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UNCLE SAM WILL BUY BACK LAND ONCE GIVEN AWAY

By Carl C. Cranmer

WASHINGTON (AP)—Uncle Sam, who gave away or sold for a song millions of acres from out of his apparently limitless frontier to get the land into cultivation by sturdy homesteaders, is preparing to buy part of it back to get it out of production.

But land economists in the department of agriculture who have laid the groundwork for the land purchase program, for which an initial allotment of \$25,000,000 has been made, do not figure that the government will be "gypped" in the deal.

Millions of acres were sold years ago to swell public revenues, although the prices were so low the revenue was a disappointment. In buying it back Uncle Sam probably will not pay, on the average, much more than the price at which he sold although, theoretically, the land has been "improved" these many years. Moreover, hundreds of thousands of acres were granted in payment of wages and pensions due ex-soldiers.

One of the reasons Uncle Sam is so willing to buy some of it back is that he has decided it was expensive, even as a gift, to those who received it. It is so poor that it is impossible for anyone, under ordinary conditions, to make a living from it by farming.

It is being wasted and lost because unimproved for cultivation, and it is proposed to put it under public ownership so that it can be used for other purposes and conserved.

This land the government proposes to buy is called "submarginal"—that is, it is so unproductive that more effort is put into the land than the resulting crop is worth.

The program is not calculated greatly to reduce agricultural surpluses. That job is still to be left to the A. A. Submarginal land produces little.

Rather, it is a plan to "mop up"

gradually and with care areas that really are "rural slums" from the standpoint of the standard of living the land affords its occupants.

In the process of rapid settlement each depression and war produced a fresh wave of youthful and jobless settlers to find new lands in the west. Before the rush was halted attempts had been made to open up some very poor land. At least that is the picture drawn by government land studies.

While many old farms were abandoned as a result of the competition of crops from the fresh lands, many persons, particularly of the older generations, continue to cling to the worn, deforested, eroded soil that is their home.

The result is many partly settled, partly abandoned areas, both east and west, where a sparse population still requires public maintenance of schools, local governments and roads which often add to the tax burden of richer communities nearby.

The ideal "master land plan" would consolidate farming operations on the best land, abandon some lands altogether to forests, parks, grazing, wild life preserves, watershed protection or erosion control, and settle some of the population in combination agricultural-industrial villages.

Those who remained would make marginal farms out of several submarginal farms by using the better lands of each, and perhaps earn part of their living by working in the forests.

Officials recognize it will require several administrations to see the policy through. All those on submarginal holdings cannot suddenly be induced to abandon their homes for city inducements in the shape of garden villages be provided suddenly.

There are other problems, too, such as how to take care of business interests and local government officials serving submarginal areas that might be abandoned almost entirely.

Small sawmills for farmers as a means of earning money in off-seasons are being urged by Texas A. & M. college.

JOE PALOOKA

AND SO JOE TELLS KNOBBY THE WHOLE STORY HOW HE LEFT NEW YORK AFTER THEIR QUARREL OF HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN THE LUMBER CAMP ETC., ETC.,

OF ALL THE CRAZY NUTS IN THIS WORLD—YOU TAKE TH' MARBLE. NOT ONLY GIVE ME NERVUS POSTRATION WORRYIN' ABOUT CHA, BUT MAKE ME LOSE A FORCHUN—

WHY KNOBBY.

WOULD I OF DID WHAT I DONE IF I WASN'T THINKIN' OF YOU? I ONLY WANTED THAT PAYFORIN DAME FER TH' LEAD IN A SHON I THOUGHT WAS GONNA MAKE A FORCHUN FER US.

GEE—IM TERRIBUL SORRY. I THOT YOU WAS IN LOVE WITH HER. GOLLY—I ONLY LEFT BECAUSE YOUSE SAID I WAS IN THE WAY.

AN I OUGHTA MAKE YA STAND FER WHAT BIGG COST ME OUTA YOUR SHARE OF OUR DOUGH?

I THOUGHT WE WAS BROKE. YOU TOLE ME THAT AN TH' WHY I DINT MARRY MISS HOWE.

WHY—IM I BORRAD SOME DOUGH— SAY, FER GOSH SAKES—WHAT'S WRONG WITH YER MITT.

OH NOTHIN', I GUESS—IT JES HURTS A BIT

OLLY OF THE MOVIES by Ollendorff

I'M AFRAID I'M A LITTLE NERVOUS—

YOU'LL GET OVER THAT BEFORE THE PICTURE'S FINISHED.

— BEFORE IT'S FINISHED — AM I TO COME AGAIN?

CERTAINLY!— EVERY DAY, UNTIL WE'RE THROUGH; ABOUT TWO WEEKS.— YOU GET \$50.— A WEEK.— DON'T YOU WANT TO—

OF COURSE! — I JUST DIDN'T KNOW —

IT'LL GIVE YOU A GREAT CHANCE TO WATCH CARLO AT WORK.

AND THAT'S SOMETHING, OLLY—ER—JOAN,— THAT PLENTY OF THOSE TRYING TO GET IN WOULD PAY FOR!

CARLO NEVER PERMITS OUTSIDERS ON THE SET.— YOU'RE LUCKY!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS by Blosser

DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THERE IS OIL ON THE COOK PROPERTY?

