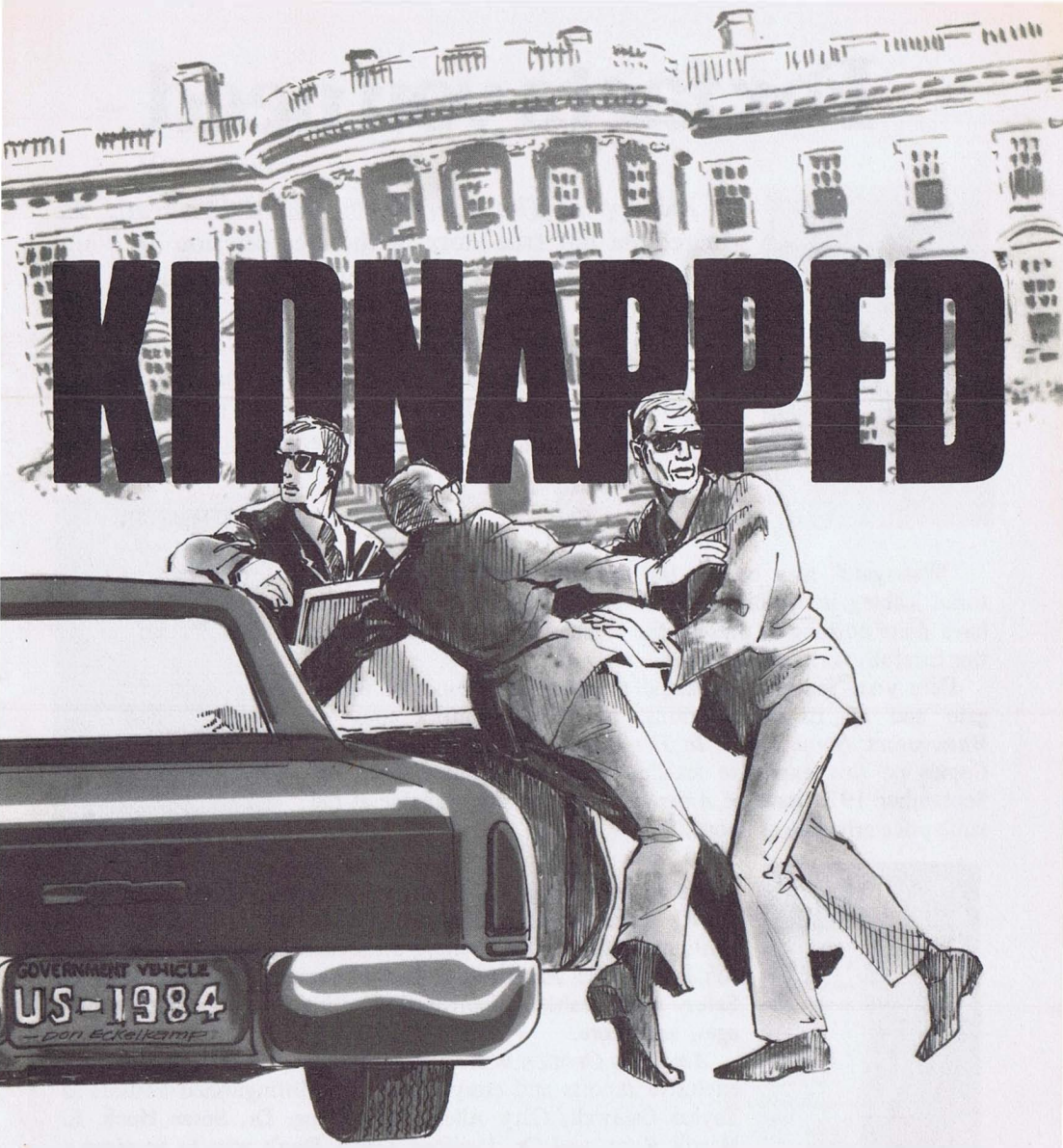
KIDNAPPED



Nixon, Kissinger, a retired Admiral, and a startling account of Gestapo tactics at the highest level of your government!

by GARY ALLEN

TWENTY CENTS

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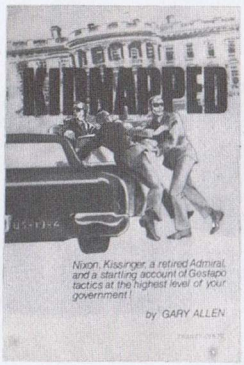

Kidnapped: The Admiral Who Heard The Truth, the incredible but true story of the incarceration *on White House orders* of Rear Admiral Ira E. McMillan, first appeared in the November 1973 issue of *American Opinion* magazine. Additional reprints of this copyrighted article are available at the following prices: One to 99 copies, seven for one dollar; 100 to 999 copies, twelve cents each; 1,000 or more copies, ten cents each.


