

# on Jurys

**'My last night at the city's famed hotel'**

*Evening Echo reporter LYNDA CONNOLLY checked into Jurys to check out the atmosphere on the hotel's last night.*

**IT was business as usual at Jurys Hotel last night.**

But there was no escaping the sad and nostalgic atmosphere that hung over the building as staff took orders and checked the last guests in before closing for massive refurbishment works.

The mood was broken occasionally as the odd rugby supporter, who had booked in to watch yesterday's big match, broke into laughter or started a sing song.

About 60 guests booked in for the last night at the landmark hotel.

At noon today the building closed officially and after the usual clean-up it was on to the Thirsty Scholar for staff to share memories and stories over the last after-work-drink.

The Glandore Restaurant served dinner to around 20 guests last night before closing at 9pm. Steak and salmon made it on to the final menu and it reopened for the last time this morning so guests could have their full Irish breakfast.

Kavanagh's traditional pub was quiet last night, with around 15 people having a drink and no band playing

It is hard to imagine Cork without Jurys, as it has been such a city fixture for the past 30 years. School debs, dinner dances, weddings, parties, presentations, conferences, fashion shows — how many events have we all attended here throughout the years?

The existing hotel will be demolished to make way for the new four-star hotel by O'Callaghan Properties with 257 apartments. They will be located in five blocks reaching as high as nine storeys.

The new hotel should open for business in the autumn of 2006.

One member of staff, who has been working at the hotel for the past 23 years, said: "It's not going to really hit us until next week, when the pay-cheques stop coming in.

"I've made some great friends here and it's sad that it's all over. But it's the people with mortgages and young families that we are all really concerned about. They're the ones who are really feeling the pressure."

Although ingredients in the restaurant and drinks in the pub ran low last night, staff kept a smile on their face and it was easy to see why this place will be sadly missed.

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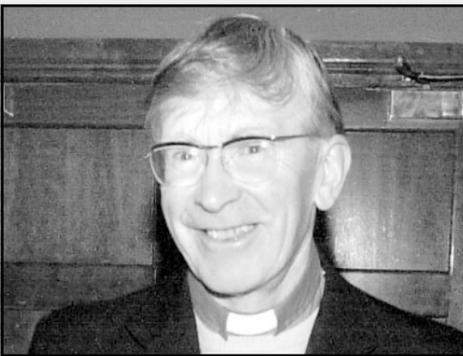
## JURYSMEMORIES



● **ROBIN O'SULLIVAN**, president of Cork Chamber of Commerce, said: "I have great memories of the hotel that go back to the days when it was The Intercontinental.

"It has been a huge part of Cork's business and social life for many years. I have special memories of functions that were held there and the visiting stars who would end up holding sing-songs.

"I remember an extra special night when baritone, John Hauxvell, started one of these sessions."



● **BISHOP John Buckley** said:

"Over the years I've been invited to many functions at Jurys Hotel and it's always been an enjoyable experience.

"When I think about memories from the hotel I'll always remember the kindness, courtesy and friendliness of the staff.

"Over the years it has always been a warm and welcoming place. I want to wish all the staff all the best for the future and happiness in their lives, at work and home."



● **ENTERTAINER Joe Mac**, said: "I have great memories of the place. I regularly dine there and in fact, I booked myself in last night for a farewell dinner.

"I've been going there since the 60s, back when it was The Intercontinental Hotel.

"Over the years I've made many friends there and it's always been a very warm, comfortable and friendly place.

"I wish all the staff the very best."

## O'Shea on Monday

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*ROBERT O'SHEA on staying awake to watch a programme about sleep*

WHILE half-snoozing in front of the TV some night a few weeks back, I found myself watching one of those interactive infotainment shows that the BBC seems so enamoured with.

The moustachioed face of the ubiquitous Prof. Robert Winston was filling the screen for most of it.

