The Atlanta Journal
THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION
weekend

VOL. 30, NO. 56 ★★★ P.O. BOX 4689 ATLANTA, GA. 30302, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1979 112 PAGES, 5 SECTIONS STREET 20 Cents Price May Be Higher Outside Retail Trading Zone

# Tehran Says 3 Envoys Can Go

From Press Dispatches

TEHRAN, Iran — Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh announced Friday that U.S. Chief of Mission and Charge d'Affaires Bruce Laingen and two other Americans held in the Foreign Ministry were now "free to leave" because they were less "important" than the 50 American hostages seized by Moslem militants occupying the U.S. Embassy.

However, it was uncertain whether the three would leave soon because Ghotbzadeh said he could not guarantee their safe conduct to the airport.

"I will ask someone to ask them what they want and if they want to leave and then (I) will try to facilitate these things," he said, adding that as of Thursday, the three diplomats had not asked to leave. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance said the administration has asked Iran to provide safe access to the Tehran airport for the officials.

The defiant Iranian government, boosted by a second day of huge anti-American protests, also declared it would boycott a U.N. Security Council meeting on the embassy takeover.

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ALLOWED TO LEAVE
Bruce Laingen

# Gunman Kills 3 Near Gainesville

By Ken Stanford
and Barbara Moran
Special to The Journal-Constitution

GAINESVILLE — City police arrested a Gainesville man Friday night after three people were shot to death and two were wounded at a home near here.

The suspect "just went crazy and grabbed a gun and started shooting," said Georgia State Patrolman Dan Smith.

Robert William Strickland, 32, of Route 9, Gainesville, was taken into custody after Gainesville city officers spotted him at a roadside phone booth on Georgia Highway 53 five miles west of Gainesville around 9:30 p.m., police said. Strickland was charged with three counts of murder and two counts of aggravated assault.

Smith said the shooting occurred shortly after 6 p.m. Friday at a home on Whitmire Circle, off U.S. 129 about eight miles north of Gainesville.

Authorities said the victims were members of the same family. The dead were identified as Lester Carroll, 70; Bonnie Carroll, 28; and Eddie Carroll, 38. Wounded were Irene Carroll, 67, and June Carroll, 31.

Strickland was apparently a boyfriend of one of the women at the home, authorities said.

The body of Bonnie Carroll was found in her bedroom. The bodies of the two men were in the kitchen and on the porch. The two wounded women were taken to the Northeast Georgia Medical

See SHOOT, Page 9-A

# The Underpaid And Under-Protected

## Part I: The Turpentine Men: Hard Woods Toil For Little Pay

By Paul Lieberman
and Chester Goolrick
Constitution Staff Writers

HOBOKEN — Brackish swamp water rises above Clifford Giles' ankles, and thorny brush pulls at his broad shoulders and back as he makes his way from one towering pine to another, bucket in hand. It is midsummer in the south Georgia woods, hot — very hot — and steamy. Giles, with an irritated grunt, slaps at his face to chase away the swarming mosquitos and horseflies. Sweat pours from his body.

Clifford Giles is a turpentine man. He is in the woods this day, as he has been almost every weekday for two decades. Hour after hour, he trudges through the pines collecting their sticky gum and depositing it in his bucket. When the bucket is full, he dumps the gum into a deep metal barrel borne on a wooden cart drawn by a pair of mules. Then Giles begins another bucket.

The work and the conditions have not changed much since the time when Clifford Giles' father, also a turpentine man, labored in the pine forests. Nor were they much different in Giles' grandfather's day.

For more than three centuries, since colonial times, the southeastern United States has supplied the world much of its turpentine through the work of the Gileses and thousands like them. Turpentining — one of America's oldest industries — has been, and remains, an enterprise totally dependent on the willingness and ability of such men to go into the woods, tap pine trees, and collect the gum from those trees.

And turpentining continues to be an industry bearing the legacy of slavery. It is an industry of black laborers working for white men, laborers living in rundown shacks known as "quarters" and looking to the boss to take care of their minimal needs — enough income for food, a doctor when they are sick, bail if they are arrested. The boss demands only that the men go to the woods and work.

It is an industry in which the laborers speak matter-of-factly of colleagues sneaking away in the middle of the night because they have fallen in debt to the turpentine boss. "Don't get in debt to the turpentine man," they warn a newcomer.

It also is an industry in which the minimum wage has little meaning and black laborers are given few of the benefits which are normally bestowed on most other types of workers.

Turpentining is a $25 million-a-year industry based in the pine forests of the Southeast, with Georgia at its center. As many as 700 turpentine producers operate throughout the region, collecting the gum which is distilled and used in products ranging from paint thinner and wood stains to shoe polish and crayons.

One operation is here in Hoboken, a dot-on-the-map crossroads town 15 miles east of the city of Waycross and 30 miles north of the Florida border. A drive along the main street reveals that this is a community dependent, in large part, on the region's vast pine forests. On the north side of the highway, beyond a general store and post office, are a sawmill and an adjoining lumber company. Further along the highway stands the

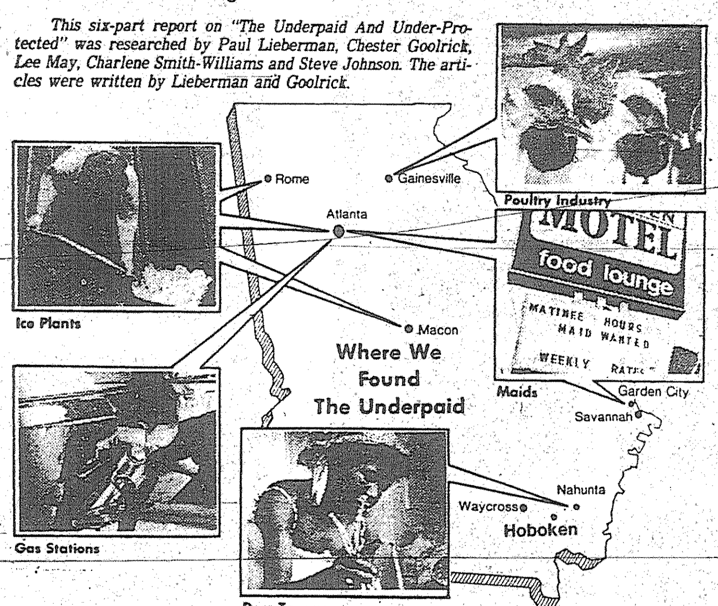
See TURPENTINE, Page 4-A

Staff Photos—Calvin Cruce

Sam Pritchett (left) 'Dips' Gum From A Pine Tree; Barrels Filled With Gum (right) Are Unloaded From Cart

## For Many Americans, Work Pays Off In Poverty

*This six-part report on "The Underpaid And Under-Protected" was researched by Paul Lieberman, Chester Goolrick, Lee May, Charlene Smith-Williams and Steve Johnson. The articles were written by Lieberman and Goolrick.*




By Paul Lieberman
and Chester Goolrick
Constitution Staff Writers

At a time when wages are at an historical high, hundreds of thousands of American workers laboring in menial jobs are underpaid.

The federal minimum wage standard holds little value for these workers. The underpaid work quietly in industries hidden from view of the overburdened agencies charged with enforcing the wage-hour laws, or for employers who brazenly disregard minimum-wage standards.

