to order it from Chicago. I never did get the stuff we ordered. I called Raoul's contact in New Orleans and told him I was having problems getting one of the items and the contact said forget it and come on down here for a certain date. I don't believe I ever did get the camera.*

*I had two phone numbers for Raoul in New Orleans. And a third in Baton Rouge. I got that later. I usually write phone numbers down backwards in case the police stopped me. The first number, he had me throw it away when we were in Mexico. He said he had a new number. That's when I took this material across the border in Mexico in October 1967. And then when we were in Birmingham, I think I was still using his first number but he also gave me a backup number in that room. I*

*don't think I kept those numbers long. I kept the last one he gave me in Mexico until sometime in 1968. I still had the number when I was arrested in London. I remember the last four digits of the New Orleans number. Those numbers are on file in court.*

*After that I saw Raoul at a motel in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.*

*I met Raoul next in Laredo in a motel. It's on the Main Street, on the left-hand side of the street going north as you drive in. It's up an incline 40 or 50 feet and then you turn left. So you can't see any cars or anything from the street. I checked in there under the name Eric Galt. I was there about 30 minutes when Raoul showed up. He knew where I was going to be. I don't know how he got there. I got the address in New Orleans. Initially I was supposed to meet him in New Orleans, but when I got there his contact said he was gone and gave me a place to meet in Nuevo Laredo. He just showed up at the door and we talked briefly and he said he wanted me to get a visa, and he wanted me to go across the border and pick up some material.*

*These border towns, you don't need a visa. I had an Alabama drivers license at that time so we left and drove across the bridge into Laredo maybe eight blocks north and then turned right and went west for a couple of miles. I was driving. We parked behind a car and he got out. The owner had given me two sets of keys to the Mustang and I gave Raoul one in Birmingham. On my way from Birmingham to Laredo I stopped briefly in Mississippi or in northern Louisiana. I had purchased a .38 caliber revolver and some shells.*

*My other .38 I had buried beside a telephone pole somewhere between Montréal and Windsor, Canada.*

*So when we met in Laredo, Raoul told me we were going across the border and we were going to put some stuff in the spare tire. We exchanged tires. We stopped and pulled up behind another car and he took the spare tire out of the car in front of me and got the spare tire out of the back of my car and we just changed the tires and then went back across the border. We crossed the border and went to the Customs House, Raoul said he wanted me to get a visa, and said that when I went to get the visa I should give each of the individuals that searched the car one dollar and not more. So I went into the office and while I was making out forms for the visa, I parked the car in the back and when I had the form filled out, right in the back and there were three Mexican customs officials in the back and I gave each one of them the dollars and they didn't hardly shake the car down. They marked everything with a chalked x and that was it.*

*When I pulled up behind the car it had one man in it, sitting in the driver seat. It*



*was after dark, and I could only see the back of him. I don't know what kind of car it was. I'd been in jail and didn't know one car from another.*

*Up to this point when I went to Laredo I had never owned a rifle, except probably when I was 10 or 12 years old and used to hunt with the 22 single shot. That was my father's. I purchased a rifle in Birmingham, and took it back and exchanged it for another rifle, and then left Birmingham heading toward Memphis. I also purchased some ammunition at the store in Birmingham. When I was in the infantry I had training to fire an M-1 rifle.*

*On the way from Birmingham to Memphis I did not stop to fire that rifle in a rural area. I never told anyone that I stopped and fired the rifle around Florence, Alabama, never wrote anyone and told them that in writing, never did fire it and never told anyone that. I think William Bradford Huie, he's a book writer, said I told my lawyer that. He has written an article saying that I fired the rifle. Everything I told Huie I wrote down on paper because I never had any direct meeting with him. I think he said Arthur Haynes said I shot the rifle somewhere along the road, but Haynes has denied it. I never did fire the rifle.*

*Back to crossing the border in Laredo, no attache case was involved. Just the one spare tire. I don't know what it was. I didn't have any problems driving across or getting the visa. We took a circuitous route with Raoul directing around the side streets to get to the motel. I think we had picked up a tire and we went back to the motel and I had the visa with me. We got to the motel, we parked on the right-hand side of the street. There was an individual in a car parked on the other side of the street kind of blocking off the tramway that led up to the motel. So Raoul and I had a brief conversation. He told me he would be back to meet me in the morning at eight or nine, I forget which. Then he got the tire out of the car and I think he put it in the other car and then I left. I wanted to get out of there. I didn't want to watch them.*

*When I was in Birmingham I didn't do much of anything. I would just walk around, take care of errands and try to get photographing equipment. I didn't become acquainted with any females there.*

