

Public Lecture "Somewhere in France"

"THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS"
SPEAKER
J. K. ALLEN
OF CHICAGO

KNAPP'S HALL
Above "C. C." Store
Sunday, 2 p. m.
MARCH 23, 1919

AUSPICES OREGON SOCIALIST PARTY
Harlin Talbert, Chairman
MEN AND WOMEN INVITED
QUESTIONS ANSWERED

REACTIONARIES GRIP CONGRES

(Continued from Page 1)

"If the Republican members of the House intend to permit Mr. Hays or Senators Penrose and Lodge to dictate legislation to the next House, then, of course, they do not desire me for Speaker." (Are the Republicans to permit the Republican National committee chairman and the Republican leaders of the Senate to dictate legislation in the House?) "If I am elected Speaker the Republicans of the House may rest assured that I will not permit any interference from outside sources with the business of the House or with whatever legislation the House may desire to enact. Perhaps that is one reason why Mr. Hays and Senators Penrose and Lodge do not regard my candidacy with favor."

In the caucus, Representative Cannon, who was one of Mr. Mann's campaign managers, denounced Mr. Hays for his activities in Washington and elsewhere. He said that Mr. Hays was engaged in "fixing" delegates for the next Republican National convention. He charged that Hays had been in the southern states to arrange for the pocketing of the delegates from the "rotten burroughs."

"Progressive" Republicans from the western states refused to vote for Mr. Gillett for the reason that he voted for reciprocity and did not vote for woman's suffrage. They said that Mr. Gillett represented the reactionary interests of New England. It was predicted by Democrats prior to the Republican caucus, that the Hays-Penrose-Lodge outfit would ride rough-shod over the "Progressives" and that was done. The only things saved out of the wreck was the big committee on committees, provided for by a motion made by Mr. Mann. The Gillett people, led by Representative Winslow of Massachusetts, presented a slate—a hand-picked committee on committees—but it was broken by the Mann faction. Mr. Winslow offered a resolution, embodying his proposition, and called for the previous question. For his pains he was roundly denounced for an effort to gag the caucus. His committee was packed against Mr. Mann. The worm turned and Mr. Mann will dominate the committee on committees against Mr. Gillett.

That is the situation in the House. The Democrats realize that the Old Guard is in control. If Mr. Gillett rules he is the representative of the Penrose group; if Mr. Mann is boss, he is supported by Representative Cannon.

MILLIKEN ADDRESSES UP-STATE AUDIENCES ON LOAN

Dr. W. T. Milliken, pastor of the First Baptist church of this city, arrived home from Salem Friday, where he had gone to deliver an address on the Victory Liberty Loan drive. On his way back from the capitol city, Dr. Milliken dropped off at Mayesville, and delivered an address before the congregation of the First Baptist church at that place.

Weekly Health Talks

A WORD ABOUT THE KIDNEYS
BY DOCTOR WATSON.

People are easily frightened when they think something is the matter with their lungs or heart, and well they may be; but few people understand the dangers of diseased kidneys. These organs have a duty of vital importance to perform, and if they are diseased, there is no telling how or where the symptoms may appear. The kidneys are filters, and when they are healthy they remove the poisons from the blood and purify it. When the kidneys are diseased, the poisons are spread everywhere, and one of these poisons is uric acid. The uric acid is carried all through the system and deposited in various places, in the form of urate salts—in the feet, ankles, wrists and back—often forming bags under the eyes. Sometimes the resulting trouble is called rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and backache. Finally, come stone in the bladder, diabetes and Bright's disease.

Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., in recent years, discovered that a certain combination of remedies would dissolve uric acid (urate salts) in the system. He found this combination to be harmless, so that he made it up in tablets, of double strength, and called them Anuric Tablets. They dissolve uric acid in the human system as hot coffee dissolves sugar. If you have uric acid troubles, don't delay in taking Anuric Tablets, which can be secured in the drug stores. You can write Dr. Pierce, too, and he will tell you what to eat and how to live so that more uric acid will not form in your system. Dr. Pierce will not charge for this advice.

