

### Irish Examiner Monday



**Keep it casual**  
Workplace  
dress to  
follow the  
presidential  
couple's  
relaxed  
model  
**Features**

### Graveyard humour

**Grin & Bear**  
It exhibition  
raises  
chuckles  
at the  
Glucksman  
gallery  
**Arts**



**Deer, oh deer**  
Naturalists  
spot the  
rapidly  
breeding mini  
deer muntjac  
**Outdoors**



### Champions

**Will**  
**United**  
continue  
their  
dominance in  
Manchester?  
**Sport**



**LOVIN' FEELING:** The courtship of the gannet taken in May on the Saltees, Co Wexford, part of Sheena Jolley's exhibition at the Inishbofin Arts Festival in Co Galway from today until Monday. The festival is community based with music, visual arts, workshops, arts and crafts and exhibitions.

Picture: Sheena Jolley

# Police on alert for 'roo on the hop

USA: Police in New York state were on the alert yesterday for a missing kangaroo which has been on the run for the past month.

According to the online newspaper The Oneida Daily, the one-metre tall marsupial escaped his cage in the town of Chittenango, some 400km west of Manhattan, and has been foot-loose ever since.

The animal was spotted on Wednesday by motorists in the neighbouring town of Canastota, but a police search failed to turn up the critter.

Out of an abundance of caution, authorities urged citizens to take great care in approaching the animal, even though the kangaroo was not considered dangerous.

ENGLAND: A teenager was ordered to do unpaid work after a fancy dress prank backfired, police said. Nadeem Nowrunga, aged 18,

of King's Lynn, Norfolk, went to a college dressed in combat uniform and carrying what appeared to be a machine gun, said a Norfolk police spokeswoman.

Nowrunga had dressed up to mark Red Nose Day on March 12 — but the practical joke caused alarm as it came a day after 15 people had been gunned down in a German school.

ENGLAND: Six "nuns" caused a stir among tourists and office workers when they absailed down a West End theatre.

The stunt, which took place outside the London Palladium, was pulled by producers of the new stage version of Sister Act, including Whoopi Goldberg.

The absailers, clad in full habits and patent stilettos, scaled the building.

USA: The world's oldest dog proved she was a real party animal by



celebrating her 21st birthday with a big bash and a cake, a Guinness World Records spokesman said.

But Chanel, a dachshund from New York, is not quite as sprightly as a human 21-year-old — she has cataracts, suffers from the cold and her hair has turned white.

It is no wonder she is getting a bit frail, her estimated age in dog years — based on the canine ageing process — is 147.

ENGLAND: A 90-year-old woman described how she put her 1940s' midwife training into practice to deliver her own great-granddaughter.

Margaret Jones thought her days of being a midwife were over, until her granddaughter Kathy Shah, 32, went into labour and called for help last Friday.

Despite having two artificial hips and not having delivered a baby since the 1950s, Ms Jones, from Malmesbury, Wiltshire, went to her granddaughter's aid, and successfully helped bring 7lb 7oz Carys into the world.

USA: Beachcombers found more than seashells while strolling on a Texas shoreline — more than 20

neatly wrapped packages of cocaine were lying on the sand.

Police said drug smugglers have been known to use freighters and the cocaine may have been kicked overboard to avoid detection.

The sheriff's department was working with federal agencies to try to determine the source of the cocaine, worth about €370,000.

USA: A cow that escaped from a New York abattoir may have won a new chance to live.

The black heifer bolted and wandered in the Queens district for nearly a mile before police captured it an hour later and took it to an animal centre, where it was nicknamed Molly.

Officials there are looking into whether Molly can be placed at a farm sanctuary or must be returned for slaughter. It depends on whether anyone claims her.

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## There's always someone better off

**S**URELY the Lotto is nature's most humbling and amazing force: more powerful than an angry social partner, more miraculous than a nicotine patch, more life-changing than a full Steve Austin bionic reconstruction.

What else can yank us, in the twinkling of an eye, out of our dismal lives of education/exploitation/expiration and into a state of grace in a leisured world of idleness and luxury?

Multiple mortgage-free homes, Bugattis for all the family, wristwatches made of pure plutonium... these are the plans that burble from the gleeful lips of Lotto winners, and rightly so.

Of course, there are always the tedious few who proudly declaim that the cash won't change them, that they'll report into Mr Burkett in Hayes Haberdashery at 9am on Monday, same as they have for the past 90 years. These people don't deserve to win and should be made to give the money back — or better still, to convert their lately acquired fortunes into fivers and throw the whole damn lot into the air, ideally right outside the Irish Examiner offices on Lapps Quay.

We've all heard the depressing statistics about the futility of even buying a ticket, how the odds are so low that you're more likely to be hit by lightning or squashed by Elvis landing a flying saucer on your head. Well thanks a heap, mathematics! Do you mind if we dream a little dream over here?

And what is the Lotto after all but the very stuff of dreams, magical divine selection, the hand of Zeus lifting you into the clouds and dropping you gently into Jennifer Aniston's arms, somewhere in Malibu. C'mon, Jen's still hot, you know she is.

But here's the thing. There are people, believe it or not, to whom these delirious Lotto fantasies would seem quite pathetic. Take, say, Barry O'Callaghan. A recent estimate values the 39-year-old



**Hugh Tynan**

### The Last Word

publishing and software mogul at almost €350 million — so the average Lotto jackpot, to him, is about as exciting as winning a Christmas turkey would be to me (note: I have never won a Christmas turkey). Beside such colossi, we are monkeys in the zoo, munching happily on the slugs we pick from our mangy proletarian hides.

We can take some consolation in the existence of people like Sean Quinn, who's apparently worth €2.5 billion. I like to think that the O'Callaghans of this world look at the Quinns and think, enviously: "Flash gits, nobody needs that much money." Because in the end, there's always someone better off than you. Exactly how much is enough? And how long is a piece of string, anyway?

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