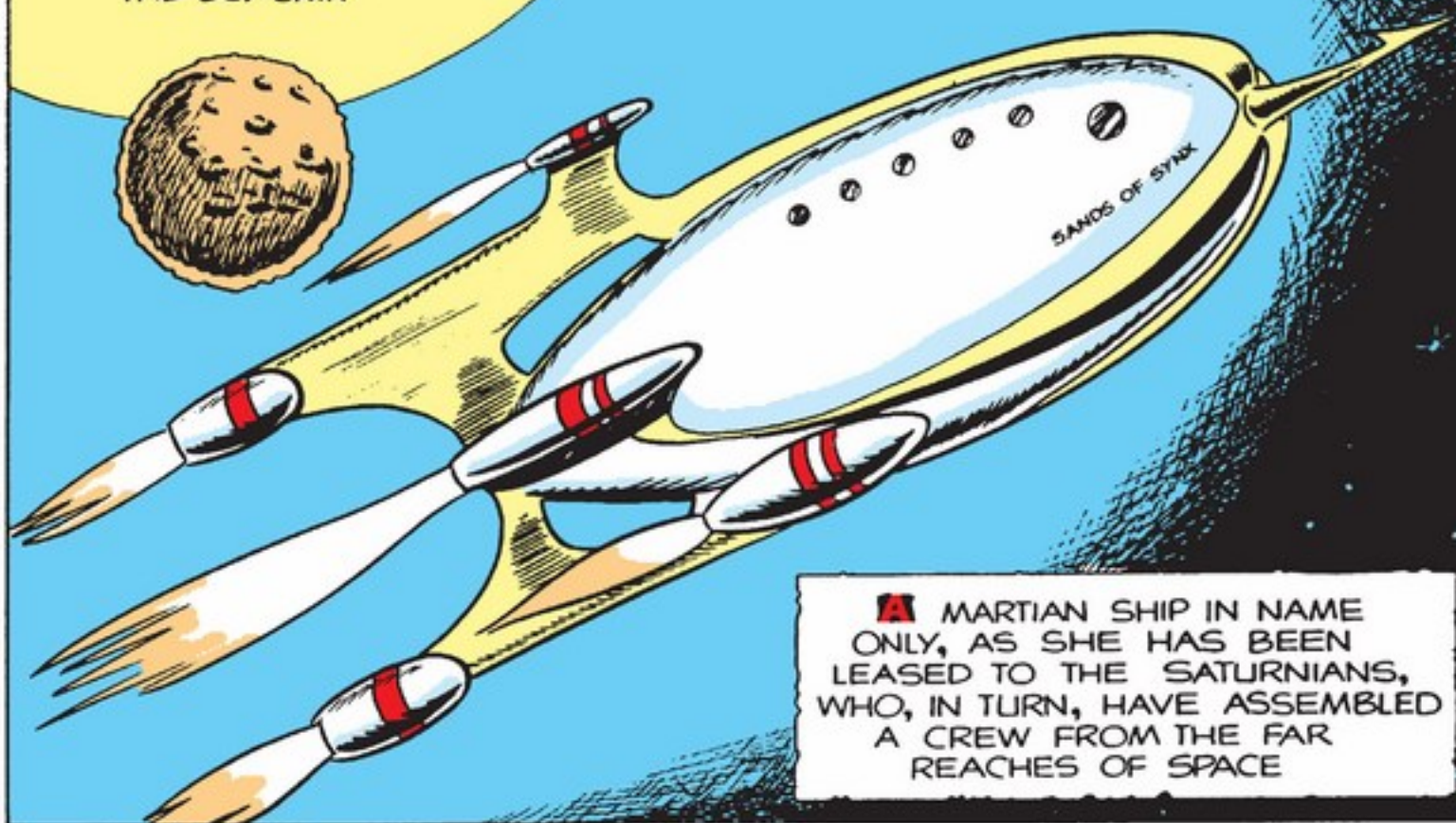


Little Archie

in
"THE DAY OF
THE DUPONIK"

THE OLD MARTIAN SPACE
FREIGHTER, "SANDS OF SYNX,"
IS ON A ROUTINE RUN BE-
TWEEN SOLAR SYSTEMS



A MARTIAN SHIP IN NAME
ONLY, AS SHE HAS BEEN
LEASED TO THE SATURNIANS,
WHO, IN TURN, HAVE ASSEMBLED
A CREW FROM THE FAR
REACHES OF SPACE

A TOUGH GRUMBLING
CREW OF MISFITS



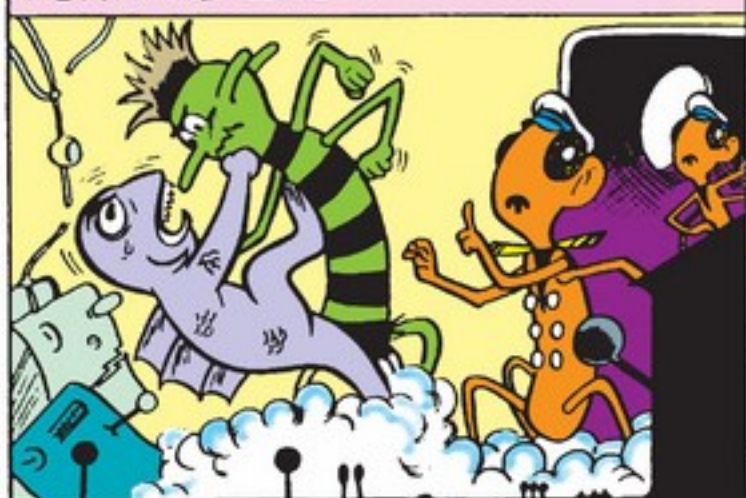
AS THE "SANDS OF
SYNX" NEARS OUR
SOLAR SYSTEM..