Christmas in a Dugout

By
Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey
Author of "Over the Top,"
"First Call," Etc.

(Continued from Last Week)

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

(Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

It was Christmas eve, and cold; not the kind of cold which sends the red blood tingling through your veins and makes you want to be "up and at 'em," but that miserable damp kind that eats into the marrow of your bones, attacking you from the rear and sending cold shivers up and down your spinal column. It gives you a feeling of dread and loneliness.

The three of us, "Curly," "Happy," and myself, were standing at the corner of "Yankee avenue" and "Yiddish street," waiting for the word "Stand to," upon which we were to mount our machine gun on the parapet and go on watch for two hours with our heads sticking over the top.

"Yankee avenue" was the name of the fire trench, while "Yiddish street" was the communication trench leading to the rear. We were occupying "Y" sector of the front line of our brigade. The trench was muddy, and in some places a thin crust of ice was beginning to form around the edges of the paddles.

We had wrapped our feet and legs with empty sand bags, and looked like snow shovellers on Fifth avenue. My teeth were chattering with the cold. Happy was sleeping his hands on his thighs, while Curly had unbuttoned one of the buttons on his overcoat, and with his left hand was desperately trying to reach under his right armpit—no doubt a "cootie" had gone marketing for his Christmas dinner.

Then came the unwelcome "Stand to," and it was up on the freestop for us, to get our gun mounted. This took about five minutes.

Curly, while working away, was muttering: "Blime me, Christmas eve, and here I am somewhere in France, 'alf starved with the cold." Happy was humming "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Right then, to our amazement, a home fire would have been very welcome.

It was black as pitch in No Man's Land. Curly stopped muttering to himself and Happy's humming ceased. There was serious work in front of us. For two hours we had to try and penetrate that blackness with our straining eyes. "See that Fritz did not surprise us with some Christmas stunt of his. Suddenly, Happy, who was standing on the freestep next to me, gripped my arm, and in a low, excited whisper, asked:

"Did you see that out in front, Yank?"

A little to the right of that black patch in the barbed wire?"

"Turning my eyes in the direction indicated, with my heart pounding against my ribs, I waited for something to develop. Sure enough, I could make out a slight movement. Happy must have seen it at the same time, because he carefully eased his rifle over the top, ready for instant use. My rifle was already in position. Curly was fumbling with the flare pistol. Suddenly, "plopp!" as he pulled the trigger, and a red streak shot up into the air as the star shell described an arc out in front—it hit the ground and burst, throwing out a white, ghostly light. A frightened "meow," and a cat, with speed clutch open, darted from the wire in front of us, jumped over our gun and disappeared into the blackness of the trench. Curly ducked his head, and Happy let out a weak, squeaky laugh. I was frozen stiff with fear. Pretty soon the pump action of my heart was resumed, and once more I looked out into No Man's Land.

For the remainder of our two hours on guard nothing happened. Then we "turned over" to the second relief and, half frozen, wended our way through the icy mud to the entrance of our dugout.

From the depths of the earth came the notes of a harmonica playing "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile." Stumbling down the muddy steps we entered the dugout. About eight boys of our section, sitting on their packs, had formed a circle around a wooden box. In an old ammunition tin six candles were burning. I inwardly shuddered at this extravagance, but suddenly remembered that it was Christmas eve. "Sailor Bill" was making cocon over the flames of a "Tommy's cooker," while "Ikey" Honey was toasting bread in front of a trench fire bucket, the fumes from which nearly choked us.

As soon as we made our appearance in the dugout the circle stood up, and as is usual with the English, made room for us to get around the fire bucket to thaw out our stiffened joints. In about twenty minutes or so the cold of the trench was forgotten and we joined in the merriment. The musician put his harmonica away, and, bursting with importance, Sailor Bill addressed us:

"Gentlemen, it is now time for this ship's company to report progress as to what they have done for the Christmas feed which is to be held tomorrow at eight bells. Yank, let's hear yours."

