

**STOP PAIN  
INSTANTLY**

**COMBAT INFECTION  
PROMOTE HEALING**

WITH STAINLESS

**Campho-  
Phenique**

(PRONOUNCED CAM-FU-SIN-EEK)

WHEN USED ON  
**PIMPLES-ACNE**

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE HELPS  
PREVENT THEIR SPREAD  
AND RE-INFECTION

It's wonderful, too, for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils, cuts and scratches, minor burns caused by book matches, hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam. Campho-Phenique relieves itching of insect bites, poison ivy, etc. Just apply Campho-Phenique next time and see how fast this pain-relieving antiseptic goes to work. And it doesn't stain the skin! Get a bottle today.



**WON'T START?**



Don't stay "stalled"... chew Feen-a-mint! It works where a laxative should—chiefly in the lower bowel. Removes mostly waste, not good food you need for health. Non-irritating—you feel fine, full of life and energy. So get delicious Feen-a-mint. 16 tablets, 37¢—also small and economy sizes.

**FEEN-A-MINT.**

The Chewing-Gum Laxative

**Plagued Day And  
Night with Bladder  
Discomfort?**

Unwise eating or drinking may be a source of mild, but annoying bladder irritations—making you feel restless, tense, and uncomfortable. And if restless nights, with nagging backache, headache or muscular aches and pains due to over-exertion, strain or emotional upset, are adding to your misery—don't wait—try Doan's Pills. Doan's Pills act 3 ways for speedy relief. 1—They have a soothing effect on bladder irritations. 2—A fast pain-relieving action on nagging backache, headache, muscular aches and pains. 3—A wonderfully mild diuretic action thru the kidneys, tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. New, large, economy size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!



Judge Kluczynski holds the youngest of the Kozmin brothers as he sees them off to Russia where they have joined their parents. His decision changed the course of their already disrupted lives.

## I SENT FOUR BOYS TO RUSSIA

*What goes on in a judge's heart as he decides the fate of four young Chicago boys whose parents are in the U.S.S.R.? Here is his own searching account*

by JUDGE THOMAS E. KLUCZYNSKI as told to ALFRED BALK

AS I WATCHED the four boys file into the plane, I couldn't help but feel the weight of my decision. I was sending these boys, who had been living happily in America, to Russia. I never doubted that my decision as judge of the circuit court was just. But seeing the youngsters wave almost tearful good-byes with their baseball gloves and White Sox caps, made me re-evaluate my responsibilities as one of the most important forces in their lives so far.

These were the Kozmin boys of Chicago. You probably have read about them and wondered what made me order them to a land they had never seen—or apparently wished to see.

Let me tell you about the decision, arrived at after long hours of study and hearings.

In reviewing the case's background, I learned that Georgi Kozmin, 55, and his wife, Nadejda, 37, had married in a DP camp in Germany where they had three

children. In 1950, they were brought to this country by a church group. The couple never adjusted to American life. Their mounting frustrations contributed to breakdowns and both were committed to mental hospitals in 1953.

The three boys, understandably, also suffered emotional disturbances. A social worker found them one morning huddled beneath the table where they had spent a terrified night. The children were made wards of the court and placed in foster homes.

Within two years, the Kozmins were discharged. A fourth son was born and, because both parents were on relief, he too was made a ward of the court. But the Kozmins' unhappiness with their adopted land grew, and in 1957, encouraged by Soviet representatives, they decided to return to their native country. Under the circumstances, the courts ruled that their children must remain here for the time being. The Koz-

mins left anyway, but they continued petitioning for their children.

It was part of my duty to learn about the boys. I found them, aged 3 to 12, to be healthy and intelligent, with typically American appetites for baseball and hot dogs. The youngest, Peter, was an American citizen, happy and well-adjusted. Paul, 10, was a Little League second baseman, proud of his visit to the historic American West. George, 11, was what I'd call "all boy" and an avid reader. Richard, 12, high in IQ, tinkered with radios and participated in several sports.

The old fears? Love and care in their foster homes had dispelled them.

Did I have the right to tear these boys from the first secure, happy homes they had known and send them to a foreign country—to a "godless, callous police state," as one man put it, the language of which only the eldest was even remotely familiar with?

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