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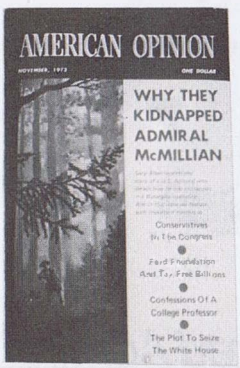

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KIDNAPPED

The Admiral Who Heard The Truth

Gary Allen, *a graduate of Stanford University, is the author of several best-selling books, including* Communist Revolution In The Streets; Nixon's Palace Guard; None Dare Call It Conspiracy; *and,* Richard Nixon: The Man Behind The Mask, *the definitive study of the ambition and conspiratorial activities of our current President. Mr. Allen, a former instructor of history and English, is active in numerous humanitarian, anti-Communist, and business enterprises. A film writer, author, and journalist, he is a Contributing Editor to* AMERICAN OPINION.

■ THE Watergate Hearings have produced a myriad of startling revelations. Yet one of the most amazing of the criminal excesses of the 1972 elections has never before been made public. Those involved in *this* Watergate story were not merely hirelings and underlings, but Richard M. Nixon and Henry A. Kissinger. In this case the victim was a retired Rear Admiral named Ira E. McMillian, whose crime was that he had a plan to end the no-win war in Vietnam and bring the prisoners home. This report is about what happened when Admiral McMillian wouldn't back down, when he refused to be intimidated, when he dared to report the real nature of the ugly game being played by the President and his Talleyrand.

Who Is This Admiral?

If there is one adjective that describes Admiral Ira McMillian it is *persistent.* He was raised on a farm in a Texas prairie town with the deceiving name of Honey Grove – a town named by Davy Crockett enroute to The Alamo. As a teenager, young Ira was filled with the sort of patriotism that Crockett would have understood, and he was determined to attend Annapolis. The Congressman for his District was Sam Rayburn, who lived twelve miles down the road in the metropolis of Bonham. When Ira was sixteen years old, he pedaled his Ranger bicycle those twelve miles to see the Congressman, banged on Rayburn's door, and informed the amazed politician that he was Ira McMillian and had come to seek an appointment to the Naval Academy.

"Impossible," replied Rayburn. He explained that there were thirty people on the list, and the boy's name would have to go on the bottom because his parents had no political influence and Mr. Sam owed them no favors. Representative Rayburn did not mean to be cruel, he said, but merely to state the facts.

But, as we observed, Ira E. McMillian is nothing if not persistent. Each day, for the next fifteen days, young Ira pedaled his bicycle to Bonham to convince the Congressman that it was he who should be appointed to the Academy. On the fifteenth day, though he had never before been permitted past the porch, Rayburn invited the determined lad into his home and after a short talk announced that he was elevating him from Number Thirty on his list to Number One. "He told me," the Admiral remembers with a smile, "that he couldn't get any work done and that he was giving me the appointment to get rid of me." The Texas Congressman and the tenacious youth who wanted to fight for his country became lifelong friends.

Admiral McMillian's credentials are impressive. He graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy in the class of 1930. At the time of Pearl Harbor he was Gunnery Officer of the *U.S.S. Hull*, a 1,500-ton destroyer which was damaged by the Japanese during the attack. Following Pearl Harbor, he saw action in most of the major sea battles of the South Pacific. He fought his way through Guadalcanal, Espiritu Santo, Fiji, Salamaua, Papua, Attu, Kiska, Roi-Namur, Kwajalein, Guam, Saipan, Tinian, Eniwetok, Majuro, Iwo Jima, Manus, Leyte, Ormoc, Mindoro, Lingayen Gulf, and Okinawa. For his performance and heroism he earned the Navy Cross, Silver Star, Legion of Merit-Combat, Bronze Star-Combat, Purple Heart, and many others.

The Admiral has been retired from the Navy since 1958, and has since been a very successful businessman. He made the coveted "Million Dollar Roundtable" in his first year after retirement by selling life insurance, and he soon proved as able at finance as at naval command. Persistence paid off there, too. The tenacious old sea dog has spent a lifetime sticking to his guns. It is a habit that resulted in one of the most bizarre outrages of what have come to be known as the Watergate incidents.

A Plan To Help

The year was 1970, and the Admiral was residing in beautiful Woodside, California. The Vietnam War was still at its bloody height despite the fact that both sides were going through the motions of a peace conference in Paris. The Admiral was upset. It galled his fighting nature to see his country bogged down in a war that its political leaders obviously had no intention of winning. The Admiral had a son who was about to turn eighteen, and like millions of other American parents he did not want to see that boy die in a rice paddy in a no-win war.

Being a man of action, Ira McMillian was determined to do something about it. He reasoned that since, like its predecessors, the Nixon Administration had not the slightest intention of winning the war, the best thing for America was to end the fighting and get our P.O.W.s and M.I.A.s home as soon as possible. To fight to win is one thing, the Admiral reasoned; to fight to lose is madness.