The victims of wage underpayment have no single profile except their poverty. They include blacks, whites and foreign nationals; workers in the city and in the countryside; men and women; the old and the young.

Southern states, conservative and still largely bound to agriculture, are the nation's worst offenders. More than in any other region, disregard of the federal minimum wage — now $2.90 an hour and rising to $3.10 Jan. 1 — is a tradition in the South.

Georgia's own legislated minimum wage, covering many workers not affected by the federal law, is the lowest in the country.

Last March, The Atlanta Constitution began an investigation of wage practices in industries and jobs throughout Georgia and beyond. Five reporters worked on investigations extending from pine forests along the Florida border to farm land in the hills of north Georgia. A series of six reports presents

See WORKERS, Page 6-A

# Court OKs Canceling Of Taiwan Arms Pact

From Press Dispatches

WASHINGTON — President Carter has the authority to unilaterally terminate the United States' mutual defense treaty with Taiwan, the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled here Friday.

The ruling overturns a federal judge's finding that Carter had violated the Constitution when he ended the pact effective Jan. 1, 1980. The lower court judge ruled in October that the treaty could not be terminated without the approval of two-thirds of the Senate or a majority of both houses of Congress.

The Carter administration had said the lower court's ruling posed a "serious problem" for U.S.-Chinese relations, since the normalization of diplomatic relations with China was based on an agreement to end the U.S. defense treaty with Taiwan.

Six members of the seven-judge panel joined in ruling that the president had acted legally. The seventh member of the court, Judge George E. MacKinnon, although saying he concurred in part with the majority, dissented from the ruling. He said Carter would need the approval of both houses of Congress to terminate the treaty Jan. 1, 1980, as scheduled by the administration in connection with the establishment of full diplomatic relations with the Communist government of China in Peking.

Paul D. Kamenar, attorney for Sen. Barry M. Goldwater and 23 other senators and representatives who had

See TREATY, Page 7-A

# Halt Called In Gun Law Enforcement

By George Rodrigue
Constitution Staff Writer

Atlanta's handgun control law, passed just last week, will not be enforced until it is thoroughly rewritten, a city attorney said Friday following negotiations which temporarily settled a complaint by a Buckhead gun dealer who sued the city to stop enforcement of the ordinance.

The ordinance requires a 60-day waiting period before finalization of gun sales, to allow Atlanta police to check the backgrounds of would-be purchasers.

Assistant City Attorney Roy Mays said his office will have amendments to the law prepared by Monday's City Council meeting, but added that it could take weeks for the full council to ratify them.

In the meantime, he said, the city has assured Fulton Superior Court Judge Joel J. Fryer and lawyers for firearms dealer Chuck Lesher the city will not enforce the ordinance passed by the council Nov. 21.

The amendments could involve shortening the 60-day waiting period, as well as clarifying administrative details of the law, Mays told reporters.

Mays said the city does not plan to abandon the concept of gun control, and added that even before Lesher filed suit on Wednesday, city attorneys had planned to revise the law.

Lesher, who is president of Chuck's Firearms Inc., said he will revive his court suit if he is displeased by the revised ordinance, but added that he is "not against a good (gun) law" and might not object to a waiting period of "three to five days."

See GUNS, Page 8-A

# Panel Votes To Rehire Cheat-Case Police

By T.L. Wells
Constitution Staff Writer

In a move that may send the proposed settlement of the Atlanta police hiring suit back to court, an Atlanta City Council committee Friday amended the proposal by voting to reinstate three officers fired as a result of the 1975 police cheating scandal.

By a 4-1 vote, the council's Finance Committee agreed to amend the settlement, drawn up after six years of legal wrangling among the Afro-American Patrolmen's League, the predominantly white Fraternal Order of Police, and the city.

However, after amending the measure, the committee voted to hold onto the matter and take it up again Monday.

Councilman James Howard, who proposed the change, said the settlement should not have included the reinstatement of two white officers while excluding the reinstatement of several black officers.

The change drew harsh reactions from Mayor Maynard Jackson and John Nuckolls, attorney for the FOP.

See POLICE, Page 8-A

## inside

GOOD MORNING. Saturday in Georgia will be sunny and a little warmer, with highs ranging from the mid-40s to the mid-50s. Details on Page 2-A.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# 'Junior' Sears: A Man Born To Turpentine

Staff Photo—Calvin Cruce

Oscar 'Junior' Sears, 38, Was Born Into The Turpentine Industry

*Like the men who work for him gathering gum from the pine trees around Hoboken, Oscar "Junior" Sears was born into the turpentine industry. He noted with some pride that his daddy, as a turpentine boss, "raised" some of the current laborers. For more than a decade, Sears leased turpentine rights to 80,000 trees around Hoboken from C.S. Varn, one of the area's most prominent landholders. At 38, Sears is a man of medium height with thinning red-blond hair and a build that is now tending toward the portly. The father of three children, Sears lives on the northwest side of Waycross in a pine-shaded, middle-class neighborhood full of comfortable ranch-style houses and two-car garages. On a recent afternoon, Sears sat on the steps of his colonnaded front porch, lit a cigarette and talked about his years in the business:*

* * *

"My daddy was a farmer first, but he used to work for other people. Mr. Alex Townley, he started off working for him just as a boss man. They had a big farm, I imagine they had about a thousand acres that they farmed. Daddy seen after that and he seen after the turpentine. When Mr. Townley got killed, then daddy bought half of his place up in Homerville.

"I believe I started to helpin' daddy when I was 16. My job was to see that they done their work. That was my job. I used to go out dippin' in the evenings. I was brought up in it. It ain't too bad a job once you get out there and get workin'. A lot of it is getting out there. You gotta get tough to do it, but you gotta get tough before you can do anything.

"The man that used to own this place down there where I'm at in Hoboken, he got killed. That was Mr. Frank Dukes. He was huntin' or something, I understand. I been down there about 12 years now.

"Now, last year, I'd have to look back to make sure, but it seems like last year we made about 1,200 or 1,300 barrels. That's a bad year. Now, we really haven't had good seasons for the last three or four years. Really, the only reason I stay with it, I reckon, is because I like those fellas that work for me. You know, two or three of them my daddy raised. They was on his place. But it's going down. It wouldn't surprise me if in about another three years it won't probably be over with.

"We haven't got but 10 or 11 men, I reckon, workin'. I can remember here a few years ago, I worked as high as 40 or 50 men myself. One time me and my brother worked, I imagine both of us worked about 300,000 trees. There were a lot of people back then worked more than that.

"Now, you might say, I just can't get no help. That's what I was telling you this morning. I had to keep cuttin' down, the kind of labor I had. Your younger people, they just don't want to do that type of work, I reckon is one thing.

"Now, if they work — you know how they work. Most of mine knock off about 2 or 3 o'clock. You know, some of them dip two or three barrels a day. Sammy, I believe he dipped about 15 to 17 last week. It seemed Clifford dipped about 13. Now those other two dippers they can dip, but they knock off earlier than Clifford. About 1 or 2 o'clock every day.

"I've worked white people, too. I've worked a lot of white people. I worked white people a year or two back.

"What hurts you in the type of business we're in is really during the winter. There are five or six months you don't make anything, and I imagine it's difficult to operate any business where you only have income for seven months out of the year.

