

HEAT WAVE SHOWS NEW FIGURES

While Britain's dash of Indian summer is tempered by autumnal winds, Italy is in the grip of a record-breaking heat wave. Our old friend - the Atlantic anti-cyclone again gives our weather-beaten island the cold shoulder and instead brings July in September to the Mediterranean.

If we could only nationalise the weather. As it is, it's only by paying £35 that Britons can taste a summer like Italy's.

Climbing steadily to record heights, thermometers show figures never attained before. It's mineral, animal and vegetable all rolled into one, this even-like heat and man's ingenuity hits new extremes to escape it. Italian moralists arch a stern eyebrow as each day reveals new figures. Stern Mrs. Grundy's view bare midriffs with horrified displeasure. Of course, there are others who think that record breaking figures like this are best wrapped up in silence.

Uno momento - Santa Maria - what isa da going on please?

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For months the thermometer kept low. Deserted the beaches but for some lonely downhearted attendant.

Now a vry late summer is here, at last. The sunny beaches are now crowded with bathers of all kinds. Old ladies are given again the possibility of gossips about 'Bikini' bathing suits.

Children can build at last the castles of their dreams and play the most adventurous games fancied by them.

Swimming pools are openly in competition with the old Ocean, offering the fun of their high diving-boards.

An old style attendant is working hard to keep the youths far from pretty girls; the results are poor.

Serry we cannot reveal the name of this beach, but we are precisely engaged not to speak of.

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