

## NORMAL TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES IS A YEAR AHEAD; HENRY FORD GIVES HIS VIEWS

Detroit, Dec. 29—Any attempt to forecast business prospects for 1927 must be tempered with the fact that the year opens with a great surplus of everything on hand, Henry Ford told The Associated Press today. Mr. Ford took occasion to spike a few rumors, among them one to the effect that he plans production of a low-priced six-cylinder car; discussed the difference between credit and debt and reiterated his belief in the economic value of the five-day week.

"Not only is there a large surplus of grown and fabricated material now on hand," Mr. Ford said, "but there is also a large surplus of debt. Undoubtedly the material surplus will be absorbed in the natural course of events and the year 1927 should be one of normalcy."

"You mean a year as prosperous as 1926?"

"Well, 1926 was abnormal," he replied.

The query apparently suggested a second thought.

### Ford Defines Prosperity.

"What is prosperity, anyway?" Mr. Ford asked meditatively. "A real prosperity is that in which all participate and in which all are consumers. When man consumes he must produce and when there is the proper balance between production and consumption prosperity is bound to follow."

The rumored six-cylinder car was discussed with the remark: "Nothing to it."

"You know," Mr. Ford went on, "we did build a six twenty years ago. We

made 1,000 of them. Two of them now are in our museum."

Mr. Ford also denied that he was at present financially interested in rubber growing. He added, however, that some developments in the future might attract him to that field. "I do not believe," he said, "that rubber should be grown on this continent."

### Hits Installment Purchases.

Concerning automobile production in 1927, Mr. Ford expressed the opinion that the output would be about normal. He was careful to point out again, however, that of the 1926 production of cars of all makes "ten per cent or more were repossessed by the sales agencies for non-payment. The trade anticipates a repossession ratio of one per cent of all the machines sold on the deferred payment plan. This condition shows that a portion of the people are buying things they cannot pay for."

Concerning credit and debt, the manufacturer said: "There is a point up to which credit is constructive, but beyond that point it becomes destructive."

"The habit of never wholly owning anything we use, never having that personal attitude towards quality which use and ownership give, is simply to cease working for oneself and become something like a mortgaged servant. This is a situation for which no good word can be spoken."

"When a man has been 'sold' on the installment plan up to or beyond his income, he is automatically out of the market and he does not contribute to the prosperity of the community. He is just as much out of the market as if he were saving his money for six months to pay cash for something he wants, but with the difference that under the installment plan the seller doesn't get the money and the buyer doesn't own the goods."

Willie—Please, teacher what did I learn today?

Teacher—What a peculiar question!

Willie—Well, they'll ask me when I get home.

Darwin—The doctor told me I'd have to get more sleep or I'd be a wreck.

Dingle—Well?

Darwin—I tried sleeping in the car and now it's a wreck.

"Harold, let's have soup for lunch."

"Sure, what kind, dear?"

"Canned, of course."

Howard B. Bowles of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a guest at the Queen.

## SLY, FEARLESS FUZZY-WUZZY, TERROR OF THE SOUDAN, DIES; ONCE A SOUDAN SLAVE DEALER

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy,  
At your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen,  
But a first class fightin' man.

And 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy,  
With your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—  
You big black boundin' beggar—  
For you broke a British square.

KIPLING.

Osman Digna, self-styled "Emir, the dervish of God," for 17 years (1884-1900) the "fuzzy-wuzzy" terror to the British forces in the Soudan, has passed on to join the shades of Gordon, Kitchener, Graham and many a Tommy Atkins of former acquaintance.

Osman Digna was the inspiration of Kipling's "Fuzzy-Wuzzy":

We've fought with many acrost the seas,  
An' some was brave an' some was not;  
The Pythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;  
But the Fuzzy was the finest of the lot.

We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im;  
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses.  
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim.  
'An 'he played the cat an' banjo with our forces

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy,  
At your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen.  
But a first class fightin' man;

We gives you your certificate.  
An' if you want it signed,  
We'll come on 'ave a romp with you  
Whenever you're inclined.

Osman was a slave dealer working out of Suakin, on the Red Sea. Many a show load of "black ivory" was shipped by Osman and his brother Ahmed and bartered for high profit until, in 1870 the British government put a ban on the trade.

### Human Contraband.

Then the era of bootleg slave trade and for a time Hamites, Fulahs, Tibus and Tuaregs continued to be the stock in trade of Osman and Ahmed. In 1877, a show load of Osman's slaves en route to the Jeddah market was captured by the British ship Wild Swan.

In all his mad career, Osman was never madder than when he heard of this outrage—his live goods confiscated! By Allah and the beard of the Prophet, he would show the English! Thenceforth he was a rebel, the howling, spear-jabbing terror of the Soudan.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills.