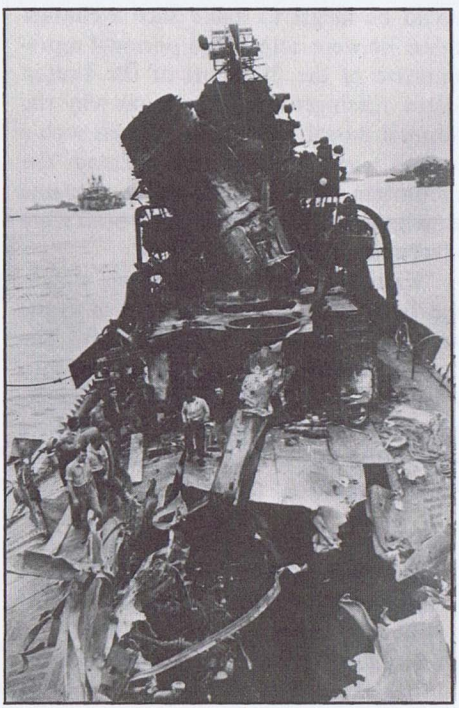
Of course, there were millions of Americans who wanted to end the war, but Ira McMillian knew that he might make a unique contribution to that objective.

In April of 1951, Admiral McMillian had attended a dinner party in the apartment of Sam Rayburn at the Anchorage Apartments in Washington. Aware of the Admiral's anti-Communist concern, Rayburn arranged for McMillian to go to Teheran as the personal representative of President Harry Truman to assure the Shah and Empress of Iran that the President of the United States supported them against Premier Muhammad Musaddiq and his Communist insurgents. "When I arrived," recalls the Admiral, "they already had their bags packed and a plane was standing by." Though there were many pro-Communist intriguers in our government, the support of the President was after a time instrumental in undermining the Communist-led insurgency and Communist leader Musaddiq wound up in the Shah's jail.

During the long crisis in Teheran the Admiral attended a number of official functions as a representative of the U.S. Embassy. At those affairs he became acquainted with his adversary counterparts – important revolutionary specialists in Iran to help the Communists dethrone the Shah. One of these was Le Duan, later to be the Communist Party boss of North Vietnam. Today, Le Duan holds the same position in North Vietnam as Leonid Brezhnev occupies in the Soviet Union and Mao Tse-tung in Red China. In other words, he is the top Communist selected to succeed Ho chi Minh as dictator.

At right is retired Rear Admiral Ira E. McMillian, a much-decorated naval hero – the kind of tenacious American who stands up best when the going gets tough, as the photo of his ship, the *U.S.S. Newcomb*, and this copy of his Navy Cross citation indicate. Admiral McMillian retired from the Navy in 1958, became a highly successful businessman, and in 1970 offered his services to President Nixon as a special envoy to help end the Vietnam War. The Admiral knew Le Duan, now the top Communist in North Vietnam, from their encounters as adversaries when Ira McMillian acted as a personal representative of President Truman. McMillian personally presented his plan to President Nixon, Henry Kissinger, and General Haig in an August 1970 meeting at the summer White House. We must bring this no-win war to a close, said the Admiral. "Well," said the President, "We'll do that in October 1972."

Single's Photography



THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the NAVY CROSS to

CAPTAIN IRA ELLIS McMILLIAN, UNITED STATES NAVY

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION:

"For extraordinary heroism as Commanding Officer of the U.S.S. NEWCOMB, Flagship of the Screen Commander in Task Force FIFTY-FOUR, during action against enemy Japanese forces in support of our amphibious operations at Okinawa, on April 6, 1945. With his destroyer subjected to a series of suicideattacks by seven enemy planes, Captain (then Commander) McMillian conducted skilled evasive maneuvers and coolly directed his guns against the plunging aircraft, blasting threeof them out of the sky as the other four crashed at intervals into the gallant NEWCOMB. Instantly organizing fire fighting and repair parties to quell the flames raging in spaces from the bridge aft to No. 3 gun and to control the flooding, violent internal explosions and extensive damage in many vital parts of the ship, Captain McMillian fought off continuing attacks by hostile planes and directed his men in utilizing every means of saving the stouthearted destroyer. Whenone attacking plane was on a course headed directly for the bridge structure, he unhesitatingly manned the helm and, initiating a radical maneuver, succeeded in avoiding the enemy aircraft. With the assistance of two destroyers ranging alongside his vessel, CaptainMcMillian led hiscrew in extinguishing all fires and in effecting emergency repairs, enabling the NEWCOMB to be towed to port. Maintaining a high standard of fighting efficiency throughout the long and terrific attack, Captain McMillian, by his fearless leadership and courage in the face of gravepersonaldanger, contributed to the destruction of three Japanese planes and to the preservation of his severely damaged destroyer. His heroic conduct and unwavering devotiontoduty were inspiring tothe NEWCOMB's officers and men and reflect the highest credit uponhimself and the United States Naval Service."

For the President,

James Forrestal

Secretary of the Navy

Though deadly enemies in the field, the former Texas farm boy and the Communist operative found themselves personally compatible. "Le Duan spoke some English and was a most interesting conversationalist," remembers the Admiral. "During the time I was in Teheran, I spent long hours in personal discussion with him." After the crisis in Iran, the anti-Communist Admiral McMillian and Communist Le Duan maintained informal contact, exchanging occasional social amenities by mail.

