

# Seven or Eight Guys Lugged Stalin's Body to Viewing Hall In a Truck

Editor's Note—This is the second of stories by Eddy Gilmore, who spent 11 years in the Soviet Union as a correspondent of The Associated Press. He is now en route home to the United States.

By EDDY GILMORE  
PARIS (AP)—It was early that March morning when the telephone rang, and the Russian voice said: "Mr. Gilmore, I should tell you that we will have a press release in a short while announcing the serious illness of the chairman of the Council of Ministers, Comrade Joseph Stalin."

The telephone call was from Tass, the official Soviet News agency. I slipped my trousers over my pajamas, grabbed my fur hat and ran for the telegraph office—and the censor.

Stalin—and the Stalin myth—were dying.

I never saw so many people on the streets, as came out during Stalin's illness. They were knotted in little groups around the wall newspapers and muttering to one another, on the streets and in the subways.

Then the death that came as no surprise. And still more people. They stood in lines all night long. Some showed what I suppose was natural grief. Only those were we allowed to write about. The thousands upon thousands of the just plain curious we couldn't mention.

Other thousands, never allowed near Stalin when he was alive, jostled one another, jammed the streets and squares for a chance to walk through a hall and stare at the strange corpse of this man who'd controlled their living and their dying.

People were injured by the hundreds. Some were smothered and some were knocked down and walked over until the life went out of them. And all the time the long lines moved past the corpse to music played by perspiring musicians.

The mobs got out of hand some times. In one side street I saw the mounted police charge them with batons. But they kept coming back, pushing and breathless to walk past the body.

I almost forgot there was such a thing as sleep. We lay down on tables, on chairs, in the back of automobiles, and we wrote thousands of words, some of which I would like to think were not useless.

Did death come to Joseph Stalin as they said—from a collapse of the heart—with a squad of Russia's best doctors marshaled around his bed in the Kremlin, doing everything they could to save his life? Frankly, I don't know. I know only what I saw.

Rumors and stories flew around Moscow as thick as the droves of black crows that cloud the Moscow skies in wintertime. There were reports that he was murdered. Stories that this wasn't Stalin at all. Reports that he was already dead when the first news of his grave illness was announced.

Again, I just don't know. But from what I saw, it seems reasonable that things happened about the way the official story was told.

During the days they said the "Man of Steel"—a name he gave himself by the way, for he came into this world with the good Georgian name of Djughashvili—was dying, I passed the Kremlin many many times.

I saw the closely guarded gates at midnight and high noon in the mornings and in the afternoons and in the later winter twilight.

There was always a great coming and going of automobiles at the two traffic gates of the Kremlin—the one that leads into Red Square and the one near the Moskva River, a few hundred yards from the Ministry of Defense.

On numerous occasions there were ambulances among the cars rushing in and out of the gates. Several times I noticed small first-aid cars carrying what certainly looked to be oxygen tanks. And I saw solemn-faced men and women dressed in white who looked to be nurses. I can't say the men were doctors, for if there's any distinguishing look about a Russian doctor, I don't know it.

I saw Marshal Voroshilov on one occasion. My car was standing before a red traffic signal when his long, black ZIS (literally, factory in the name of Stalin) rolled slowly past. He just looked like Voroshilov as I'd seen him so many times; there was no sign of emotion.

On another occasion I recognized Lazar Kaganovich, highest placed Jew in Russia. But I was more interested in the procession—and it was almost that—of ambulances and medical cars.

As long as they kept coming and going it was reasonable to suppose that Stalin was alive.

Then one day I didn't see any of them.

Early the following morning they announced the death of Stalin, the man of so many myths, the imperishable, the everlasting, the perpetual. The leader and teacher. According to propaganda, the wisest genius of all time.

His body was to lie in state—but not for long—in the Hall of Columns, in the House of the Trade Unions. Oddy, perhaps, in this building where the great purge trials were held.

The American Embassy at that time was located between the Kremlin and the Hall of Columns. The people there had a first-hand view of traffic along the streets—almost deserted by now, for the

authorities had closed them to ordinary traffic and the people and the police were out by the thousands.

An embassy friend saw me on the street. "They've carried the body over," he said. "We were amazed. It wasn't any huge and shiny ZIS, or any super-plus hearse. Just an ordinary looking closed body truck. It was blue."

"Of course," he said. "It came slowly up past the stables (The old czarist stables now used as a Kremlin garage), past the embassy, backed up to the Hall of Columns and they took out the coffin."

"Who's they?" "How would I know?" he said. "Seven or eight guys." An ordinary truck. What was happening? The doors to the Hall of Columns

were opened shortly after that to an amazing spectacle. The yellow corpse in the fawn-colored jacket. His hands stretched out stiffly, parallel with the length of his body. The rouged cheeks. The enlarged nostrils of the dictator as you looked at him from the position of his feet. Those surprisingly delicate hands and tapered fingertips.

