The Water Closet

There was a little old English lady who was looking for a place to live in Switzerland. She asked the local village school master to help her and together they found a place that suited her. She returned to London to get her things, but on the way home she remembered that she had not noticed a bathroom in the new place, or as she called it, a “water closet”. So when she arrived in London she wrote to the school master to inquire about a “water closet” in her place. Being somewhat embarrassed to ask about this, she decided to just use the abbreviation “W.C.” rather than spell out the words. When the school master received her letter he was puzzled by the initials “W.C.”, never dreaming that she was referring to a bathroom. So he went to the local minister to see if he knew what a “W.C.” was, and of course, the minister thought it stood for Wesleyan Church. So the school master wrote this repay to the English lady:

Dear Madam,

The W.C. is situated nine miles from the house, in the center of a beautiful grove of trees. It is capable of holding 350 people at a time and is open on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday of each week. A large number of folks attend during the summer months, so it is suggested you go early, although there is plenty of standing room. Some folks like to take their lunch and make a day of it, especially on Thursday when there is organ accompaniment. The acoustics are very good and everyone can hear the slightest sound.

It may be of interest to you to know that my daughter was married in our W.C. and it was there she met her husband.

We hope you will be here in time for our fund raiser to be held very soon. The proceeds will go toward the purchase of plush seats for our W.C., which the folks agree are a long-felt need, as the present seats all have holes in them.

My wife is rather delicate; therefore, she cannot attend regularly. It has been six months since the last time she went. Naturally, it pains her very much not to be able to go more often.

I shall close now with the desire to accommodate you in every way possible. And I will be happy to save you a seat down front or near the door, whichever you prefer.

Sincerely,

The Schoolmaster