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Creighton when he has written in this letter I can do the work, and any law school that would accept me, he would recommend that I go there? But I'm not like them, so I didn't do it. Before that, they had tried to keep me out. And now that everybody is spellbound, I'm going to turn on my light again and finish it when I do get a chance to speak again.

SENATOR CUDABACK: Thank you, Senator Chambers. You've heard the opening on FA197 to LB 57. Open for discussion. Senator Chambers, your light is next.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: Thank you, Mr. President. That same tactic had been tried earlier, where they would not let me take my exams, so a group of the law professors got together and signed a petition. And I have copies of all this stuff. My memoirs may be written someday. I document everything, and people in my office know it, and some of my colleagues wish I weren't so thorough, because I bring their words back to them years later. I'm like the great bookkeeper in the sky. When you come trucking up there, thinking you did well, and he's going to say, um-hum, well, let me see here, January 13, 1971, you said such and such. You say, good God, how did you know that? He'll say, I checked out Senator Chambers' archives; he's got everything on all of you. But at any rate, these professors signed this petition and said that in view of the fact that I was a young man and had a family, was working to go to school, had passed all my exams, on and on, that I should be allowed to go to school, something like that. I haven't read it in a long time, so if it's not exactly those words, I don't mean to be lying. But they did sign that petition, and I was allowed to reregister. Well, my circumstances had not changed, so again I was not allowed to register. I never flunked out of school. I was not put out of school. I was not allowed to take my exams. But this time, they waited two weeks before finals, because there was that kind of break between the end of the classwork and taking the finals. I go to take my final; they tell me, Mr. Chambers, you can't take your exams. I said, what? Orders from the dean. So I went to him, and that's when we had that conversation. I said, let me take the exams; if I flunk, then I'm out of here. No, I'm not going to let you take them, because I know you'd pass them. So there was a dean...a