Because of this unique personal contact with the supposed "mystery man" who was now Communist dictator of North Vietnam, Admiral McMillian believed he might be able to convince Le Duan to break the contrived logjam at the Paris Peace Conference. His idea, however naïve it sounds in light of subsequent developments, was that he be recalled to active duty and sent as a Presidential envoy from the U.S. Government to North Vietnam, where he anticipated that he would be cordially received by Le Duan. The Admiral is not a Ramsey Clark or a Jane Fonda – he would never attempt to circumvent the law by negotiating illegally with North Vietnam – so he was determined to contact the highest officials of the U.S. Government and inform them of his contact among the North Vietnamese.

Meeting With The President

In the last week of August 1970, Admiral McMillian drove to San Clemente, California, to see President Nixon at the summer White House. He had earlier telephoned for General Alexander Haig, been told that he was not there, stated his business, and been put through to Henry Kissinger. He told Kissinger that he had a unique plan to end the war, and that he had a personal contact on the Presidential level in North Vietnam. Rear Admiral Ira McMillian was given an appointment for 2:30 p.m. the following afternoon.

The Admiral spent Friday night at the Camp Pendleton Marine Base about twenty miles south of San Clemente. The next afternoon he was picked up by a Marine helicopter. The flight took about fifteen minutes, and the copter landed on a helipad inside the compound at the summer White House. A Secret Service agent escorted him past what McMillian describes as "a plentiful secretary" to the office of Henry Kissinger. The agent left the Admiral with the President's top National Security Advisor. Also present was Alexander Haig, who has since succeeded Robert Haldeman as the President's chief of staff.

The Admiral began the conversation by noting that he had an eighteen-year-old son whom he did not want to die in a rice paddy. Kissinger replied that he had a son of his own, and that he could appreciate the Admiral's feelings. McMillian told the President's assistants that he proposed to make personal contact with the Number One man in North Vietnam. He noted that he realized it would be illegal to make such a contact unless he were acting as a personal representative of the President of the United States. Kissinger wanted to know why the Admiral thought he could establish such a contact, and the Admiral related the circumstances under which he became acquainted with Le Duan while both were adversaries in Teheran.

"Kissinger kept looking at his watch, and finally said we should adjourn to the patio," recalls Admiral McMillian. The three men walked through a corridor into a walled patio and sat down at a wrought-iron table with a glass top. A few minutes later, Richard Nixon appeared. As the Admiral relates it:

> *The President greeted me and said that he noticed I had been appointed to Annapolis by his "old friendly adversary, Sam Rayburn." Actually, they weren't friendly enemies at all. Rayburn and Nixon sat*

next to each other in joint sessions as Vice President and Speaker of the House, but the two never spoke to each other. Rayburn had hated Nixon with a passion from the time Mr. Nixon publicly impugned his, and President Truman's, patriotism.

President Nixon had obviously checked my records, because the fact that Rayburn had appointed me to Annapolis had not been discussed when I talked to Kissinger on the 'phone to arrange the appointment.

As the four men sat around the glass-top table the President asked the Admiral about his idea. McMillian began rhetorically, asking President Nixon for the name of the man on his level in Hanoi. The President replied, "Do you mean Le duc Tho?"

"No, I don't," answered the Admiral. "I am talking about Le Duan."

The President looked startled. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know of him."

Admiral McMillian continues:

I told the President that I knew Le Duan from Teheran and that we had kept in touch with each other. I told him that I proposed that he recall me to active duty in the Navy and send me as his personal representative to Hanoi and Moscow. I had another contact very high in Moscow and I thought I could use him in conjunction with Le Duan to bring the war to a close.

At this point the President interrupted and said, "Well, we'll do that in October 1972." It was the most cold-blooded statement I ever heard.

The Admiral shot back, "You mean to say that you are going to do this just before the election?" President Nixon grinned and replied: "Well, I wouldn't go that far."

Abruptly changing the subject, the President asked McMillian what contacts he had in Moscow. The Admiral told him that during Khrushchev's 1959 trip to the United States he had become acquainted with Frol R. Kozlov, who had been Deputy Premier and Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Kozlov, who died in 1965, had introduced the Admiral to other important persons in the Khrushchev entourage.

Admiral McMillian, though stunned by the President's announcement that he planned to drag out the war until October of 1972, repeated his plan and was heartened when the President asked if there was something he could study. The Admiral gave the President a carefully prepared outline, Alexander Haig was assigned the job of monitoring the plan, and the Admiral was told that the proposal would be given serious consideration.

Henry Kissinger now excused himself, pleading that he had to attend a party in Beverly Hills. McMillian quips: "He didn't mention who his date was." Then the President thanked the Admiral for his concern, and told him that he would soon be contacted and briefed on the progress of his proposal.

But the Admiral had been told by President Nixon, himself, that he didn't plan to end the war until October 1972. Something very ugly was happening – something that Rear Admiral Ira McMillian couldn't quite bring himself to believe. Surely the President would reconsider.

Appealing To Washington

Over the subsequent year, Admiral McMillian received several letters from General Haig – all full of doubletalk. And the war went on and on and on. In his mind's ear, the Admiral heard the President say, over and over: End the war? "Well, we'll do that in October 1972."