THE FRAYED NERVES
OF MANY A LONG SPACE
VOYAGE SNAP



THE BATTLE RAGES FROM THE CREW'S QUARTERS INTO THE FORWARD ENGINE ROOM...



DELICATE INSTRUMENTS AND CONTROLS ARE SMASHED..

SHORTLY..

WE'VE STOPPED THAT FIGHT DOWN BELOW, SIR, BUT IT'S BROKEN OUR BOOSTER ROCKET CONTROL!

OH, NO! WE'VE JUST BEGUN OUR SHORT CUT THROUGH EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD!



YOU MEAN—

WE'LL CRASH ON PLANET EARTH WITHOUT THOSE BOOSTER ROCKETS!



UGH! EARTH! FILLED WITH UNSIGHTLY BARBARIANS!

YES! IMAGINE, CREATURES WITH JUST TWO ARMS AND TWO LEGS!



SIR! WE CAN'T LAND AMONG THOSE SAVAGE EARTHLINGS!



ONLY ONE THING CAN SAVE US.. WE'RE DROPPING OUR CARGO!

THAT WILL LIGHTEN US ENOUGH TO DEFEY EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL!

OUR EMPLOYERS, THE MARTIANS, WILL BE FURIOUS!

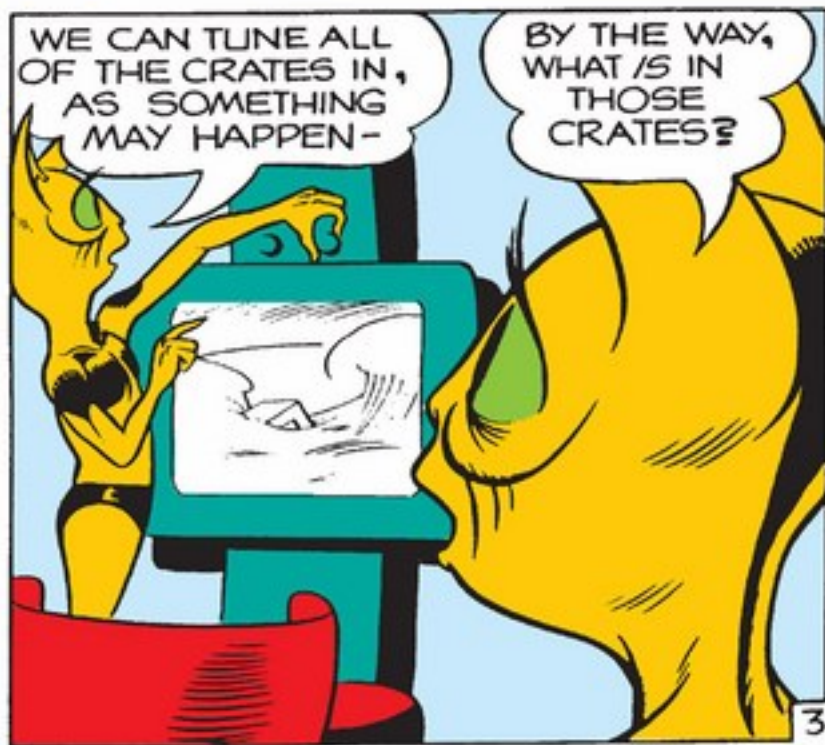
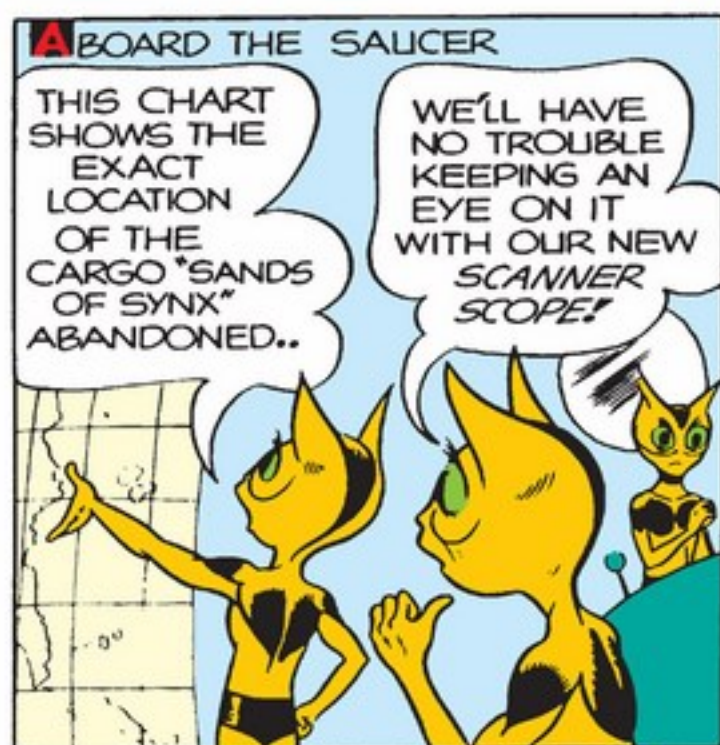
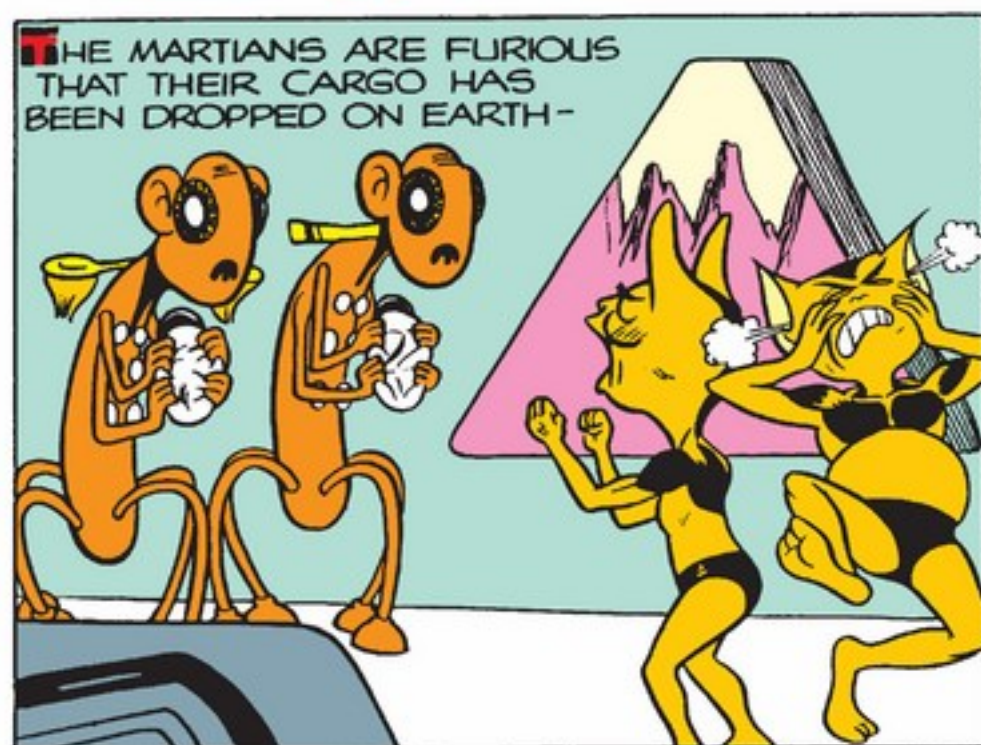