*After I drove away from Raoul and the tire and the other man I drove about a mile and then came back to the motel and just checked in and went to sleep. That one night was as long as I stayed in Laredo.*

*In the morning Raoul showed up with another man who was driving. The man appeared to be Spanish, dark complected. I think he backed into the parking space. I have no idea what kind of car it was. It was a Chevrolet or a dark car. So Raoul switched the tires back again. He told me that he was going on the other side of the Customs. There was a customs house about 50 km inside in Mexico.*

*So we were driving toward the interior, driving toward the customs house. This was about 9 o'clock in the evening. We didn't stay anywhere. We started driving into the interior, and after about 30 miles we came to the customs house and I pulled in and the Customs Officer came out me look at the front of my car and asked me if I was a United States citizen and I said yes and he waved me on through. And while Raoul was on the other side there, apparently he got held up for some reason. He was in the other person's car. So I drove out and drove sort of slow for four or 5 miles waiting for him to catch up with me, which he did. He got out of his car and came back and got in my car and we had a conversation.*

*I have given depositions before in prison cases and one of the libel cases and have testified in congressional hearings and have testified under oath in depositions. I don't know if I have testified in Court or not but generally I have testified about the kinds of things we're talking about today.*

*We did not go back to the United States. We went straight into the interior of Mexico. We went to the customs office, and after Raoul was held up there, after he caught up with me three or 5 miles down the road, he pulled over in front of me and got out and got in the Mustang. He told me what he wanted me to do and he gave me \$2000 and gave me another story about the passport. At that time I more or less gave up on the passport.*

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*Then he took off with the same other person that brought him. I don't know where he went. I said I was probably going to Los Angeles and he could write to me in General Delivery there. And then after the financial transactions and the photographing equipment, I had it, and he said just keep it.*

*I don't believe there had been any mention of purchasing guns. I think that came later on.*

*In the middle of November, 1967, I went to Los Angeles. I attended the bartending school while I was there. I became acquainted with one individual I had not previously known. Her name was Marie Martin. And while I was in Los Angeles I transported some individuals to New Orleans.*

*Raoul wrote me at General Delivery at the Main Post Office and asked me to contact him. I called him at New Orleans and he said he wanted to see me an approximate certain date, and I agreed to go to New Orleans and I went down there with an individual named Charles Stein. On the way down there it was just me and Mr. Stein. On the way back two young girls, five or six years old, came back with us.*

*I stayed in Los Angeles from November until March. It's not true that while I was in Los Angeles I directed some individuals to register to vote and to support Gov. Wallace for president. Marie Martin's husband was apparently in San Quentin on a drug charge and she was interested in getting involved in politics and trying to get her brother out of the pen. I had been down there on Lankershim Boulevard in North Hollywood. I went down there to purchase a tire for the Mustang and I noticed the registration place. I assumed it was for anyone who wanted to register to vote. She mentioned this to me, and I said I would take her down there to register.*

*The day I was going to take her down there she had two individuals with her--a young lady who was a relative of hers, and Charles Stein. That's the first time I saw Charles Stein. I took her out there and apparently she registered for George Wallace. She brought up the subject several times again, and I told her at that time that if she was interested in getting into politics, she should have registered with the Republicans because they controlled the state. I think Gov. Reagan was governor at that time. So she reregistered then for the Republicans and showed me her registration slip. She was all enthusiastic about this idea but I never thought much of it. I was just going along with her because she was a barmaid, and if she raised \$500 that wouldn't get her seeing the Governor. She probably would've gotten locked up for something for some nonsense.*

*I have been through Selma, Alabama once. If Dr. King was there at the time I was, I wouldn't have known about it. Subsequently I found out that he wasn't there when I was there. I think William Bradford Huie said I was in Selma when Dr. King was there, but later on I found out that wasn't true. I just drove through there.*

*It's not true that a map was found with my fingerprints on it had Dr. King's home, his church, his place of meeting-- all circled. There was a map found in the rooming house that I was in in Atlanta Georgia. I had about 20. I had marked some different maps. I marked the Street I was living on and the street I came in on and I marked Peachtree Street which is right off the street I was living on. And of course that was distorted and it was said that I had Rev. King's house and church and residences and I had all circles around it. We subsequently found out that wasn't true, which I knew it wasn't. The map the FBI had with my fingerprints on it did not have any circles around the exact place where Dr. Martin King's church, his home, and his meeting place were. I made three oblong circles on there as I recall.*

