

## Lights Out

I was in Dublin a while ago staying in a very nice hotel right in the centre of the city. Like many hotels that I have found outside of North America the hallways are always dark. There is usually a button at the end of the hallway that turns the lights on when pressed. The lights stay on for a few minutes to allow you to find the door to your room and then the lights go off automatically. A sensible way to save energy and help the hotel with their bottom line.

It was a Sunday morning and I had arisen at 6:00 a.m. to go and meet friends from London who were staying at the Shelbourne Hotel. I knew they were early risers so I showered, dressed and was ready to walk over to see them at their hotel. I left my room, closed the door and found that the hallway was in complete darkness. I couldn't see a thing. When I had checked into my room the night before I noticed that there was a button just outside my door that would turn on the lights for their 3-minute tour of duty. I ran my hand along the wall, found a button and pushed. That's when all hell broke loose. What I did not realize was that there was a second button that had been insanely placed right beside the light switch. This second button set off the fire alarm and that is the one that I had pressed. The cacophony created by the clanging of all the fire alarms in the hotel was ear shattering. Fortunately, the lights went on automatically when the fire alarm sounded and I could at least see. I ran to the front desk and explained that I had set off the fire alarm by mistake and could you please turn it off. They explained that they can not turn off the fire alarm. Once a fire alarm goes off only the fire department could turn it off and they were on their way right now.

People were pouring out on to the street in their night clothes and I couldn't detect one of them who had a cheerful look on their face. They became aware that I was the idiot who had caused all the confusion and I was receiving a lot of hostile stares. Feeling unwanted I sulked off and headed to the Shelbourne Hotel to find my friends. I found them standing outside the hotel as they had already had breakfast and were waiting for the start of a coach tour. We chatted for a while and then they were off on their tour and I walked back to my hotel.

Breakfast was included in the room rate where I was staying so I went to the dining room for something to eat. The room was full of bleary eyed guests and I received no hearty, "How do you do's" as I sat down at an empty table. I was wishing I had brought the flashlight from home that the young girl had sold me.



**Brad McInnes**  
**YMASC President 1970 - 1971**