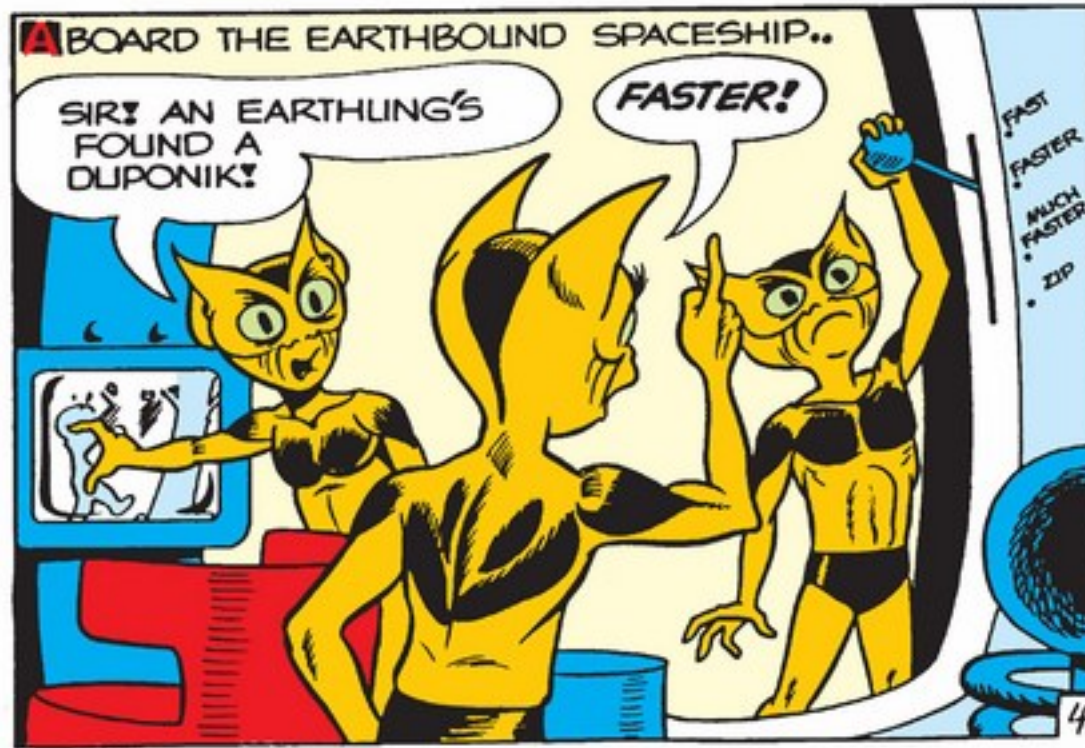
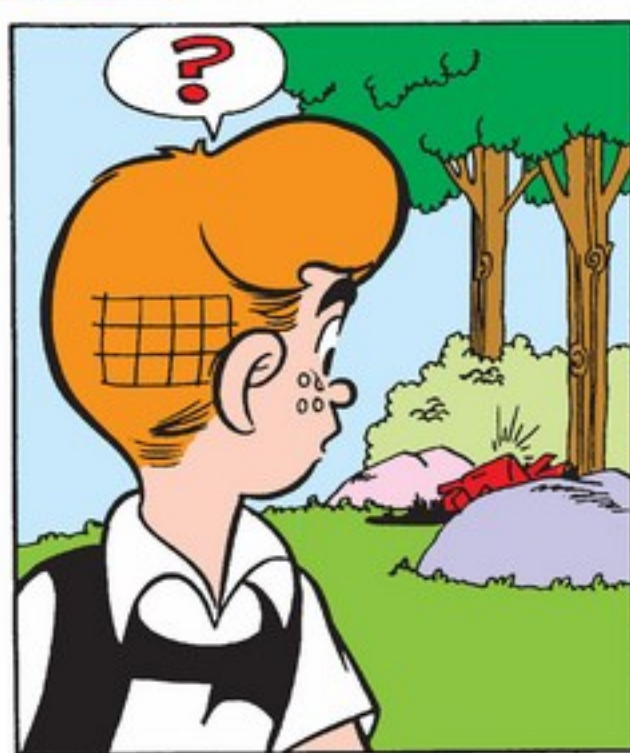
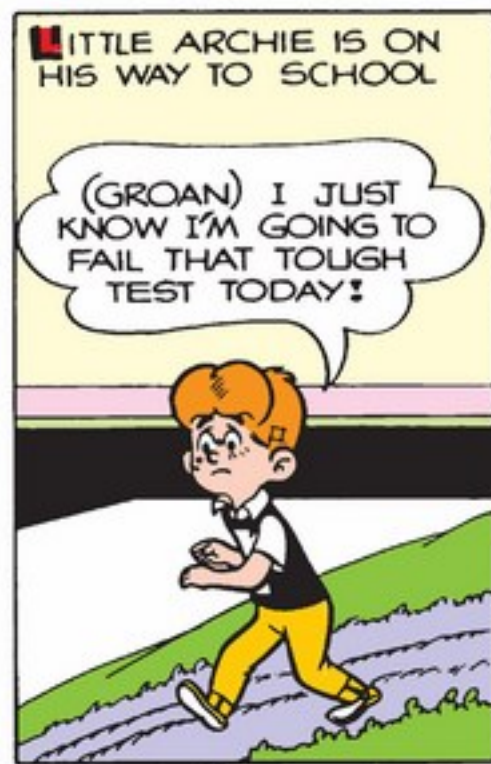
THE MARTIANS CAN SEND ONE OF THEIR OWN SHIPS TO PICK UP OUR CARGO ON EARTH!