The Boers knocked up silly at a mile.  
The Burman gave us Irriwady chills.  
'An a Zulu impi dished us 'up' in style;

But all we ever got from such as they  
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;

We 'eld our blomin' own, the papers say,  
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy,  
An' the missis an' the kid;  
Our orders, was to break you.  
An' of course we went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis,  
An' it wasn't 'ardly fair;  
But for all the odds agin' you,  
Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

### Murderous Swords.

His "ayrick 'ead of 'air" and long black beard added the cognomen "Digna" to his original, copyrighted name. With two-handed swords by which he and his followers could back through and smash a British square, and the spade-like spears which flashed from ambush with the precision of rifle shots and far greater damage to the skin of Tommy Atkins, Osman Digna kept the British under Gordon, Kitchener and their aides chasing up and down the Soudan from Cairo to Fashoda, and cross-wise, from the Red Sea to the Kongo, for 17 blood-hot years.

It was fuzzy-wuzzies here, and fuzzy-wuzzies there, and every fuzzy-wuzzy was the equal of any Tommy Atkins who pulled a trigger or clubbed a gun, nor were fuzzy-wuzzies afraid of the Hussars. Let 'em come! Down in the grass dropped fuzzy, and as the cavalry swept by there would be the lightning flash of a long knife, a ham-strung charger, and another Hussar at the mercy of a two-handed, razor-edged sword swung in the hands of a dervish from whom the eternal delights of Heaven depended on making an end of one or more Englishmen.

It was not nice warfare, but for that

reason Osman Digna, right-hand man of the rebellious Mahdi, gained the most wholesome respect of the British fighting man.

### Death to the Square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,  
'E 'ahn't got no medals nor rewards,  
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown  
In usin' of 'is long, two-anded swords.

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush  
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,  
An 'appy day with Fuzzy of the rush  
Will last an 'ealthy Tomy for a year.

So 'here's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy,  
An' your friends which are no more,  
If we 'adn't lost some messmates  
We would 'elp you to deplore.

But give an' take's the gospel,  
An' we'll call the bargain fair,  
For if you 'ave lost more than us,  
You crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
An' before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead,  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'he's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb  
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on a spree,  
'E's the only thing that doesn't give a damn

For a regiment o' British Infantee!

Feb. 4, 1884, Osman and his hordes of the bush with sword and spear, disposed of 2,600 of the force of 4,000 under Valentine Baker, on their way to relieve Sinkat and Tokar.

Four days later Sinkat fell to Osman Digna, after Tewit Bey and his garrison of 600 British soldiers had been hacked down to a man. And the garrison at Tokar surrendered.

Then the British government decided to do something about this Fuzzy-Wuzzy. It puts a price on his head, dead or alive. That only made Fuzzy madder. Sir Gerald Graham set out to get Osman, taking with him infantry, cavalry and blue-jackets, the famous Black Watch regiment, the Gordons, and two regiments of Hussars.

They went after Fuzzy-Wuzzy at Tamai, March 13, 1884. Graham defeated Osman Digna in this battle, though Osman was not captured, but it was here that the fuzzy-wuzzies gained the immortal distinction of breaking the British square, the formation in which Graham was advancing.

So, fighting on to the end, Osman Digna made the Soudan a hell of swords and spears until, Jan. 19, 1900, "Emir, the dervish of God" was captured near Tokar, and sent as a prisoner to Wady Halfa, where he remained for 24 years. He was released in 1925 by order of the British government. He died Wednesday, past his ninetieth year.

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But a first class fightin' man.

An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy,  
With you 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—  
You big black boundin' beggar—  
For you broke a British square!

### STORM INTERVAL.

Far out at sea this motion gathered force—

A swirl of currents and a pull on tides;

Ships trembled in the trough and lost their course  
And many waters beat against their sides

Slowly the ripple, like a great green snake,  
Uncoiled its length and in a dream we heard

The hiss of surf; and from the storm's white wake  
Lonely as Death the crying of a bird.

These coasts are bulwarked, they will give no ground

And yet, on such a night as this—who knows?—

Continents may have sunk without a sound.

Our windows look on glassy pits that close.

Poor candle of the moon that shines no more!

Soon the lost gull will find another shore.

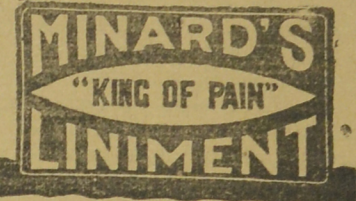
—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS in New York Sun.

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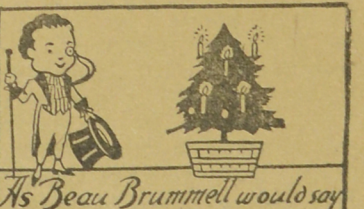
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