



buildings, the first hanting ground of the day. As we get out of the golf cart, he continues to explain how he doesn't like using the cart because he is much easier to spot. "Most of the time I walk through the cars...people can't really see me that well." Yet, leaving the cart behind also has its down sides. Jerhorne recalls a time that a coworker returned to his cart to find the seat smeared with pizza sauce and pepperoni.

"Sometimes they just curse at me across campus."

Jerhorne

As we walk through the sea of cars, I inquire a bit about Jerhorne himself, the man behind the...well, not badge, but patch, maybe. "I am a nursing student," he says, catching me off guard. I was expecting him to say he had police or public service aspirations; his boss told me earlier that the student assistant program recruits from the fire and criminal justice clubs on campus, among other places.

However, some assistants do have such plans. According to him, a former student assistant has been accepted into the Police Academy and is on her way to being a true "black and white." But that's not why Jerhorne took the job. "I just heard about it from a friend...I would be bored sitting at a desk or answering phones," he says, also pointing out that he likes the fresh air and the exercise that comes from walking nearly every square foot of LBCC's parking lot. It seems that he is more interested in public health than public safety.

All of a sudden, Jerhorne abandons the straight path between the rows of cars and

dart to one side. Ah! The first violation of the day, parking in a staff stall with a student permit. His fingers spring to life on his AutoCITE with more fervor than a pre-teen texting some juicy gossip. Jerhorne records all the car's information and out scrolls the piece of paper that is totally going to ruin some student's day. But, who's fault is it anyway?

As we move on, I glance back to see the dreaded, imprinted image of the envelope under the windshield wiper. Jerhorne says that the majority of the tickets he issues are either for a student in a staff stall, no permit displayed, or an expired permit. "On average we hand out like 20 plus (in a day), but yesterday it was 95, and that was just for me." That number totally shocked me. "Man, they must be itching to give these things away," I thought, and I bet that isn't an uncommon view among students. But, the more time I spent with Jerhorne, the more I realized that this really isn't the case.

"Get 'em, get 'em," a staff member encourages in general, smiling as he gets in his car. "I will, don't worry," is Jerhorne's reply. The staff member's comments, though lighthearted, made me think of how LBCC's staff must also be frustrated with the parking situation.

Continuing down the row, Jerhorne circles a truck, brow furrowed, peering in every window. "No permit displayed" was the reason for the second ticket of the day. He told me that he understands that permits fall down or they might be left on one of the seats, and he wanted to make sure that this wasn't the case. He didn't stop typing as he said, "I try to write the ticket fast to avoid any drama, but if someone gets to their car (while writing the ticket) I'll let them go."

Sweating with the heat of the day, beads of moisture pepper Jerhorne's face, and mine. The sun is just another enemy of his, bearing down viciously, compounded by the heat waves pouring off vehicle hoods. Jerhorne starts on his third ticket, this time for an expired permit. Looking like a Star Trek phaser, he points his AutoCITE at the car's windshield to get a picture of the expired permit. Though they don't carry weapons, assistants' AutoCITEs are their only tool and helps them carry out their mantra: "Observe and Report." "This [picture] is so if the student wants to contest the ticket saying, 'I have a permit, it was up, he just didn't see it,' I can say 'I did see it and here's a picture.'"

As we crossed over to another section of seemingly endless vehicles, I asked, "So, what's the most rewarding part of this job?" With determination, and without hesitation, he replied, "Getting people in handicapped parking spaces." This probably was the best answer I could think of. It told me that he isn't out here trying to hand out as many tickets as possible. And his favorite people to bust, in my opinion, are the worst offenders, not a student that lost their permit. I realized that, at least on Jerhorne's part, student assistants are out here just doing their job, not purposely trying to ruin anybody's day.

Three more tickets later, Jerhorne, the photographer, and I were headed back to the WI Bangalow to wrap up our hour in his shoes. We got another ride in the golf cart, which was luckily sauce-free, and as we passed a group of students one of them saw us and said, "Oh crap, I forgot to put up my permit!" Jerhorne just smiled, as he knew it was one less ticket he would have to write...that day.