"One time about four or five years ago, the price jumped up to about what it is now. One time it jumped up there for a short time, I think it was bringing, well, some of them told me it was bringing a hundred dollars a barrel. The highest I ever got was $98 a barrel. It run like that for about six months to a year, and it dropped back down to $50 a barrel. About $78 is what I'm getting now.

"I've had hardships all through the years. We've always had labor problems. I don't have any machines. They've tried to come up with different things, gas-operated chippers. They've tried all kinds of things, but they just didn't work out. And they've rigged up little carts to go out into the woods, you know, but that didn't seem to work out, I don't think.

"Really, if I could keep it going, I would have to go out and build me some houses for those laborers to start. And if I had my own land and houses, and wouldn't have to pay a lease on that — I think you can lease timber from the state for about 22 cents or 23 cents (an acre).

"There's lots of expenses. As high as gas is and everything, by the time you pay your Social Security and all the other taxes. Everything just gets so high.

"I make a living — don't get me wrong.

"I bought a farm a few years ago, and I sold it. That's one reason I could come up with my house here.

"I've always worked hard myself. I was raised up hard myself. I was raised up hard, and I've always farmed. It's just kinda what you get used to, in my opinion.

"I'd like to stay in it. You know, like I say, I been in it all my life. You know when you been in somethin' all your life and you just change off, everything's new to you."

## Turpentine

Continued From Page 1-A

turpentine still — a conglomeration of large metal vats used to distill the gum from the trees here and around neighboring communities.

Along the other side of the road are two service stations, the white people's houses and a church. Behind them, hidden from the main street, is a cluster of faded, ramshackle dark-red clapboard shacks, a tin-roofed outhouse behind each one. These are the turpentine quarters.

Clifford Giles lives in the shacks along with 15 other black men and their families. Early this morning — the sun not yet risen — a truck has driven through the quarters, a beep coming from the horn as it stops in front of each of the shacks. One at a time, the men emerge from the structures. A few of them are young men, but most are men in their middle years, veteran turpentiners.

They are shadowy figures in the dawn's fog, wearing caps and carrying feed sacks over their shoulders — the sacks contain personal supplies and lunch — and jugs of water in their hands. One by one, they crowd onto the back of the truck for the ride to the edge of the woods. There they pick up the mule carts which will carry them further into the woods for the day's work.

By late morning on this late July day, the temperature has crept above 90 and Clifford Giles has changed from high rubber boots to a pair of old combat-style boots. The boots have holes cut in the sides to let the swamp water flow out. His clothing is heavy, laden with sweat and spotted with gum. He wears gloves and holds in his right hand a "dipping iron," a metal blade which he uses to remove the thick, sticky gum collecting in metal cups attached to the trees.

Nearby there is a rustling noise. One of the mules is moving forward a few feet to munch on some weeds, at the same time swishing its tail to drive away the flies. Giles walks slowly to the mule cart, lugging a full bucket at his side. By the end of this day, the cart will carry two large barrels of gum he has collected, each barrel weighing more than 400 pounds.

For his work this day, Giles earns $16.

To earn that, he had left his shack before 6:30 in the morning and was in the woods by 7 a.m. He worked steadily in the hot, swampy environment, taking one break, at noon. He is an honest worker. When he notices some water mixed with the gum, he carefully pours it out. About 4 p.m., he climbs into the mule cart for the ride out of the woods. Then he feeds the animals and settles them for the night. After the truck ride back to the quarters, it is past 5 p.m.

Clifford Giles does not try to figure the number of hours he works. He thinks only in terms of the number of barrels he has dipped, knowing he will be paid $8 for each barrel. He knows also that at the end of the week the boss will make appropriate deductions from his total — for water and electricity, for monies advanced, perhaps, or for other services rendered.

Giles does not worry about the total. "The boss adds it up," he says.

A powerful man, and one clearly not afraid of hard labor, Giles could get other jobs. But this is the work he knows. He likes it. And, here at least, the boss man is a good man. Still, leaning against the mule cart after completing his second barrel, smoking a hand-rolled cigarette, Giles is exhausted. And looking out over the section of woods where he knows he will work next, Giles comments to no one in particular: "Tomorrow be hell.

"There ain't much gum in them trees," he says. "Tomorrow gon' be a scuffle."

* * *

Among the turpentine workers with Clifford Giles in the woods of Hoboken this summer was Lee May, an Atlanta Constitution editorial writer. May obtained a job as a woods laborer as part of an extensive examination of the turpentine industry by the Constitution. He worked under his real name — his full name, Eddie Lee May — but his boss and fellow workers remained unaware he was a writer until after he left the job. Then they were told, interviewed and photographed.

Over a six-month period, reporters interviewed dozens of present and former turpentine laborers, bosses, government officials and scientists who have spent decades in the industry.

The picture that emerged was of a way of life from America's distant past, of workers and their bosses both tied to the land (or, more precisely, to the pine forests) and following patterns of life handed down through generations. There were, of course, intermittent reminders of modernity: a color television in a worker's shack, a photograph of Martin Luther King Jr., and here and there an automobile pulled up in front of a shack.

The turpentine industry has experienced numerous ups and downs over the decade, and the way of life in the turpentine camps faces an uncertain future. Although the industry has survived in the woods of the Southeast since about 1600, producers and workers alike report that the new generations are hesitant to do this work — it is too hard and pays too little.

In fact, it is easy to make the case that the turpentine industry is a prime illustration of the largely ignored American problem of underpaid labor — workers doing society's hardest jobs while often making wages below the minimums set by federal law.

The men who run turpentine businesses and those who help regulate the industry agreed that woods work is hard labor. "It's a nasty, dirty job. I don't know of any other way to describe it," said Cash Harper, assistant director of the Georgia Forestry Commission.

But the turpentine bosses and industry officials also insisted that workers in the industry do make the minimum wage, now $2.90 an hour. "If a laborer will go out and work, he can make $300 a week," said Ralph Clements of the U.S. Forest Service, one of the nation's foremost experts on turpentining. Clements and others maintained that if workers earned small amounts, it was because they are unmotivated, lazy or given to drunkenness — characteristics which one top industry official described as "the nature of the black."

Testing these industry claims was part of May's assignment. Although in good enough physical condition to run 30 miles a week, he was nearly forced to quit after his first day in the woods — it was the hardest work he had ever attempted.

May himself was to earn less than $1 an hour for his work. As a novice, his performance cannot be used to measure an entire industry. There were, however, May discovered, some veteran workers who did little better. And the turpentine camps are full of men like Clifford Giles, who in many ways embodies an old-fashioned American work ethic but who often earns less than $100 for a long hard week, and that before deductions.

As for the laborers themselves, they complain about immediate work conditions in a manner that is not entirely different from workers in a big-city office. At the same time, there is little talk abroad in the turpentine camp, or in the woods, about the system under which the gum harvesters work. There is an occasional bitter comment, or a worker who complains. For the most part, however, this remains, simply, the way of life they know.

* * *

Lee May, the newcomer to Hoboken, does not get a turpentine job in a conventional manner — through a newspaper advertisement, employment office or anything so formal. He takes the first step at a local service station. A red pickup truck rolls into the station, a turpentine barrel sitting in back. The newcomer asks the driver of the truck — a stout, bald black man of about 60 — if the barrel is a sign he knows about turpentine work in the area.