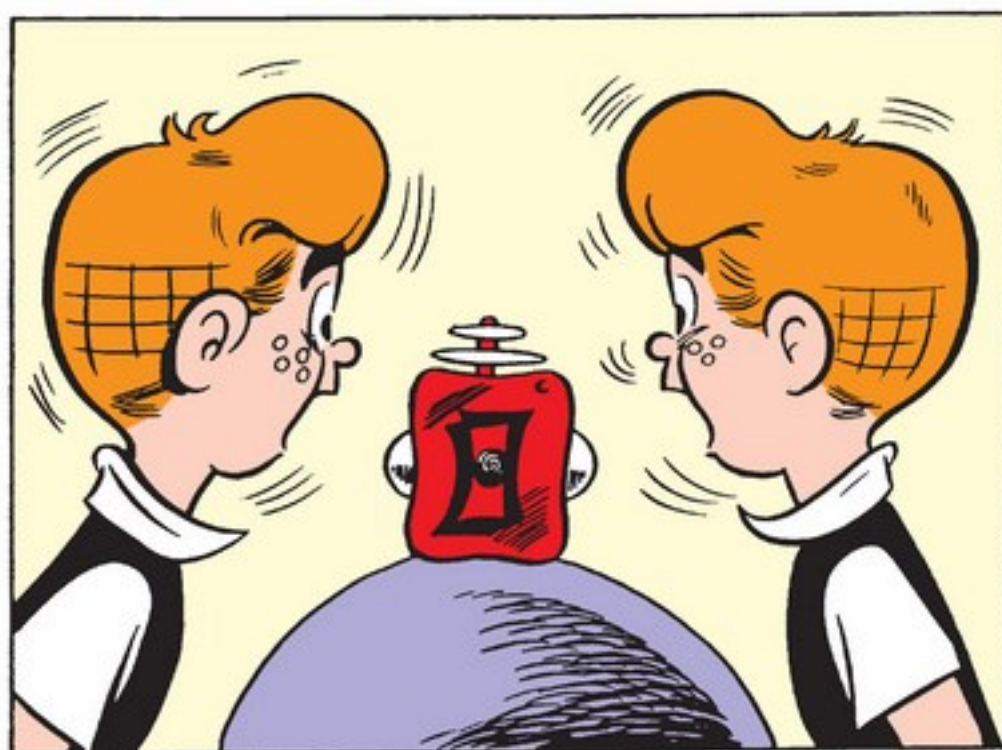


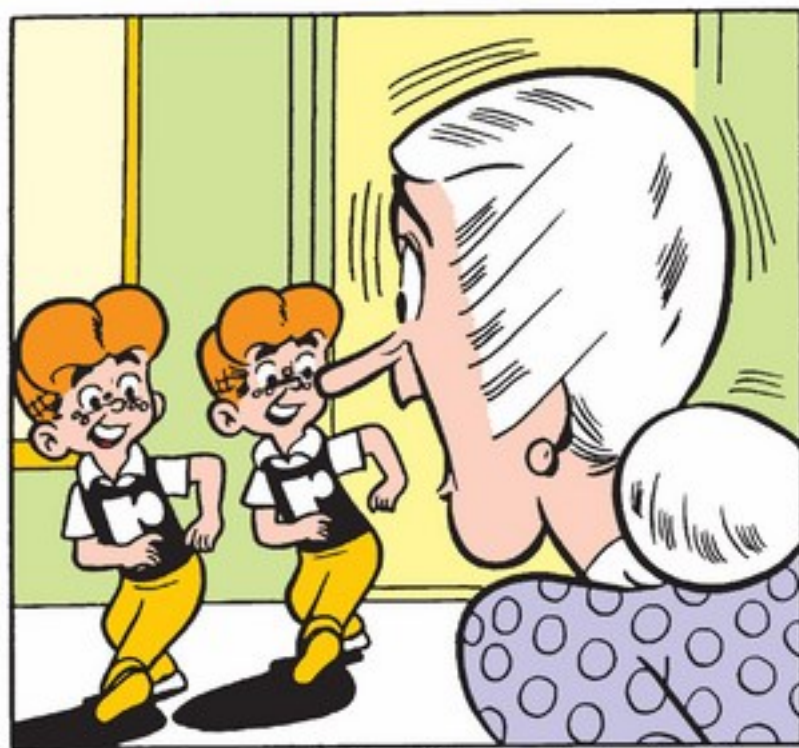
THE "SANDS OF SYNX" JETTISONS HER CARGO... EACH CRATE CAREFULLY CALCULATED TO ORBIT THE EARTH AND LAND IN A REMOTE AREA

