

# TARGET

## Intelligence Report

VOLUME XXIII No. 227

T H U R S D A Y

October 26, 2023

### Travelling with TARGET

PART II OF V

#### The Horror Of Hilton Glasgow

The journey from Glasgow Airport to Hilton Glasgow was nothing more than a hop, skip and a jump.

On arrival at the entrance driveway of Hilton Glasgow, the journey to the hotel, having been afforded by an experienced, uniformed chauffeur in the pay of Emirates Airlines – also driving a luxurious, black, seven-seater Mercedes-Benz motor vehicle, very similar to the vehicle that had transported this scribe from his Hongkong home to Hongkong International Airport – it was, indeed, a day to be remembered for many years to come!

Because, amongst other things, at the entrance driveway of Hilton Glasgow, one was confronted by an unexpected shock.

*how best to spend your vacation money*

Printed by: TARGET Newspapers Ltd

Suite 2901, 29th Floor, Bank of America Tower, Number 12, Harcourt Road, Central, Hongkong.

Telephone Number: 2573-0379 Facsimile Number: 2838-1597 E-Mail Address: editor@targetnewspapers.com

TARGET Website Address: www.targetnewspapers.com

NOT TO BE REPRODUCED IN ANY FORM OR MANNER IN PART OR AS A WHOLE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN LICENCE OF THE PUBLISHER

# Travelling with TARGET

Lo and behold! There was nobody to welcome this medium's arrival at the so-called, four-star hotel, along with a total of six pieces of luggage in tow, for the beginning of a three-week journey to discover some of the many attributes of The United Kingdom.

With six pieces of luggage, standing on the pavement, a few feet or so from the entrance door of the hotel, this weary traveller rushed inside the hotel in order to try to obtain the assistance of the concierge ... or somebody else with regard to bringing the luggage into the confines of the hotel.

A young lady, standing behind the counter of the hotel's reception lounge, explained.

*'He's (the concierge) not on duty, just now.'*

There was, then, a 20-second pause, followed by:

*'Why do you want him?'*

This medium exclaimed:

*'I need somebody to help me take my six pieces of luggage into the hotel!'*

The lady questioned:

*'Are you a guest of the hotel?'*

*(cont'd)*

*how best to spend your vacation money*

# Travelling with TARGET

This scribe replied in a somewhat louder than usual, sarcastic voice:

*'That was my intension!'*

The lady responded:

*'Well, the concierge is not available. Much too early!'*

This righteous lady, then, studied something under a counter, obviously determined not to take any more notice of the person, standing in front of her.

Then, out of the *'mist'* of the rather large lounge of the ground floor of the hotel, a tall man emerged and, having heard but a small part of the conversation between the lady, standing behind the hotel's (information) counter and this scribe, and having taken note of the situation in respect of the six pieces of luggage, still standing on the pavement, outside the hotel's door, things started to move ... but at a snail's pace.

The tall man was, as it turned out, the concierge, himself!

Within about the next 10 minutes or so, the luggage was brought into the lobby of the hotel with the definitive instructions of this tall man to some employee of the hotel.

At last, the luggage found seeming safety as far as this flustered traveller assumed.

*(cont'd)*

*how best to spend your vacation money*

# Travelling with TARGET

With the luggage, now, in a safe place, the concierge replaced the righteous lady behind the hotel's reception counter – the lady who had said that the concierge had not been available – he scanned the list of (incoming) guests and, having confirmed this medium's name on the hotel's register, he said:

*'You are too early! Your room could be made available at about three o'clock. I'll have to see.'*

The time, being about one o'clock in the afternoon, the concierge pointed to a distant part of the lobby, suggesting, by hand signals, only, that that was the area where one must wait until this medium's room could be made available: At about three o'clock, one could speculate, taking the concierge at his word.

That part of the lounge, pointed out at the far end of the hotel's lobby, was, in fact, part bar and part restaurant, combined.

This medium ordered a cup of tea.

And waited, and waited, and waited ... until four o'clock!

During those three hours of doing nothing, this medium had noted, amongst other things, a virtual sea of obesity, men and women, alike.