"You're right about that, 'cause that's all I've done all my life," the driver says.

He says his name is the Rev. Artis Lee Gaskins. He is known simply as "Rev" He is foreman of the woods crew in the town, and he needs help.

"We need somebody out there who can pull," Rev says. "Can you do the work?"

"Yeah," says the newcomer.

Rev scribbles the newcomer's name on a piece of paper along with the telephone number of the home nearby where the newcomer has rented a room. Rev says he will consult with Junior Sears, the white man running the turpentine operation at the moment.

Before he leaves, Rev has one more question. "Do you owe anything?" he asks.

It is a question that must be asked of any wandering turpentine laborer. As one retired worker explained it: "Anytime you work for a turpentine man, you can wind up in debt. If you want to leave him and go work for another man, that other man has to pay him off for you. The new man, he'd call up the old boss and say, 'I got one of your men here. . . .' "

The newcomer answers Rev's question simply. "A little." Could they help him out?

"Well, yeah, once you make the move," Rev says.

A few hours later, the call comes from Oscar Sears Jr., "Junior" Sears, Rev's boss. Sears says all the regular shacks in the quarters are filled right now, but he might be able to use a man willing to work.

Soon after, Rev calls. The newcomer is to be ready to report early the next morning, Thursday.

Hoboken is quiet and pleasant at 6:15 a.m., still half dark, a touch of fog hanging like spun glass in the air, and cool. Three men already sit in the back of the same red pickup Rev drove into the service station the day before. Rev has been up several hours this morning, driving once through the quarters with a beep at each shack to wake the workers.

He drives slowly over the dirt roads again to pick up the other men. Several of the dark-red shacks are set as close as 30-40 feet apart; others are as much as 50 yards apart. Interspersed are several collapsed or burned frames of old shacks, now uninhabitable. By 6:30 a.m., the truck has completed its rounds and 16 men have climbed aboard, two in the cab with Rev, the rest squeezed into the open truck bed.

A few minutes later, the truck clatters up to the first drop point in the woods. Several men jump to the ground. The truck moves on to another drop point, a small clearing off the dirt road. There, three mules gaze sleepily from a barbed-wire corral and a rough tin-roofed shed. Nearby are two small wooden carts. Beside them are perhaps a dozen barrels, encrusted with many layers of gum. There also is a small wooden shed containing food for the mules and work tools for the men.

Rev takes a metal tool and hands it to the new worker. "Now let's see how you can pull," the field chief says.

The new worker does not know how to "pull."

When, at their first meeting, Rev had said: "I need a man who can pull," the newcomer had thought that meant merely a man who would work hard. But he had checked and found that "pulling" was a name he had not heard before for one of the jobs in the woods.

The newcomer knew the basic jobs were "chipping," making the initial wound in the trees, scraping off the bark; and "dipping," scooping out the gum. "Pulling," he learned, is a form of chipping — scraping off strips of bark, but higher up on the tree, using a somewhat different tool.

The problem is that pulling, like chipping, cannot be done without some skill and considerable practice. And it is obvious from the the new worker's feeble scrapes against a nearby slash pine that he does not have the technique.

Perhaps sensing the problem, one of the younger workers in the group comes over, takes the tool, and quickly demonstrates several effective pulls at the tree. But Rev has seen enough. "I thought you told me you could do this?" he says.

"It's been a long time, man," the newcomer says.

"Well, maybe you can dip," Rev says, a tinge of skepticism in his voice.

So the newcomer is sent off with one of the dippers, Clifford Giles. Giles hitches two of the mules to one of the wagons, shouts "Get up, red mule!" and they head off into the woods. They ride in the mule cart for more than 20 minutes before reaching the swampy section of woods in which they will dip today.

Giles is a large man, about 6 feet tall, muscular, with salt-and-pepper hair cut almost to the scalp. He says he is 42 years old and has done this work most of the last 24. He says he was born in Fort Myers, Fla., but started turpentining near Tifton. He is married and the father of five.

Giles is glad to demonstrate his technique for the new man. He works with assurance, using the metal dipping iron to scoop the heavy gum from the cups attached to the tall, thin pine trees. The bucket into which he transfers the gum has one flat side, so it can be supported against a man's leg.

The heaviness of the bucket as it fills contributes to the grueling nature of the work; that, combined with the heat as the bucket is carried from tree to tree.

This is relatively solitary work. Chippers and pullers go off to assigned sections of woods to prepare the trees. Dippers work alone or in pairs. With 80,000

Continued on next page

Staff Photo—Calvin Cruce

The 'Rev' Supervises Turpentine Workers At Hoboken Farm

Staff Photo—Calvin Cruce

Jim Palmer Rests On His Porch At 'The Quarters'

# Jim Palmer: He Recalls Bad Days In The Woods

*Jim Palmer, who variously gives his age as 75, 77, and 78, spends his days now sitting in the sun on his sagging front porch in the turpentine quarters of Hoboken. He is, 60 years or more after his first day in the woods, retired. Palmer is a jocular sort — he talks with the full-speed-ahead confidence of a born storyteller and, if there is a woman present, with thinly veiled references to amorous possibilities. By his own count, he has been married seven times and has sired at least 20 "head," or children. A son works for Junior Sears, the turpentine boss. Palmer has bright, inquisitive eyes, a stubble of gray whiskers and hands as gnarled and leathery as a tree trunk.* * * *

"When I was 13 years old, I began working in the turpentine business," said Palmer in an interview recently. "I turpentined five years and then I quit — I got tired of that thing. I didn't like it. First thing about it, I couldn't learn like I thought I ought to learn. Out of five years, I learned to chip and I learned to scrape trees and I learned to pull, but I couldn't do ne'r one of 'em to suit me. I always been the kind of colored person that didn't like nobody to beat me when I was working. I wanted to be champi'n.

"Turpentine started around here about 1876. My daddy started to work turpentine, that's the reason I worked it, because my daddy worked it. When I got old enough, he put my butt out there. First thing I ever done in turpentine was dip. I had a dip bucket there, man, 'bout the size of that pee pot. And, shoot, I don't know where to tote it. I have that thing on my head, sometime, on my shoulder sometime, on my side. I fell down one day and that tar damn near drowned me. It got everywhere on me but right in my eyelids. I had me a time with that tar.

"My brother, he learned to chip. He was older than me. I got a brother; he ain't dead unless he died lately. I got a brother, soon to be 91.

"I could dip 10 barrels a day. And you know what they was payin'? Fifty cents. They was payin' 50 cents a barrel. We worked in a squad. Seventeen in a squad. Chippin' 17,000 boxes.

"The bosses treated you mean back then. If you didn't do it, you wouldn't get nothin', and if you did do it, you'd only get half of what you did. They used to beat 'em, used to kill 'em, they used to do everything to colored. I was on a job once in Blue Creek, Florida. Ain't no timber there now. Well, the 'skeeters was so bad, people jus' wouldn't work, and 'cause the people wouldn't take the 'skeeters, the man would go to the house and beat 'em up, jump on their wives, wouldn't allow them to come back. If the nigger leave, they'd go and catch him, kill him and all kinds of things. This was when I was 19. I was a man then.

