BRITAIN SWELTERS.

The hottest June day for ninety two years and a torrid five-day spell unequalled since the eighteen fifties, how could a policeman's life possibly be a happy one. A stern sense of duty kept big businessmen with their noses to the profitable grindstone. Not even a slump could give them cold feet.

The week-end mass-trek to the coast by all who could make it and a little imagination on the lawn were typical of the efforts of panting millions to get cool. The beach at Tower Bridge was a bathing place on the doorstep of East London.

Open-air cafes gave Soho a continental look. But not everybody could even keep cool. No wonder a poor Bobbie slipped round the corner and from the blazing sun gave his steaming feet a breather.

The only escape from the tropic sun was to get in the water. Even for that you had to queue up, but when your turn came, what a relief.

Pity the poor bandsmen, sweltering in uniform, when some young monkey sucks a lemon almost under their nose.

There's no bathing for gardening fiends. All they can hope for, between spells of hard work, is a quick nip from a little bottle.