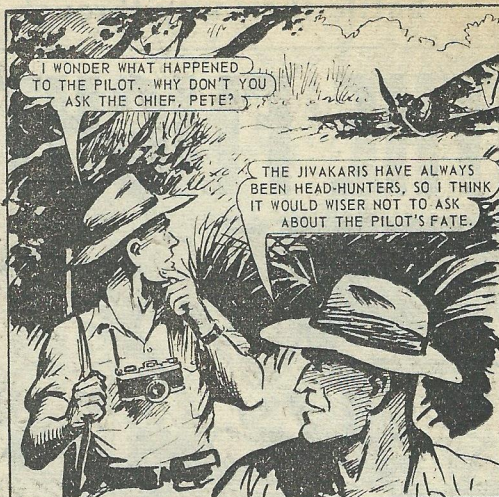


After an hour's hard battle through the jungle.



For the next few weeks Professor Tutt and his companions paddled further and further up the Amazon, seeking unsuccessfully for clues that the Blue Condor still lived. Finally, the Professor decided they were wasting their time and gave the order to head back downstream. Just as they were turning the canoes, Steve noticed something unusual.



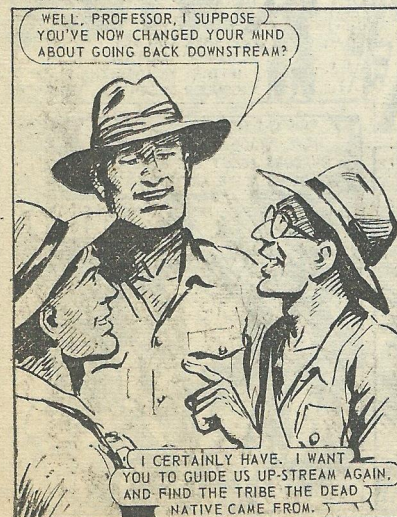
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE OF THIS NATIVE BEFORE. HE'S FROM A TRIBE NEW TO ME. HE'S BEEN BADLY WOUNDED BY A SPEAR THRUST, BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE.



PROFESSOR, ISN'T THIS A BLUE CONDOR'S FEATHER? I FOUND IT IN THAT NATIVE'S CANOE.



IT'S A BLUE CONDOR'S FEATHER ALL RIGHT. AND THERE'S STILL DRIED BLOOD ON THE QUILL. THIS FEATHER WAS IN A CONDOR'S WING ONLY A SHORT TIME AGO.



Four days later.