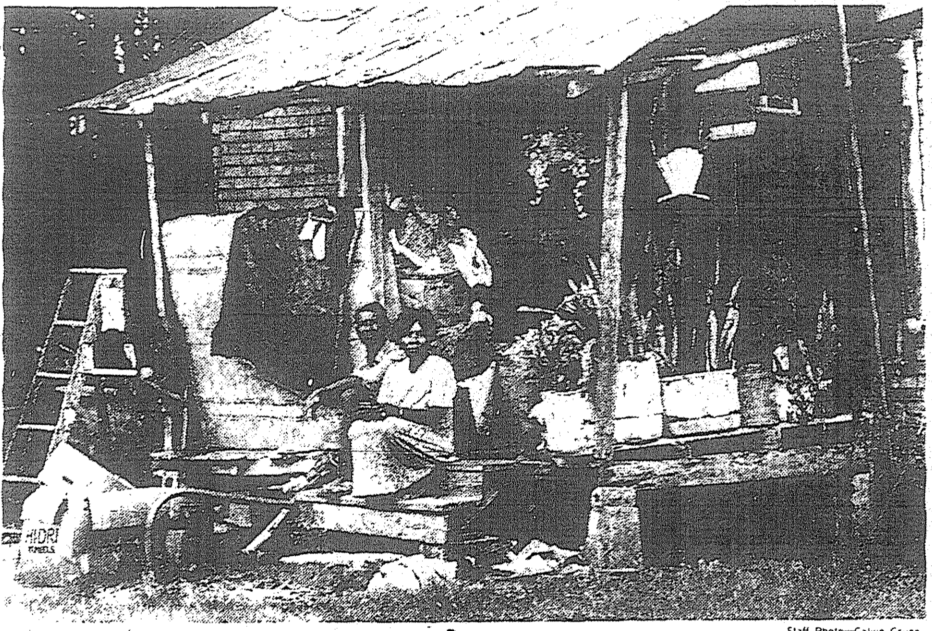
"When I was 16 or 17 years old, it was dangerous for Negroes to walk that thing *(he points in the direction of the road)* because the goddamn crackers run over yo' butt. Only thing out there in that road was a green spot or a black spot or a bloody spot. That's all you'd find.

"There weren't no police then. When turpentine started, that dog there was the damn police. When I started turpentining, there wasn't even a road patrol, there weren't nothing but what I told you. They had detectives and United States marshals. They been here ever since I been here.

"I been in turpentine camps right here in Georgia where I been in water this high *(he reaches down and touchs a spot on his thigh)* and worked through ice this thick *(he spreads two fingers an inch apart)*, and I been in woods where boss man ridin' on a horse come up an' see a man sittin' down and ride up and kill 'im.

"One boss (in Florida) killed 22 for not workin'. Nobody done nothin'.

"There's two kind of white men. There's one who will give you his pee pot and there's one who will take this pee pot away from you."



Staff Photo—Calvin Cruce

Charlie 'Peg-Leg' And His Wife On The Porch Of Their Home In The 'Quarters'

# Turpentine

Continued from previous page

trees being worked for turpentine in the Hoboken operation, workers often are unable to see any of their colleagues, although groups may assemble at lunch break.

On this day, Giles and the newcomer work the same area and use the two-mule cart. Occasionally they spot another dipper feverishly working an adjoining section of woods. This is Sam, the crew's top dipper, working alone off a one-mule cart. Sam is not large — about 5 feet 9 inches, 160 pounds — but he is remarkably strong, easily able to manipulate a barrel of gum, which weighs, on average, 435 pounds when full.

And he is a steady, fanatic worker, moving through the woods almost at a trot.

When turpentiners meet in the woods, there is the rough conversation of working men. They complain bitterly about how little gum there is in the cups, gossip about who got how drunk on the weekend, and curse constantly and colorfully. The language is a vocabulary of the woods and not an expression of complaint, however, for most of the men do not say one word about possibly getting out of this work.

When off working by himself, Giles only pauses long enough to roll another cigarette, or for a moment's breather after he has dumped a bucket in a barrel on the back of the mule cart. Then he takes a deep breath, mutters a drawn out "Wellllll, Lawwwwd," and sets off back to work.

While the men work, Rev rides the woods on horseback, monitoring their progress. He is an imposing figure with his ample girth, moon face and bald head, but he is a kindly foreman, almost a father figure.

He pays several visits to eye the new worker, saying little. Once he does announce simply: "I'll bring you some food in an hour."

Rev returns with a loaf of white bread, a 10-ounce package of bologna, and a plastic gallon milk container filled with water. He also has some advice: "Hey, look, you may want to bring your lunch tomorrow," he says. "If I go out and get your food every day, you know that could add up."

Rev whispers to Clifford Giles: "Is he going to make enough to pay it back?"

"Yeah, probably by tomorrow," Giles answers.

In fact, the newcomer collects a full barrel the first day, making $8 for the work among the horseflies and mosquitos in the swamp, palmettos, brush and briars.

It is time for the mule ride back to the pickup station. As they bounce along the rough, rutted terrain, the newcomer asks Giles — who has filled two barrels for the day and thus earned $16 — whether his family gets any welfare or food stamps to stretch the income.

"Yeah, I could get them free stamps, but I ain't got time to go sign up," Giles says. "I'm too busy workin'."

Indeed, Giles is not done working this day. After arrival at the barbed-wire corral, he unhitches the mules, feeds them and makes sure they are secure for the night.

In short order, the workers are assembled on Rev's truck for the trip back to the quarters. They are a diverse crew, these men whose clothing sticks to them as though pasted on. There are the old men like "Uncle" Charlie, a short, gray-haired "puller" going on 75 who wears a white plastic hard hat; and Charlie Peg-Leg, a grizzled character in his 60s who manages to work, at least some of the time, with just one good leg, and who always sits at the very back of the truck. On the younger side is Jerome Palmer, 19, perhaps the most energetic of the pullers. As with most of the men, his father was a turpentine man. Asked how long he has done the work, he turns to a colleague and asks, "How long I done this?" They decide three or four years, since he dropped out of ninth grade.

Only one of the crew has a bitter look on his face. This is Charles, the young — early 30s — worker who had tried to show the newcomer how to "pull." He has his own advice for the new colleague: "Ain't no money here, except for the white folks," he says. "Let me tell you, you get your money and save it up and get the hell out. 'Cause you ain't going to make nuthin' here."

The others see Charles as something of a misfit. Someone mentions critically that Charles "gets them free stamps," meaning food stamps, and most seem to think he doesn't really want to work.

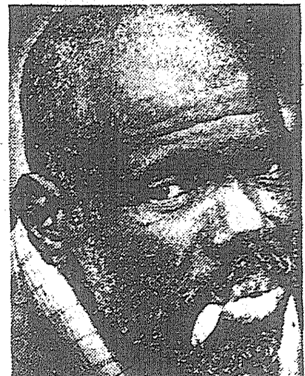
Clifford Giles and several other men are anxious to work, however, and their workday is not over even when Rev's truck returns to the quarters. They take perhaps a 15-minute break, then they head out to load hay for a farmer in town. They will work several hours into the evening.

* * *

The next day, Friday, is payday. That is one of several reasons it is a special, rather festive time for the turpentine men. The mules will have to be prepared for the weekend, so it is a shorter day in the woods. And there is great anticipation of the drinking which, for most men, will begin that evening and continue into Sunday.

