

## I-ama-guerilla in Manila - Week Five, 18 February 2012!

**Office toilet.** The bathrooms in my client's 16<sup>th</sup> floor office in the Tektite East Tower, Philippine Stock Exchange Center, Ortigas Center, Pasig Center are across the hall from the generic stewardess-training school. I don't know if my client followed the stewardesses or the reverse. Good news: the bathrooms are only a few meters from my office. The bad news: there is no fan, exhaust, soap or toilet paper in the restrooms, and the commodes are <12 inches tall, much lower than an adult American's knees. Not so each to get up once seated. One must *plan ahead*. There was a sanitation campaign to encourage people to wash their hands in soap and water for the time it takes to sign The Birthday Song twice. I seem to be the only one washing and singing. Maybe I'll take up the piano! Ugh.



*Teo and Barney in Manila's Hotel 878 (near Eastwood Mall), Libis, Quezon City, Metro Manila, Philippines*

**Back in Tucson for two weeks.** It's lovely here in Tucson in the surprisingly lush Sonoran Desert. But, from the 1925 musical...

I'll take Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island too, it's lovely going through the zoo  
It's very fancy on old Delaney Street, you know.  
The subway charms us so, when balmy breezes blow to and fro.  
And tell me what street compares with Mott Street in July,  
Sweet push carts gently gliding by  
The great big city's a wondrous toy, just made for a girl and boy.  
I'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy.  
I'll go to Greenwich, where modern men itch to be free.  
And Bowling Green you'll see with me.  
We'll bathe at Brighton, the fish you'll frighten  
When you're in your bathing suit so thin, will make shellfish grin fin to fin.  
I'd like to take a sail on Jamaica Bay with you, the fair Canarsies Lake well view  
The city's bustle cannot destroy the dreams of a girl and boy,  
I'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy.

**Philippine food.** Not bad, often quite good. My paltry per diem precludes me from much of the best. My team leader noted that the photo-shoot advertisements for restaurant food show mostly, well, mouth-watering foods, while the served food is actually mostly dish with little food. Plus, for American servings, the served food in restaurants is mostly child portions! I have been trying to lose weight, so the smaller portions may help, though I am always H U N G R Y. Ugh. My lunch in Sonoita, Arizona would easily feed six Pnoys!



*Sonoita, Arizona: Left, inspecting a submersible pump/well and two booster pumps; right, saloon*

**Tourist nation.** The Manila Bulletin, Sunday, February 12, 2012, p. 10 Editorial reads “The tourism industry remains a key driver of the economy. *Mabuhay!*” Reminds me to say is not the editor’s name but *Mabuhay* means Thank you! Do remember The Honeymooner’s Skit where Ralph, Alice, Norton and Tricksie win a vacation to Italy? Ralph overhears his wife talk about a Harry Verdech, whom Ralph is convinced is having an affair her. Ralph chaises the illusive “Harry” in elevators, lobbies, men’s rooms, restaurants, etc., but never catches arrivederc! There’s lots of misunderstandings. The Jolliebee has nothing to do with spelling but is a bad version of McDonald’s, the world’s standard. SM does not mean shopping mall, though it is a brand name for one of the largest, SM Mall of Asia. And poussée does not mean pussy. Of which, I must say returning from a sewage/ septage treatment plant last week, I saw a sign which read “ASS NATION.” But when my driver moved on, I noted it was a partial sign of MASS CORINATION. Go figure.



*Without comment, Sonoita, Arizona*

**Gossip.** Gossip has been replaced by social networking, yet is rampant in the Philippines. Lebanon as well. One hears about 30 of the two or three actual *coups d'état* or impeachments. Here in the Phils, there’s been ongoing impeachment hearings on TV and the press broadcasted as the Senate impeaches the Chief Justice. They want to know how he can afford so many homes, investments, luxury cars, etc. on his family income. Just fugal, I guess ;) Remember the Pink Panther? One early version has Inspector Cousteau chasing a jewel thief, who happen to be his wife. In the court-room scene when the prosecuting attorney ask the Inspector how come he lives so well on his modest salary, he says his wife if fugal. Very funny. The Phils televised impeachment hearings are better than *Simplemente Maria* or *Bete La Fea*, both immensely popular here. Personally, I think Obama should be impeached for destroying our constitutional government. Oh, on gossip, was it Ogden Nash, “Two types of people go through life with a breeze; one is the gossipers, one is the gossipees.” And, “And if you want to get the most out of life, why the thing to do is to be a gossip by day and gossipee by night.” Go figure. And from the *Amidah*, the traditional Jewish *standing* prayer, “My God, keep my tongue and my lips from speaking deceit...”

**J in DC wants to improve my texting with these codes.** He writes, “Since more and more seniors are texting and tweeting there appears to be a need for a STC (Senior Texting Code). If you qualify for Senior Discounts this is the code for you.”

ATD: At The Doctor's

BFF: Best Friend Fainted

BTW: Bring The Wheelchair

BYOT: Bring Your Own Teeth

CBM: Covered By Medicare

GGLKI: Gotta Go Laxative Kicking In

GGPBL: Gotta Go Pacemaker Battery Low!

CGU: Can't get up

GHA: Got Heartburn Again

CUATSC: See You At The Senior Center

DWI: Driving While Incontinent

FWB: Friend With Beta Blockers

FWIW: Forgot Where I Was

FYI: Found Your Insulin

HGBM: Had Good Bowel Movement

IMHO: Is My Hearing-Aid On?

LMDO: Laughing My Dentures Out

LOL: Living On Lipitor

LWO: Lawrence Welk's On

OMMR: On My Massage Recliner

OMSG: Oh My! Sorry Gas.

ROFL... CGU: | Rolling On The Floor Laughing... And Can't Get Up

TTYL: Talk To You Louder

WAITT: Who Am I Talking To?

WTFA: Wet The Furniture Again

WTP: Where's The Prunes?

WWNO: Walker Wheels Need Oil

**Bad jokes:** A man bald in the back of his head is a good lover. A man bald in the front of his head is a good thinker. A man totally bald thinks he's a good lover.

**Worst dumb dirty joke,** at the Yaqui Pascua Center in the Old Pueblo. A white cloud fell in the mud.

**Sorry about Whitney Houston.** She was fabulous. As was Amy Whitehouse, Michael Jackson, Momma Cass, Janice Joplin, Jimmy Hendricks, Elvis Presley... Me? I was a great singer... until my voice changed in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade at PS 73 in The Bronx.

**Have fun, be happy, don't worry! It doesn't help! It's really more fun in the Philippines!**