

TRANSCRIPT PREPARED BY THE CLERK OF THE LEGISLATURE
Transcriber's Office
FLOOR DEBATE

February 25, 2003 LB 216

Because only in a Christian setting would you find people so heartless, so narrow minded, so intolerant, so hypocritical, that while giving homage to Jesus every day or every other day in their prayer, they can then turn their back on their brothers and sisters...

SPEAKER BROMM: Time. Senator Chambers, proceed.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: ...turn their backs on their brothers and sisters who are being denied the opportunity to work. Jesus said, in another place, muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn. Oxen work. "Foxen" work...well, foxes, but sometimes the poet in me asserts itself, or, I should say, the rhymester. And speaking of rhymester, we have Senator Quandahl. If the current election commissioner were a member of the Legislature, I would do a rap number, and it would be dedicated to Senator Quandahl and Senator "Fondle." Because Senator "Fondle," that McPherson fellow I told you all about that the World-Herald didn't want to write about, was ticketed for third-degree sexual assault, fondling a 17-year-old girl child. And who made an issue of that on the floor of the Legislature? I did. Do you know why? The legislative floor is a bully pulpit for bringing to the public's attention these issues that relate to the welfare of our children. Now, I could get a whole lot of "amens" if I brought a bill to put additional punishments on our children, to hang millstones around their neck that they'll carry the rest of their lives for being a minor in possession, or some other simplemindedness that young people engage in, because that is a part of being young. I have to fight against that on the floor too. After that rascal got his ticket, the other one, he used to be the chairman of the "Repelican" party...somebody call his name for me. Oh, nobody knows who he is? Nobody...is there one who will tell me his name? Is there one? Somebody is trying to tell me. My ear doesn't pick it up. Shout it out. Okay, you don't want to tell me his name. Okay. It will come to me. Then I will shout it out. And it's something that this detergent, whose job it is to get rid of stains and dirt, has for a slogan: shout it out. Get the dirt out. And you won't tell me his name. Okay. You want to protect him. One thing I said the other day, that the State Patrol had this issue bucked to them, and would they conduct a report that would be buried