YES, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN OIL LIKE IT BEFORE! IT DOESN'T COME OUT OF THE GROUND LIKE CRUDE OIL!

IT'S SO PURE, IT'S NEARLY READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE!

HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT IT, WAMSLEY?

NUTTY COOK CAME TO ME WITH SOME IN A BOTTLE... HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS AND WANTED IT TESTED! I KNEW RIGHT AWAY, THAT IT WAS A FINE GRADE OF OIL!!

WHEN HE COMES IN, SHALL I TELL HIM WHAT THE TEST SHOWED?

DON'T BE AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK!! IF YOU MENTION THIS TO ANYONE, EVERYTHING'LL BE OFF! BESIDES, YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT OIL... AND EVEN IF YOU CAN, YOU SHOULDN'T!!

DIANA DANE

CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO BRING DIANA OUT OF THE DOLDRUMS? YOU'RE HER MOTHER, MAKE HER STOP MOPING OVER HER BLASTED ROMANCE.

I WISH I COULD, THE POOR CHILD'S SO DEJECTED!

YOU SEEM SO QUIET LATELY, DIANA, YOU HAVEN'T BY ANY CHANCE STILL GOT YOUR MIND TORRID ON YOUR MIND?

CERTAINLY NOT! DON'T BE SILLY, DAD!

OH... THEN YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED IN HEARING THAT RITA REDD SAYS HE JILTED YOU FOR HER.

HE JILTED ME? IS THAT WHAT THEY'RE SAYING?!

LAND SAKES ALIVE, DAD!! WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE?!

DIANA ISN'T MELANCHOLY ANY MORE, MOTHER!

BANG CRASH THUMBO

SCORCHY SMITH

— IN THE HIGH ALTITUDES ABOVE TIGUNDA PASS TWO ARMEN FIGHT A GRIM CONTEST —

— SCORCHY SMITH, COOL AND RESOURCEFUL — MATCHES HIS SKILL IN HANDLING HIS BIG MONOPLANE AGAINST THE OTHER — A MADMAN FLYING A SMALL MYSTERY SHIP —

— AT WEST COAST AIRWAYS ANXIOUS MEN WAIT FOR WORD FROM SCORCHY —

RAYFIELD CALLING SCORCHY SMITH!

— NOTHING YET —

— BANKING SHARPLY — QUICK CLIMBS FOR ALTITUDE — USING EVERY TRICK KNOWN TO MILITARY COMBAT FLIGERS — SCORCHY EVADES THE FIENDISH ATTEMPTS OF THE MAD PILOT TO DESTROY HIM —

HOW LONG CAN SCORCHY HOLD OUT AGAINST THIS FLYING DEMON?

THE DILLYS

I HOPE MR. PLUMP DOESN'T MIND GIVING UP HIS BED TO ME!

JUS' BURROW INTO THE HAY, JIGGERS, YUHLL FIND A HAYSTACK MAKES A SWELL BED

MR. PLUMP, AH'S CHILLY!

WELL, DIG IN DEEPER

YASS-SUH— DAT'S WHAT AH'M DOIN

DUST MAH PANTS!

THE NEWFANGLES

AND WHEN WHINDY FINISHED BLOWIN' ABOUT CLEANIN' UP FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS, THIS FELLER TURNS OUT T'BE THE INCOME TAX AGENT FER THIS DISTRICT.

NOW! WHINDY'S SCARED STIFF THAT THEY'LL BE AFTER HIM T' PAY A TAX ON THE FIFTY!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

I WOULDN'T GO OUT IN THET SLUSH AGIN FER NOBODY!

IT'S A WHOLE VITUM A WABBLER DE YA GOT IT?

WE'LL NEVER GIT A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGIN!!

HUH! HERE COMES THET NEW INCOME TAX, FELLA!

Gangway!

AND WHEN WHINDY FINISHED BLOWIN' ABOUT CLEANIN' UP FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS, THIS FELLER TURNS OUT T'BE THE INCOME TAX AGENT FER THIS DISTRICT.

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More Trouble

AN I OUGHTA MAKE YA STAND FER WHAT BIGG COST ME OUTA YOUR SHARE OF OUR DOUGH?

I THOUGHT WE WAS BROKE. YOU TOLE ME THAT AN TH' WHY I DINT MARRY MISS HOWE.

WHY—IM I BORRAD SOME DOUGH— SAY, FER GOSH SAKES—WHAT'S WRONG WITH YER MITT.

OH NOTHIN', I GUESS—IT JES HURTS A BIT

OF COURSE! — I JUST DIDN'T KNOW —

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No Longer an Outsider!

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The Psychologist

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BANG CRASH THUMBO

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BANG CRASH THUMBO

Flying Madman

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HOW LONG CAN SCORCHY HOLD OUT AGAINST THIS FLYING DEMON?

Too Deep

I HOPE MR. PLUMP DOESN'T MIND GIVING UP HIS BED TO ME!

JUS' BURROW INTO THE HAY, JIGGERS, YUHLL FIND A HAYSTACK MAKES A SWELL BED

MR. PLUMP, AH'S CHILLY!

WELL, DIG IN DEEPER

YASS-SUH— DAT'S WHAT AH'M DOIN

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