*When I go into a large town I usually buy a map to try to get my bearings, find out where I met up with the street where I thought we had come in on and I put it oblong circle around Peachtree Street and one around where I was living. And I had put an x down that an area which is a restaurant I'd been to, and I think*

*maybe one of them had enclosed Rev. King's house or something. But the map, I have seen a copy of the map, and there is no circles around his house. I had no idea where his church was. I do not know where his home was. I purchased this map as soon as I arrived in Atlanta.*

*In Los Angeles I was staying in an apartment house on Serrano Boulevard. While living in Los Angeles I went to New Orleans in December and when I met Raoul there he said we would take some guns into Mexico. Initially he set the date for April, and then he moved to date up to March. During that time I also went to Las Vegas once.*

*I met Raoul in March. I had also met him in New Orleans at Le Bunny Lounge on Canal Street. He was coming because I had called him or wrote him a letter. I don't recall details. I think most of our transactions were made on the phone and he had me meet him in New Orleans on a certain date in March, 1968. When I went there with Mr. Stein that would've been December, 1967, and I saw Raoul then at Le Bunny Lounge. He gave me \$500 and explained in general terms that he was going to take some weapons into Mexico. We were going to do this in April, or his associates might have mentioned it later on the phone. I was ready to leave the day after meeting Raoul. Stein wanted to stay a couple of days so we probably stayed two or three days.*

*The next time I saw a Raoul was in March.*

*(Mr. Ray is asked if he has ever heard of J.C. Hardin.)*

*I have heard of someone named Hardin. I think Harold Wiseberg mentioned him to me. I think Wiseberg said that I met him in Los Angeles. I did not. I have never met a J.C. Hardin or James Hardin. I didn't meet anyone in New Orleans except the individuals I have mentioned.*

*I stayed in Los Angeles until March, 1968. From one of the phone conversations I learned I was supposed to meet Raoul in New Orleans on a certain day in March. I'd had contact with him by telephone between December and March, plus meeting with him in New Orleans in December. When I got there in March he wasn't there. When I met with him at Le Bunny Lounge in December, I was not with him long--15 or 20 minutes. We met just that one time. And I talked with him on the phone after December, 1967. I didn't talk to him directly about scheduling the March meeting. I talked to the intermediary. I was trying to get a passport, Merchant Seaman's paper and stuff. He set up the date when I was supposed to meet him in New Orleans, sometime in March 1968.*

*When we met in December, Raoul gave me \$500. Plus he gave me \$2000 in Mexico. I wasn't missing any meals. I also had plastic surgery in Los Angeles in*

*March or February, probably February. I also had some money when I came back from Canada. I did not work any job in Los Angeles or do any robberies.*

*As of February, 1968 I had never been to Memphis, Tennessee. I went south in 1955 and could have come through there, but I don't know which town in the south I went through. If I had been there I would have just drove through.*

*The surgery in February 1968 in Los Angeles was inexpensive--\$200 or \$250.*

*Bartending school was I think \$120.*

*I next saw Raoul in March, 1968 at the Starlight Club in Birmingham. I guess I left Los Angeles sometime around the 22nd or 23rd of March. I was supposed to meet Raoul in New Orleans, but when I called him his intermediary told me to meet him at the Starlight in Birmingham. On my way there I went to Selma, Alabama. I think two roads go to Birmingham and I got on that secondary road. I think that's when I went through various small towns.*

(Mr. Garrison suggests that not only in Selma but also in other cities, Mr. Ray just happened to be there when Dr. King was there.)

*I don't know what cities that would be. I was in Los Angeles before Dr. King came to town. I was in Atlanta while he was there. I think he was in Chicago when I was there, but I was already there. You couldn't say that he was following me, and certainly I wasn't following him if I was there first. I have never admitted to any person that I was stalking Dr. King. I have been accused of stalking him, but I wasn't. I have never told anyone that I was stalking him.*

*I did not see Mr. Jowers when I was in Jim's Grill. I think I was in there just twice, maybe three times. I thought the first time I was in there there was a young black woman or a young white woman there. In the second time it was either a black or white. I don't remember if the first time was black and the second time was white, or the other way around. But subsequently I was told there was no white woman in there. I was just in there three or four minutes, so I really don't know.*

*The first time I was in there on April 4, 1968. I was late getting there. I would say it was after 4 o'clock.*

*I had gotten into Selma, Alabama and gone on to Birmingham and met Raoul there at the Starlight. He said we were going to drive to Atlanta. He was going to ride with me. We left that same day. I had not been in Atlanta before this, unless I went through there in 1955. I didn't want to go there. He didn't tell me what he wanted me to go to Atlanta for. He didn't give me any money. When we got there he directed me around to a neighborhood that wasn't rundown, but wasn't*

