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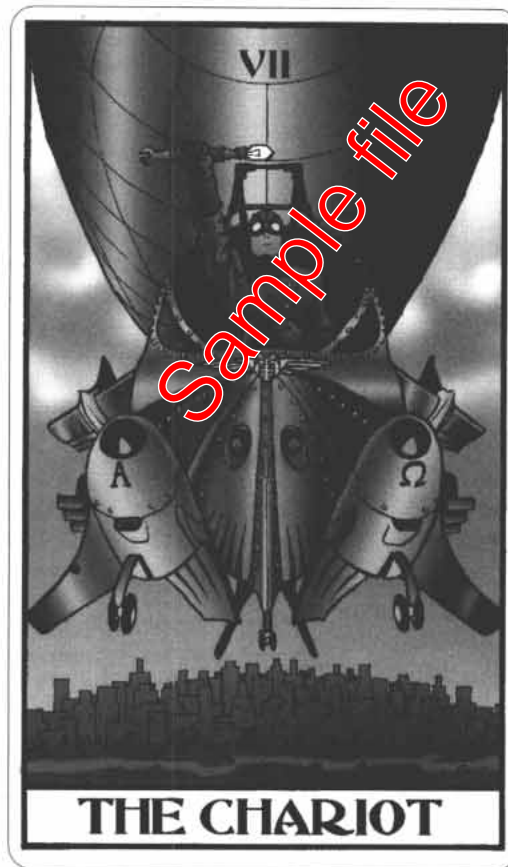
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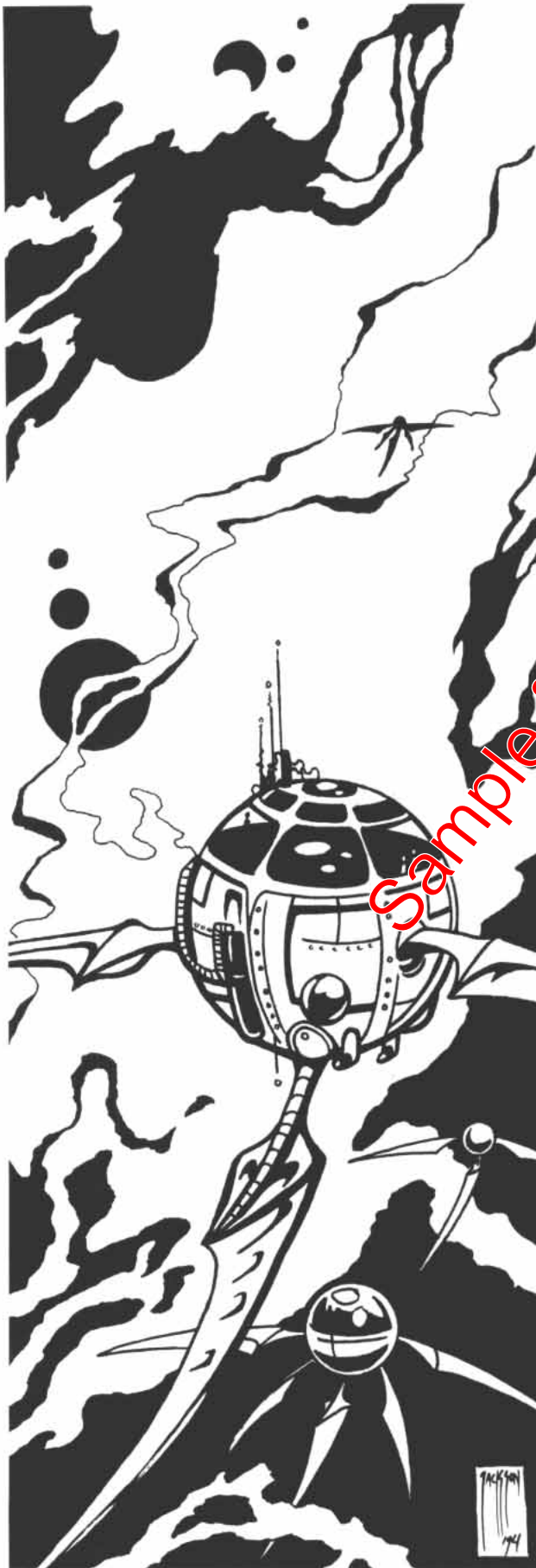


