

Travel restrictions all the rage

Airport security has reached a ridiculous new height, but it isn't going to stop the terrorists and their bombs—just grannies and their face cream



JONN
KMECH

This upcoming weekend marks a series of odes to great travellers across North America. In the US, they celebrate Columbus Day, a tribute to a great explorer and *genocidaire*, as well as Leif Erikson Day. Here in the Great White North, we celebrate Thanksgiving, a holiday linked back to both those crazy puritan Pilgrims and our own Marty Frobisher, responsible for an early prelude to the Bre-X scandal and the Newfoundland harvest festival to which we trace our holiday today.

These men braved months at sea, overcame immense obstacles and gave sexually transmitted diseases to entire populations of Native Americans in order to “discover” new lands and claim them as their own. They did this due to lax travel restrictions, an absence of food and a willingness to take advantage of naïveté. Unfortunately, only two of these remain today in modern long-distance travel—and you can likely guess which ones.

This past weekend, while preparing myself for a flight to Ottawa, I forgot a small bottle of Swiss Army cologne in my carry-on bag. On

arrival at security and after a somewhat uncomfortable frisking due to my belt buckle setting off that damn machine, the pushy airport employee searched my bag, discovered the *eau de toilette* and promptly confiscated it. I could get it back when I returned, she said, at a cost of \$1 per day. For some reason, I was then escorted back through the machine, once again setting it off, which led to another search.

However, this didn't frustrate me as much as seeing bags of hand lotion and hair gel left behind on the security table. The world's a scary place when normal citizens are forced on long plane rides with cracked hands and dry, lifeless hair.

Due to the averted July terror scare, all liquids, gels and aerosols are banned on flights unless they're under 90ml and can fit into a small plastic bag. My own forgetfulness caused me to lose my sweet-smelling cologne, yet my shoes weren't searched at all. Are they any less of a threat now than they were back in the good old days when Richard Reid was trying to blow up his Converse instead of breaking rocks and biting his pillow under maximum security?

In this continually heightened security atmosphere, there seems to be trend towards terror “buzz” items that were the rumoured payload in the most recent threat. Airports latch onto and ruthlessly search for these objects. This ignores the fact that if

terrorists know that liquids are now prime targets, they won't risk jeopardizing their mission. The al-Qaeda brigades will move onto some other scheme, while the rest of us still have to use an entire bottle of face cream in two minutes while our cans of Coke are safely detonated. In the case of the shoes, while the argument could be made that increased technology may have improved detection somewhat, it still can't make up for a human search and currently, those humans are all focused on liquids.

Likely, the regulations will be relaxed in a few months and the airports will find another dire concern. Of course, the threat from liquid explosives will still be there, just as it always was. Indeed, potentially everything could be made into a bomb—so why stop at liquids? We could have the Food Bomb scare, thus banning all food. Eventually, we'll have a Boxer-Briefs Bomber and the blue-jean jihadists, thereby removing all garments and undergarments from the planes. Eventually, we'll all be on 16-hour flights naked with no luggage and forced to stare straight ahead at all times. The threat will be reduced and we won't be hassled anymore.

That is, until some unfortunate bastard gets caught with a condom full of C4 up his ass and we're all subject to mandatory cavity searches—a problem we wouldn't have if they would have let us keep our toothpaste to begin with.

Make this Thanksgiving relatively enjoyable



ROBB
MYROON

The table has been set with the finest China and the polished silverware has even been brought out. Multiple succulent aromas fill your nostrils: a plump and juicy turkey, steaming mashed potatoes, homemade stuffing—and of course, the pumpkin pie that's just been pulled out of the oven. Ah yes, it must be Thanksgiving.

Typically, this is the first visit back home for those away from their families, and a visit from the relatives for everyone for the first time since—well, it's been a while and that's all that matters. While I enjoy the holidays as much as everyone else, they have an unparalleled effect of bringing together loved ones along with the not-so-loved ones.

Everyone has at least one in their family and many have more: the annoying, rude or (insert derogatory adjective here) relative. Either way, we all have one, and often he or she is the last person in the world you would like to see. But, they're family, so they will inevitably be around this Thanksgiving weekend.

While arguably the only way to avoid them completely is premeditated murder, there are less brutal and more law-abiding methods for keeping them at a safe distance over the holidays. Once this buffer zone is established, feel free to laugh and point at the others who have unwittingly become victims.

The most effective technique for warding off this unwanted relative is to begin an elongated, controversial and—most importantly—offensive conversation. Extra points if the topic brought up relates to them personally and in a highly negative manner. One way to pick the perfect topic that will send them running is to know their history of emotionally scarring events. Perhaps their cat ran away and was found dead in the street a week later, so tell the story about how you just ran over some fuzzy creature on the way over. And don't forget to mention that it felt great.

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If the history is vague, work on a chronic medical disease. Pour a few drinks and discuss your new-found love of waterfalls in the case of the overactive bladder; if you're lucky and find yourself talking with a hypochondriac, you can really have some fun with it. Personally, I rather enjoy

leprosy, but to maximize your taunting arsenal, skim over that old medical dictionary before the big day.

Sometimes the awkward conversation won't drive them away, but fear not, other methods can prevail. Look to move the discussion towards a large group of people. Chances are your sketchy subject is a contagious one and the talk will overtake the entire group, forcing a lively and heated debate. Once this has begun, simply ignore the person you're trying to avoid, and constantly face in the opposite direction. Remember, exclusion is much more powerful in numbers.

Hopefully, the dreaded relative will sulk away, feeling as though he or she is not contributing to what is being said. If this doesn't occur, however, simply leave the conversation on your own—and with that many people talking, the insufferable relation in question won't even know that you're gone.

If this too proves ineffective, emergency manoeuvres must be taken. At this point, ethics can now be thrown right out the window—and be sure to check your pride at the door as well. Fake a call from your girlfriend, even if you're a girl. Pretend you have massive indigestion and spend the night playing poker on your cellphone in the bathroom. Suddenly start yelling uncontrollably, just as long as the relative is not in a medical institution as well. Do whatever is necessary to achieve a peaceful, annoying-uncle-free state.

Follow these guidelines and you should be in the clear, at least until the out-of-control-shouting emergency situation. Try to hold off on this one until after dessert though, for as much as avoiding that relative is important, having a piece of that pumpkin pie is a must for a good Thanksgiving.



OUR WEEKLY LINEUP

Mini Burger Mondays:

Cure that case of the “Mondays” with 99¢ mini burgers and \$10 jugs. House Rules Apply. 7pm to close

Karaoke Tuesdays:

Downstairs in the LIBRARY. Like Canadian Idol, only our \$8.99 nachos are cheesier than Ben Mulroney. 7pm to close

Wing Wednesdays:

Get in V-formation and migrate to the land o' 25¢ wings. House Rules Apply 7pm to close

Loonie Thursdays:

\$1 Draught downstairs in the LIBRARY. Celebrate the invention of the loonie. 7pm to close

Finally Fridays: Extended Happy Hour.

“True North strong and nearly free” 3pm to 9pm

S.O.S. Saturdays:

\$2 Highballs downstairs in the LIBRARY. Your wallet is sending out an S.O.S. – Save On Spirits. 9pm to midnight

Music Trivia Sundays:

Test your music IQ. No studying required. \$15 Buckets of Domestic beer! 7pm to close

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EVERY DAY IS CANADA DAY