

Wonderful new way to bake your own Caramel Nut Rolls

Pillsbury



*...fresh dough and
topping all ready to use!*

Slice! Cinnamon-sugar filling is rolled
right into the ready-mixed dough.
Just slice into 8 pinwheel-rolls.

Top! Caramel-nut topping is right in the can
—already mixed for you. Crumble into
pan. Pop the pinwheels on top.

Bake! You have sweet 'n spicy rolls
in just about the time
it takes your coffee to brew!

They're yours! Hot, fresh 'n home-
baked. Delicious for brunch, lunch,
snacks and Sunday breakfast!



My secret life for the FBI (Continued)

"Hi, Commie" when they walked down the street. They resented it deeply, but they never answered back. What could they say?

Church was a problem, too. In all my life I've never missed attending services unless there was some very good reason for it. But this didn't fit in with the Communist philosophy. A Party member who attended church was showing signs of weakness.

Of course, the chance of being seen in church by any of my Communist cohorts was pretty slim. Still, I had to be careful because the Commies sometimes distributed literature to people going to or coming from church.

You wonder how they could pass out Communist literature at a church? They'll pass it out anywhere they can find a crowd of people. And of course it isn't labeled "Communist." It's *always* tied in with some positive program—usually the protection of the rights of minority groups, particularly those from central European countries.

SINCE I'VE BEEN working with the Communists, I've been amazed at the gullibility of most Americans on this point. They seem to expect Communists to wear identifying signs around their necks. They don't—nor do the organizations they support. Far from it. The Communists align themselves with all sorts of pseudo-American causes, then twist them to their own ends.

In my job as treasurer of the Committee for Preservation of National Rights, I had a problem. The Party had sent out a female worker from New York to run the Committee. She was rifling the till, and I knew it. When I accused her and she denied it, I demanded an audit of the books. This was a mistake. In the first place, she had strong Party connections—much stronger than mine. In the second place, the Communists were immediately suspicious of anyone honest enough to demand an audit of the books.

I lost the argument and my job as treasurer; and I also lost access to many of the information sources so useful to me in my work for the FBI.

Oddly enough, as my status with the Party people diminished, public recognition of me as a Communist leader increased perceptibly. The reason, again, was a newspaper story. This time I was identified by name in an Un-American Activities Committee hearing as one of the "top Communists in the Chicago area." All the Chicago newspapers played the story big, and it made things almost impossible for my family in their everyday relations with other people.

I remember right after the story appeared, during the Korean War, I stopped in a bar and was standing with my back to the room when a soldier in uniform hit me in the back of the neck without any warning. He'd just come back from Korea and wasn't feeling very sympathetic toward Communists. When I spun around, he *really* hit me.

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

(NEXT WEEK, Joe Poskonka tells how he lost his job and couldn't find another for two years—until the FBI unveiled him at a dramatic hearing that cleared his name and made him a hero in the eyes of his family.)



Joe Poskonka never realized how much courage he would need when he volunteered to be a spy.



Even Joe's wife, Antoinette, didn't know he wasn't a Communist until long after he joined the party.



At your grocer's dairy case!

(where you get those ready-for-your-oven Pillsbury Biscuits!)