Conditions in the woods this day are something of a tradeoff. The brush and briar are high and tough again, but there is no swamp water underfoot, making work easier than it was Thursday. The problem is that the pines to be dipped, on a slight hillside, are not yielding much gum — the cups on the trees are next to empty. There will not be much money made.

Clifford Giles' 17-year-old son, Clifford Jr., has joined the dippers. The youth is about 5-foot-9, solidly built, and he works confidently. Giles is proud that his son learned to dip just by watching the veterans. The son tries to join his father during school vacations and days off when he is not working at a nearby service station, where he does odd jobs. If he decides to become a dipper full time when he finishes school — he is just in the ninth grade — he will be at least the



Staff Photo—Calvin Cruce

'TOMORROW BE HELL'
'Dipper' Clifford Giles

fourth generation of turpentine men in the Giles family.

The newcomer sees Junior Sears for the first time this morning. The boss comes in a truck to the dropoff point in the woods to pick up two dozen filled turpentine barrels. Sears is in his late 30s, medium height, has a slight potbelly and short reddish brown hair. He is wearing green pants, a white shirt, brown cowboy boots, and walks with a slight limp. He is the only white man the workers see in the woods.

Sears, whose father was a turpentine producer years ago, does not own the land on which the men work; for 12 years he has leased the turpentining rights from a wealthy Waycross family. Sears also has started up a trucking business, and before the end of the turpentining season he will commit himself to that full time, turning over the turpentine operation to another white man. At the moment, however, Sears is still the boss, and he looks on quietly as the heavy barrels of gum are maneuvered onto the back of his truck. Then he drives off.

Later, at the turpentine distillery in Hoboken, Sears will be paid about $80 per barrel for the gum.

The dippers work for five hours on the trees. The gum is so scarce that Clifford Giles will get credit for only one barrel, and he only gets that by including some gum collected by his son. The son and the newcomer between them collect less than a barrel. The son will get credit for one-half barrel, the newcomer one-quarter.

They quit in early afternoon because it is Friday and the mules must be driven out of the woods. Instead of taking Rev's truck back to the quarters, they make a long ride by mule cart. The animals are headed for an old wooden stable next to the quarters. The carts go slowly along the paths following a strict rule — you do not run the mules. Run the mules and it costs you $10. The animals are valuable.

Four carts and five mules assemble at the stable. Over the next hour or so, the wagons are detached and crudely jacked up on boards and barrels; the wheels taken off and packed in grease; the mules fed, checked and placed in stalls. There are cries of "Come here, white mule!" Then it is done.

The men prepare to be paid. Outside the red shacks, some stand by faucets, trying to wash off. Someone makes a run for liquor.

A half-dozen men gather around an old truck, passing around the first pint of R&R Canadian Whiskey, the quarters favorite. Roy Rogers, they call it. One worker tells the newcomer he doesn't approve. "I don't mind buying a drink for a friend, but work and home come first," he says. "A man ought to take care of home first." But there is no apology among the others for the weekend recreation. "We gon' ride Trigger tonight!" someone whoops. The work week is done, and there will be more Roy Rogers.

The pay house is an old wooden white building on Hoboken's main street. Behind it is one of the town's industrial structures — the large but crude still where all the gum eventually goes. Here the gum is cooked in vats and processed into turpentine and resin.

About a dozen men gather on the porch of the pay house waiting to "total up." Before long, they begin to enter, one by one.

Rev, who also is on the porch, stops the procession for an announcement: "We need somebody to go and get Junior's truck out of the mud. It's stuck," he says. But nobody volunteers, and, after waiting a moment, Rev goes into the pay house. He emerges with Junior Sears, who does the talking this time.

"I want some of you boys to go around there and push that truck out," the turpentine boss says. "I'll start payin' again when we get that truck unstuck." In short order, five bodies leave to push the truck out of the mud.

When they return, the pay line resumes. "OK, anybody who's out there," a dim voice says from inside the office whenever a worker goes in, then exits. Then, on the porch, Rev repeats the message, "Anybody who's out here, go on in."

As usual, Sam has been the top dipper for the week, having filled 13 barrels and earned $104. Clifford Giles has not had a good week. He missed Monday's work, then made only seven barrels the rest of the week, $56 worth. With extra work he has done, such as loading hay, he will make "sixty sumthin'," he thinks.

Two other dippers have filled nine and five barrels respectively for the week, $72 and $40 worth.

The chippers get paid according to how many barrels are yielded by the trees which they have scraped and prepared. There is talk that one of these men had a good week, but another did not and may have to "go in the hole" for the week.

Inside, workers are given yellow pay slips explaining that this is the "Pine Turpentine Company." There are spaces for the employee's name, the number of barrels, total earnings, and total deductions.

There is a column on the pay slip for deductions: store account, cash loan, light bill, doctor and drugs, Social Security, house rent, credit on account, miscellaneous.

The deductions reflect years of tradition, of turpentine bosses overseeing the lives of generations of workers and their families. Clifford Giles, asked what happens when he gets sick, says: "I had a hurtin' in my back. The boss brought me to the doctor, bought me groceries and loaned me money."

Outside the pay house, there is talk of having to "get next to the boss" — borrow money — to get by. And there is dealing. A worker due to pay electricity and water bills for his shacks says, "Look, don't take it out, let it ride." It is done.

Finally, it is the newcomer's turn. "How did it go?" asks Junior Sears, standing behind a counter in the turpentine office.

"Pretty good, but the gum was slow."

"Gonna be better next week," Sears promises.

The boss then hands over the newcomer's yellow slip:

Occupation: "Dip."
Amount: "1¼ B."
Price: "$8."
Total earnings, "$10."

Then in the deduction column:

Store account (for the bologna and bread), "2.39."
Social Security, ".61."

The total deduction, $3, is written under the total earned, then subtracted. The new employee is due $7 for his first two days' work.

The money is handed over in cash.

The money does not last long. The newcomer has found he needs a new cap and rubber gloves for the work. He goes to a nearby hardware store. The cap is $2.98, the gloves about $4. With tax, the total is $7.07. He is seven cents short. He reaches into his pocket for another dime.

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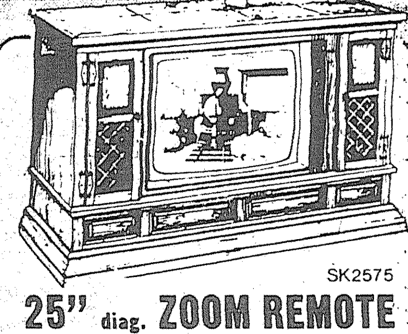

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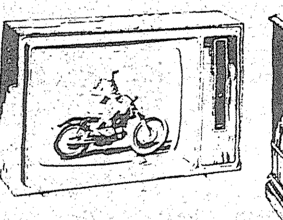

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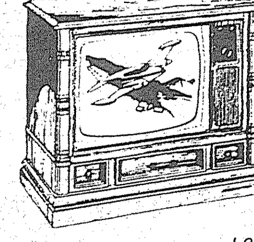

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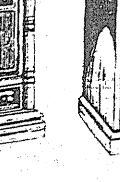

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# Workers

Continued From Page 1-A

the findings:

