to explore. He was in the cave three weeks that time, without coming out. White is one of these natural Spelunkers, cave explorers, who enjoys the underworld. The fact that some surface dwellers are so much at home in caves seems to verify another fact given to Trevor James by his contact, Ashtar, that many of the Deros and Teros are incarnated now on the surface!

If Mrs. Crabb and I were ever cavern dwellers it was so long ago that we have no affinity for it. After two hours down there we had had it! Carlsbad may be beautiful but I'll take the surface any day! I'm thankful to the Earth Mother for giving me a body, but I look to the Sun for Light and Life!

A GENUINE UNDERGROUND CONTACT

As we headed eastward across Texas after Carlsbad I toyed with the idea of putting this Underground talk together. Three weeks later, in New York City, I heard a personal experience of contact with Cavern dwellers. This made the lecture seem very much worth putting together.

In the big city on the Hudson we stayed overnight with Constance Lois Jessop, secretary of the New York Saucer Information Bureau. Miss Jessop is English and back in the 1930s worked for the British government on the Island of Malta, Britain's great naval base in the middle of the Mediterranean, only sixty miles south of Sicily.

Malta's soft limestone is riddled with caves, some natural, some carved by hand. Whether or not the carving was done by human hands is hard to say at this date. The 17½ mile long island, situated strategically in the center of the Mediterranean, has been the prized possession of every naval power for the past six thousand years! The Phoenicians owned it then. Consequently it has been fought over many, many times; and each defender has dug into that limestone to store water, food, weapons and men. The organized priesthoods of the island, whether pagan or Christian, also dug in. The crypt below the church of the Knights of Malta is world-famous. The suspected catacombs below the neolithic temples on the surface have so far escaped discovery, with the exception of the Hypogaeum of Hal Saflini in the village of Paula on the inland plateau behind the capital city of Valetta.

When Richard Walter visited Malta in 1939 he was told that a person could walk from one end of Malta to the other through the caves, until the British government walled some of them up, including portions of Hal Saflini. This neolithic marvel, duplicating the style of the surface temples was dated at 3,000 B.C. by Zammit, curator of the Valletta Museum. The temple which undoubtedly stood above it was probably razed in some ancient and long-forgotten siege which ravaged the island. Or more probably the temple and its hapless priesthood was destroyed by an enraged and long-suffering populace, in desperate revolt against insatiable earth gods who had been devouring virgin maids and youths for hundreds of years.

A Maltese contractor blundered into Hal Saflini in 1902 when digging a cistern for a new house. Word of the find finally got to

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Valetta officials and a man named Magri was put in charge of the excavation, not of the catacomb itself which was a beautiful piece of work, but of the garbage! The numberless rooms and corridors of all three levels of Hal Safliini were half full of dirt, broken pottery, and bones.

**THE CANNIBALISM OF THE DEROS**

By the time Hal Safliini was cleaned out and ready for the first eager tourist, enough human bones had been taken out to account for 33,000 people having been killed and eaten in there! And these were the bones of normal sized, modern surface dwellers like you and me. They were not the bones of the little people who must have dug the cave. The passageways between the rooms were only four and a half feet high. Shaver claims the Deros are cannibals and here is one fact that seems to bear him out.

The National Geographic has featured Malta many times over the years and Hal Safliini has come in for its share of comment. The best single feature on the marvelous megalithic find is in the National Geographic for May, 1920. This article "Malta, The Halting Place Of Nations" by William Arthur Griffith contains the best pictures on the interior of the cave, as well as a lengthy description.

Here is Griffith's description of the "Oracle" in the cave: "... at about the level of a man's mouth is a hemispherical hole in the wall about two feet in diameter. Here it was noticed only a few months ago that any word spoken into this place was magnified a hundredfold and audible throughout the entire underground structure. A curved projection is specially carved out of the back of the cave near this hole and acts as a sounding board, showing that the designers had a good know-

**Serpent Worship, and Sacrifices**

When Paul Wilstach toured Hal Safliini it left a lingering impression on him which is well described in his book "Islands of the Mediterranean". He remembered the guide pointing out a funnel-shaped pit in one of the lower levels as being "the pit of the sacrificial serpents"; but Griffith writes the most significant description of it.