*working class. We drove around until he saw or I saw a place with rooms for rent. So he told me to go in and rent a room. So I went in and the landlord and another guy were drinking wine and I couldn't make much sense out of him. Raoul was out in the car. The room was just for me. I don't know where Raoul was going to stay. So he rented me a room, but I think it was someone else's room. He was drunk. This was a rooming house, the room was downstairs and the place was right off Peachtree Street, 14th St. maybe. I don't know whether it was close to the Ebenezer Baptist Church or not. I think it was about a mile and a half from there, maybe 3 miles.*

*Raoul gave the impression that we would be in Atlanta for several days. He didn't tell me details of why we were there. He said he was going to come back.*

*When the landlord sobered up he put me in a different room which was right next door. His sister had two rooming houses; he was just the landlord. After I got to the room, Raoul and I went to a diner around the corner from Peachtree Street. He said he wanted to make a trip to Miami and would be back in three or four days. He did not take the Mustang. The grill was on Peachtree Street about a block down. A small place, a white villa, I think. We were there 15 or 20 minutes, got something to eat, and then Raoul just walked away. He said to stay pretty close to the rooming house because he would be back in three or four days, and we would take a trip to Miami.*

*I never made any inquiries as to Raoul's background or asked him his last name. Our conversations were brief and it was all business. Illegal business.*

*Raoul was away for six or seven days more than likely. I probably had over \$1000 at that time. I have it written down someplace. When I testify in court or something I go over it because I can't remember at all. I remember how much money I got but I can't remember the amount I had.*

*When Raoul came to the rooming house he had a problem getting in. The place used to be doctor's offices and you had to pound on the door to get in. I don't think he stayed more than 30 minutes or so. He did not at that time give me any money. We started talking about the gun deals and he said he wanted me to check out some rifles. It was sometime during the daytime.*

*When he came back he mentioned the fact that he was going to take some weapons into Mexico and he wanted me to purchase a rifle and check up some samples in Atlanta. I said I didn't think I should do it in Atlanta because all my identifications were from Alabama. So he agreed to do these transactions in Alabama. By samples I mean he wanted me to look at some foreign rifles and get price estimates.*

*When we got to Birmingham I didn't know what was the procedure for buying rifles. I didn't know what kind of identification you had to show and didn't know anything about the law. He didn't say what type of rifle he wanted in Atlanta. He didn't get into details. When we started talking about purchasing weapons in Atlanta, I said hold on a minute, my ID is from Alabama and I think it would be safer if we went to Alabama. We left the same day in the Mustang.*

*He explained what type of rifle he wanted we got to Birmingham and checked into the motel.*

*He had talked before about guns in December, 1967 when I went to New Orleans, saying he would make quite a bit of money on weapons.*

*At that time I had the Eric S. Galt driver's license in Alabama and a certificate of sale from Alabama (they don't have a title there).*

*When I was in Los Angeles taking the bartenders course I used the Galt name. I think I used the Galt name in the room in Atlanta too.*

*When we left Atlanta to go to Birmingham, I drove and Raoul came with me. No one else appeared on the day Raoul said he wanted to buy rifles. I don't know how he got there to the rooming house. He just showed up. I don't know where he was staying or living. He sounded like he knew where to go in Birmingham to buy rifles. We got there, I think this was a Friday, we went to a diner and I think we checked out the Yellow Pages. We may have checked out a newspaper too, but he may have already known in advance. He decided on this Aeromarine Supply and gave me general directions. He may have gone with me to show me the way but he didn't go all the way. I had never been there previously.*

*He didn't specify what type of weapon he wanted me to look at. If he did, I forgot it. When I got there I asked for a deer rifle, I think. That's the type of rifles he used. But I don't know too much about rifles. He had not specified what caliber or type or brand or anything. If he mentioned a specific thing he wanted, I probably have forgotten about it. He did want a rifle with a scope. I don't quite understand why he was not more specific about it. He probably gave me directions but not enough so I can tell a salesman exactly what I wanted. He did not write the directions down here and I presumed that he wanted a rifle with a scope on it like a deer rifle. I think he gave me about \$750 in small bills. I don't think he told me to spend the 750 for a rifle. I think some of it was for expenses.*

*I had never been to Aeromarine Supply before. I didn't see any water around there. There may have been a airport around somewhere. I recall Raoul being in the car and think maybe he pointed me off where to go but I know he wasn't with me when I purchased the rifle. When I walked in there were couple of salesman*