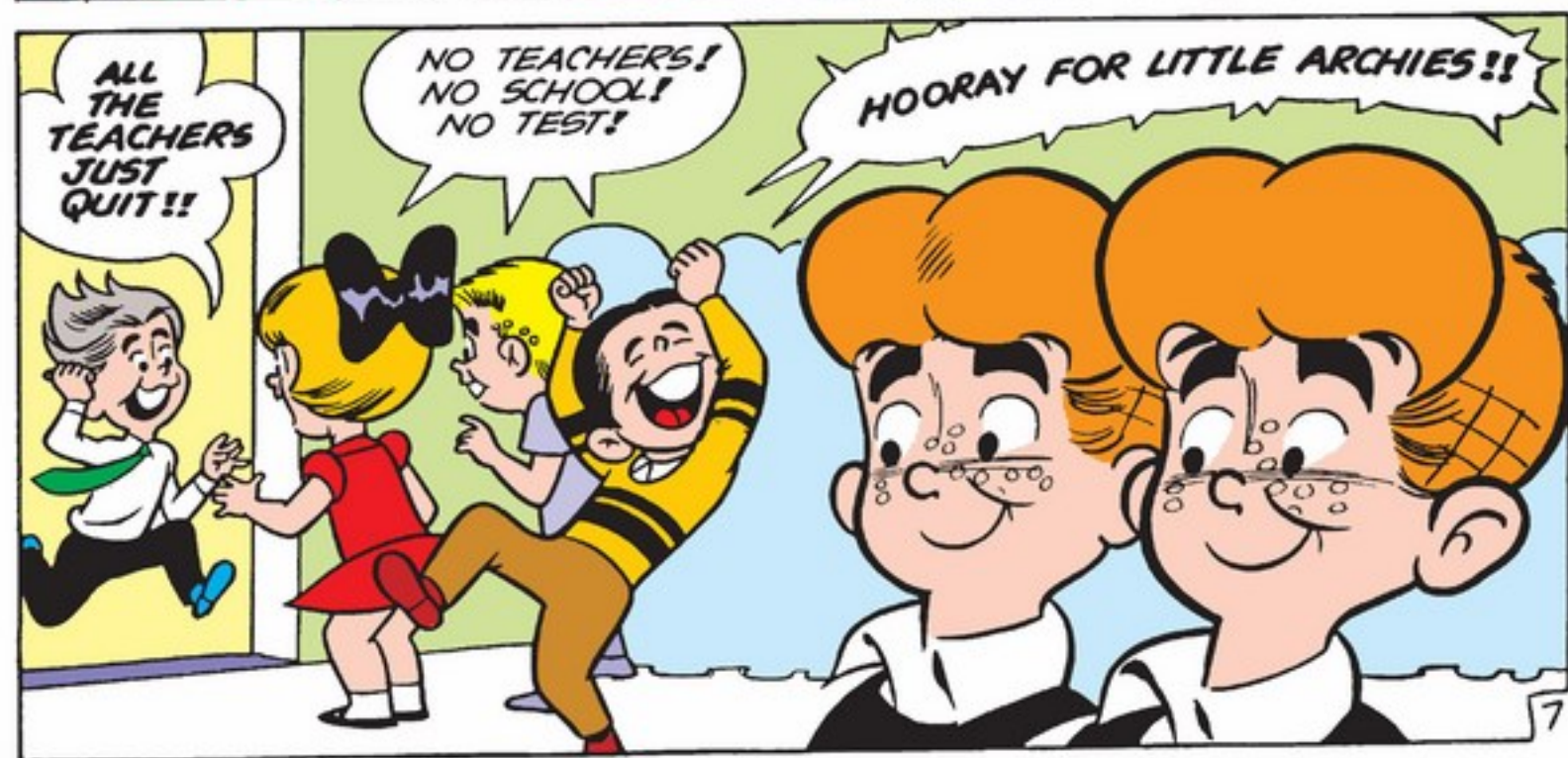