PARADIGMA

Journal of the Progressive Sciences



Editor in Chief: Doctor William Bridges



P A R A D I G M A

"For the Increase and Diffusion of True Science"

A nonprofit scientific and educational journal, *Paradigma* has served the Tradition since 1907 by publishing the results of Members' discoveries, research projects, and expeditions, adding to our knowledge of the Universe and Self.

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PARADIGMA

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INTO THE HOLLOW EARTH

A Doctor Eon Adventure

This excerpt from one of Doc Eon's most thrilling adventures originally appeared in both *Astonishing Science Stories* (April 1944), and *Paradigma* (Vol. 37, No. 1). The pulp accounts of Doctor Eon's travels were written by Joe "Lucky Skunk" Ross, one of Doc's Terrific Trio. The other Trio members were Frank "Bull" Barrett, a physics and mechanical engineering expert, and Simon "Sesquipedalian" Smith, a mathematician and astronomer. However, aside from his admirable grasp of electricity, Ross was a jack-of-all-trades and master of none.

The following segment is the final chapter of "Into the Hollow Earth." In previous chapters, Doc Eon and his Terrific Trio followed the Nazi Thule Society to the cavern at the North Pole and, after defeating the Nazi-controlled deros, discovered the ancient city of Agharta. Doc Eon and his crew allied with the Goro monks to halt the Nazi menace, but were captured at the end of the last chapter by General Karl Haushofer, the black magician behind Hitler's rise to power...

Chapter XX: Final Gambit

Joe "Lucky Skunk" Ross groaned in the darkness. He groggily opened his eyes but could see nothing. Painfully, he shifted his massive bulk and sat up, nearly falling down again as the blood rushed from his head.

"Whoah... I feel like I've been shanghai'd. That's some bruiser I've got on my noggin. Those ratzis don't kid around with a rifle butt!"

"You're telling me," a voice broke out of the darkness. Joe swung his head around, trying to see where the voice came from.

"Izzat you, Bull?" he said.

"Yeah. We're all here. You're the last up."

"Yeah? What's Doc Eon been up to?"

"Trying to figure a way outta this cage."

"Hey, where are we anyway? I can't see my nose in front of my face."

"A most appropriate testament to the lack of luminiferous ether disturbance, considering the rare size of your proboscis," another voice said.

"I heard that, Simon. Don't be thinkin' that just 'cause I can't see ya I'm gonna forgive ya."

"Quiet down, all of you," a strong, deep voice said. Immediately, Joe shut up and listened to their leader, Doctor Eon. "I've slipped free of my ropes, but I had to break them to do so. Now, I'm going to loosen all of your bonds so you can free yourselves when you need to. But the guards need to believe you're still tied up when they come back."

"Sure, Doc," Joe said. "We can play possum. How'd you get free, anyway?"

"An old trick I learned from the Eastern Brotherhood," Doc Eon said as he reached through the darkness and began to work Joe's ropes free.

"Hey, Doc!" Bull said. "There's a light coming this way. A torch, I think." As the light approached, Doctor Eon worked quickly, loosening his crew's ropes while making them appear as tight as when they were tied. In the flickering light of the approaching torch, they could all see that they were in a cavern.

The Nazis emerged from around the corner, led by Sgt. Grumman Strauss. He came to a halt a few feet away from the prisoners and eyed them suspiciously.

"Where is the Doctor?" he yelled, looking about and not seeing his prisoners' leader. If he lost this prey, General Haushofer, in his anger, would probably forgo all court-martial proceedings and shoot him outright.

"He's tryin' to get some shut-eye back there," Joe said, motioning with his head to the deep tunnel behind them. "So put out that torch, will ya?"