In the two nights that this medium was forced, through circumstance, to stay at Hilton Glasgow, it was only too obvious that the obesity, of the vast numbers of the population of this part of The United Kingdom, was due, in large part, to the diet-related devouring of various starchy foodstuffs, such as copious amounts of bread, deep-fried potatoes, fast-foods, sugars, etc, etc, etc.

*(cont'd)*

*how best to spend your vacation money*

# Travelling with TARGET

On the first night of the stay at Hilton Glasgow, this medium slept the sleep of the innocent, due to the tiring 24-hour journey from Hongkong to The United Kingdom.

Upon awakening, on carefully studying the surroundings, this medium was surprised to learn that the interior size of the bedroom was hardly 200 square feet.

There was not even one chair in the room on which to sit.

In the bathroom, there was little that could be said other than there was the barest of essentials for an individual, let alone a family, not even a toothbrush, some toothpaste, a comb, etc, etc, etc.

In short, the room, in which I had fallen asleep, the night before, was something of the order of the Management of the hotel, cutting up one room into two smaller rooms in order 'cheat' the unwary – and claiming that it was a suite!

The walk from the hotel to the centre of the city was something of another shock: It was the revelation of the economy of this part of the United Kingdom that had seen much better days.

By the end of the day, horror upon horror caused one shock after another to be manifested.

In the centre of the city, under one underpass and round one corner, other men and women lay, or sat, on the pavement, begging for money from passers-by – but in the silence of the day, but exuding their obvious plight.

*(cont'd)*

*how best to spend your vacation money*

# Travelling with TARGET

It appeared, by the look of the beggars, that not one of them was older than forty years.

In Milan, Italy, this medium had seen beggars by the dozens in most areas where people walked or shopped, with many of them, sleeping underneath doorways of the city when it was too late in the evening, or when they were just too worn out to continuing begging.

But, in Glasgow, located in West Central Scotland, with a human population of about 612,040, men, women and children, it was a pitiful sight to see men and women, being caused through their individual circumstances, having to beg for handouts from passers-by at the entrance of Glasgow City.

This medium's walkabout in Glasgow had started at ten o'clock in the morning and ended at five o'clock in the afternoon.

On returning to the hotel's room, to which I had to spend just one more night, to this writer's amazement, the room had not been entered at all by any member of the management of the hotel.

There were no clean towels; the bed linen lay as it had been when I first awoke in the early morning; and, the room smelled as does the morning's grass, following a short morning shower.

*(cont'd)*

*how best to spend your vacation money*

# Travelling with TARGET

Telephoning management of the hotel and explaining that which this scribe considered a dire situation, the answer came back:

*'We have been very busy, today. We have other peoples' concerns, also.'*

Hurriedly, this scribe rushed down to the front desk, asking about the situation with regard to the unmade bedroom, the absence of clean towels ... and so on.

That which was explained was that there were too many rooms with insufficient people to look after most of them.

It had been in excess of seven hours that the bedroom had been in a terrible state, without even one clean towel let alone that the room had not been cleaned and the bed sheets had not been changed.

This scribe, then, made a suggestion at the front desk that, since this scribe would be leaving the hotel, early the next morning, to present me with some clean towels, a toilet roll, a tissue box – and that I would not bother Management with regard to anything else.

With that, I did not await a reply and finalised the conversation in a flash.

About 10 minutes later, a young man knocked on the door of my room with a handful of towels under his arm and said something along the lines:

*'Having a good day?'*

*(cont'd)*

*how best to spend your vacation money*

# Travelling with TARGET

The reply to this inane question was that this medium had learned a great deal of the situation at Glasgow City, as well as how Management of Hilton Glasgow operates.

Thereupon, an elderly lady made her way into this scribe's bedroom, without so much as a knock on the door, and started to put things in some semblance of order (even partially arranging some of the bed linen) – all in about five minutes.

The following morning, on paying the bill for my two days' stay in the hotel, I was asked by the clerk:

*'Did you enjoy your stay in the hotel?'*

I replied:

*'This is the worst hotel in which I have ever had to stay.*

*I wonder whether or not all Hilton hotels are as bad as this one.*

*'This hotel is a nightmare!*

*'There were so many problems that I had to endure, during my short stay, that I do not have the time, or inclination, even to describe them at this time.*

*'Suffice it to say: Goodbye!'*

*how best to spend your vacation money*