

Arizona Single Taxer

AN OPEN FORUM

Vol. I

CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA, FEBRUARY 25, 1927

No. 2

UNCONTROLLED PUBLICITY

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SOLDIERS' EXEMPTION

The editor has never asked the people of Yavapai County or Arizona for any particular consideration on the account of his services in Cuba with the "Rough Riders." It was not mentioned by him in his speeches or campaign literature and he is convinced that the legislative bill to exempt ex-service men from taxation is based on a wrong principle.

While the editor believes that our present hodge-podge system of taxation is grand and petty larceny in that it does not distinguish between earned and unearned values, nevertheless, the ex-soldier should always be a dead-game sport and stand it with the rest of the community.

Such exemption will simply tend to make the ex-service man complacent with the present system and tempt him to fight any improvement for fear that his special privilege might be lost in the legislative shuffle. The ex-service man should keep himself clean from excepting the mass of special privilege that is becoming so fashionable with many other people.

ARIZONA LEGISLATURE—

"New special taxation on all useful occupations run for profit and less taxation on the gambling values in lots lands and natural resources. Adios to our long cherished dream of a good 5 cent cigar and a two-bit hair cut.

BUSINESSMEN'S ORGANIZATION

"Button, button; who's got the button?" is the un-solved query in all town boosting clubs. Who is it that skims the cream off the crock.

If we have ever given it any thought at all, we may have wondered why we rarely find the names of improved and unimproved lot owners on the rosters of business organizations.

"Oh! but we are not in trade or manufacturing; let those who want more trade do the boosting," replied a title-deed sleeper.

I told this to a Prescott business man and he said that the White Spar road promises to double his trade. He informed me that his lease had less than two years to run. "What then?" I asked. "Well, I'll make a little money until that time," he replied.

He had been making just about enough money to induce him to remain in business and keep his capital intact. He did not say it, but his expression showed that he realized that the increase in trade will bring sharp competition for the site occupied by him and that he must meet it. Excepting for the time limits of his lease, it will leave him just where he was.

The businessman who owns his own site, will profit, of course, but that profit will come to him as a realtor as distinguished from his status as a businessman.

The laborer is in the same fix. While there will be more work, there will be more to do it and his house rent will increase.

The instinct of the hunting dog drives him through brambles and over rocks and streams. He fares no better when game is plentiful for the hunter, who shoots over his back, bags the game.

The instinct of the laborer and businessman drives them over a days service in production, transportation and exchange, but the un-earned increment skims the cream.

"Button, button, who's got the button?"

We demand the "open door" in China and meddling nations are being kicked out of it with a vengeance.

ECONOMIC SUPERSTITION

When civilization dawned in the valleys, wild tribes from mountains and deserts raided the herds and graineries but the exploitation was crude, uncertain and wasteful.

The middle ages saw methods vastly improved. Conquest followed the raids with the raiders in possession of the land as feudal lords, and the escaped serf hunted down like a wild beast. Exploitation had been "stabilized" but the little finger of the feudal chief was heavier than the loins of the early raiders.

The chiefs lived up the products of the serfs in idleness. Wealth was not conserved and turned into capital to aid production. No device to speed up production was thought of excepting that of the lash over the backs of the serfs and it produced the man with a hoe the man who laughed not, neither grieved, but brute force alone is not economic.

Christianity freed the serfs from chattel slavery but the descendants of the early raiders still owned the valleys. The serf was free to go, but his hunger bound him to the land of the chiefs. His chains had been lengthened but they still clanked upon him.

The lengthened chain enabled the exploited to breathe more freely and personal initiative sent its first feeble roots into the cracks and crevasses of the rocks. They began to dream of harnessing the forces of nature and invention, to lighten the load and increase production. The boy, Watts, visualized the giant that tilted the lid on his mother's tea-kettle and the humble German scrivener, the giant power of the press, and so the dynamic co-partnership of labor and capital was born.

