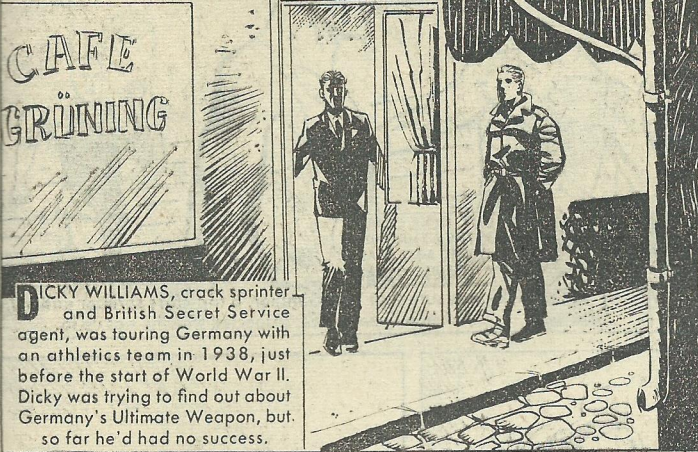


The cake that had death baked into it!

SPRINTER AND SPY

DID BOTH JOBS FOR BRITAIN



DICKY WILLIAMS, crack sprinter and British Secret Service agent, was touring Germany with an athletics team in 1938, just before the start of World War II. Dicky was trying to find out about Germany's Ultimate Weapon, but so far he'd had no success.



OUR AGENT G 34, WORKS AS A WAITER IN THAT PLACE. I'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH HIM—I'M AT A DEAD END.



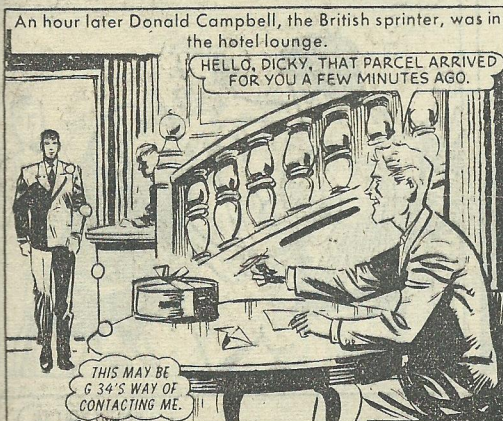
WHICH WAY DOES THE RHINE FLOW?

I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT Y-YOU MEAN! GET OUT OF HERE!



I WANT A WORD WITH YOU, G 34, AND I MEAN TO GET IT! I'VE GIVEN YOU THE PASSWORD SO YOU KNOW WHO I AM.

A-ALL R-RIGHT! TELL ME WHERE YOU STAY AND I'LL GET A MESSAGE TO YOU!



An hour later Donald Campbell, the British sprinter, was in the hotel lounge.

HELLO, DICKY, THAT PARCEL ARRIVED FOR YOU A FEW MINUTES AGO.

THIS MAY BE G 34'S WAY OF CONTACTING ME.

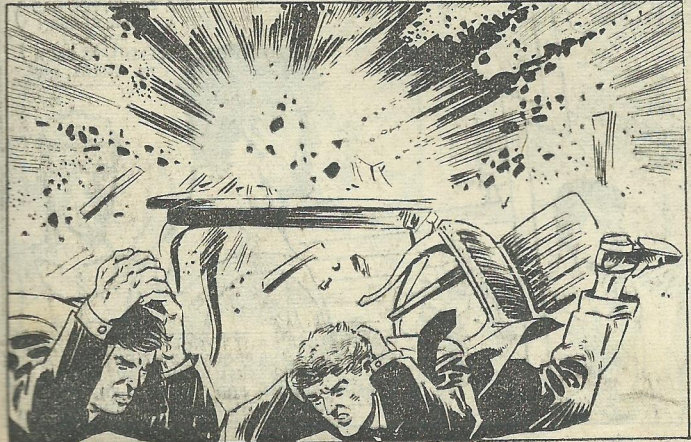


YES, IT'S FROM THE CAFE. BUT—WHY SEND A PARCEL?

IT LOOKS LIKE A CAKE. WERE YOU EXPECTING IT?



GET DOWN, DONALD—QUICK!



PHEW! IT WAS FULL OF ACID! THAT COULD HAVE MADE A REAL MESS OF YOU, DICKY.

YES—SOMEONE DOESN'T LIKE ME VERY MUCH! IT STARTED TO HISS AS SOON AS I TOOK THE LID OFF.