

HUMAN RESOURCE MANAGEMENT Copy



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Short Description

HUMAN RESOURCE MANAGEMENT case study

Description

THE RESENTFUL EMPLOYEE

It was a bitterly cold night, and even at the far end of the bus the east wind that raved along the street cut like a knife. The bus stopped, and two women and a man got in together and filled the vacant places. The younger woman was dressed in sealskin, and carried one of those little Pekinese dogs that women in sealskin like to carry in their laps. The conductor came and took the fare. Then his eye rested with cold malice on the beady-eyed toy dog. I saw trouble brewing. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting, and he intended to make the most of it. I had marked him as the type of what Mr. Wells has called the Resentful Employee, the man with a general, vague grievance against everything, and in particular, a grievance against passengers who came and sat in his bus while he shivered at the door.

“ You must take that dog out”, he said with sour venom.

“I shall certainly do nothing of the kind. You can take my name and address,” said the women, who had evidently expected the challenge and knew the reply.

“You must take the dog out-that is my order.”

“ I won’t go on the top in such weather. It would kill me,” said the woman.

“Certainly not,” said her lady companion. “ You have got a cough as it is.”

“It is nonsense”, said her male companion.

The conductor pulled the bell and the bus stopped.

“This bus does not go on until that dog is brought out.” And he stepped on the pavement and waited. It was his moment of triumph. He had the law on his side and a bus-full of angry people under his thumb. His embittered soul was having a real holiday.

The storm inside rose high. “Shameful”, Why is not he in the army ?” “Call the police,” “Let us all report him,” “Let us make him give us our fares back,” “Yes, that is it, let us make him give us our fares back.” Everybody was on the side of the lady and the dog. That little animal sat blinking at the dim lights in happy unconsciousness of the rumpus of which he was the cause.

The conductor came to the door. “What is your number?” said one taking out a pocket-book, with a gesture of terrible things, “There is my number,” said the conductor imperturbably. “Give us our fares back – you have engaged to carry us – you can not leave us here all right.” No fares back,” said the conductor.

Two or three of the passengers got out and disappeared into the night. The conductor took another turn on the pavement, then went and had a talk with the driver. Another bus, the last on the road, sailed by, indifferent to the shouts of the passengers to stop. “They stick by each other, the villains,” was the comment.

Some one pulled the bell violently. That brought the driver round to the door. “Who’s conductor of this bus ?” He said, and paused for a reply. None coming, he returned to his seat and resumed beating his arms across his chest. There was no hope in that quarter. A policeman strolled up and looked in at the door. An avalanche of indignant protests and appeals burst on him. “Well, he has got his rules you know, he said generally. “Give your name and address,” “That is what he is being offered and he won’t take it.” “Oh”, said the policeman, and he went away and took his stand a few yards down the street, where he was joined by two more constables.

And still the little dog blinked at the lights, and the conductor walked to and from on the pavement like a captain on the quarter – deck in the hour of victory. A young woman whose vice had risen high above the gale inside, descended on him with an air of threatening and slaughter. He was immovable as cold as the night and hard as the pavement. She passed on in a fury of importance to the three policemen who stood like a group of statuary up the street watching the drama. Then she came back, imperviously beckoned her “Young man” who had sat a silent witness of her rage, and vanished.

Others followed. The bus was emptying. Even the dashing young fellow who had demanded the number, and who had declared he would see this thing through if he sat there all night, had taken an opportunity to slip away.

Meanwhile the Pekinese party was passing through every stage of resistance to abject surrender. “I will go on the top,” said the sealskin lady at last. “You must not.” “I will”. “You will have pneumonia”. “Let me take it” (This from the man.) Certainly not – she would die with her dog”. When she had disappeared up the stairs the conductor came back, pulled the bell, and the bus went on. He stood sourly triumphant while his conduct was savagely discussed in his face by the remnant of the party.

Then the engine struck work, and the conductor went to the help of the driver. It was a long job, and presently the lady with the dog stole down the stairs and re-entered the bus. When the engine was put right the conductor came back and pulled the bell. Then his eye fell on the dog and his hand went to the bell-rope again. The driver looked around, the conductor pointed to the dog, the bus stopped, and the struggle recommenced with all the original features, the conductor walking the pavement, the driver smacking his arms on the box, the little dog blinking at the lights, the sealskin lady declaring that she would not go on the top and finally going.

Questions :

Which theory of motivation do use to motivate the bus crew ? why

If you were the conductor what would you do ?

If you were the lady with the pet dog, what would you do ?

Role play (a) conversation between the conductor and the lady with sealskin, (b) between policemen and the fellow passengers, and (c) between the conductor and the driver.

Details

1. Case study solved answers

2. pdf/word

3. Fully Solved with answers