But the exploiter was still the old raider under the skin. He owned the land, the only workshop in which the co-partnership of labor and capital could carry on its production, transportation and exchange, and his increasing tolls kept pace with the increased production. It left labor and capital to fight over the little that the land toll-takers left them. Labor fought capital to save itself from starvation while capital fought labor to save

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Published monthly at Camp Verde,
Arizona

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Entered as second-class matter at
the post-office at Camp Verde

SUBSCRIPTION RATE
Per annum 50c

THE CHINO WELL

The powerful electric pump sent a 1000 gallon per minute stream into the canal. The faith of the Mormon workers were conquering the parched valley and will awaken future gardens.

It demonstrated the potential worth of the desert and raises its market price inside and outside of the Mormon holdings. One of these values comes to the work of the pioneers and the other land value to the speculative title deed scalpers who contributed nothing towards the undertaking.

But the grand and petty larceny of taxation will fine these Mormon pioneers with ever increasing tax burdens, as year by year, they improve and beautify their holdings. These added improvements will further add to the speculative price of outside lands without cost to the land gamblers and build a wall of high, speculative land values around the colony which promises to cramp the extension of the community.

But the hypocrisy of taxation makes a lap-poodle of the land gambler who seeks to live by his wits and imposes a "dog-tax" on the conquest of nature.

GERMICIDES

Danish dairy and small farm products sweep European markets. They are entering our own and farmers fly to Congress for a protective tariff against these products. The farm editor of the ARIZONA GAZETTE holds up the Danish success as a brilliant example of the success of co-operation but the Danes tell us a very different story.

Denmark's fiscal system is nearer the single tax than that of any other country and the picture of Henry George hangs in the home of every small farmer.

"No one will want land under the single tax except to use it," screamed a member of the National Board of Realtors. That is what happened in Denmark and lifted the disease of landlordism and land speculation off the small farms of the Danes.

Medical science discovers a sol-

vent that rids the body of microbes without injuring bodily tissue and the sheep herder discovers a germicide that rids his flock of scab but our "Taxidermists" still fall on their knees and offer incense before the throne of economic parasites.

ECONOMIC SUPERSTITION

(Continued from page one)
itself intact. The superstition of centuries of oppression blinded the co-partnership.

The discovery of America crashed into the stalemate. A Western continent of great fertility and natural resources beckoned the exploited. The first settlers saw endless forests; mighty river highways; range after range of lofty mountains and land-locked harbors where the navies of the world might anchor safe from the storms. Forests and savannas with the finest game and streams with the finest trout.

Land within sight of ports was readily monopolized but the hinterland was too extensive for immediate exploitation. The virgin West beckoned and the new freedom yoked up the ox team, bundled wife and children into wagons and struck Western trails.

The axe, plow, rifle and traps produced the first capital and the pioneer laughed at the money lender. A new manhood and womanhood was born. The pioneer was no longer the transplanted European but something new in the experience of the world. They no longer cringed but looked at the world and would be exploiter level eyed. They gained the challenge and care-free carriage of the barefooted boy who is sure of his next meal.

Noted European travelers missed the servility to which they had been accustomed and their rage flamed into idiotic and venomous attack on the new civilization.

The new economic freedom lighted the fires of genius. Invention and discovery multiplied production transportation and exchange enormously. Economic liberty shone upon the masses with a half light and an amazing prosperity followed.

But, unconsciously, we failed to close the door against the raiders. The natural workshop of labor and capital went down in 1898 in a wild scramble of land looting. The frontier vanished and with it the glory of America. It can never come back unless we rid ourselves of superstitions thousands of years old.

The frontier can be brought back in every state and land be made cheap again if we will only learn to distinguish between the rewards of honest service and the toll takers who stand at the door of natural

opportunity and rob labor and capital through the alchemy of a few legal phrases on a piece of paper and who give nothing in return for the ever increasing toll they take. God gave us the land.

"Socialists and other radicals, when asked to name the underlying cause of great fortunes, invariably answers 'capital.' Why is this? Evidently, it is due simply to a failure to recognize the essential difference between 'capital' and what is mere 'capitalization.' Take the United States Steel Corporation, for example. This corporation has a capitalization of some \$1,500,000. But this colossal capitalization is not based on the earning power of its pure capital—its just great furnaces, rolling mills, ships, docks, etc., for these ALL COMBINED, are not worth more than \$300,000,000.

