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In a nutshell this is my story of St. Augustine 1964.

During my first year of law school ('63-'64) at Boalt Hall in Berkeley, CA, I heard about the recently created Law Students Civil Rights Research Council (LSRRC), which involved 15 law schools, including mine. The LSRRC was planning a summer internship program for the South. About 60 law students from these schools were selected to be 1964 summer interns.

I applied and was accepted and sent to St. Augustine to help volunteer lawyers with the various civil rights cases they were handling. There were two Florida lawyers, Earl Johnson of Jacksonville, and an ACLU attorney, Tobias Simon from Miami, who provided consistent representation on the cases. But there were also volunteer attorneys who were members of the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee (LCDC). These attorneys came to St. Augustine usually two at a time and stayed about two weeks. A total of 16 came during the two months I was there. (June 25th – August 23rd) My main task turned out to be providing various forms of assistance to them. I acted as their chauffeur picking them up at the airport in Jacksonville and taking them to the airport when they left, filed papers for them in the Federal Court in Jacksonville, did legal research, drove them to court, appeared in court with them, drove them other places they needed to go, and did other tasks they asked me to do.

Soon after I arrived the 1964 Civil Rights Act was adopted (July 2nd) and we immediately filed lawsuits to enforce it, and those cases are what the LCDC lawyers and I mostly worked on. As you know, that is what SCLC and all the local civil rights volunteers emphasized. We sued mostly motels and restaurants, and also sued the KKK types that were intimidating the civil rights volunteers and a lot of the establishments that were willing to comply with the law.

On one occasion I remember I acted as a “tester” to check whether the Santa Maria Restaurant was really closed. It had turned away some black customers by saying it was closed. I went there for lunch with one of the white tutors and we were served. Later I testified to that effect in court. But most of the time I acted as an intern to the lawyers. Of course this doesn't cover all the personal experiences I had during my summer there; the people I met and got to know and work with, all the things I learned from those experiences, the privilege I felt to have even a small part in the Civil Rights Movement. It made an indelible impression on me.

I don't have the name or address of the lady I stayed with. It was a 2-story house and I had a room on the 2nd floor. I didn't eat or get my mail there. So I don't have any mail that was addressed to me at her house. She was very nice to me and sometimes other civil rights workers stayed there. I have never been back to St. Augustine.

A lot of people I met in St. Augustine made a big impression on me. The contrast between the civil rights activists and Manucy's thugs and the other segregationists was pretty eye opening. I was glad to be associated with the former group, and it made me very proud to be part of the Movement.

I met Dr. Hayling, Dr. King, Rev. Abernathy, Rev. Young and Dan Warren. I saw Dr. Hayling there all the time. He probably made the biggest impression on me of anyone. Rev. Abernathy and Rev. Young were often there when Dr. King was there, and some others were Rev. Shuttlesworth, C.T. Vivian, and Hosea Williams.

I met Dr. King shortly after I arrived in late June and heard him speak at the First Baptist Church several times. My claim to fame occurred on August 5, 1964 when he asked me to drive him from Dr. Hayling's office to the Jacksonville Imeson Airport. We left about 10:30 p.m. He rode in back and a young black guy that wanted a ride to Jacksonville road in front with me. Dr. King was in a rush to make his plane and said that it was good to observe the speed limit but perhaps I could drive a little faster as he didn't want to miss the flight. I said as soon as we got out of St. Augustine and on the highway I would speed up. The last thing I wanted to have happen was to get stopped late at night by the local cops with Dr. King in the car. I felt a lot of responsibility to get him to the airport in time and pulled up in front with only minutes to spare. I followed him in to the terminal to be sure he made the flight and was a bit taken aback when he took the time to stop at a news stand to buy Newsweek and Time magazines. But he made it and I went on and dropped my other passenger off in Jacksonville, and went home to St. Augustine. That had been my 3rd round trip to the Jacksonville Airport that day.

The Ice Berg Restaurant was where I ate often. They had the best pork chop sandwiches. The car I drove the most was a baby blue 1963 Ford Fairlane that was an Avis rental leased to LCDC for our use, and I believe it was free of charge. It was the car I drove Dr. King to the airport in. You can see it in the 3rd picture I sent you 8/17. It is on the left side of the 79 Bridge St. building. Dr. Hayling had a convertible VW Beetle that I also drove sometimes. Most of the LCDC lawyers that came to St. Augustine I met and took to Imeson Airport. In fact, because I was given the assignment of doing most of the driving for the LCDC lawyers, I got a Florida drivers license soon after I arrived. LCDC didn't want its lawyers to be hassled with traffic violations.