

SOUND OFF

“...the snarky, snotty observations by Metra’s customers about fellow commuters ... offer some of the best free entertainment around.” - SouthtownStar, March 13, 2009

Pack it up, or in

I have been riding Metra for years and find it the best way to get to work from the suburbs. But (you knew there would be a but), it drives me crazy when on RUSH HOUR trains, some shlub or shlubs bring enough luggage to fill a covered wagon! Come on folks, if you are too cheap to hire a cab to the airport or to barter passage shoveling coal on a tramp steamer for your African safari, at least stay off the crowded express trains full of people trying to get to work. Remember, it is us, the overworked, underpaid commuters who keep the economy from collapsing like a souffle so you can continue to accumulate more useless junk to take on your vacations. Bon voyage.

Brian

Sorry, we understand your annoyance but can't entirely agree with your sentiments. We want people (including you) to use us to get to the airport, or anywhere else they need to go. Everyone should just remember to be considerate of their fellow riders.

Getting away with it

To the lady that gets on the train at Olympia Fields: The conductor may not see that you aren't really looking for your train ticket, but actually trying to get a free ride, BUT I DO! If they weren't so busy during the morning rush hours, they might actually have time to come back through the cars and remember to check and see if you found your PRETEND ticket. I've seen you do this several times and you look ridiculous. Shame on you!

“Maybelline”



Is it too much to bear?

If you see such chronic fare-dodgers, send us an e-mail with as much information as possible. We can try to track them down.

Playing footsie

I thought I had seen it all – feet on the seats, bare feet sticking through the seats, nail clipping, nose picking, all the rude behavior that has been mentioned in OTBL for years, but I have found a new one – feet on the top



of the seat! Glad it was a nice sunny day. Can you imagine the consequences of this on a rainy or snowy day?

Joanne

Yes, we can. Because, unfortunately, we've seen it happen.

Not always obvious

This letter is to the lady at the Route 59 station who perceived my use of handicapped parking unnecessary. Ma'am, please educate yourself to the vari-

ety of medical conditions that legitimately warrant and justify the use of handicapped parking access – not all of which result in the use of a wheelchair or other visible assistance. I wouldn't wish my medical condition on anyone – not even an ignorant judgmental woman like you.

Dianna

That's a good reminder that we should be willing to give people the benefit of the doubt.

What goes around

Seat-hogging and seat-saving is a chronic issue, but what I've observed recently on a UP-NW train really takes the cake!

There's a group of fortyish white-collar types who regularly stake out the first bench and row of handicapped seats behind the lavatory. These jerks have repeatedly refused to give up their seats (empty or occupied!) to people who qualify for them (loudly griping about their own "rights" to sit where they want without being "hassled" by "freaky" handicapped types!). One white-haired woman was forced to sit on the upper-level steps!

Yesterday, "their" seats were occupied, so this group com-

mandeered the handicapped seats across the aisle. Their last pal (he of the "freaky" comment) arrived to find no empty seat by his group. An elderly man across the aisle refused him a vacant handicapped seat, stating it was for his wife, to which this moron challenged, sarcastically, "Well, she's not here yet, is she?"

When the wife arrived and took her seat, I felt like cheering: it was the older, white-haired lady who'd been refused a seat the week before!

Karma, perhaps?

Anonymous

Sure sounds like karma to us.

Pearl of a rider

Will you please publish my thank you in your Bi-Level so that hopefully the good samaritan will read my note and know how appreciative I am that he or she turned in my pearl necklace that apparently fell off of my neck, unbeknownst to me?

This occurred on Friday, April 23. I was on the 6:26 a.m. train out of Lisle. Upon arriving at my office I discovered my pearls were missing. I was convinced I would never see them again.

However later that day on the way to catch the train home I visited the Lost and Found office and to my extreme surprise a good and honest person turned them in.

I want to thank this person from the bottom of my heart and some of my faith in humanity was restored that day.

Nancy

We do have nice riders, don't we? Even if they do occasionally put their feet on the seat, carry too much luggage or save a seat for their friends.