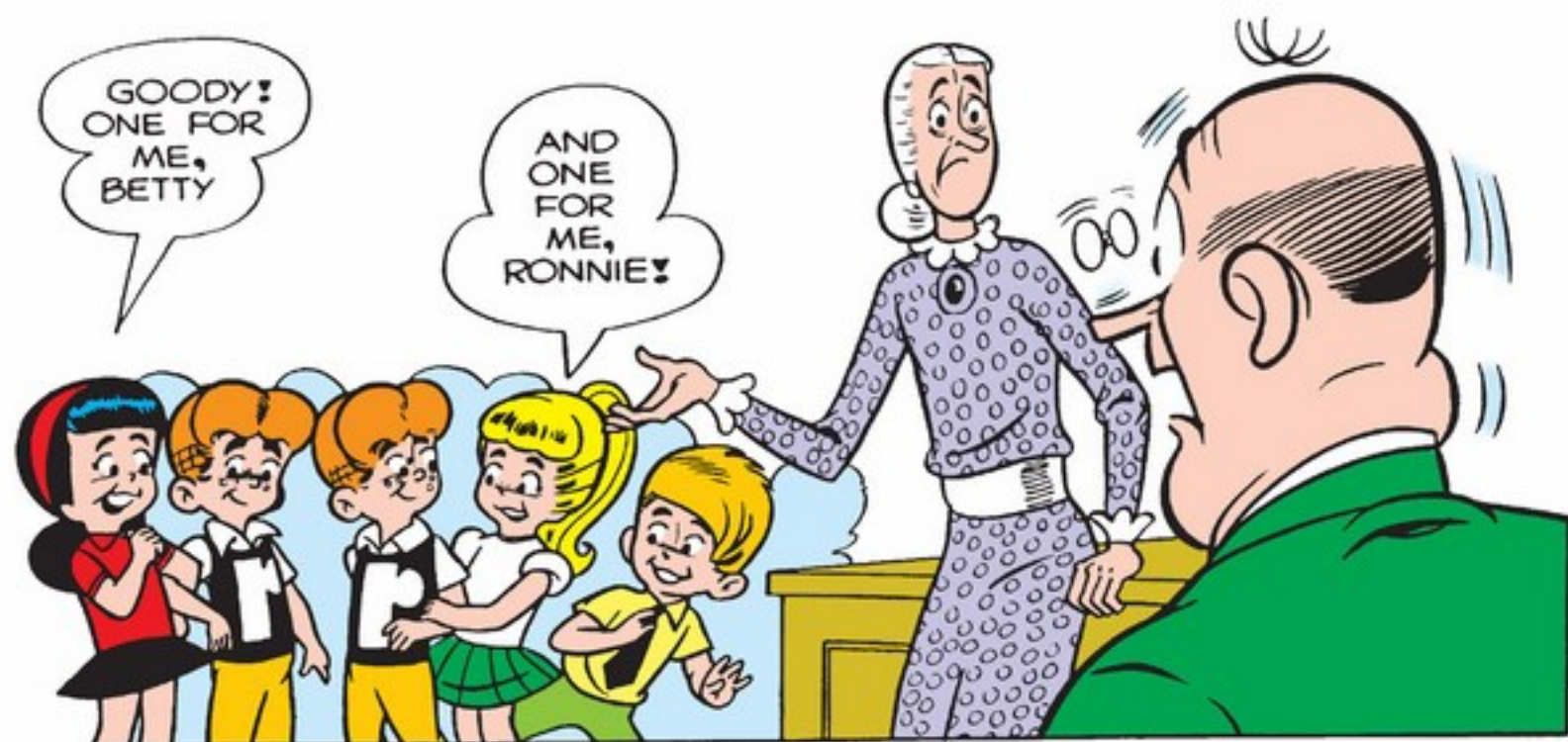


