

Furnished with a molded plastic seat and drains in the floor in case of blood, urine, or Listerite vomit, your worry if you get arrested shouldn't be the upcoming charges, but whether you'll ever feel your ass again after the ride to the station.



Only hours earlier, a man had been picked up on campus for several province-wide warrants. Although he wasn't a shirtless, drunken hillbilly, the night had suddenly become more TV-worthy.

Once again, it's time to head out, this time with Sgt Roth. Now an MBA grad student, he's worked for CSS since the early '90s. As we head out into the dark night, I can't help but notice the looks that drunk co-eds give the passing cop car. Tension is high—something almost laughable considering that many officers for CSS are surprisingly easygoing in their jobs and probably enjoyed the antics of the cops in *Super Troopers* more than you did.

With no calls coming in, we make our way up to RATT. On the way back down, Sgt Roth's very presence causes one guy to jump back in surprise, choosing to wait for the next elevator instead of spending 15 seconds with a security officer.

At 11:30pm, we get our first call of the night. A suspicious motorhome is plugged in behind the Seville Centre at South Campus. We wheel into action, checking out Michener Park, an off-campus student housing complex, on the way. Sgt Roth explains that because it's so separated from campus, Michener has its own issues—especially stolen bikes and vehicles, and occasionally domestic disputes.

By midnight, we've arrived at the RV, and my hopes are lifted. The vehicle is old and somewhat tattered, and painted brown and beige—a trailer park special.

Ryan and I exchange glances and get out of the vehicle, expecting a good show. However, once again, the situation is hardly Hollywood-esque: it's just a tennis player with an early-morning game. Although I remain suspicious more out of hope for action than anything else, Sgt Roth just tells the man to unplug the RV and move into a better-lit area.

At 12:18am, a guy is caught urinating right outside the CSS office. Sgt Roth just shakes his head. With other officers on the scene, we leave to check up on the frat houses. The Dekes' party is already over. Turns out I was right: frats really are lame.

By 12:30am, with little to do, we hit HUB on foot. As the end of the LRT line, it's well-known to CSS for late night "sleepers," and I find myself wishing for a hobo. Sadly, only the cleaning crew remains.

To break the boredom, Sgt Roth starts telling some of the many stories from his long career. As we pass Humanities, he recalls arresting a man on

the roof of the building. It turns out he was a university staff member with a video camera "borrowed" from Business, making some home movies of girls in their HUB apartments.

"It was really awkward arresting a staff person, someone that I knew, for that," Roth recalls.

The night continues on quietly, and Sgt Roth begins pointing out the various love-nests around campus. Although the fourth floor of Rutherford instantly comes to mind, Sgt Roth has stumbled on horny undergrads all over campus, including in the top floor stairwell of Tory, and, naturally, those steaming up their cars—especially on the top floors of the Windsor and Education Carparks. I thank him for all the tips.

By 1:23am, the storytelling is put on pause as we stumble across over a vehicle going the wrong way down a one-way street in East Campus Village—apparently a popular occurrence tonight. Sgt Roth flashes the lights and pulls the kid's license to check for outstanding warrants or a suspended license. He's clean, and is let go without a ticket.

As we finish, a motion alarm sounds in RATT. We swerve into action and meet up with another officer, Dallas, on the main floor of SUB before getting in the elevator. The elevator doors open, and Sgt Roth and Dallas search the now-empty, bar. Sadly, it was a

false alarm. The only offence in RATT that night was slow service.

Sgt Roth calls a 10-8 on the radio at 2am. Time for a coffee break. And for Ryan and me, the night is over.

We head to the only coffee place still open on campus at 2 in the morning: Tim Hortons, naturally. Despite the stereotype, most only order a strong coffee. Although our night is done, there's still five hours left in the shift for Sgt Roth and the other officers of E Section.

The men and women of CSS don't reflect any of the preconceived stereotypes I had of them. Far from arrogant rent-a-cops, they're experienced professionals who legitimately enjoy and care about what they do without any sort of malicious intent. In fact, during the night, not a single ticket was handed out for any infraction.

"We're not here to screw anyone," says Officer Clay, another member of Section E. "We're here to keep [students] safe and their stuff safe." G

"We have about 30 patrol officers for 36 000 students. Many places in the US would have 200–300 officers for the same number of people."

STAYING SAFE ON CAMPUS

1 REALIZE that the campus does not exist in its own little bubble. Although it may be your home for eight months of the year, it's still in the middle of the city. Serious crimes, such as assault or robbery, rarely happen on campus, but you should still use common sense, as they are frequent in Edmonton.

2 USE the programs designed to keep you safe. Safewalk operates from 7pm–12:30am Monday through Thursday, and can be reached at 4-WALK-ME. Safewalk will escort you in or around campus. If you can't reach Safewalk, CSS will escort you across campus, although you might have to wait for a bit. The Lone Worker Program is operated by CSS. If you're working alone on campus, you can register with CSS, and they'll check up on you either via phone or in person to ensure you're okay. It runs from 10pm–7am Monday through Friday, and 24 hours on weekends and holidays and can be reached at 492-5252.

3 WALK in groups. Before you go out, tell someone where you're going and when to expect you back.

AVOIDING A TICKET

1 DON'T be a jackass. This may be self explanatory, but giving a ticket is at the officer's direction, and they have no wish to ticket a nice guy. On the other hand, they're still people, and nobody likes a jerk. Sometimes, kissing ass is better than losing \$150.

2 DON'T get nervous when the officer returns to his car. For every traffic stop, they return to the car to check for suspended licenses, provincial warrants, and to see whether you've had a run-in with them before. This is routine and completely normal.

3 DON'T PANIC if it's your first run-in with 5-0, you're almost definitely in the clear. Even if it's happened once before, you're probably still good. Just relax and wait for the officer to return with the news. It's the people who are stopped so frequently that the officers know them by name that have to be more careful

