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Pederson.

SENATOR HOWARD: Thank you, Mr. Chairman and members of the body. I would like to say, Senator Chambers is certainly an example of the old saying, that which does not kill us will certainly make us stronger, and I'd like to offer him the remainder of my time.

SENATOR CUDABACK: Senator Chambers, would you like use the 4.5 minutes of Senator Howard's?

SENATOR CHAMBERS: Thank you, "Lady" Howard. Thank you, Mr. President. When I went to Lothrop School, I was going to begin to tell you all, the teacher read Little Black Sambo. I was the only black child in the room, and children have ways of trying to cope with problems. So when she held up this caricature that was in the book--it was written by Helen Bannerman, a white English woman--and the white kids laughed. I didn't laugh. They looked at me, and although I didn't look like what she was holding up, I knew that was what the teacher thought of me, and that's the way white people saw me. I can find the words to put to it now. I didn't have the words as a child, but I knew how it affected me, and I knew I didn't like it, and I knew I thought the teacher was wrong and I thought she was a bully, because she was picking on me and knew I couldn't fight back. So I became "Little Black Sambo." And I remember other things that white teacher said when she was talking to the white children and ignoring the fact that I was there. We're the invisible people; we don't count. If a white child stumbled in giving a presentation, or fell out of the chair and the kids laughed, you know what the teacher said? (Clapping hands) Clapped her hands; class, we don't laugh at each other. So what do you think I felt when they're laughing at me because the teacher gave them something to laugh at me about? I didn't hear any hand clapping by the teacher. I didn't hear her say, class, we don't laugh at each other. I was not a part of "each other." And it was not just the kids; the teacher was the one making fun of me. So I remember that, just as if it's happening right now as I tell you all. There was not air conditioning. It was a hot summer afternoon. My back began to itch. I felt like things were crawling all over me, but I wouldn't scratch. I