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SATES, STORY AND SUNSHITE

Sales! They can't resist them, bless 'em, so it was stand clear of the doors, please: here they come!

The great Winter Sales are one. In the old days grannic used to replemish stocks for the year; now it's a case of getting what you badly need at a price you can just manage, before somebody else grabs it.

If all this rush looks like "Much Ado About Nothing," outside it was "A Winter's Tale" as a sudden blissard eaught London shoppers blasing the trail down Oxford Street.

Dem't feel serry for them - think of all those poor people in Australia just sweltering in the sum. It's the last day of the Second Test at Melbourne. Victory is within England's grasp as Lindwall bowls to Washbrook. The Lancashireman hasn't struck form yet, but there's a nice couple while Morris fields.

Now batting to Lindwall is Simpson who's just rum into form at the right moment. He made 25 here. At the other end Ian Johnson is trying to upreet Hutten. Outstanding success of the tour, Len had a near one there! Whilst he's in, England's chances are resy.

Mystery bewler Jack Iverson is no mystery to him; but after a great fighting 40, in which he had the fielders on the run, Hutten is out and England is in trouble. A grim hard-earned 28 from Parkhouse (who's now mearing peak form) staves off the end for a while.

Captain Freddie Brown survives an Iverson appeal for lbw but Lindwall gets him and turns on speed for Alec Bedser. The Surrey bowler makes a gallant attempt to save the game, but left-hander Bill Johnston gets a crack at Boug Wright at the other end and it's all over. We lost, but we did enough to hope for something better in the Third Test.