I reported one dozen eggs, two bottles of white wine, one bottle of red wine, eight packets of Gold Flake "fags" (cigarettes), and one quart bottle of champagne, which had cost me five francs at a French estaminet.

This report was received with a cheer. "Ikey" Honey was next in order. He proudly stated that he had saved his rum issue for the last eleven days, and consequently was able to donate to the feast his water bottle three-fourths full of rum. This would help out in making brandy sauce for the plum pudding. Sailor Bill informed that he had a fruit cake, a bottle of pickled walnuts, and two tins of deviled ham which had been sent out to him from London. Each man had something to report. I carefully made a list of the articles opposite the name of the person donating them, and turned the list over to Bill, who was to act as cook on the following day.

Just then Lance Corporal Hall came into the dugout, and warning his hands over the fire bucket, said:

"If you blokes want to hear something that will take you home to Blighty, come up into the fire trench a minute."

None of us moved. That fire bucket was too comfortable. After much coaxing Sailor Bill, Ikey Honey and myself followed Hall out of the dugout and up into the fire trench. A dead silence reigned, and we started to return. Hall blocked our way, and whispered:

"Just a minute, boys, and listen."

Pretty soon, from the darkness out in front, we heard the strains of a German cornet playing "It's a Long, Long Trail We're Winding."

We stood entranced till the last note died out. After about a four or five-minute wait the strains of "The Swanne River" were wafted across No Man's Land toward us. I felt lonely and homesick.

Out of the darkness from the fire bay on our left a Welsh voice started singing "It's a Long, Long Trail." It was beautiful. The German cornet player must have heard it, because he picked up his tune and accompanied the singer on his cornet. I had never heard anything so beautiful in my life before. The music from the German trench suddenly ceased, and in the air overhead came the sharp crack! crack! of machine gun bullets, as some Boche gunner butted in on the concert. We ducked and returned to our dugout.

The men were all tired out, and soon rasping snores could be heard from under the cover of blankets and overcoats.

The next day was Christmas, and we eagerly awaited the mail, which was to be brought up by the ration party at noon.

Not a shot or shell had been fired all morning. The sun had come out and, although the trenches were slippery with mud, still it was warm, and we felt the Christmas spirit running through our veins. We all turned in and cleaned up the dugout. Making reflectors out of ammunition tins, sticking them into the walls of the dugout, we placed a lighted candle on each, the rays from which turned night into day.

Bill was hustling about preparing the Christmas spread. He placed a waterproof sheet on the floor, and adding three blankets he spread another waterproof sheet over the top for a table cloth, and arranged the men's packs around the edges for chairs. Presently the welcome voice of our sergeant came from the entrance of the dugout:

"Come on, me lads, lend a hand with the mail."

There was a mad rush for the entrance. In a couple of minutes or so the boys returned, staggering under a load of parcels. As each name was read off, a parcel would be thrown over to the expectant Tommy. My heart was beating with eagerness as the sergeant picked up each parcel; then a pang of disappointment as the name was read off.

Each man in the dugout received from one to four parcels. There was still one left. I could feel their eyes sympathizing with me. Sailor Bill whispered something to the sergeant that I could not get. The sergeant turned to me and said:

"Why, blime me, Yank, I must be goin' barmy. I left your parcel up in the trench. I'll be right back."

He returned in a few minutes with a large parcel addressed to me. I cut this out—it is worth money. DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills for pain in sides and back; rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and



I Eagerly Took the Parcel.

eagerly took the parcel and looked for the post mark. It was from London. Another pang of disappointment passed through me. I knew no one in London.

Then it all flashed over me in an instant. About two weeks before I had noticed a collection being taken up in the section and at the time thought it very strange that I was not asked to donate. The boys had all chipped in to make sure that I would not be forgotten on Christmas. They eagerly crowded around me as I opened the parcel. It contained nearly everything under the sun, including some American cigarettes.

Tears of gratitude came to my eyes, but some way or other I managed not to betray myself. Those Tommies certainly were tickled at my exclamations of delight as I removed each article. Out of the corner of my eye I could see them nudging each other.

