

STRIKE STORIES



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**My draft notice arrived on Day Two of the strike. I was told:
"You're going to Customer Relations. Report to Metro
Information, Second Floor."**

**When I first heard that I was assigned to Metro Information, my
mind filled with horrible images of me, chained to a telephone in
the Gateway dungeon, tormented by screaming patrons stranded
throughout the county. My fears were unfounded.**

**The Communications Officers (a.k.a. supervisors) were friendly
and upbeat. While many of the callers were stranded, surprisingly
few were screaming and hardly any were obscene. They were
frustrated and angry, yet much more polite than I might have
been in their situations.**

**My callers spanned the spectrum: seniors, students, disabled,
tourists, workers, employers, welfare mothers, parolees,
picketers and people just wanting someone to talk to. As they
waited for me to fumble through the CCIS system, I dreaded
seeing three words pop up on the screen: "No Itinerary Found."
When that happened, the real work began.**

**To the patrons who endured me, thank you for your saintly
patience. To those of you I was able to help, consider yourselves
fortunate. To the Communications Officers and my fellow
draftees, thank you for your support and your smiles. Your
attitude made the job tolerable, and occasionally, fun.**

**And to the Customer Information Agents, you have no idea how
relieved I am to have you back. You play a vital role in serving the
public; let no one convince you otherwise.**

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