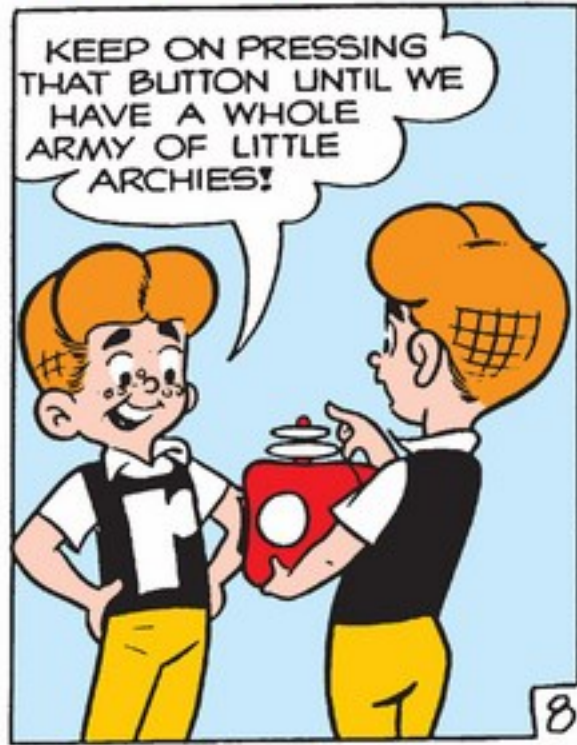
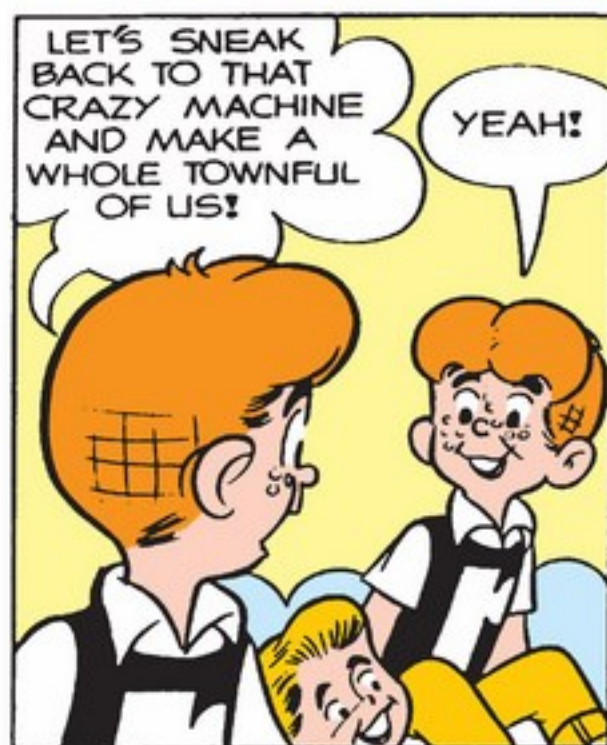