"... The pit is shaped like a funnel with a curious slipway worn out just below the hole in the opposite wall which communicates with the main hall. After sloping downward and inward the pit widens consider-
ably and is sufficiently deep to prevent even a tall man from climbing out. It has been thought that sacred serpents were kept in this pit, the curving sides of which would prevent their escape. Possibly after the serpent had been lifted up, as was done by Moses in the wilderness, and due worship made, it would be returned to its lair through the hole in the wall. The larger entrance on the opposite side would permit a man or woman being cast among the serpents to be stung to death. (See Hiram Bingham's "Peru" in National Geographic for April, 1913.)"

Griffith tugs at the fringes of the Shaver Mystery when he says

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that Hal Saflini is "so complex that one can only speculate as to the use or significance of its many extraordinary features."

Griffith seems to have been the only one of the cave's writer explorers who suspected lower levels to the labyrinth. This was when he was retracing his steps from the Holy of Holies through the room which contained a phallic, upright stone and on into another set of chambers on the left. Here he noticed that "the rock, instead of sounding solid to the tread, suddenly sounds very hollow, as if there were a well or a room not yet opened. What wonderful store of archaeological wealth is perhaps here awaiting that opening!"

He wouldn't have thought it so wonderful if he had accompanied the school children who disappeared into those lower levels of Hal Saflini about fifteen years later!

THOSE ELUSIVE CAVERN ENTRANCES

This is a mystery I can explain only by saying that the entrances to the Cavern world are camouflaged beyond discovery -- except when some unsuspecting mortal approaches and for some reason is wanted down below -- or to welcome someone "in the know". Ray Palmer says he has been given the location of a genuine Cavern entrance, and has passed the location on to eager underground researchers. In one case, the Spelunker never came back. He must have succeeded in penetrating the mystery. In all other cases no Cavern entrance could be found by the explorers. There is probably some form of hypnosis involved. This blinds the unwanted to the hole in the ground.

In the case of Hal Saflini thousands of tourists and technicians must have explored all three levels from 1906, when it was officially opened, until the time when Lois Jessop and her five friends toured the place in the mid-thirties. Certainly a few of them, like her, would have refused to accept the guide's laconic statement on the third level that "This is all there is to see." Even in the last room there are still more openings leading off into the blackness. These are even lower in height than the four-and-a-half foot corridors.

Archaeologist J.D. Evans, in his well-illustrated, comparatively new book, "Malta", describes this final, high-ceilinged room "from which open four small oven-like chambers; these were obviously intended to be used for burials but were found empty when the building was first explored." And we can suppose that the scientist gave these dark cubicles at least a cursory glance to satisfy himself that this was indeed the end of Hal Saflini.

THE OPEN DOOR TO THE NETHERWORLD

But that wasn't what Joe, the guide, told Lois after she and her friends had completed the regular tour and were asked to retrace their steps back to the surface.

"What's down there?" she asked the guide, pointing to a small opening off the walls.

"Go there at your own risk, and you wont go far," he replied.

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ABOVE, chamber of the lowest, third level of Hal Saflini, with the small, black entrances to the so-called burial chambers in the corner. Presumably, it was beyond here that Lois Jessop had her shocking experience and the exploring children were lost in the mid-1930s. Presumably also, these are the entrances that were boarded up, though casual observers saw only blank walls when they peered inside. ABOVE RIGHT is a downtown street of Valetta, Malta. Camera looks out from under one huge open-carved from the soft limestone, at other cavern entrances across the way.