- Parts 1 and 2 examine one of America's oldest industries, *turpentining, based in* south Georgia. A lengthy narrative follows life in one turpentine camp, *describing* work patterns seemingly from another century: black laborers leading mule carts through pine woods, using *hand tools to collect gum* from the trees and looking to the turpentine boss to provide them with just enough to keep life going in a cluster of decaying shacks known as the "quarters."
- Part 3 examines a major industry of north Georgia, eggs. Here, surrounding a city which has erected a statue of the chicken, the workers are poor whites living in sight of poultry sheds. Entire families work long hours in the sheds for salaries less than might be expected for one person. One woman's accident — a hand caught in a machine — *raises* some questions about the labor system, and families challenge the several-for-the-price-of-one work arrangement.
- Part 4 looks at more highly visible jobs — at workers the average American encounters regularly in everyday life, focusing on wage practices in the motel and gas station industries. Outside Savannah, in a motel near the Georgia coast, a maid works for $1 an hour. At a self-serve gasoline station in Atlanta, a *station manager tells of the* system of deductions which pulls the pay of station attendants below the minimum wage.
- Part 5 traces a corporation's violation of the minimum wage law over four decades, *from the day the law* went into effect. A series of court cases outlines the pattern of violations over those decades even as the company — an Atlanta-based conglomerate with holdings throughout the Southeast — *changes both its primary* business focus and its name. In 1939, the workers toiled in ice plants for up to 90 hours a week, for as little as 15 cents an hour. In 1979, the workers are the thousands of clerks in small convenience stores who *are owed more than $700,000* for minimum wage violations.
- Part six examines the reasons for the widespread payment of sub-minimum wages to American workers. A federal agency is six months behind checking on minimum wage complaints; a state government is unwilling to adopt significant minimum wage standards; and many businesses try to get away with paying employees as little as they can, even if it means going around the law. *At the same time,* many Americans remain willing to work hard for substandard wages.

The workers who appear in the series of reports hold many of society's most grueling, dirty jobs. Yet, almost without exception, they work conscientiously and with fewer complaints than those earning wages many times higher for jobs far easier. One turpentine laborer is not atypical when he explains why he does not seek food stamps: "I'm too busy workin'."

Throughout these reports, employers attempt to justify low wages by attributing to their employees qualities of laziness and dishonesty, sometimes linking these qualities to the workers' race. At the same time, the workers' own words and work habits frequently suggest a different observation — that the old-fashioned American work ethic survives at the lowest level of the work force.

* * *

Reflecting on the widespread exploitation of workers he has viewed during 40 years of trying to enforce minimum wage standards in the South, 73-year-old attorney Beverly Worrell paused and said: "I think it started with slavery."

Slavery legally ended with the Civil War, but the rapid industrialization of the United States after that war brought with it sweatshops, child labor and seemingly endless work weeks with poor pay. Legislation to regulate working conditions did not come for decades.

For 30 years, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that legislative attempts to set minimum wages were unconstitutional violations of a "right of free contract," the right of a worker to labor "for such time as he may choose."

Then came the Depression.

In 1938, Congress passed the Fair Labor Standards Act, setting the minimum-wage and maximum-hour standards for workers around the nation whose jobs involved interstate commerce. The minimum wage was to start at 25 cents an hour.

Born into a well-to-do Virginia family, Beverly Worrell was a young law school graduate when he went to work for the U.S. Department *of Labor in 1938, part of the* first group of lawyers responsible for enforcing the *minimum wage. Retired now in* Atlanta, he recalled recently that most employers greeted *the law with stern resistance.* The resistance was nationwide, he added, "but in the South they took it a little more seriously. . . . They *just refused to comply."*

It was not surprising, then, that the first test case of the *national minimum wage* came from Georgia. The case was United States v. Darby. Darby, a south Georgia lumberman, was charged with *minimum wage violations in* his timber business. In 1941, the Supreme Court ruled for the government, upholding the Fair Labor Standards Act once and for all. The United *States now had an approved* minimum wage.

*In 1979, 41 years later,* there are an estimated 103.4 million Americans in the nation's work force. Male workers employed full time earned on an average almost $17,000 *in 1977, the latest year for* which comprehensive figures are available. Working women averaged $9,535.

According to the nation's Bureau of Labor Statistics, wages have reached an unprecedented high.

*Even though the federally* mandated minimum wage has risen steadily over four decades to the present $2.90 an hour, a worker who must support a family of four on a minimum wage income still falls below what the govern*ment calls the poverty level.*

Working 40 hours a week *for 52 weeks,* a worker at the minimum wage earns $6,032 in a year. The poverty level is $6,700 for a family of four.

No one is quite sure how many American workers earn *below the minimum wage* level, but available statistics suggest the total is probably in the millions.

A U.S. Department of Labor study released last December estimated that just over 9 million Americans worked at or below the minimum wage level.

Then there is the number of federal minimum-wage law violations successfully uncovered by the government. During the year ending Sept. 20, 1979, the Wage and Hour *Division of the Department of* Labor — merely by responding to complaints — found that 456,000 workers nationwide were victims of minimum wage violations totaling more than $63 million.

As in the past, the southeastern United States was found to be the area of most flagrant offense. Just the eight states in the region around Atlanta accounted for minimum wage violations involving 126,000 workers and $19 million — more than one-fourth the national total of workers and almost one-third the dollar total of minimum wage violations.

Even then, the government statistics only hint at the extent of actual minimum wage violations. The officials who compile the figures admit as much.

"Whether we get half of them or one-third of them is difficult to say," said Richard Robinette, director of the southeastern regional Wage and Hour Division in Atlanta.

Robinette noted that while the division struggles to catch up on a large backlog of complaints, investigators cannot seek out the workers who do not complain for fear of reprisal, or for workers who simply may not know they are underpaid. "When you already have enough business, it doesn't make sense to drum up more," he said.

Even if the federal division had unlimited investigative abilities, the fact is that the jobs of tens of millions of workers would be beyond their reach; the jobs of about 40 percent of American workers fall outside the protection of the minimum wage standards of the Fair Labor Standards Act.

Based on the U.S. Constitution's delegation to Congress of the power to regulate interstate commerce, the 1938 legislation specified that the minimum wage would cover only workers "in industries engaged in (interstate) commerce or in the production of goods for commerce."

It was standard practice during the first years of the act for businesses — even some tied to the railroads — to argue that they did not have to obey the law because they were not involved in interstate commerce. Most of these claims were rejected over the years, however, as the law was interpreted by the courts or amended in Congress to cover workers not only in large interstate industries, but also in most retail stores (now those doing $250,000 or more business a year), on farms (those using 500 worker days any quarter of the year) and in businesses such as motels, restaurants and laundries. The law was even amended to cover household maids: "The Congress *further finds that the employment of persons in domestic service in households affects commerce,"* that amendment reads.

The Department of Labor now estimates at 57.6 million the number of employees na*tionwide covered by the minimum* wage standard.

The total, however, leaves more than 40 million workers uncovered by the law. Many are professionals, a broad category not covered by the federal act; and others are *self-employed,* their "wages" set by their success or failure in business. But many others are employees of retail stores or agricultural businesses too small for coverage under the *federal law. Others work in* businesses simply not covered.

To a large degree, the question of minimum wage guarantees for these workers is left to the states.