It is based on the earning power of the monopolies it owns, its immense coal, timber and ore lands, its water fronts, railroad sites, together with its numerous tariff privileges.

The dog tax system on trucks and cars is to be saddled on the \$10,000,000 road bill issue so it can not be repealed during the life of the bonds. Big speculative interests back of the measure went to school during old saloon days when public education depended on saloon licenses.

Brisbane bragged that an unimproved lot in New York City sold for \$432 per square foot while the farmers' improved wild land sells for \$50 per acre. There is the "middle man" the farmer can't find and makes him see red whenever the single tax is mentioned. He had better sit down in a poker game with a bunch of card sharks.

Bank baiting popular again but let the baiters try to find some one who will keep their money safe while he checks against it. He will get the surprise that the lightning got when it struck a dynamite magazine.

No one but the land and lot owner is benefited by a new railroad and surfaced highway or any other improvement in community life.

But the title-deed scalper has an alchemy by which he shears half the wool off the sheep's back for rent.

ABE LINCOLN—"My conscience will not permit me to speculate in land."

WHITLER'S CLUB

MOSQUITE—"Them thievin' coal ile corp'rations shore whopped us hyar at home a-plenty. Made us all eat outen thar hands an' made us say we liked it, an' now hyar comes them bodacious, half-Yaqui greasers an' allows t' massacre them coal ile Johnnies that soaked us a-plenty in our solar-complexions. They shore packs thar gall wid 'em. If they gets away wid it, I aims never to look 'nother greaser in th' face agin."

HANK—"Caint allow 'em t' shame us none-at-all. We's got th' ships; we's got th' guns; we's got th' men an' dinaro too. I aims t' send all my wife's kin t' th' war t' save my face an' my kentry."

JESS—"Shore'll need 'em! I aint heern no cow-punchers 'round like they was an onery bunch f' long-horns. 'Taint a-goin' t' be so easy after France."

BAT—"Caint side-step that thar selective draft none-at-all. It shore was fur hog-tyin' an' army brandin' than hair ropes. The hull South America 'd like t' mix in fur all them greasers 's sympathetic an' they'll shore herd all the prime cow-punchers at th' shippin' pens fur them concentration rodeos. I aims to strike th' trail after th' hayfooters, strawfooters an' land me a so' job herdin' greasers on one o' them Yankee concessions."

JESS—"Them greasers you aire amin' t' herd is like t' put a spider in yer coffee 'r stick a knife in yer ribs."

BAT—"Ye aire locoed! Them greasers 's gotta have thar frejolas y chilla con carne reg'lar. When we owns thar land, we owns thar conina de nacioal an' when we cuts off that meal ticket they eats outen our hands plumb gentle."

MESQUITE—"Shore! Them big title deed scalpers got all our fine nat'ral resources corraled an' got us gentled down like a fam'ly hoss an' now they aims t' ride us an' run down them Mexican broom-tails for 'em. Thar'll be lots 'f our bones bleachin' across th' Rio Granda muy pronto."

JESS—"Meetin' 's adjourned hyar comes th' stage. Adios."

"Every child born in Los Angeles or brought here adds at least \$500 to the general land values of our city," shouted the title deed scalper.

The child brings into its community its advanced payment for the care, protection and education we owe it but we let the title deed holder rake it in over his poker table. No wonder youth turns to crime under the hypocrisy of taxation.

MONTHLY FASHION PLATE
War Styles

Alexander of Macedon wept when he found no more worlds to conquer but our coal oil Johnnies are still a long way from tears although they are on the way. They have crossed into Mexico after conquering our land of liberty and the benighted greaser insults their benevolent deposition and kerosene civilization.

The entire nation must now be mobilized back of peaceful and war penetration and "Nervous Nellie" Kellogg is making war medicine with the Adpress providing smoke signals—they know their "stuff" and it sells the paper.

