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Foley's information, because I'm Jesuit-educated, I graduated from Creighton, at the time I reached my senior year, I had so many credits I just started skipping classes and getting AFs, which are absence failures, because I had way too many hours, and I graduated anyway, naive, black man that I am. I went to Tech High, which was considered a dumb school when I went there, a trade school, not college prep. And when they said "college prep," to show you how little I knew, I thought it was a wing of Creighton Prep. I didn't know what "prep" meant, other than Creighton Prep, and I didn't know what the "Prep" in Creighton Prep meant. At the time I went to Creighton University, Creighton Prep was on that campus, and they were some little hellions, as they probably still are. Seems like on Catholic campuses they have more trouble than on others, because there is such an attempt to regiment and restrict them. And remember, I went to school, I watched them, so I know what I'm talking about. I'm not acting; I'm "facting." And anybody who's gone to a Catholic school or who knows people who go can tell you what I'm telling you is true. But when I went to that Catholic university, Creighton, I made the mistake when I was a freshman of leaving my books in the library. Every one of them was stolen, every one. I never bought another book while I was in undergraduate school. I used the material in the library. And as a result of that, I always knew more in the classes than the other students, because I wouldn't restrict myself to the number of pages that we were given for an assignment. I would get from the syllabus what the purpose of the course was, and then I'd just read and read and read, and I could answer every question that was asked. I had a priest for a teacher named Paul Smith, and he'd let me sleep in class, because he knew I was working at the Post Office, and I worked nights, and sometimes I'd come right to school. He'd let me sleep. And when they couldn't answer a question, he'd say, somebody wake up "Ernst." My name is Ernest. I don't like it, but things happen that way. So they'd wake "Ernst" up, and Paul Smith would say, "Ernst," we have a question; they can't answer it. He'd ask the question, and I could answer it. And you wouldn't have to be a genius. All you would have to have done was read the material. Because I often disagreed with my instructors up there, especially when I was in their theology courses that they call philosophy, I would answer the question, I'd draw a line, I'd say, everything