

Sushi, Martha, and the Business Pub: Help!

I have to admit that I wasn't in the best of shape when I volunteered for what turned out to be a pleasant experience. And I have my good friend Marla (a.k.a. Martha) MacDonald to thank.

It was the night before they were to arrive (March 31, 1990 as I recall); they being ten Japanese student Model United Nations delegates. martha was frantically

tearing around "Myron's" trying to find "just one more" billet for our arriving guests. That's where I came in. Of course I said yes. What is a I supposed to say?

The phone call came at 10:30 the next morning; Sunday morning that is. It was Martha. Was I ready to go to the airport? They would be landing shortly. Airport, I thought. What Airport? Who was arriving? And why was

Martha Phoning me at so early in the morning? Then I remembered. I had more less offered into taking a billet. Way to go Martha, I thought. You are a lot smarter than I ever gave you credit for.

That's how it started. I didn't even know if they could speak english and I knew that I couldn't speak Japanese. What a week it was going to be!

When I arrived at the airport, they were already waiting. They looked as nervous as I felt. Someone said to me, this is your billet. Her name is Ekio. (Pronounced Ache-o) Well, I have to pronounce her name correctly. Instead, I called her Mable. Not a bad substitute, eh?

My mother was away when Ekio arrived. Needless to say, Ekio ate at Martha's house. Ex-

cept in the morning, when I managed to whip a bowl of Corn Flakes for her. okay, so maybe I wasn't the ideal hostess but I did take her to the Business Pub. But not before exposing her to a little "Pre-pub ritual"

We were invited to a small get together at the home of Senior Class President Ghislaine O'Hanley. My mother kindly donated one bottle of red wine to Ekio our guest. But after one glass, Mable start to fall asleep on the couch. In my infinte wisdom, I explained to her that if she drank the whole bottle she would be able to stay awake easier. I even gave her a straw to help her speed up the process. During a brief moment alone in the kitchen she said to me " You are very strong"

"Why thank you Mabel!" was my reply.

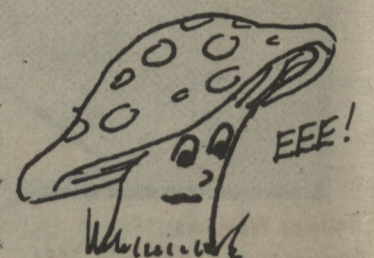
Then she asked "Is everyone this strong with alcohol?" It was then that it dawned on me. She thought I was an alcoholic. Oh, well. She wasn't the first and wouldn't be the last.

I think it is safe to say that they had a good time while they were here. One girl, (and please don't ask me her name) offered her plane ticket to New York to Darell Coles. In return she hoped that she would be permitted to drive to New york with our delegation. (It is my educated guess that she had never driven in a bus for any length of time. Gross)

Anyhow, it was a great experience, even though I cried when swaying good-bye at the airport. In the words of Paul MacKinnon "It is a beautiful thing when two nations become joined as one..." and throughout the Charlotte-town International Airport Mike Woodman could be heard saying "Does anyone have kleenex for Heather?" but the clincher had to be Marla Nadine MacDon-ald saying to her little billet "Remember where I told you to shop when you get to New York". True blue capitalists to the end!

How did I get mixed up with this bunch anyhow?

Heather J. Morrison



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