The stage is set for PAYtriotism and the selective draft is out of it's pigeon hole and dusted. Latin America is aflame from the Rio Grande to Camp Horn. The excitable Latin temperament can be depended upon to furnish the much needed affronts to our national dignity and provide the international bellyache.

Events are moving swiftly and the throb of the kettle drum is felt like the first premonitory tremors of an earthquake. Once in war, we must fight to keep from being licked with the blood of our gallant boys leeking the mineral wealth of Mexico and the cordellarros and the rich soils in the valleys of the Orinoco, the La Plat and the Amazon. We are drifting on to imperialism with bloody hands.

Poor Mexico! The slave makes the hardest master. After more than a century of misery and oppression, the ignorant peon and dispoiled Yaqui are in the saddle—fertile soil for the Russian Bolshevik who is using them to the utmost. Centuries of bitterness strikes blindly at all organized institutions with the clergy facing a firing squad with the American dispoiler in the confiscation.

Only the common sense of America and God's mercy can save us from desolate homes.

Speculative land value is the tariff wall which farm products must jump to reach the city consumer and city products must jump to reach the rural districts. Find the trouble before flying to more laws.

The Russian bolshivist struck down personal initiative through monopoly and the Arizona legislature hits it with added license taxation and more swivel chair gods

I came to the Verde and couldn't get across.

Good bye my lover, good bye; I jumped on a supervisor, thought

he was a hoss,
Good bye, my lover good bye.
The realtor should adopt the stork as his patron saint and install it over his street signs to match the three balls of the pawnbroker.

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Tourist Supplies
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Taxing tourists to cover road wear reminds me of the Dutch grocer who added 3c to customers bills to cover wear of his door steps.

The "own your own home" drive will boom when realtors install balloon tires so that "home sweet home" can trot along with the dog while it's master is on a merry chase for a new job.

BOILED DOWN.

Arizona Power Co. installing light and power line in Camp Verde and Vyne Bros. Electric Co., installing house lighting. . . . All invited to walk along our white way without stumbling over malapai rocks or running into the briars on the mesquite and catclaw. . . . The Camp Verde Businessmen's Ass'n putting "high life" on the town. "Let 'er buck." . . . Charles Stevens and family planning to move to Georgia. . . . Dr. Taylor, Vyne and their families attended the opening of the irrigating plant at Chino Valley. Also Warfel and family. . . . Yavapai County legislators working hard for the bridge. Shariott Hall and Miss Bertha J. Virmond. Home demonstration agent, will address club ladies at the home of Mrs. Campbell. . . . The Valley will turn out in force at the University Extension Course. Speakers: P. H. Ross, Prof. E. S. Turville, Prof. W. E. Bryan, Frank Grubbs and D. A. Gilchrist. Music, luncheons and entertainment—Valley hospitality assured. . . . The town mayor, Tom Young, will instruct Camp Verde people in the fine art of blowing out electric lights. . . . Karl Cathey working in the Ford garage in Cottonwood and likes his job. . . . Hugh Fuller putting a galvanized roof on old Indian school porch. . . . A crowded hall met the Hawaiian musicians—fine entertainment. . . . Camp Verde rootleggers tipping their patron's jakes off to undertakers. . . . Why not put "white mule" to use in blowing out stumps? . . . Al Morse sporting a fine, new car. . . . Fire caught in the roof of the Lyon hotel; put out without serious loss. Fine spring range assured. . . . No new damn news. . . . If the damn floods the salt mine the town will become Salt Lake City. . . . California realtors call their state "The Colorado River Commonwealth." They'll claim the Nile and Amazon next. . . . Better dim street lights until town buildings are painted. . . . A vast concourse of valley people stood beside the open grave to pay their last tribute to David Finnie as they laid his remains in his last resting place. Every one loved him. He left a heritage of manhood and devotion to the valley that can not be measured. . . . Fine chicken dinner at the church Sunday, Feb. 13th during quarterly meeting—afterwards many met at Laura Maxwell's home with their best wishes during her birthday. Dr. Sims present. . . . More snow than any time during winter.