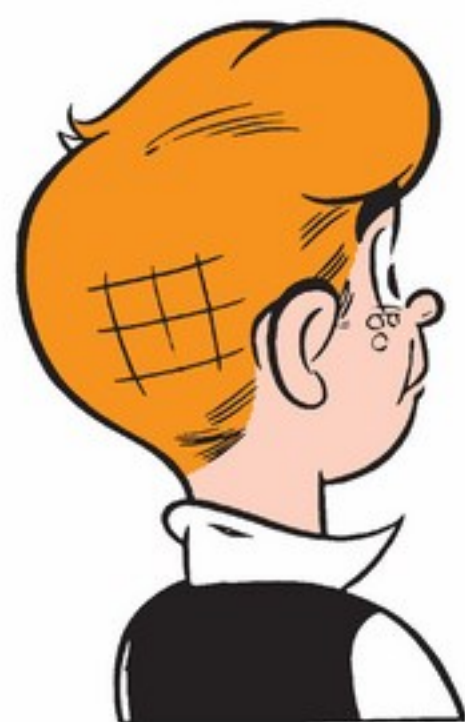
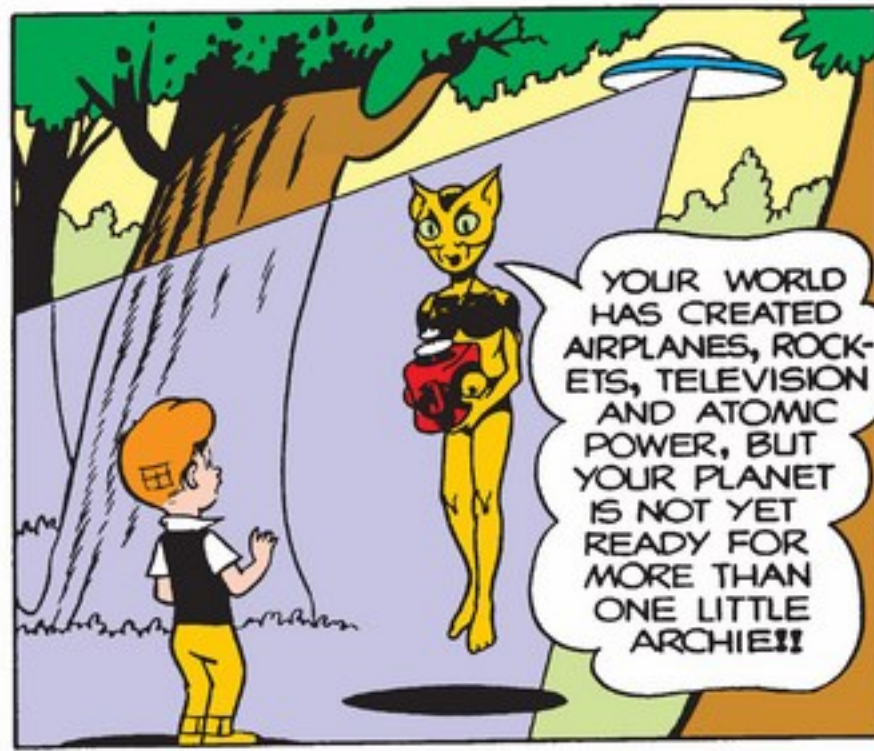
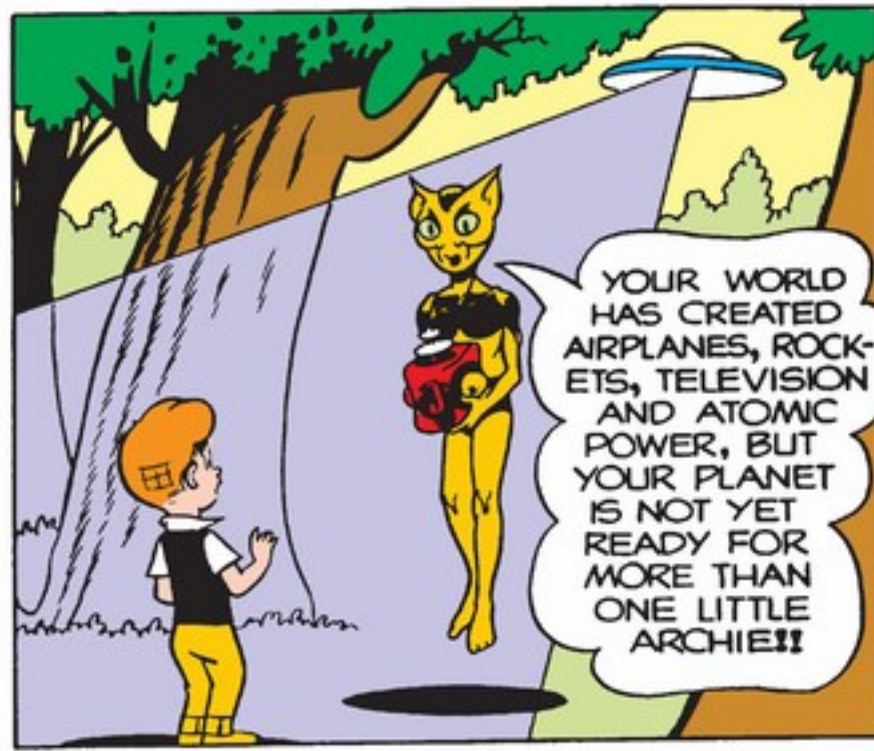
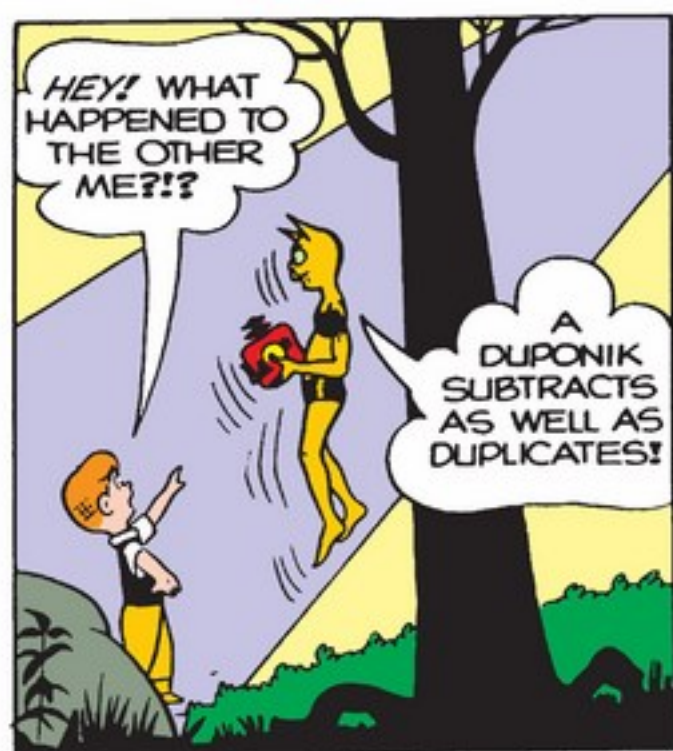












THE END..

