

An Australian tourist in London decides to skip his tour group and explore the city on his own. He wanders around, seeing the sights, and occasionally stopping at a quaint pub to soak up the local culture, chat with the lads, and have a pint of Guinness. After a while, he finds himself in a very high class neighbourhoodbig, stately residences... no pubs, no stores, no restaurants, and worst of all...NO PUBLIC RESTROOMS. He really, really has to go, after all those Guinness'. He finds a narrow side street, with high walls surrounding the adjacent buildings and decides to use the wall to solve his problem. As he is unzipping, he is tapped on the shoulder by a London Bobby, Who says, "I say, sir, you simply cannot do that here, you know." "I'm very sorry, officer," replies the Australian, "but I really, really HAVE TO GO, and I just can't find a public restroom." "Ah, yes," said the bobby..."Just follow me". He leads him to a Back "delivery alley", then along a wall to a gate, which he opens. "In there," points the bobby. "Whiz away sir, anywhere you want." The fellow enters and finds himself in the most beautiful garden he Has ever seen. Manicured grass lawns, statuary, fountains, sculpted hedges, and huge beds of gorgeous flowers, all in perfect bloom. Since he has the cop's blessing, he unburdens himself and is greatly relieved. As he goes back through the gate, he says to the bobby, "That was really decent of you... is that what you call 'English Hospitality'?" "No, sir" replies the bobby, "that is what we call the French Embassy."

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