The almost scornful look of this very tough man, a look taken into

death. His decorations lying on a silk pillow at the lower end of the coffin. The wilderness of flowers, some real, some artificial. The ebb and flow of strangled music sawed out by sweating and slightly bewildered musicians. The searing, dazzling arc lights. The pinpoint spot lights. The high whine of movie cameras. The slug, slug, slug of thousands of pairs of feet passing by the bier. A tear or two. And hundreds upon hundreds of

curious stares from the Russian people who couldn't get near this man when he was alive. Now they could, providing they had the strength and courage to stand long hours in long lines. For the great

Quality and Economy...  
**St. Joseph ASPIRIN**  
SAVE MOST—200 TABLETS 79¢

leveler it come by. And they saw for themselves that Joseph Stalin died just as other mortals do. A man's life had ended, an era had ended.

Tomorrow: The cold war has how it grew.  
**MARTIN SENOUR OUTSIDE WHITE**  
4.55 Gallon in 5's  
Goeller's Paint Store  
522 Main Phone 6704

# Anniversary Sale

## Marvin's Beginning Thurs. July 23rd Marvin's

### Out With the Old! In With the New!

#### Once a year a Sale like this, Store-wide Clearance FINAL MARKDOWNS on all Summer Merchandise.

We want Quick Action! and Cash! Fall merchandise is crowding in on us. Summer apparel must be moved fast, regardless of the sacrifice. If you are looking for Bargains; let your search begin and end, right here at Marvin's.

The late summer leaves us with more hot weather merchandise than usual — but for you the season is only just beginning. Buy Now the things you'll need for hot days ahead, and at the lowest prices in years. — Shop Marvin's before you buy. —

### ALL WOOL SUITS, COATS, TOPPERS HALF PRICE AND LESS

### 300 Summer Dresses

Entire Stock, Nothing Reserved, Drastically Reduced for this Sale.

\$7. — \$9. — \$11. — \$13. — \$15.

Sox, Sweaters, Skirts, Handbags, Shorts, Play Clothes, Bathing Suits, Hose, Brassieres

Summer HATS LESS THAN HALF

Summer BLOUSES GREATLY REDUCED

Summer BAGS Nylon and Cotton

Hand loomed, washable cotton and nylon handbags—in variegated colors to match summer cottages.

\$1.88

Girl's - Boy's SWEATERS

Sweaters for boys and girls all good colors, all wool. Here is a chance to save on school budget.

\$1.88 - \$2.88

SLEEPERS

One lot of sleepers slightly showworn, red and other colors. Only a limited quantity, so hurry!

\$1.88

MATERNITY DRESSES REDUCED

NURSERY FURNITURE BATHINETTE TOTS STROLLER HIGH CHAIRS GREATLY REDUCED

Girl's SCHOOL DRESSES Values to \$3.95 \$1.19

GIRL'S DRESSES

Girls' summer dresses of all descriptions, styles and colors. Sizes 3 to 12 years. Suitable for early school wear.

2.88-3.88

Children's SWIM SUITS REDUCED

### REDUCED TO A FRACTION OF ORIGINAL PRICES

Children's Coats, Dresses, Hats AT SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTIONS

Many, many items, substantially reduced for this Sale, will be timely for early school wear. Shop Wonderland for bargains in everything Boys and Girl's need for right now and later. You'll find lots of things reduced but not advertised.

Girl's Hats up to 3.95 88¢

Girl's Summer Blouses \$1.68

Summer Suits \$13.

BOY'S AND GIRLS T Shirts, Shorts, Shirts, Play Clothes \$1.98 Values

Print Dresses \$2.88

Play Clothes Values to \$3.95 \$1.88

Big table lot of various items in Hot Weather Clothes, broken lots and sizes, but bargains all-at \$1.38

Bobby Brooks SWEATERS One special lot of Bobby Brooks novelty sweaters for women and misses. All wool high styled and specially low priced. \$6.95 Values \$4.88

"KORET" PLAY SUITS \$7.95 Values \$4.88

BRASSIERES Special Group 88¢

Summer HATS \$1.88

LESS THAN HALF

Summer BLOUSES REDUCED

Girl's NYLON SOX \$1.39 Values 68¢

Nylon Denim JEANS \$1.88

Children's Handkerchiefs In Novelty Folders 8¢

# Marvin's Women's Apparel

520 MAIN PHONE 7210

### Jail's Food Gone; Prisoners Let Out

BERNALILLO, N. M. (AP)—Sheriff Dick Montoya announced last night that he had freed all five prisoners in the county lockup—but not because of kindness.

The county, Montoya said, is out of money to feed the prisoners. Grocery stores cut off food supplies when the debt reached \$250.

### PILES HEMORRHOIDS

and other rectal disorders.  
● COLON AND STOMACH DISORDERS  
● RUPTURE (Hernia)  
Treated Without Hospitalization  
C. J. Dean, M.D.  
1542-1544  
FREE Descriptive Booklet Write or Call  
**THE DEAN CLINIC**  
Open 10 until 3 Monday through Friday.  
Until 8 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.  
Columbia Physicians — in our 45th year.  
2026 NORTHEAST SANDY BOULEVARD  
Telephone EA 3118 Portland 13, Ore.