In December of 1971, with the Paris

talks still deadlocked, Admiral McMillian decided to fly to Washington to try to stimulate interest in his plan. Perhaps others could convince the President to stop playing politics with the lives of American boys. The Admiral explains, "I decided my best line of approach would be to make contact with various individuals in Washington, some of whom I had known before, with the idea that they might give me some inkling as to what the proper procedure would be." For the next three months, Ira McMillian made use of every contact he had ever had in Washington. He reasoned that the stalling at Paris was part of the political game, and over and over he thought of that scene at the summer White House: End the war? "Well, we'll do that in October 1972."

One of the first men Admiral McMillian visited was James Rowley, Director of the U.S. Secret Service. Rowley had been a friend of the Admiral's for over twenty-five years. He had been a bodyguard for Franklin D. Roosevelt, then director of the White House detail of the Secret Service, and finally President Kennedy had promoted him to Director of the Service. The Admiral reports: "I told Jim about my situation in great detail while we had lunch at the White House, and he advised me to proceed with caution."

Ira McMillian went to visit Admiral Tyler Dedman, Administrative Assistant, Chief of Naval Operations. McMillian remembers: "My reception from Admiral Dedman was very cool from the beginning. He indicated he would try to stop my efforts. As a matter of fact he threatened me and said he would cut off all my transportation privileges with M.A.C. [*Military Airlift Command*] if I persisted. I told him that I was entitled to that on a 'space available' basis and I didn't think he could do anything about it, but if he wanted to try, he could go ahead." Admiral McMillian is not only tenacious, he is tough.

"Then I called Alex Butterfield," McMillian continues, "Assistant to the President, at the White House. I had known his wife in her childhood in Coronado, California. He indicated there wasn't much he could do but I could give him a ring at any time I wanted assistance."

Next on the Admiral's contact list was Roger Shields, Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of the P.O.W.s. Assistant Secretary Shields let it be known that things were progressing nicely, and no outside help was needed or wanted. And so it went. The Admiral who in August of 1970 had heard the President say that he would wait until October of 1972 to end the war – the Admiral who couldn't quite believe it – was getting a hard, ugly, dose of political reality.

On December tenth, a very remarkable thing happened. Admiral McMillian, who kept extensive notes concerning the period from August 1970 to June 1972, describes it this way:

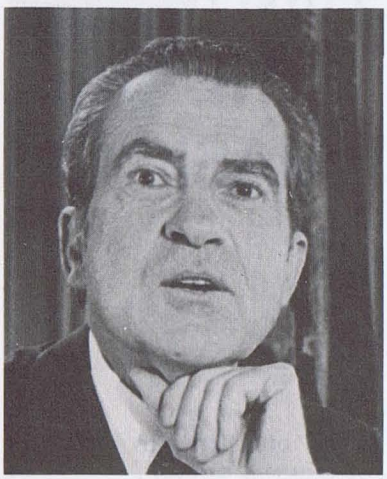
> *A man named Vorontsov from the Russian Embassy called me and I went over to their Embassy which is around the corner from the Army-Navy Club. He was an assistant counselor at the Embassy. I have no idea how he came to contact me, but he told me that he had heard that I was trying to do something to bring the war to a close and that he was in favor of this. He said that he wanted to help without making that fact public. I was dumbfounded to say the least.*

The next person to contact the Admiral was a famous lady with a great deal of courage and a compulsion to tell the truth as she sees it. Admiral McMillian recalls:

> *On the fourteenth of December, I received a call from . . . Martha Mitchell. I had known her casually*

U.P.I.

U.P.I.



U.P.I.

After meetings with the President and Henry Kissinger, it became apparent to Rear Admiral Ira McMillian that Mr. Nixon meant what he had told him in August 1970 about dragging out the no-win war in Vietnam until October 1972. But Admiral McMillian did his best to end the playing of politics with the war, going from door to door among his powerful friends in Washington. Thinking that if enough big money could be raised for the President's campaign Mr. Nixon might give up his bloody political ace, McMillian met repeatedly with the Watergate crowd, where support for his plan to end the war was offered like a carrot in return for raising large sums. The theme was repeated in a meeting with the President on January 31, 1972. When the Admiral finally began to repeat what President Nixon had told him he meant to do, McMillian was called upon by Richard Helms of the C.I.A., then kidnapped off the street and locked up in Bethesda Naval Hospital (left) where he was told he had been taken on the orders of Henry Kissinger and would be held indefinitely. Admiral McMillian finally bribed an orderly and got word to an important friend who went to Admiral Zumwalt, was told that it was a Kissinger operation, and went to Kissinger. After being held four weeks for telling the truth, Admiral Ira McMillian was released. On October 26, 1972 – in keeping with the President's political timetable – Henry Kissinger announced an informal deal had been made and "Peace is at hand."

a couple of years before. How she got my name and knew I was at the Army-Navy Club, I don't know. But we had a very interesting conversation and I had occasion to talk to her several times later. She was very sympathetic to my plan, but apologized that she had been isolated *and could do nothing to help.*

Admiral McMillian was now spending night and day pleading his case before influential people in Washington. Finally, he approached the very heart of the Watergate operation. The Admiral recounts:

On the seventeenth of December, I went to the headquarters of the Committee to Re-Elect the President, at 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue, diagonally across from the White House. The man in charge of the money at that time was Hugh Sloan, a very intense, fine young man, it appeared to me. He listened to me for about an hour and told me he thought he could be of some help if I would in turn help the Committee to raise money in Texas.

