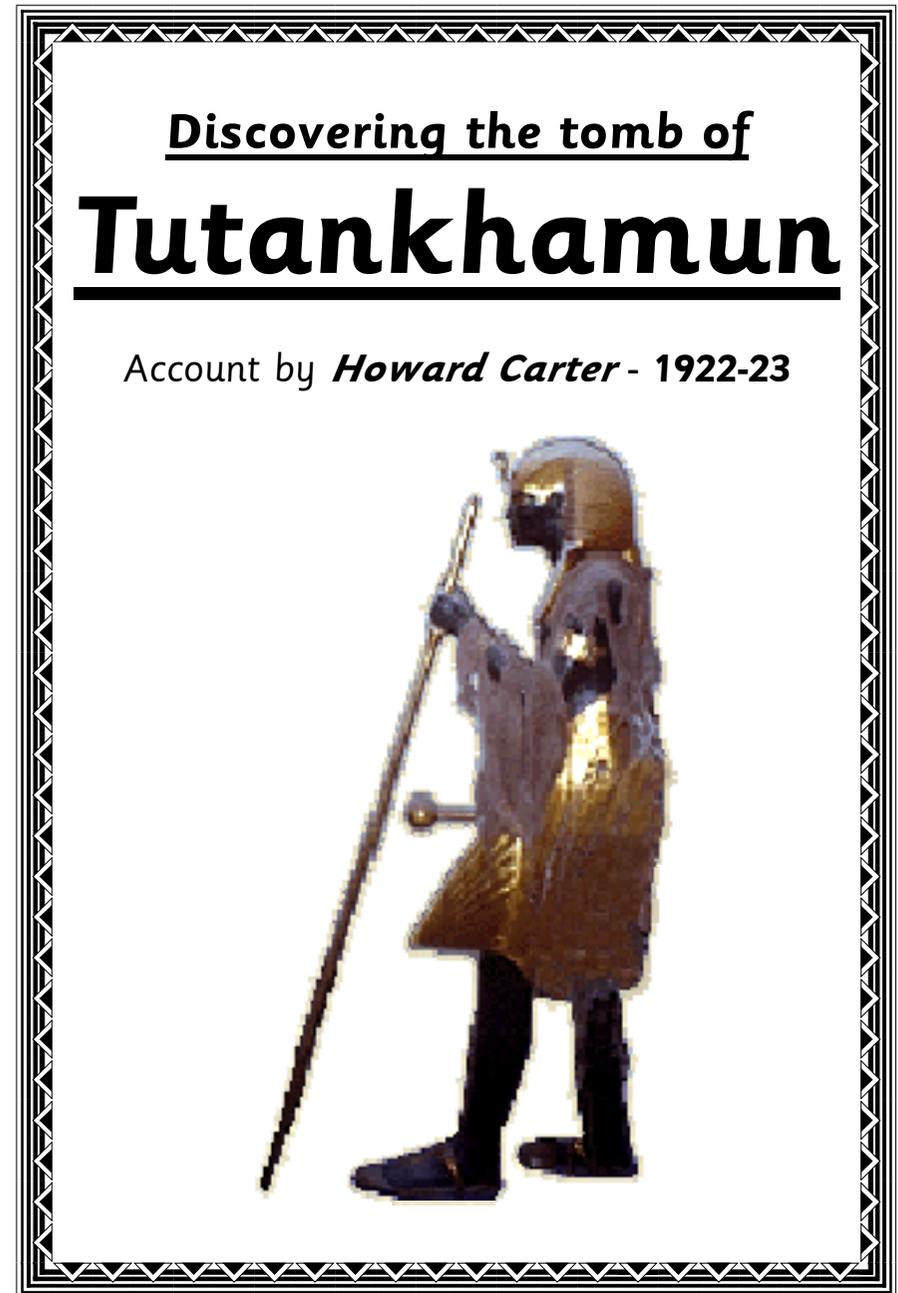
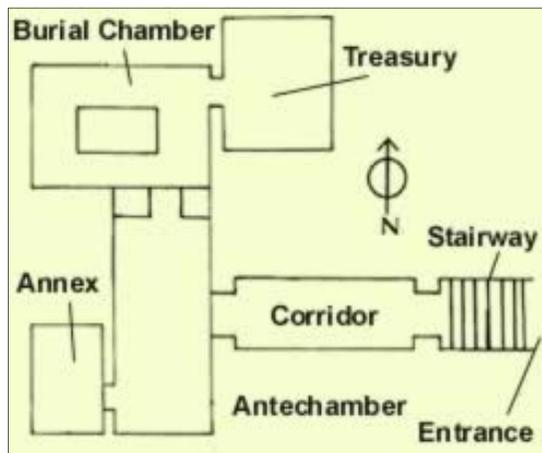
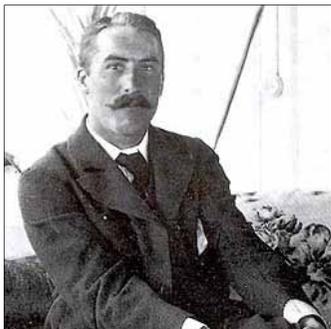


the day, the work of clearing continued until we came to a second door. Slowly, desperately slowly it seemed to us as we watched, the doorway was cleared. Candle tests were applied to check against possible foul gasses. Through a small hole I could see as my eyes became accustomed to the light strange animals, statues and gold – everywhere a glint of gold! We inserted an electric torch further into the hole.

Suddenly, we were looking at a chamber that had not seen human feet for maybe three of four thousand years. I suddenly felt the exhilaration of discovery, the suspense and the curiosity – the pure joy of being an investigator. We saw ahead of us objects, some familiar, but some of the like we had never seen, piled one upon the other ...beyond lay the Pharaoh!



'I arrived in **Luxor** on October 28th, 1922 to begin perhaps the greatest archaeological adventure of modern times. North East of the tomb of Ramses VI in the Valley of kings we started trenching southwards from our roughly constructed workmen's huts. By November 3rd we had started to clear away the soil that lay beneath them.

During the next morning, the work suddenly stopped making me realise that something out of the ordinary had happened. An entrance had been revealed in the rock; a sunken stairway so common in the Valley. I dared to hope we had found our tomb at last. Work continued until the afternoon of the 5th November clearing away masses of rubbish so we could get nearer. There was always the possibility that the tomb was an unfinished one, never completed and never used or that it had been plundered in ancient times. Work progressed more rapidly now until we discovered the upper part of a doorway, blocked, plastered and sealed.

Our years of patient work had been rewarded. With excitement growing I searched the seal impressions of the door to find the identity of the

owner, but could find no name. I found however a royal seal; evidence of the tomb belonging to a person of high standing. I made a small peephole, just large enough to insert an electric torch, and discovered the passage beyond was filled with rubble. It was a thrilling moment for an excavator. I was, after years of work, on the threshold of what might prove to be a magnificent discovery.

I examined the seal impressions for a clue but light was failing so we protected the excavation selecting the most trustworthy workmen to watch over the tomb.

As we cleared the staircase we were able to make out on the seal the name: **Tut-ankh-Amen**. The tomb was not as we had thought been absolutely intact. Plunderers had entered it more than once but had not taken everything.

By 25th November, we had cleared the passage beyond the staircase of broken alabaster jars, vases of painted pottery and numerous smaller fragments. The day that followed (**26th November 1922**) was the day of days; the most wonderful I have ever lived through. Throughout