TOLD BY CAMP FIRES

III

By N. A. VYNE

(Continued from last issue)

"Neighbors, get my family in hyar—wife an' three chilluns an' my little gal is mighty sick. Hearn thar's a good doctor hyar an' th' little gal needs him muy pronto. Reckon we all kin camp under thar big cottonwood if yu'll help t' over thar."

If you all get any work do let me do it. Gawd A'mighty fu'st time I aint been able t' see my family through an' needs it fur doctor pay an' fur t' feed 'em. Spent my last centayes gettin' hyar."

It startled the stranger when the silent group sprang into swift action but the fleeting cloud of uncertainty passed from his face when he saw friendly faces only. Tears sprang to his eyes and the heavy drivers whip dropped from his grasp as he reached the wagon and tore aside the ragged canvass. We've foun' friends hyar," he sobbed.

"Yu shore have!" began "Misquite," I'm a Tehanna m'self an' we all 'll find ya a roof if we all gotta build it, but hyar comes Mrs. Rutledge an' she'll pack ye all over to her adobe hotel whar hit' allus cool. Yu take cyar 'f y'u family an' we'll take cyar 'f you outfit."

When Mrs. Rutledge saw the fever stricken face of the child, she took it from its mother's arms and directed the father to hurry his family out of the heat and into the hotel. Turning to a cowboy, she ordered: "Ride for Dr. Gardner and don't you both get drunk coming back."

While one of the cowboys was carrying some camping equipments from the wagon to the hotel porch, he remarked: "Gosh! Jim, did you get a good look at that girl? Bet my horse she'll be easy to look at once she is fed and slicked up a little," and Jim shouted loudly: "Shorty's located 'nother purty gal! Allus locates 'em fur other fellers t' rope. Caint seem t' drap his loop on 'em no how." The girl was still within hearing and, when Shorty saw her turn and look towards them, his face crimsoned. He walked until out of hearing of the hotel and said: "I was a fool to make that remark at any time but must a-been locoed t' do so with a loose-mouth fool like you aroun'. Thought you'd put a spider in my coffee with that girl, didn't you? How about that pretty school marm that sand-trotted through all your loops last summer? You let that soda-squirter at the county seat hog-tie her and get the decision." The group laughed hilariously and Mesquite remarked: "Ya shore got Shorty in th' peck fur onct."

While the bantering was going on, the mail carrier arrived with news that the Tonto-Apaches had evaded the troops and were raiding off the reservation. He gave no details except that it was believed that they were raiding further South.

"Lucky that thar Tehanna and his fambly got through," began Misquite, "Them feather-dusters prob'ly raidin' whar they dun traveled. Gawd's mercy they aint all a-layin' scalped and dead in th' smokin' ruins f' thar wagon. Caint savey my home state 'f Texas drivin' 'er sons an' daughters over th' desert trail t' find a parcel of lan'. She aint crowded none-at-all 'cep-tin' wid lan'hawgs. She's big 'nuff t' hold th' hull kentry but she's gettin' like Californy, 'a rich man's heavin an' a poor man's hell."

In an incredibly short time, the doctor entered and replied to their unspoken inquiry: "Their name is Bell. They are all in and need a good, long rest. The little gal is down with a bad case of typhoid and we'll have to thank Mrs. Rutledge if she pulls through. Got to have a prescription filled at the county seat. Can't you go, Jim? You've got the best horse. Better go well heeled for the Tontos are out. Make it back by midnight sure—I'll stay with the case and wait for you."

As Jim left the group, Mesquite glanced quizzically at Shorty who had joined the group arrayed in fancy riding boots and a new Stetson. "Yu don't aim to wear them fancy do-dads on the Fall rodeo, do ya, Shorty?" inquired Mesquite. Shorty blushed painfully and replied: "Aimed to buy these boots a long spell back." Ribald laughter greeted Shorty's statement and Mesquite shifted his position to bring the men's clothing department into view and saw a group of cowboys investing their earnings in wearing apparel that constitutes the personal adornments of the West when life is young.

(Continued in next number)

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