A man named Smith in our section had been detailed as "runner" to our captain and was not present at the distribution of the mail. Three parcels and five letters were placed on his pack so he would receive them on his return to the dugout.

In about ten minutes a man came from the trench loaded down with small oblong boxes. Each Tommy, including myself, received one. They were presents from the queen of England, and each box contained a small plum pudding, cigarettes, a couple of cigars, matches and chocolates. Every soldier in the British army received one of these boxes on Christmas day.

At last Sailor Bill announced that Christmas dinner was ready and we lost no time in getting to our respective packs, sitting around in a circle. Smith was the only absentee, and his parcels and letters, still unopened, were on his pack. He was now a half-hour overdue.

Sailor Bill, noting our eagerness to begin, held up his hand and said: "Now boys, we're all shipmates together. Don't you think it would be better to wait a few minutes more for Smith?"

We all assented, but in our hearts were cursing him for his delay. Ten minutes passed—fifteen—then twenty. All eyes were turned in Sailor Bill's direction. He answered our looks with:

"Go to it, boys, we can't wait for Smith. I don't know what's keeping him, but you know his name is in orders for leave and perhaps he is so tickled that he's going to see his wife and three little nippers in Blighty, that he's lost his bearings and has run aground."

We started in and waxed merry for a few minutes. Then there would be an uncomfortable pause and all eyes would be turned in the direction of the vacant place.

Uneasiness seemed to prevail. Suddenly the entrance to the dugout was darkened and a form came stumbling down. With one accord we all shouted:

"Come on, Smith, you're missing one of the best Christmas dinners of your life."

Our sergeant entered the dugout. One look at his face was enough. We knew he was the bearer of ill tidings. With tears in his eyes and a catch in his voice, he asked:

"Which is Smith's pack?" We all solemnly nodded our heads in the direction of the vacant place. Without a word the sergeant picked up the letters, parcels and pack and started to leave the dugout.

Sailor Bill could stand it no longer, and just as the sergeant was about to leave he asked:

"Out with it, sergeant, what's happened?"

The sergeant turned around, and in a choking voice, said:

"Boys, Smith's gone west. Some bloody German sniper got him through the napper as he was passing that bashed-in part in Yiddish street."

Sailor Bill ejaculated:

"Poor old Smith! Gone west!" Then he paused and sobbed out: "My God, think of his wife and three little nippers waiting in Blighty for him to come home for the Christmas holidays."

I believe that right at that moment a solemn vow of vengeance registered itself in every heart around that festive circle. The next day we buried Smith in a little cemetery behind the lines. While standing around his grave our artillery suddenly opened up with an intense bombardment on the German lines, and as every shell passed, screaming overhead, we sent a prayer of vengeance with it. As the grave was filled I imagined a huge rainbow embracing the graves in that cemetery on which, in letters of fire was written "Peace on Earth—Good Will Toward Men." But such is war.

(Continued Next Week)

More Seamed-Waist Models for Young Men

THE SEAMED-WAIST—it's a model every young man seems to want, judging from the numbers I am selling.

Well, there's variety enough here to please, so come in and choose.

Spring fabrics and colorings, of course.

Prices as moderate as the clothes are good—

\$20 to \$45
JOE SWARTZ
THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHIMER
Sixth and Main Streets
If Men Wear It, We Have It



UPPER HIGHLAND

And still it rains, and rains and rains.

Highland loses some of its people on Monday, when the Effenbergers, Wrights, and Mr. and Mrs. Jim McVay leave for Mohawk, where they will be engaged in the saw mill business.

Friday evening a farewell party for the above-mentioned people was held at the Leighton Wright home. It was a very impromptu affair and there were only a few of the Highland people there. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Will Effenberger, Mrs. Oscar Effenberger, A. J. Effenberger, August and Willie Martin and Harry Bauer; the Misses Mollie McVay, Tillie Martin, Hilda Chase, Anne and Elsie Bauer.