*and maybe a couple of other people. I told him I was meeting with some relatives and would like to get a deer rifle. I also made some inquiries about some German Mauser rifles and asked what they cost. He seemed to want to discourage me from purchasing them, so I assumed he wanted me to buy a more expensive rifle. I think he showed me just one. I made it appear like I was buying it for my brother-in-law or something. I gave him the name Harvey Lowmeier. I think my brother knew him in jail. I did not test fire the rifle while I was in there. I told him I wanted ammunition to go with it. I don't know what kind of rifle he sold me. He just showed me one, said here's a deer rifle, and I said okay wrap it up.*

*I wasn't in there long except maybe waiting for adjustments on the rifle or installing the scope. I didn't hang around. When he showed me the rifle I probably put it in my hands. He probably showed me something about how to load it. He probably figured I had sense enough to load it. I don't know if the rifle had a lever under. He showed it to me and it looked like a rifle and I said wrap it up. I don't know if it had a scope on it when I first saw it and did not look through the scope to see what kind of sighting or bearing it had. I don't remember whether the scope had rubber tips on each end to keep from getting scratched up.. I don't recall if it was in a box or behind the counter. He brought it out and showed it to me and said how is this? And I said okay, wrap it up.*

*I didn't tell him what kind I wanted, what brand, what caliber, what anything, I just said I wanted a deer rifle. I told him I was going to hunt deer with my brother-in-law. He said, this is probably the best thing out. I did specify that I wanted one with the scope. Raoul had asked me to get one with the scope. He asked me to get one as a display to some buyers and asked me to check on prices and quantity of foreign-made rifles.*

*I did not ask Raoul why he wanted to purchase these in Atlanta or Birmingham instead of New Orleans.*

*I don't recall how much I paid for the rifle. I got a receipt and some ammunition and picked out a phony address in Birmingham and gave him my name. I did not have to show him any identification. Probably it was between 11 in the morning and one in the afternoon. I wasn't in the store long. I don't know if he put the scope on it, don't know how long it takes to put a scope on. I paid cash.*

*Raoul was not sitting in the car while I was doing this. I believe the rifle was in a box when I took it out. It had the scope on it and had some ammunition with it. I think I had a couple of clips of ammunition. I also purchased some other type of ammunition, but it's not on the bill of sale. I don't know. I bought two brands of ammunition of the same caliber and same size just so Raoul could take his choice.*



*I left the store and went 2 or 3 miles back to the Five Points Motel. This was on the east side of Birmingham. We checked into the motel when we first got there, before we went to the diner grill. Raoul stayed at the motel when I went to purchase the rifle.*

*We went to the diner grill after checking into the motel. We looked in the telephone directory for a gun store. Then I took Raoul back to the motel.*

*He was waiting for me alone when I got back to the motel. I took the gun in and he looked at it briefly and he said it was the wrong kind of rifle, the wrong type. The salesman had given me a brochure as I was leaving. It listed several rifles, and I told Raoul to pick out what he wanted and I would go back. Raoul took the gun out of the box. If he looked down the scope, I didn't notice. He just checked it out briefly and said it was the wrong type. I think it was the wrong caliber. He didn't do anything with the clip or pull the trigger or anything. He wanted me to exchange it, so he picked out one and I telephoned Aeromarine and told them I thought it was wrong caliber. They said to bring it back, Raoul picked out another type of rifle. Raoul did not give me any more money.*

*I went back to exchange it the same day. It must've been getting late because this salesman said he couldn't exchange it that day, he didn't have time, but he could have it ready for me the next morning. Raoul stayed at the motel when I was going to exchange. I rented the room and he stayed in the same room. I took the rifle back the same day and left it and told him what kind of rifle I wanted. I think I said we were going hunting in Wisconsin and he said, I know there was some conversation about bigger deer in Wisconsin than there are Alabama. I believe this was the same person I talked to when I purchased the gun. I showed him the brochure and said that's what I wanted and I believe it was more money than the other. I'm not certain.*

*Raoul had not told me why he wanted a different type of rifle, either brand or caliber or anything. He just said it wasn't the right type. I took the ammunition back too. I don't recall taking the ammunition out of the car. I may have, but naturally you take the ammunition out for a different caliber rifle.*

*I don't know what brand was the first rifle I purchased or what caliber it was. I left both the rifle and the ammunition at Aeromarine and then I went back to the motel. Raoul was there. I told him I had made arrangements to exchange the rifle. I may have told him beforehand based on the telephone call. He gave me an address to meet him in Memphis. He said he was going somewhere else.*