I asked him what kind of money he was talking about. He said, "Any amounts, preferably large." I replied that I would see what I could do.

Perhaps if enough money – big money – could be raised for the Presidential campaign, the President would give up his political ace and the bloodshed could be ended. The Admiral continues:

On the twenty-first of December, in accordance with a request from Hugh Sloan, I went over and had a talk with Jeb Stuart Magruder, later to become famous for his part in Watergate. At that time he was in charge of the campaign pending the arrival of John Mitchell and Maurice Stans. On the twenty-ninth of December, Hugh Sloan came over to the Army-Navy Club to see me and asked what I had done about trying to raise campaign funds in Texas. I told him I had been on the telephone and had some promising leads that I would follow up on.

On the eleventh of January, Hugh Sloan again came over and insisted that I do something about producing some money or at least commitments for money. Again, he promised to help me with my plan if I would raise money for the G.O.P.

The next day I saw Henry Kissinger at the White House. I told him briefly about the people who had been advising me, and that I intended to go ahead with my idea and asked him to help me. Kissinger was polite, but totally noncommittal. All I got from him were the same evasions and doubletalk I had been getting from General Haig's letters. By this time I was completely convinced that the Administration was totally cynical about the war and wanted to drag it out until just before the election. It really made my blood boil to see our government playing politics with the lives of our servicemen. And I began making these views known. I would soon pay the price for doing so.

Admiral Ira McMillian met with Hugh Sloan once again on the seventeenth of January, 1972. The meeting took place at 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue, headquarters of the Committee to Re-Elect the President. On the ground floor at that address is the First National Bank of Washington. According to the Admiral:

The reason I mention that there was a bank in the same building is that on one occasion Mr. Sloan

showed me tremendous amounts of cash which he had in his office. Incredible as it seems, there was so much currency that he had it in cardboard cartons and I asked him right away, "Why do you carry all this cash in here when you have a bank down on the first floor?" He replied: "There are reasons for doing business in cash which I will tell you about later, but I don't think we had better get into that now. What have you done about raising some money in Texas?"

Admiral McMillian continues his tale of frustration:

On the thirty-first of January, 1972, I was called at the Army-Navy Club and asked to a meeting, at the White House, which was attended by Nixon, Butterfield, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman.

I had never seen Haldeman before, and when I arrived I took a seat in a chair right outside the entrance to the President's office. A man came in and sat down all slumped over and with his head down on his chin and a very fierce look on his face. Trying to be friendly, I asked him how he was and he just grunted. I then asked him if he was waiting to see the President. He said that he was. I asked him if he was from out of town. He said, "I'm the commander-in-chief of the White House." I asked him what he meant by that. His answer was, "I run the place. My name is Haldeman." That's the only contact I ever had with Haldeman, except at the meeting we had a few minutes later.

The meeting was very short and little was said about my plan except to hold out action on it as a carrot for my raising very large sums of money.

At this second meeting with the President it was suggested that the Admiral meet with Maurice Stans, who would soon be finance chairman for the Committee to Re-Elect the President. Admiral McMillian had a talk lasting approximately ninety minutes with Stans, going over prospective donors whom the Admiral knew in the world of finance. Later that same day he visited Averell Harriman and his new bride, Pamela Churchill Harriman. McMillian had known Harriman as a friend of Sam Rayburn. "Mr. Harriman listened politely," recalls the Admiral, "but he didn't think he could do much. However, he said he thought I should talk with Ambassador Dobrynin to find out if he agreed with my idea that we should go direct to Moscow and Hanoi."

On February 3, 1972, Admiral Ira McMillian went to see Senator Strom Thurmond in his office. The Admiral remarks:

I had met the man years before through Mr. Rayburn, and since I was groping for straws trying to figure out some way to get my "thing" done, I thought perhaps Senator Thurmond might be of some assistance. He listened courteously, but like so many was noncommittal about what he would do.

Admiral Ira McMillian is a tenacious man, but he was growing weary. What kept him going was the memory of that scene at the summer White House in August 1970: End the war? "Well," said the President, "we'll do that in October 1972."

Threats Then Action

The twenty-eighth of February brought the Admiral his first call from Richard Helms, then Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. He told McMillian that he wanted to send two of his men to talk to him about his plan. McMillian reports:

On the first of March, Mr. Howard Osborn, one of the top deputies of the C.I.A., and another agent, spent several hours with me at the Army-Navy Club. I told them what I had in mind and that I had proceeded officially through the President. Since I was not negotiating directly or indirectly with a foreign power, I told them that I felt there was nothing the C.I.A. had to do with it.

Ignoring what he now realizes he should have read as a warning, the Admiral continued to try to win support for his effort to put an end to the playing of politics with American lives. He now discussed his plan with such influential persons as former Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard; Newbold Noyes, editor of the *Washington Star*; Perle Mesta; and, Katharine Graham of *Newsweek* and the *Washington Post.*

"On Sunday, the twelfth of March," the Admiral says, C.I.A. Director "Richard Helms and Mr. Osborn came over to the Army-Navy Club and told me they were upset about the things I was saying and trying to do; things they viewed with alarm. They talked to me in my room for about an hour. There were no actual threats, but I assume they were sent to try to scare me off."

