

JOB CREATION IN WILLYOPIA

Let's say that there is a remote community of ten homes and ask the question, "What jobs might exist there?"

I dare say that the answer is none. Zero. Nada because there are no shops, no gas stations, no library, post office, police station, fire house or any other enterprise that would require employees.

This is not to say that the community's inhabitants do not work. They might be farmers or retirees taking care of themselves. The people might be social and happy, but, if they need jobs, they'll have to commute.

Lets say there is a remote community of 100 homes and ask the question, "What jobs might exist there?"

I don't see a post office but there might be a mom and pop grocery store. Perhaps even a handyman could eke out a living. If the folks have to work, they'll need to commute.

Billyville, a beautiful village, happens to have 1,000 households. It is a small town with one traffic signal downtown. It has an unpaid mayor. It collects taxes to pay for the three-man police force, and for the upkeep of town hall. The mayor's wife is the volunteer town clerk. There is a small post office, a beauty salon, a coin laundry, and a garage selling, gas and Coca Cola. The children will be bussed to a neighboring town for school.

The combination soda shop, pharmacy sells breakfast and lunch. That is where one can buy a Mother's Day card. So, as you can see, Billville has a few jobs but not much opportunity for young people to grow and prosper. The town must grow to sustain jobs.

Let's multiply Billyville by a factor of ten and declare the town has 10,000 homes. More jobs will appear. Waste collection city water and sewers come into play. The Ben Franklin Five and Dime will be cheek and jowl with the auto parts store, the drycleaners, the Drop Inn Restaurant, and Lucy Lu's fashions. Can you picture a bar, a fast food joint, a movie hall and a newspaper? There is a law office and perhaps even a courthouse with its many attendant occupations. The professions of teaching, medicine, accounting and Veterinary will be practiced. This community supports many jobs.

More math will soon lead us to cities and towns with populations of 100,000, 1,000,000 and more people. You will see jobs aplenty as the peaceful inhabitants take care of each other's needs.

Let's change this discourse now and move on to the 12 million undocumented immigrants among us. Most arrived by jet plane and overstayed their visas. They took jobs, married and had children. Some came by automobile or boat from Canada, Mexico, or the Caribbean. Many millions arrived, over the last 250 years, on foot, over out

southern border. But today, by official count, more people are leaving than arriving. There is a negative outflow.

Undocumented immigrants commit fewer crimes per capita than do American citizens. They often work in areas that are shunned by citizen. They milk our cows, pick our fruit and vegetables, wash our dishes, do the laundry, labor at constructions sites, and serve us efficiently in so many ways. They are happy with this work because conditions and pay here are better and safer than at home. Most are refugees from bad economies, criminal governments and monetary imbalance's. Their path to the U. S is dangerous, difficult and, sometimes, deadly.

Undocumented immigrants are sometimes paid less that the minimum wage laws dictate, and they are the first to be fired. They have no way to complain. They pay sales taxes on everything they buy and use. Because they are generally low-wage workers, they would generally not owe state of Federal Income Taxes.

There is a little undocumented sweat and blood in almost everything we eat, touch or use in our daily lives. They do contribute, and by my calculation, should be welcome among us. When I encounter such people in restaurants, at service stations I often ask, "Where are you from?" I know that they are foreign by their accents.

Whether the answer is Mexico, Grenada, Columbia, or Iran, and even if I think them undocumented, I always say, "I'm glad you're here."

Expert and reputable economic opinion is that they are a slight burden on our governance, but that the effect is reversed as a generation is schooled and enters the work force and consumer population.

The removal of millions of productive workers from our midst will not strengthen our economy or reduce our crime rate. It will do just the opposite. Employment and tax revenues will decrease. We will need fewer pharmacists, lawyers, doctors, grocery clerks and bank tellers.

Removal will increase prices for milk, farm produce, and other necessities of life. Many of the jobs held by undocumented immigrants will go unfilled. Crops will rot in the fields and animals will go unattended.

By my estimate, Willyopia should have as many undocumented immigrants per capita as the United States, and their removal, by whatever means, would reduce the number of jobs. Prices would increase and tax revenue would diminish.

Many arguments can be for the positive value of immigrations. Such as:

- We are a nation of immigrants – What's the beef?
- Size matters when we try to determine an ideal population. Bigger is better for a great nation with great aspirations.

Many countries have a declining population due to lower birth rates and they are not better off economically because they sometimes borrow from the younger generation when they incur long-term debt.

I'm talking Japan, Hungary, Greece, Italy, The Baltics and Eastern Europe.

- America's ethical values are well influenced by Christianity. When it comes to the treatment of undocumented immigrants, I for one would like to ask, "What would Jesus do?"
- Americans have many rights. I would like to include the right to not have your mother, father, sister, brother, uncle or grandfather deported for a minor offense committed 10 or 20 years ago. Entering the U. S. Illegally is a misdemeanor. I'd especially like to have this right available for persons under 18-years old, whether working or in school.

IN THE WACKO WEEDS

Oh where did the waiter go?
Service here is gettin' slow.
Now I'm in the weeds n'sad.
Why oh why do I feel bad?

Now my brother's gone away,
I'm feeling alone and gray.
Time's passing, years seem to fly
As I wait for bye and bye.

Gone to Mexico a long time ago

Gone to Mexico a long time ago

And where did my gardener go?
Now I'm watchin' the weeds grow,
Barrow's gone – I've got no hoe.
I feel sore and weak-ee-oo.

Mom and dad and Uncle Bert
Aunt Maria, Cousin Gert,
I wish that you all were here
Working hard for you and me.

Gone to Mexico a long time ago

Gone to Mexico a long time ago

Where did my friend Pepé go?
He's been my best amigo.
All alone and feeling blue,
Pepéito, I miss you.

All gone 'way to Mexico
Where living is sweet and low.
I'm going soon to see
Monterey and Puerto V.

Gone to Mexico a long time ago

I'm Gone to Mexico a long, long
time ago