WHAT A SCORCHER!

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Britain swelters as Summer comes in rich and true. Temperatures rocket up to the minetics and the heatwave is homoured with an official label. With the sum about the only thing in the matien's life not going slow, the matienal thermometer reaches near-beiling point. These who can't forget records say it's the bottest weather since last July. Others are more homest and just say - FHEW!

London's own Riviera - the Serpentine Lide - is packed with sum wershippers. And if it isn't quite like the Cap d'Asure, the heat is certainly up to Nice strength. Ways of keeping cool are many and varied, some more successful than others. Here's one to make the rain-makers simple.

Night-time brings no relief and with midnight temperatures little below mid-day's, best solution for falling asleep is not to count the lambs jumping over the stile, but to dream of far-away places like the Sorrente peol at Mismi - that puts a new twist on keeping cool.

It's a bull's eye for Florida's divers as they angle up a sure ours for heatwave hangevers.