"The next day," McMillian continues, "Osborn came to the Army-Navy Club once again to talk to me. We rehashed the same ground for about an hour. Apparently a lot of people in Washington were talking about my project and there were others who were upset about it."

Here the plot takes a sticky turn. Again, the Admiral is telling his own story:

On the fifteenth of March, 1972, I went to see Strom Thurmond for a second time. I pleaded with him to help me. While we were in the midst of the conference, a door burst open and a beautiful woman came rushing in. She was very, very excited. She was introduced to me as Nancy Thurmond, the Senator's wife. Right away she said to the Senator: "May I tell him? May I tell him?"

He said: "What are you talking about, you just met this man."

"I want to tell him," she said. And so she turned to me and announced: "I am going to have another baby." I was a little dumbfounded that she would come up with something that personal and I didn't understand why she felt she had to tell me. She was just super excited, I guess.

After Mrs. Thurmond left, the Senator dropped the blockbuster. Apparently convinced that McMillian would go to the public with what the President had told him in August of 1970 about holding off a Vietnam "solution" until October of 1972, Senator Thurmond warned Admiral McMillian: "If you go ahead with this thing, there is a distinct possibility that the President won't be re-elected, and I am going to do everything I can to stop you."

The next day Ira McMillian sent a telegram to President Nixon informing him that he would not raise funds for the campaign among his wealthy friends. He realized, as he put it, that "they were just toying with me." In the Admiral's view, no man who would boast of playing politics with American lives – and actually do it – was fit to be President. And Admiral Ira McMillian wouldn't raise a dime for such a man. What is more, thinking of his own son, he meant to tell what the President had said to him – and tell it and tell it.

The following day the roof fell in on Admiral McMillian. He describes the events of that day:

On the seventeenth of March, 1972, a Friday, I had a lunch

scheduled for the Mayflower Hotel at 12:00, and a meeting at 2:00, then a date with General Olmsted at 4:00 p.m.

I completed my luncheon at the Mayflower about a quarter of two. I had with me an important briefcase with some important papers and a considerable amount of cash. I decided to take a taxi back to the Army-Navy Club to deposit the briefcase in my room and have the cab wait to return me to the Mayflower. When I got back to the Mayflower Hotel, I got out of the taxi and paid the driver. At that moment an Armed Forces taxi pulled up, and the driver and a man from the back seat got out and pushed me into the back seat. It happened so fast I didn't know what was happening.

I demanded to know what was going on. The man beside me in the back seat said to me: "We have orders to take you." I asked what for, and was told: "You will find out." I demanded that he stop the car, but he refused. There was no threat of force and no guns were in evidence. The car was moving rapidly and there wasn't any way for me to get out. I tried to find out again where I was being taken. I was told: "You just relax. Everything is going to be all right. This will all explain itself when we get to our destination."

Our destination, as it turned out, was the Bethesda Naval Hospital. At that time I did not know about the mysterious deaths there of James Forrestal or Joseph McCarthy, or the botching of the J.F.K. autopsy. If I had, I would have been petrified.

They took me inside the hospital, and there were about twelve people waiting for me. Half of them were of enormous stature. I was surrounded, and so completely bewildered I couldn't believe what was happening to me. I was told to take off all my clothes and was given a robe and shoes.

I asked: "Will you explain to me what you are doing? What is going on?" And one of the men said: "We have orders to keep you indefinitely." I asked why, and then my mind began to jell and I said: "I think this has something to do with my activities in Washington. We are talking about the First Amendment to the Constitution." And the man replied: "How does that affect you?" I answered: "The First Amendment to the Constitution is freedom of expression." His reply was: "I don't know anything about that. Take off your clothes. If you don't, we will do it."

I complied, and they took the contents of my pockets. I had a daily diary bound in a leather case in which I made daily notes, and a wallet where I carried various credit cards and cash. They took all these, and I said: "Wait a minute. Now you are violating the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution." And the leader of the group answered: "I would like to say the Constitution of the United States doesn't apply to you. We are going to keep you here incommunicado."

My response was: "The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution says you can't seize and search a person without a court order. Where is your court order?" He said: "We don't have a court order and we don't need one."

*I asked to see Vice Admiral ****** *****, a close friend of mine . . . . They refused. I asked to see a lawyer. Again the answer was no. I said: "If I murdered someone I would be allowed to make one telephone call to a lawyer."*

"You are not going to call anybody," was the response.

I told him: "You say the Constitution of the United States doesn't apply to me. Do you know who I am? Just look at one of these cards. I am a retired Admiral in the United States Navy. And you say the Constitution doesn't apply to me?"

"That's right," was his reply.

For the next four weeks, as the Admiral remarks bitterly, he was treated "like a common criminal." Well, he was and he wasn't. A common criminal must be charged with something. The Admiral was charged with nothing, and was allowed to communicate with no one. He was not kept in a cell, but locked in a hospital room on what he thinks was the eighth floor. He was well fed and not physically abused or mistreated. His captors even brought him a portable radio, which they purchased with some of the cash they had taken from him. He showed me the radio – a small cylindrical G.E. model. There was no television, but the Admiral was supplied with books with which to pass the time.

