

Intelligence Report

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TUESDAY

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Travelling with TARGET

PART V OF V

London Marriott Hotel County Hall vs <u>Mandarin Oriental Hyde Park London</u>

The short walk from the pedestrian pavement to the entrance of the London Marriott Hotel County Hall, one could not but be inspired on viewing the attractiveness of the seeming grandeur of the hotel – because it is, really, outstanding.

But the attractiveness of the London Marriott Hotel County Hall started to wear off the moment that one determined to walk up the few steps to the interior of the hotel.

Two scruffy, uniformed male employees of the hotel appeared to be swapping jokes

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at the entrance, oblivious, it seemed, of the fact that this medium was inclined to enter the hotel.

When asked as to where one could find the Coffee Shop of the hotel, one of these gentlemen, pointed in the general direction of the hotel building – without any seeming interference with regard to the midst of his jocular exchanges with his companion.

On entering the hotel, this scribe asked a passing gentleman as to the direction of the Coffee Shop, the gentleman answered: '*I*, *really*, *don't* know ... *I* could never find *it*, *myself*!'

Down a passageway, another gentleman, one dressed in that which appeared to be the uniform of the hotel, again the same question: '*Can you please tell me: "Where is the Coffee Shop*",'.

He replied: 'You can have a drink, here! This is the bar: We serve drinks.'

When it was explained that this medium wanted to get something to eat and to drink, not necessarily, imbibing alcoholic drinks, the gentleman pointed to another room, attached to the bar, without another word.

On entering the attached room to the bar, an elderly lady, on learning that this scribe required the services of the hotel to provide food and drink, she asked: '*What is your name?*'

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Satisfied with the spelling of the name – three times repeated – that this scribe had received on being born, this lady determined to escort the named male to a table ... and, then, disappeared in a puff of smoke, so to speak, not to be seen, again.

At about two o'clock on that hot day, being very thirsty and somewhat peckish, after scanning the menu on the table, to which this scribe had been assigned, a steak was ordered along with a large bottle of cold water.

Half an hour later, all that appeared on the table was a large bottle of cold water.

The wait continued.

At about a quarter to three o'clock, still no food appeared on the table.

On an enquiry as to whether or not the food would ever appear, a passing waitress, who was carrying a large number of knives, forks and spoons, destined to find the cutleries' resting places in a drawer, and dressed in a uniform that appeared to have seen better days, was somewhat nonplussed to understand about this scribe's suggestive problem of the fact of the non-appearance of the steak that had been ordered.

Then, as luck would have it, in a far corner of the room, there, on a food lift, was one small steak on a plate.

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To give credit where it was due, it was the passing waitress that made the discovery of the steak on a plate in a far corner of the room.

The one, small steak turned out to be just that which had been ordered some time earlier, and it had been completely forgotten – obviously.

Without much ado, a portion of the steak was hurriedly devoured and, on paying the required amount of money for the steak and the single bottle of water, this scribe hurriedly left without so much as a '*Goodbye*' from anybody.

At The Rosebery of The Mandarin Oriental

On enlightening from a taxi outside the Mandarin Oriental Hyde Park London at about half past three in that afternoon, a smartly dressed doorman assisted this medium out of the taxi and explained as to the direction of The Rosebery.

It was in this room on the ground floor of the hotel that had been reserved for this medium to partake of the Afternoon Tea Set.

Seated at an assigned table, overlooking Number 66, Knightsbridge, a very charming Filipino lady, the waitress of the table, as it turned out, took the trouble to give comprehensive explanations in respect of the ingredients of the Afternoon Tea Set.

When it was time for this lady to leave for the day, she took the trouble to say, *'Goodbye*', a much-appreciated farewell.

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Time seemed to fly as numerous kinds of very small sandwiches appeared, all carefully and daintily prepared, and then replaced by another round of slightly different sandwiches.

And, then, six homemade scones appeared, along with clotted cream, accompanied by three kinds of homemade jams.

And, if that had not been a sufficiency of food, there was still a plate eight different kinds of cakes to be sampled (all of which were certain to increase one's weight if one was not very careful).

From quite a number of different teas, one had been selected and, in order to make certain that the tea was always hot, it was changed from time to time – without having to be asked.

Nothing, it appeared, was too much for Management of this hotel to make certain that its guests were completely happy with their lot.

Mandarin Oriental Hyde Park London is a far cry from that which had been dished up at the London Marriott Hotel County Hall, to be sure, since, in the opinion of this scribe, the London Marriott Hotel County Hall was on a par with the Hilton Glasgow.

And this scribe has made a promise never to set foot to either hotel.

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