

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

January 21, 1998 LB 897

that table and I read that story, this old bat that I described...and they were demeaning, insulting descriptions. The kind that I would never utter, but because of what was done to our children I wanted to create for them an understanding of what we and our children went through. This old bat had brown, rotted stump teeth from chewing tobacco and dipping snuff and she could skeet that slimy, brown tobacco juice 30 feet and drown any roach that was scurrying across the floor. The old man had a moonshine still. And one of the worst things about this story is that this little fellow called "Black Sambo" was dressed up in these garish clothes and the tigers were going to eat him. So to keep from being eaten by a tiger he'd give one his hat, one his coat, one his shirt, one his umbrella. He wound up with next to nothing on and each tiger who got an article of clothing said, I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle. As they got angry, they began to chase each other around a tree and they turned into butter. He took the butter home and his mother made 50,000 pancakes for the father, 100,000 for the mother, and 150 for Little Black Sambo and that's the delightful children's story they read to me. So what happened in my story, to give it a white angle, these white hillbillies, dirty, unclean, the old man didn't work, spent his time laying around with the dogs. They'd scratch each other's fleas, and he had a still. And he told the little boy...and I'm not going to apply that term to the little boy anymore, but it's in the story. It had to be to create equivalency. He said, now son, I want you to go to the "genal" store and when you go to the "genal" store, whatever you do don't go by that still. Don't go by that still, because he knew there were revenuers trying to locate pappy's still. So the little boy put on his one-hitch suspenders and ran off down the trail to the "genal" store, as it was called. You all would stay "general store". You all from up north; more civilized. Talk more civilized anyway. So the revenuers watched the little boy because they know that what a child is told not to do is exactly the thing the child will do. So the little boy looked this way and he looked that way and didn't see anybody because the clever revenuers, being adults, were hiding in the bushes. The little boy didn't see anybody so he scampered lickety-split down the trail straight to the still. Pulled those bushes and twigs aside and just stood there. Rared back on his little bare feet and was so proud of his pappy's still. Then the revenuers jumped out of the bushes and said,