AT LEFT is another picture of the interior of Hal Saflini, showing the finished detail of the underground work, the chief tourist attraction on the island of Malta.
AT LEFT, girl tourist teases Barbary Ape perched on house window sill in Gibraltar. At times the apes swarm over the Rock of Gibraltar. At other times they disappear completely, presumably back home to Spanish Morocco, 16 miles across the Strait in Africa. Apes are not native to Europe!

Identification banded apes, tagged in Gibraltar, have been found in Morocco, and vice versa. No apes have ever been seen swimming across the Strait. They certainly don't fly -- though perhaps they could be transported in Flying Saucers -- so the only logical conclusion is that the apes make their way across the Strait through underground caverns, still unknown and undiscovered by surface dwelling human beings.

Natural caverns deep within the Rock were discovered early in World War II when supply and storage tunnels were being dug out. Apparently these were not fully explored, or if they were, the results were censored by the British government.

ABOVE is a picture of the Rock of Gibraltar taken from Spanish Morocco, 16 miles away in Africa, the natural home of the Barbary Apes. AT RIGHT, is a shot of the Rock from the air. Town of Gibraltar is at left.
This was a challenge Lois couldn't pass up. She talked it over with her friends. Two of them decided to stay with Joe. The other three summoned up enough courage to explore with her.

"I was wearing a dress with a long sash that day and as I decided to lead the group I asked the fellow behind me to hold on to it. So, with half-burnt candles in our hands the four of us started through that low, narrow passage, groping and laughing our way through.

"I came out first, of course, onto a ledge pathway only two feet wide, with a sheer drop of fifty feet or more on my right and the wall on my left. I took a step forward, keeping close to the rock wall side. The person behind me, still holding on to my sash, was still in the tunnel.

"I held my candle higher and peered down into the abyss, thinking that with this dangerous drop it was better not to go on further without a guide. Then I saw about twenty persons of giant stature emerge from an opening deep below me. They were walking in single file along another narrow ledge down below. Their height I judged to be about twenty to twenty-five feet, since their heads came up about half way on the wall on the opposite side of the cave. They walked very slowly, taking long strides. Then they all stopped, turned and raised their heads in my direction. All simultaneously raised their arms and with their hands beckoned to me. The movement was something like snatching or feeling for something, as the palms of their hands were turned down."

By this time her friends back in the passage were becoming impatient of the delay. There was a tug of the sash.

"Go on. We're all getting stuck in here. What's the matter?"

"Well," stammered Lois, "there's nothing much to see."

She took another hesitant step forward, her candle in her right hand, her left hand against the cold rock for support. But it wasn't on a cold rock wall, it was on something damp and wet, AND IT MOVED!

"Then a strong wind came from nowhere and blew my candle out! Now I really WAS scared in the darkness. I yelled to the others, 'GO BACK! GO JACK! Guide me with my sash. I can't see!'

"They pulled me back into the low tunnel and we backed up all the way along the passage into the large room."

Lois was relieved to see her friends and Joe, the guide, again.

"Did you see anything?" one of them asked.

"No, my candle went out," she replied with finality. "There was a strong draft in there."

"Let's go," said Joe, looking at Lois, and she returned his glance.
eye for eye. She knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that at one time Joe had also seen those giants. There was an expression of caution in his glance which held her to silence.

"Out in the hot Malta sunshine again we thanked our guide and as we tipped him Joe said to me! 'If you really are interested in exploring further it would be wise to join a group. There is a schoolteacher who is going to take a party exploring soon.'"

Lois left her address with him, suggesting that he have the schoolteacher get in touch with her, but she never heard any more of it. Some few days later one of the friends of the Hal Safliini excursion called her on the phone.

"Remember that tunnel you wanted to explore in the Hypogaeum? Well, it says here in the local paper that a schoolmaster and thirty students went exploring and apparently got as far as we got. They were roped together, with the end of the rope tied to the opening of the cave. As the last student turned the corner where your candle blew out the rope was clean cut. None of the party was found because the walls caved in."