On the second day of his incarceration, McMillian was visited by a reserve Lieutenant Commander, a psychiatrist, who accused the Admiral of being prejudiced against Henry Kissinger and admitted that it had been Kissinger who had ordered him taken out of circulation. "He bragged that if I ever told anybody about what was happening to me," related the Admiral, "my reputation would be completely destroyed. This amazingly arrogant man said that others had been destroyed . . . and they would do the same thing to me if I didn't keep my mouth shut."

Midway in McMillian's captivity, the Lieutenant Commander disappeared for about ten days and was replaced by a man who identified himself as Dr. K****. Dr. K**** expressed shame at what was happening and told the Admiral that his incarceration was a travesty of justice.

Finally, after three weeks, Admiral McMillian was able to bribe an orderly with the promise of a payment of one thousand dollars to telephone "Fishbait" Miller, an old friend. Mr. Miller, who is highly respected in Washington, is the doorkeeper for the House of Representatives. Apparently he couldn't believe it. The Admiral recounts the incident:

I persuaded a man, at the risk of his life and limb, to call "Fishbait." He got him at home and Miller's incredible answer was: "Could you call me at the office tomorrow and fill me in?" The orderly explained to Miller that he was calling him under extremely dangerous circumstances; that I was in jeopardy and needed immediate help, and this old friend's response was: "Could you call me tomorrow and fill me in?"

The bribed orderly did, however, contact an Admiral friend of McMillian's who went directly to Admiral Elmo Zumwalt and told him he knew all about what was being done to Admiral McMillian. The infuriated friend later reported that Zumwalt said he had refused to have anything to do with Admiral McMillian's kidnapping and that it had been arranged by Henry Kissinger . . . after Strom Thurmond had reported McMillian's story. Senator Thurmond believed that if it ever got out that Mr. Nixon had told McMillian he had no intention of settling the Vietnam War until October of 1972, it could cost the Republicans the election. McMillian's Admiral friend then went directly to Kissinger to demand his immediate release.

Release And Retrospect

Although it was still several days before Admiral McMillian was released, he was allowed to telephone his family the

day after that visit to Henry Kissinger. Admiral Ira McMillian continues:

> *On the seventeenth of April, 1972, I was told I would be released and that they were sorry that they had gotten mixed up in it. They said they had made a horrible mistake and that there was an Armed Forces car waiting to take me to Andrews Air Force Base where there was a plane to fly me to Texas or California or anywhere. I was supposed to believe that being kidnapped and held incommunicado against my will for thirty days was all a big misunderstanding. I told them that all I wanted was a taxicab and I went directly to Admiral *****'s house.*

Although much has transpired in the Admiral's life since he walked out of Bethesda Naval Hospital on April 17, 1972, it has all been anti-climactic.

Admiral McMillian spent much time and money attempting to get a forum to tell the country what had happened to him before the last election. He talked to many powerful men who at first expressed interest and pledged support. But, to a man, they all backed out . . . some indicating openly that they had been pressured in various ways. Many of these influential men are committed Republicans who doubtless felt that, despite what had happened to the Admiral, Nixon was infinitely preferable to McGovern. And, after all, October of 1972 was almost upon them. Also, we can only guess what kind of tales the Nixon Administration was by now peddling about Admiral Ira McMillian. Who had more credibility, a retired Rear Admiral or the President of the United States? Remember, this was *before* the Watergate revelations established that a plan for political kidnapping had been prepared by the Nixon Watergators – a scheme known as the Liddy Plan.

According to testimony, the Watergators were ordered by Presidential Counsel Charles Colson to "get on the stick and get the Liddy operation in effect" at precisely the time Admiral McMillian was kidnapped. What this means is anybody's guess.

Naturally, there will be charges and countercharges over the kidnapping of Admiral McMillian. One can hardly expect cries of *mea culpa* and a signed confession from either Henry Kissinger or the President. Mr. Nixon could settle the matter by releasing a tape of their meeting at San Clemente, but don't hold your breath. All we can say is that for six months your correspondent and his associates have checked the Admiral and his story as far as is practicable. His track record for honesty appears to be one hundred percent. These days, his alleged abductors can hardly make that statement.

There is no question but what it was illegal to pick up and hold the Admiral even if it could be shown that he was totally deranged – which he obviously is not. It would be legal to pick up a man still in uniform if it could be claimed that he was a security risk or embarrassing the uniform. But, if a retired Rear Admiral can be picked up on any kind of trumped up charge, then every man who has ever served in the military stands liable to "hospitalization" if (or whenever) his conduct displeases the Establishment.

The hallmark of a police state is the knock on the door by the *Volkspolizei,* or whatever it happens to be called. Whenever a citizen can be arrested without a warrant, denied his civil liberties, and incarcerated without charges or even a hearing, you have a police state – whether it be Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia, Red China, or the United States of America. And any Chief Executive who would permit officers of his Administration to kidnap a man from his home in the night – or bodily to abduct a citizen from the street – should be required by the people to answer for his actions. ■ ■