Forty-one states currently *have their own laws extend*ing minimum wage guarantees. Of the nine states without any minimum wage laws of their own, six are in the Southeast: Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Tennessee. The *other three are Arizona, Iowa,* and Missouri.

Georgia has a minimum wage law, passed by the General Assembly in 1970 and not amended since.

The law requires payment of a state minimum wage by *businesses which gross $40,000* annually or which employ at least six workers.

That mandated hourly wage — $1.25 — is the lowest set by any of the 41 state minimum wage laws on the books throughout the country.

Georgia's law is enforced by the state Department of Labor. Fourteen labor investigators, working out of offices around the state, are charged with, among their many other duties, monitoring complaints. *In the event of a violation,* the employee has the right to sue for back wages; the state has no power to convict violators of the law.

But, according to Shirley Cranford, administrative assistant to the chief of the inspection division of the *Georgia Department of Labor, the* state labor department has received only one complaint so far this year and that was eventually referred to the federal wage and hour division.

"There are just not that many employers who are not covered by the federal law," she said.

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| 03 | BOSTONIAN | 24 | STACY ADAMS |
| 09 | FLORSHEIM | 26 | WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER |
| 10 | FREEMAN | 27 | AFTER HOURS |
| 11 | FRENCH SHRINER | 29 | ALLEN EDMONDS |
| 17 | JOHNSTON & MURPHY | 30 | BALLY |
| 20 | NETTLETON | 32 | PIERRE CARDIN |
| 21 | NUNN BUSH | 38 | JARMAN |
| 22 | YVES SAINT LAURENT | 40 | FOOT JOY |

Special group with blue and gold border tickets. Every pair on sale for 2 days. Many one-of-a-kind styles- sizes 8 to 12, medium and wide widths. Not every size in every width, style, color or price. In black and shades of brown. Hurry for best selection.

VISA AND MASTER CHARGE ACCEPTED

PIX® HOME OF QUALITY FAMOUS BRANDS

SAT. 10-9 & SUN. 12-5
• BELVEDERE 1299 COLUMBIA DR.
• DORAVILLE 5750 BUFORD HWY.
• STEWART AVE. 1899 STEWART AVE.
• LENOX SQUARE 3435 LENOX RD., N.E.

SAT. 10-6 & SUN. 12-5
• NORTHEAST PLAZA 3301 BUFORD HWY., N.E.
• SANDY SPRINGS 5984 ROSWELL RD.



FREE ADMISSION

PUBLIC NOTICE

FURNITURE, BEDDING, WATERBEDS SALE!

MERCHANDISE FROM RECENT DISPLAY & SALE AT HOLIDAY INNS, RAMADA INNS & HOWARD JOHNSONS THROUGHOUT MARYLAND, VIRGINIA & NORTH CAROLINA WITH ADDITIONS FROM OTHER SOURCES AND FROM MAIN NATIONAL LOCAL WAREHOUSE OF NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS.

SO HUGE IT HAD TO BE TRANSFERRED & ASSEMBLED AT THE

CIVIC CENTER
395 PIEDMONT AVE. ATLANTA
FOR FINAL LIQUIDATION!!
LIQUIDATOR CUTS PRICES LAST TIME!

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC— FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED!

POSITIVELY LAST 4 DAYS!
SATURDAY 10-7, SUNDAY 12-7, MONDAY & TUESDAY 10 AM-8 PM

The Lowest Prices Anywhere!

WATERBEDS unbelievable SAVINGS!

ALL WOOD (Headboard Optional) $159
PLUSH VINYL AND WOOD $299
VINYL COVERED $199
BOOKCASE $329

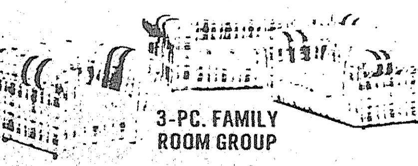
INCLUDES ALL THIS:
• headboard • stand up deluxe mattress • liner • pedestal • deluxe heater • nothing else to buy!
(space saver drawers optional)
YOUR CHOICE • KING OR QUEEN SIZES
Also available California Designer Sheets and Comforters

MATTRESSES & FOUNDATIONS
All Brand New — NONE Used. First Quality.
STILL IN ORIGINAL FACTORY CONTAINERS, MEETS FEDERAL FLAMMABILITY CODES. ALL CLIMATIZED. SOME DISCONTINUED PATTERNS. SOME MISMATCHED PATTERNS. NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH BEDDING BELONGING TO THE HOTELS IN WHICH THESE SALES HAVE PREVIOUSLY BEEN HELD. ALL SALES FINAL.

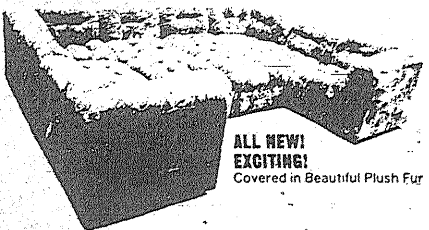
$33 ea. pc. & up
TWIN SIZE ...... $33
FULL SIZE ...... $39
QUEEN SIZE .... $39
KING SIZE ...... $39
QUEEN AND KING SIZE SOLD IN SETS ONLY

Also CHIRO-PEDIC and POSTURAMIC at TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

SAVE UP TO 60%!
HEADBOARDS BRASS PLATED, VELVET AND WOOD GRAIN $18 AND UP
Also Adjustable Steel Bedframes and Full, Queen & King Size Sheets & Pillowcases Available



3-PC. FAMILY ROOM GROUP
Covered in Herculon® Includes Sofa, Loveseat & Chair $198
ALL NEW!



ALL NEW! EXCITING! Covered in Beautiful Plush Fur

5-PC. MOD PIT GROUP $268
Includes 2 corner units. 2 armless chairs and ottoman.

ALL NEW!
3-PC. EARLY AMERICAN SOFA, LOVESEAT, & CHAIR Covered in Herculon® $268

OCCASIONAL CHAIRS Covered in Plush Corduroy Velvet $49 ea. 2 For $88

CARPET, NIGHT STANDS, BOUDOIR BENCHES, LAMPS, ODD CHESTS, DRESSERS, HIDE-A-BEDS, PLUS MANY MORE ITEMS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION. COST & BELOW!

TERMS: CASH and VISA master charge PERSONAL CHECKS WITH PROPER I.D.

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North Ave. Exit off I-75 Follow Civic Center signs
Phone 522-5875

EXTRA SPECIAL SOLID WOOD TABLES $29

BRING YOUR PICKUPS OR OTHER VEHICLES FOR IMMEDIATE DISPOSAL. NOTICE FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED. ALL ADVERTISED MERCHANDISE SUBJECT TO PRIOR SALE. NOTHING HELD BACK. NOTHING HELD IN RESERVE BECAUSE MOST OF THIS MERCHANDISE IS BEING OFFERED AT A FRACTION OF ORIGINALLY OFFERED PRICES. EVERYTHING IS SOLD ON AN AS-IS BASIS. COME EARLY FOR BEST SELECTION. EVERYONE WELCOME, INCLUDING INSTITUTIONAL AGENTS, DEALERS AND JOBBERS.
SALE CONDUCTED BY HOTEL & MOTEL MATTRESS DISTRIBUTORS

EXTRA SPECIAL BED PILLOWS $2