A. J. Effenberger has been visiting at the Will Effenberger home. Lloyd Schram was a Sunday visitor at Highland.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman and children, of Portland, visited Sunday at the J. J. Hanhart home.

There will be an entertainment at Highland church Saturday evening, March 23, 1919, given by the school children. There will also be a shadow social after the entertainment where the shadows of the young ladies will be sold to the highest bidder.

Everyone is cordially invited and urged to be there. The proceeds will go to the Upper Highland school.

Brenton Vedder, county school supervisor, was a Thursday visitor at the Highland school.

A. J. Effenberger, Mrs. Oscar Effenberger and Miss Molly McVay visited at school Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Kandle, Mrs. J. J. Hanhart and Miss Hilda Chase were visitors in Oregon City Saturday.

Mr. Henry Biecur and Mr. Des Paine of the Clear Creek mill, were visitors at the M. E. Kandle home on Sunday.

The paths which the school children travel have been very muddy of late, owing to the fact that horses have been driven over them. If we could just remember how much worse this makes them for the children to walk upon, things would be so much more pleasant. Please don't forget.

COLTON

State Superintendent of Education J. A. Churchill, of Salem, and County Superintendent J. E. Calavan, of Oregon City, were visiting the schools of Colton last Tuesday. They found school conditions better than the average, both schools being standard.

Superintendent Churchill recommended a water system to be put in, and the directors who were also present, will consider matters and may be able to supply water for all of Colton.

Mrs. P. E. Bonney returned home Monday after a three weeks' visit at Bonneville.

A. Nelson, the Colton merchant, was hauling hay from Molalla the past week.

Marjory Nixon, who has been ill the past week, is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. George Williams and family were Oregon City visitors Wednesday.

Joe Dhooghe was hauling tiling the past week, which he intends to use on his place.

The Misses Myrtle and Olive Clarke, of Bee Hills, visited their sister, Mrs. R. Lamm, Friday.

Claude Winslow was an Oregon City visitor Thursday.

Brenton Vedder, Clackamas county school supervisor, was a visitor at the Colton schools Friday.

Friday evening about 30 of the young people of Colton high school and several of the teachers went to Molalla, in the Dahlstrom truck, to attend the Molalla High's Junior class play. A very enjoyable time was reported by all.

Professor Savage, of Colton high school, went to visit his home at Salem over the past week-end.

Sturdy Womanhood is the demand of to-day

In the Health and Strength of the Wives and Mothers Rests the Future Integrity of the Nation.

We must preserve our womanhood. There is need, greater than ever for strong women. Apparently, the race is not as sturdy as formerly or our women are victims of an over-civilization and less able to resist disease.

Thousands suffer and thousands more are destined to suffer from that most insidious of diseases, catarrh. Ninety-seven per cent of the people have catarrh. It is not confined to the head, nose and throat as many suppose. Catarrhal inflammation may attack the stomach, bowels or any portion of the body where there are mucous linings. It is no respecter of persons or position. Everyone is liable to attack.

Mrs. Mary Fricke, 507 Borman St., Belleville, Ill., was one of its victims. She says: "I have weighed as little as 100 pounds. For years I suffered with my stomach, cramps and severe headaches. After reading Dr. Hartman's Health Book, I decided to try Peruna. The first

bottle brought good results, but as I was bound to get well, I took twelve. Fifteen years ago, I started with Peruna and I wouldn't be without it. My weight is now around 200 pounds and I am hale and hearty at the age of 63. I can do as much work as my daughter."

The use of Peruna for forty-five years in the American family has proved its worth. If you are sick, do not give up, try Peruna. Write The Peruna Company, Dept. B, Columbus, Ohio, for Dr. Hartman's Health Book. It is free. Peruna is sold everywhere in liquid and tablet form. Insist upon having Dr. Hartman's Famous Peruna Tonic. Ask your dealer for a Peruna Almanac.

Dirksen, of Portland, conducted the usual ceremony. Only close relatives of the bride and groom received invitations to attend. The young couple have received many congratulations for future success and happiness.

