

# OPINION PAGES

## OUR VIEW

### Just a kiss

*School's policy went too far*

Last week in Lexington, N.C., justice was served.

A school district there suspended a student for violating its sexual harassment policies. The student had, in the words of a school spokeswoman, committed "inappropriate behavior" when he kissed a classmate.

The perpetrator in this case obviously violated the school's policies on sexual harassment, and the school's punishment fell right in line with its strict enforcement code.

At first glance, it does appear that justice was served last week in Lexington — until you hear the punishment.

For his violation of the school's sexual harassment policy, Johnathan Prevette was not allowed to attend an ice cream party at school and he had to miss out on coloring and recess.

That's right, Johnathan Prevette is not what most people visualize as a typical sexual predator. He's not a seedy corporate executive with a penchant for buxom secretaries. And he's not a chauvinist high-school jock who gets his kicks by grabbing cheerleaders. He's not even a Supreme Court justice.

Johnathan Prevette is 6 years old. He's in the first grade. He likes to play soccer. And now, because he kissed a girl on the cheek, he has a rap sheet.

Almost everyone agrees sexual harassment is not a good thing. Everyone should feel safe in the workplace or — in this case — the schoolyard. And nobody should have to put up with unsavory advances from undesirable individuals.

But to the administrators of a certain school district in Lexington, opposition to sexual harassment has gone too far. It went too far when they accused a 6-year-old boy of something he probably couldn't even pronounce, much less understand.

A kiss on the cheek hardly qualifies as sexual harassment, especially when it comes from a first-grader.

We have no way of knowing what Johnathan Prevette was thinking when he puckered up for his classmate. But it's hard to believe that he was ever thinking of the ill-fated kiss as a display of sexual dominance.

The administrators of this school district obviously believe — as they should — that consistent enforcement of their code of conduct is important. But perhaps they need to question just how blind their application of blind justice has proven.

Because of their decision to punish him, Johnathan Prevette will probably grow up a little more afraid of the opposite sex than he should. He'll have a blemish on his school record that shouldn't be there. He'll be the butt of innumerable jokes from his less-sympathetic classmates. And even worse, he'll have Montel Williams and a host of other talk show hosts beating down his door.

Even if the school's administrators do decide to revoke their punishment and allow Johnathan Prevette to continue his education with a clear record, they can rest assured that the 6-year-old will suffer one punishment even they cannot cure. Now he has cooties.

## MEHSLING'S VIEW

BOB DOLE CAN PLAY QUARTERBACK.  
BOB DOLE WANTS TO PLAY FOOTBALL FOR THE COACH.



MEHSLING '96 DAILY NEBRASKAN

*Brent POPE*

### On the move

*A new place isn't worth the pain*

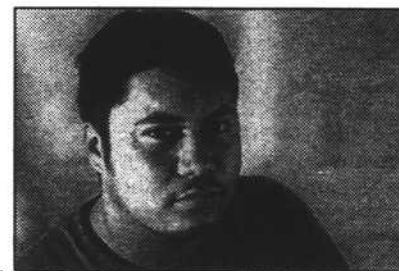
Let's all take a deep breath and say this phrase out loud: Moving sucks. I can say that because I just moved last weekend. Moving always has, does and will SUCK.

Every time I go through this nightmare, I swear that I will never move again. But every year or so I find myself packing up my bags again and doing it all over. What's strange is that it's not the actual "moving" that makes it so bad. It's mostly the stuff you do (or forget to do) to prepare for the move that makes it so excruciating.

Take for example, moving the furniture. Sure it's heavy and you get tired, but that's not really a big deal when compared with switching over your utilities. Talking to the cable, electric and phone companies all in the same day is a lot like being in a movie with Larry, Curly and Moe and not expecting to get poked in the eyes or whacked with a hammer. The point is: You always get hurt when you hang with the Stooges.

Another painful fact of moving is that there is never enough room for all your stuff in the new place. It doesn't matter if you're moving from a cardboard box to Buckingham Palace, there just isn't enough room. My theory is that your belongings were basically crammed into the old apartment, and they stretch out when you get them outside in the fresh air. And how're you going to shove that couch back into a musty corner of the new apartment after it's had a taste of elbow room?

Sometime during my weekend of hell, I realized that I was not prepared at all. So for everyone's sake, I made a list of things that I have to relearn every time I move:



“Talking to the cable, electric and phone companies all in the same day is a lot like being in a movie with Larry, Curly and Moe.....”

**CHANGE OVER YOUR CABLE RIGHT AWAY.** If you forget to do this, you're in for a few days of fun-filled entertainment, getting reacquainted with board games like Candyland, Scrabble and The Wheel of Fortune Home Game. (Hell, with games like that, who needs cable?)

**GET BOXES AHEAD OF TIME.** If you don't, you'll probably find yourself fighting a drunk guy behind the Cheapo Mart for the same boxes that he wants to use to house his new pet boa constrictors named Larry, Daryl and the Other Daryl. And if you don't get boxes at all, you have to cram your silverware into your

pants pockets and anywhere else it will fit, which can be uncomfortable to say the least. A word from someone who knows: Put forks and knives in pockets with pointy ends up, not down.

**CHANGE YOUR MAILING ADDRESS AT THE POST OFFICE.** The guy who lived in my new apartment before me never changed his address, so I'm still getting his stuff in the mail, mostly magazines like The Spank-A-Lot Monthly, Cannibal Cuisine and Old Fashioned Foot Lovin' (Ooh, kinky correspondence).

**HAVE ACCESS TO A TRUCK.** Without a truck, you're in for a very long weekend. You'll take more trips in two days than the Grateful Dead does in a week. (OK, maybe not that many trips.) You'll also probably end up trying to cram your loveseat and coffee table into your hatchback. (Can you say massive lubrication?)

**TURN ON THE REFRIGERATOR AT THE NEW PLACE BEFORE YOU BRING FOOD OVER.** Actually, this isn't real important. After all, there's nothing in the world like the smell of lukewarm milk and rancid hamburger, mmmmmmm!

Remember, moving is going to suck no matter how much you prepare, but if you just think ahead a little bit, you can make it a lot less annoying. (Kind of like the difference between getting slapped in the face and being kneed in the groin.)

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