Now I'm as much a sucker for popular science masquerading as prime-time entertainment as the next chimpanzee, but there is something about Winston that rubs me up the wrong way. I think it's his moustache.

Winston's childlike excitement for his subjects is delivered in an incredibly boring lispy drawl. One of the few things I recall about the programme is that an obese woman with a snoring problem was told to put a bra on backwards and to have her husband fill its cups with tennis balls before going to sleep. It worked: She stopped snoring, but at the expense of getting any sleep at all. A poke in the eye for science, you'll agree.

The programme was about sleep, and how most of us do not get enough of it. A one-and-a-half-hour show, it could have been on for 30 minutes shorter if Winston hadn't spent much of it asking for audience participation. Every few minutes his big fuzzy head would appear and say: "Now it is time for you to take part at home. Don't worry if you don't have an interactive TV because you can also do this with a pencil and a piece of paper. Otherwise, just press the red button."

Personally, the button I always press to help me get more sleep is the biggest one on my clock-radio and is inscribed with — in big, comfortable letters — the word SNOOZE.

Supplementing the alarm, there is usually a parent or partner willing to interrupt your peaceful shut-eye in the morning. These people, who claim to love you, finally reveal themselves as sadists. They hover at the end of the bed, pretending to be delivering socks or something to your cupboard and make the outrageous claim (which will be interpreted by our sleeper as "wuggle, wuggle, wuggle.") that this is the third time they have called you. They then go away, before returning two seconds later (in real time: four minutes later) all indignant about something or other. Peer out at them from under the covers and say: "I'm getting up. I'm just thinking." Do not feign the removing of the duvet to fool them, as any movement at this delicate stage could lead to sudden awakening.

"What are you thinking about?" they may ask you. "Impillimp...alimma.." I usually, wittily reply.

If you live alone, it is worse. The undeniably evil sound of the alarm forces you to fumble your hand from beneath the bedcovers each morning and slam your fist down upon the snooze button. At nine-minute intervals.

You are soon bargaining with yourself for the five minutes before it is 'absolutely necessary' to rise. Then the clock shows 8:28 and there really is

little point in getting up until a round number, like say 8:30 or noon appears.

Some people set their clocks forward by 20 minutes or so, because they like to look at the time in the morning and realise they have another 30 minutes of sleep and satisfyingly roll over half-chuckling, half-snoring about how they have cheated time. The logic is baffling, but never underestimate the stupidity of the early morning mind.

Sniff under the covers: "I don't need a shower," you tell yourself, "I can have a bath tonight." Rub your chin: "Designer stubble's coming back." As for breakfast, didn't you have a sandwich last night? There's no point in being at work if you are too tired to be of any use. You smile as you imagine arriving in to work at 9.30 and your boss saying: "You should have been here at 8 o'clock." To which the only reply possible will be: "Why? What happened at 8?" Then you can stifle a yawn and mutter something about research for this article. Next, you're getting a promotion from your boss for innovations in the area of sleep management and Cindy will ask you to get into the shower to scrub her back and is just about to disrobe when... the alarm stirs you again and it really is time to get up.

There has been reassuring news for slug-a-beds from Dutch scientist Gerard Kerkhof. He's discovered that late sleepers can blame their genes and claims that humans are divided into owls and larks. The body clocks of early risers appear to be set two hours earlier than their late rising counterparts.

Us owls, also find it difficult to take an early night, as our body clocks will want us to stay up for another two hours. This can lead to intense staring at the ceiling in the wee hours in bed if you haven't laced your toothpaste with whiskey. If you are not alone in bed, it is likely that you will resent your unconscious partner. The best thing to do in this situation is to give them a thump so that you can complain to them about not being able to sleep. Alternatively, lift their eyelids open and check out that rapid eye movement.

Remember to wait until they are smiling before you wake them, as this will be when they are happy in their dream. Show no mercy! These very same people will be trying to rouse you from your gentle slumber in the morning. And if they're snoring, well, revenge is a bra best served with tennis balls.

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