

Anne's WRETCHED

PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues."

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



Every Week
-there is
Good
Reading in **Family
Weekly**

EAT ANYTHING!



ORA-FIX

holds
dentures
fast—
all day!



Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too

BETTER... by McKesson



Sneers turned to smiles for a vindicated Joe Poskonka who was given a hero's welcome by neighborhood kids.

My secret life for

By **JOSEPH A. POSKONKA**

(Last week, Mr. Poskonka described how he had gone to the FBI with a story of Communist domination of the United Packinghouse Workers, of which he was an official. He had agreed to stay in the Union and report Communist activities to the FBI. In doing so, he had become publicly identified as a Communist, and both he and his family—who weren't in on the secret—had been subjected to all sorts of insults and indignities. The worst of these came when—during a Congressional hearing in the midst of the Korean War—he was named as one of the "top Communists in the Chicago area." This story appeared in all Chicago newspapers and was read by his friends, neighbors, and co-workers.)

RIGHT AFTER the newspaper story identifying me as a "top Communist" appeared, I had my worst time as a spy for the FBI. The hardest incident for me to accept happened one night in a bar when I was standing with my back to the room. A soldier in uniform hit me in the back of the neck without warning. He'd just come back from Korea and wasn't feeling very sympathetic toward Communists. When I spun around, he really clobbered me.

As I got slowly to my feet, he stood over me and said: "You Communist so-and-so!" I crawled out of the place and cried like a baby.

At work, the men in my department tacked the story on the bulletin boards and called me "Comrade."

None of them would work with me. These men were not members of the Packinghouse Workers Union and still had some freedom.

Things got worse at home, too. One night, as I lay awake wondering how much longer I could stick it out, I heard a crash and tinkling glass on our back porch. When I got out there, whoever had thrown the bricks through our windows had disappeared. But it happened again several times.

Then some of our neighbors decided they wanted us out of the home we'd lived in for 26 years. It really hurt when a petition was circulated to try and force us to move. We never saw the petition, but some of the people pushing it made sure our children heard about it. Enough people refused to sign so that it was never put up to us. It's a miserable feeling, though, to know you're not wanted.

The day after my name was cleared, my youngest daughter, Esther, came home waving a newspaper and said she was going to take it to the people who had started the petition.

"I'm going to shove this paper under their door," she shouted, "to make sure they see it!"

But that was still in the future. Right now, I had a new problem. I lost my job and couldn't find another. I was laid off at Armour and Company in June, 1957, along with a lot of other people. My lack of seniority, not my politics, dictated this layoff. I continued going to all

my Communist meetings during this period—until I was called back to work early in 1958. But when I reported, my supervisor said: "Joe, if you punch in, I'll fire you." And that was that.

It was then my past really began catching up with me. There was work in other companies—but not for me. I'd apply and they'd tell me to report for work. Then, when I showed up, there was always some reason why there wasn't a job after all.

My wife was working to keep our home together, but this was my responsibility, not hers. For the first time I had some misgivings. I was still attending Party meetings and was still known as a Communist, both inside and outside the Party. That was why I couldn't get a job.

Several times I asked the FBI to take the wraps off me. I was no longer afraid of retribution from the Party; I was more afraid of seeing my family go hungry. The Government wanted me to testify as a surprise witness when my testimony would be of greatest value. I was all for that, too, because the more my appearance was played up in the newspapers, the more people would realize what I'd been doing.

But somehow the right occasion didn't seem to come along. Three times I thought I was going to throw off the Communist shackles—at trials of people I knew to be Communists. But each time they decided they didn't need my testimony, and the time dragged on.

THEN, on May 7, 1959, came that wonderful subpoena from the House Un-American Activities Com-