Miss Jessop was shocked by this news, but it only strengthened her own resolve to say nothing of what she had seen and felt that unforgettable day in Hal Safliini. Some months later her sister came to Malta on a visit, and insisted on touring the famous Hypogaeum. Reluctantly, Lois went along, retracing the same route but this time with a different guide! She awaited that fateful opening with a dreaded expectancy as they worked their way through the corridors and rooms to the lowest level. The entrance to that tunnel was boarded up?

"Isn't this where the schoolteacher and the thirty students got trapped?" she asked the guide.

He nodded his head vaguely, shrugged his shoulders, "Perhaps," and refused to answer her questions about the tragedy.

"You are new here, aren't you," she observed, thinking of Joe who had guided her through on her previous trip. "Where's Joe?"

"Joe?" he asked, puzzled, "I don't know any Joe. I, alone, have been showing people around this catacomb for years."

It was then Miss Jessop verified what many another visitor to that strange island has discovered, you cannot get a thing out of the Maltese, when they don't want to talk. After that one brief glimpse into the underworld she was confronted by the impenetrable mystery which has confounded so many researchers -- unless they have somehow broken through the veil and are "in the know".

The Maltese are not an European race. Their peculiar language is closer to Arabic than it is to any European tongue. Outwardly, at least, they are Christians, in the iron grip of the Catholic Church!
My third Flying Saucer talk, on America's Destiny, contains references to the Cavern world. It was after hearing this presentation to the NYSTB that Miss Jessop felt moved to tell me and Mrs. Crabb of her Malta experience. Then in the Communications talk given in New York the second night she saw illustrations which reminded her of the appearance of the twenty-five foot creatures in the Hypogaeum of Hal Safliini. The illustrations are from Max Heindel's "Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception", line drawings of the magnetic field or aura of: the ordinary man, the involuntary clairvoyant, and the voluntary clairvoyant.

Actually, Lois found the giants of the cave hard to describe because their covering seemed to be like long white hair, combed downward and shaggy looking. Their heads were unusually elongated at chin and top with large features, and the hair on their heads fell about the shoulders like a draped monk's cowl. Lois found the Heindel drawings exciting because "the currents in the desire body sketches were the first to resemble in any way the cave dwellers she saw on Malta. Nor does her description of them correspond to Shaver's Deros, hideous dwarfs or trolls who might very well have carved that portion of Hal Safliini now open to the public. This conflict in sizes and types very well illustrates the point I made earlier, that the underworld is people with beings of many sizes, shapes and varying degrees of density, from the completely physical to the completely invisible.

Now, I have no reason to doubt Miss Jessop's honesty, nor the accuracy of her story; nevertheless, it is understandable that I only half believed it when Mrs. Crabb and I left New York to continue our trip. But on returning home to Vista, and going to the San Diego library for reference materials on Malta, I found enough confirmation for me.

THEY WERE GIVEN UP FOR DEAD

I saw it in Richard Walter's "Wanderers Awheel In Malta" in the August 1940 National Geographic. "Years ago one could walk underground from one end of Malta to the other, but all entrances were closed by the government because of a tragedy. On a sight-seeing trip, comparable to a nature study tour in our own (American) schools, a number of elementary school children and their teachers descended into the tunneled maze and did not return. For weeks mothers declared that they heard wailing and screaming from the underground. But numerous excavations and searching parties brought no trace of the lost souls. After three weeks they were finally given up for dead."

A sad story isn't it? One wonders why the British government, powerful as it is, didn't organize an expedition and go in there in great force. Did fear stop them? Fear of the unknown? Or perhaps pressure from the Catholic hierarchy? Bureaucratic officials are not notoriously brave. In this case it was easier to close the file with the official statement that the walls had caved in, and walling off the area -- not an unusual procedure for authorities in a situation beyond their control.

(For written permission to quote from Miss Jessop's story, write to her care of the New York Saucer Information Bureau, PO Box 26, Planetarium Station, New York 24, NY.)