Thursday evening, when all the world should have rested in peaceful slumber, most terrific explosions were heard by the inmates of the Rogers home. Nor did these fearful noises cease even when the guilty parties, consisting of some 40 people, saw that they might get caught and be punished. Mr. and Mrs. Martin are of the united opinion that if the good people of Alberta had landed in Europe and caused as great an uproar, the kaiser would have taken to his heels much sooner than he did. The evening was spent in playing games and a general good time, after Mr. Martin had subdued the night raiders.

Mrs. Mayfield's sister has been spending a pleasant week visiting at the former's home in Alberta.

Mrs. Guard has returned home after an absence of several days, during which she has been playing the Good Samaritan.

Mr. Masters, of Alberta, passed away Thursday night, his funeral being held Saturday. The services were conducted by Elder Ware. The remains were taken to the Clarke's cemetery for burial.

We are all very sorry to hear that our old friend and neighbor, Mr. North, has passed away.

Mr. Rogers has purchased 18 acres of land at Maple Lane, where he intends to live in the future. Mr. Rogers will leave his farm in Alberta with Sam Martin and his wife, as the latter wish to make their home in Alberta.

Mr. Brown was in Oregon City Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Martin were in Oregon City on business Wednesday.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends who so kindly assisted us, and for the many floral offerings at the funeral of our mother.

WILLIAM SCHATZ
JACOB SCHATZ
FRED SCHATZ
HENRY SCHATZ
MRS. MARY HOLSWORTH
MRS. LENA GUTHROD
MRS. KATE ZIEGLE
MRS. ELIZABETH HUBER.

Verdon May, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence May, of Springfield, formerly of this city, arrived in this city from France Monday and is visiting at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. N. A. Bowers, of Canemah. He was a member of an artillery company, and has been in France almost six months. His brother, Winifred, is with the army of occupation in Germany.

Mr. Morris Smead, of Portland, is visiting at the Nixon home this week.

Mrs. Olive Sutton was a business visitor in Portland Wednesday.

ALBERTA

A pleasant home wedding was solemnized Wednesday, March 12th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, the contracting parties being their daughter, Blanche, and Mr. Sam Martin, of Upper Highland. Elder

ALASKAN COUPLE HERE ON VISIT—RETURN HOME

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Walsh, of Ketchikan, Alaska, were in this city Friday visiting friends and relatives. They will also spend a few days in Portland and Milwaukee. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh have been spending the winter in California—Los Angeles and San Diego. They motored from San Diego to Los Angeles, and were delighted with the South. At San Diego they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Walsh, the former a brother of J. P. Walsh. Both M. J. and R. P. Walsh formerly resided in this city, and both men are connected with the Wards Cove Packing company, one of the largest concerns of its kind in Alaska. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh will proceed to Seattle, from which place both families will leave for the North country.

FINED \$25 FOR CATCHING STURGEON UNDER 4 FEET

A warrant was issued from the district attorney's office Friday for the arrest of John Roberts, charged with catching a sturgeon under four feet in length at Jennings' Lodge. Roberts appeared in court and was fined \$25. The complaint was made by Deputy Game Commissioner Craig.

Runaway Lad Captured

A young lad, who gave his name as Lester Ellis, and who claims that he lives in Portland, is being held at Barlow by Sheriff Wilson until that official can get in touch with the lad's parents. The lad ran away from home some time Wednesday.

"OH, IF I COULD BREAK THIS COLD!"

Almost as soon as said with Dr. King's New Discovery Get a bottle today!

The rapidity with which this fifty-year-old family remedy relieves coughs, colds and mild bronchial attacks is what has kept its popularity on the increase year by year.

This standard reliever of colds and coughing spells never loses friends. It does quickly and pleasantly what it is recommended to do. One trial puts it in your medicine cabinet as absolutely indispensable. Sold by all druggists.

Bowels Usually Clogged?

Regulate them with safe, sure, comfortable Dr. King's New Life Pills. Correct that biliousness, headache, sour stomach, tongue coat, by eliminating the bowel-cloggers.

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