

Dan Naumovich: A superhero on a bus

By DAN NAUMOVICH
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Driving to work one morning, I noticed a woman running after a bus that had just pulled away from the curb.

She was chugging along in the grassy strip between the sidewalk and the street. She must have hit a divot or something because she tripped and went down in a heap, spilling her belongings about.

If this had been the opening scene in a movie that wanted to establish what a cold and cruel place the world can be, the bus would have continued to speed away as the distraught woman coughed on its noxious exhaust. The camera may have even caught a glimpse of the dastardly driver in the sideview mirror, laughing diabolically under his handlebar mustache.

But this scene didn't play out like that.

Not only did the driver notice and stop, he got out of the bus and ran to the woman's assistance. She was unharmed, and he helped gather her things and the two walked back to the bus together.

This definitely had the makings of a feel-good movie, with Tom Hanks playing the gallant bus jockey and Meg Ryan as the adorably harried bistro owner. At least, it would have been cast that way 15 years ago. Maybe Ryan Gosling and the lovely Rachel McAdams could star in today's version, with a soundtrack featuring all of your favorite light-rock artists. But I digress.

So touched was I by this valiant act that when I got to work, I logged on to the Springfield Mass Transit District's Web site and filed a compliment, noting the time and place of the courtesy so that they could identify the driver. I thought his employer should be aware of what happened.

I like to imagine that word spread quickly of his heroics and upon returning from his route, his fellow drivers hoisted him upon their shoulders and marched him around the break room in slow motion while the guys from the garage showered Champagne upon the impromptu parade. From somewhere, [Kenny Loggins](#) could be heard ... sorry, digressing again.

If I were a more curious journalist, I would have gotten the driver's name so I could find out what actually did happen.

I could have discovered what influences in his life were responsible for nurturing his chivalrous tendencies. I might have also tracked down the woman and learned her story. And if by some Hollywood-ending-of-a-chance the two eventually fell in love and married, I'd be busy adapting this column into a screenplay. (I'd title it either "A Fare to Remember" or "Clumsy Lady, Smitten Driver" and get [Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warnes](#) to sing the love theme.)

At the time, however, simply sending the e-mail seemed a worthy enough gesture to make sure this good deed

wouldn't go unturned.

I was a bit disappointed that I never heard anything back from the SMTD. Perhaps because I wasn't asking a question or lodging a complaint they didn't think a response to my e-mail was necessary. Having spent some time in the public relations field, I think it's good policy to thank people for saying something nice about your organization. (I personally respond to every reader who e-mails me with kind words about my column. As you might suspect, this doesn't take up much of my time.)

Anyway, I just hope the driver received some sort of recognition: a letter of commendation from corporate or a pat on the back from his supervisor. Maybe karma paid him back and he scratched off a winning lottery ticket on his way home from work that fateful day. Whatever he got, he deserved it for doing his part in keeping the world from being a cold and cruel place.

Dan Naumovich is a freelance writer and business copywriter. He can be reached at dan@naumo.com.

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