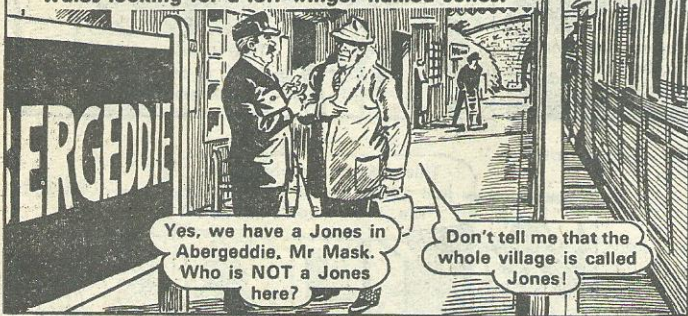


THE VOICE THAT RAN THE RANGERS

IAN MACK, manager of First Division Blackton Rangers had been contacted by a mystery voice which was helping him to run the team. Now Mack, acting on the Voice's latest call was in Abergeddie in Wales looking for a left-winger named Jones.



Yes, we have a Jones in Abergeddie. Mr Mask. Who is NOT a Jones here?

Don't tell me that the whole village is called Jones!



Jones the Post and Jones the Boots. I'm Jones the Station.



Are you Mr Mack? Will you step this way, please.

Jones the Post, you look like a footballer!



Indeed I am—a rugby footballer! There's a phone call for you.

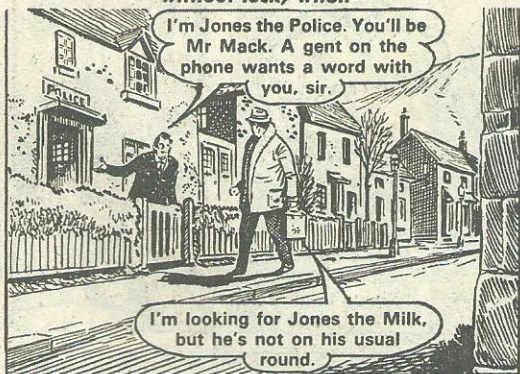
It must be the Rangers secretary. Only he knows where I am.



You want Jones the Milk. He's on his rounds now.

The voice! I'll get after Jones the Milk at once. It's uncanny the way the Voice can find me.

Ian Mack tramped round looking for Jones the Milk, without luck, when—



I'm Jones the Police. You'll be Mr Mack. A gent on the phone wants a word with you, sir.

I'm looking for Jones the Milk, but he's not on his usual round.



Jones the Milk has changed his route. Go to Elm Crescent.

At Elm Crescent—



You'll be Mr Mack. Man on the phone said you were about to knock. Come in, Jones the Milk won't be long.

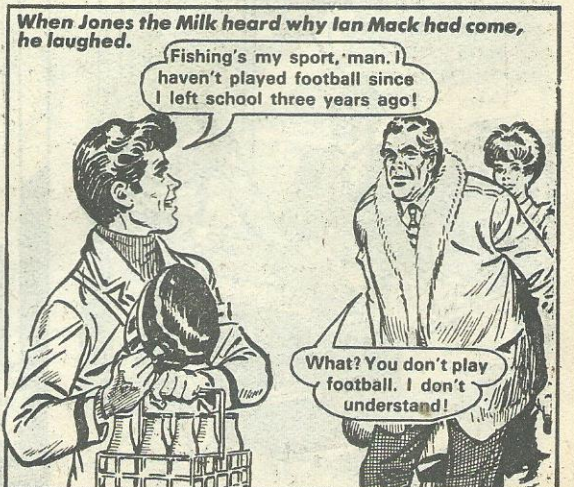
I never even had a chance to knock. How does the Voice do it?



I forgot your delivery, Mrs Evans, but as I was passing the phonebox the bell rang. The caller told me to come over here!



This is Mr Mack, the manager of Blackton Rangers, a football club.



When Jones the Milk heard why Ian Mack had come, he laughed.

Fishing's my sport, 'man. I haven't played football since I left school three years ago!

What? You don't play football. I don't understand!