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SENATOR ERDMAN:     ...before the citizens of the state of Nebraska. I go to my district every other weekend. We have town hall meetings. We have four or five a weekend. Everybody is aware of the problem that's before us. I have yet to have somebody come up to me--and I have good attendance at these forums--I have yet to have someone come up and go, well, we just got to raise taxes to do this right now. They're under the assumption that the appeal has a chance. We have not sold the public on whether or not we have a chance or not. And I don't know that we do or we don't, because obviously, the courts are going to have to review the information before them. But in all likelihood, they aren't buying the future problem today. Now they may buy it November 1. I think that's why we don't have consensus in this body. So I wanted to share my thoughts. For some it might not be worth much. But for the sake of the discussion, I thought that I should get up and share some of the things that I wanted to speak of last evening.

SENATOR CUDABACK:    Time, Senator.

SENATOR ERDMAN:     I'm listening to the discussion, and I hope it continues. Thank you.

SENATOR CUDABACK:    Thank you, Senator Erdman. Senator Janssen.

SENATOR JANSSEN:     Thank you, Senator Cudaback, members of the Legislature. Most of you in this body right now can remember when Nebraska was called the white spot of the nation. We didn't have any sales tax, didn't have any income tax. The only income tax you paid was to the federal government. I'm old enough to remember that. I'm also old enough to remember when the assessor would come to our farm. He'd come out there. His name was Mr. Gerky (phonetic). And my dad would say, Mr. Gerky is coming; make sure you lock the dog in the cob shed, because you got taxed on a dog. You got taxed on your furniture, savings account. Of course in those days, nobody had any savings. That was probably the only truthful thing you told the assessor. And lo and behold, about the time he would ask my dad, do you have a dog, Earl, and my dad would say, no; old Blackie would get out of the cob shed, and here he'd come running. (Laugh) And my...and Mr. Gerky would say, Earl, is