

'Doda' to describe the apemen.

'I think that the younger man with the shaved head is their chief,' said Lord John as he observed the Indians walking ahead of us. 'The other men seem to treat him with great respect.'

By late afternoon, we had reached the banks of the lake. As we emerged from the forest, we saw several canoes filled with Indians moving slowly across the water. When the Indians saw us, they screamed with delight and began paddling at tremendous speed. They reached the banks of the lake, climbed out of their canoes and rushed towards us. Then, they dropped to their knees and bowed before the chief.

An elderly man walked forward and hugged the young chief. He looked at us and asked the chief a few questions. Then the old man, who we assumed was the young chief's father, instructed the Indians to bow before us. It was clear that they were grateful to us for saving their chief.

The Indians had come ready for war; they were armed with spears, bows and arrows and kept glancing at the forest and muttering the word 'Doda'. There was no doubt this was a rescue party. The Indians sat down in a circle, and the young chief began to address his people. Though we couldn't understand his words, his facial expressions and hand gestures were very clear. 'We are not safe. Those apes will come back and kill us all. We have come here ready for war, and we must now find the courage to defeat our enemies,' he said.

The tribesmen burst into applause and waved their weapons in the air. Then, the old man approached us and pointed at the woods. 'I think he's asking if we want to help them fight the apemen,' said Lord John. 'What do you say, men?'

'Of course,' I responded.

'You can count me in,' said Challenger.

'Me too,' said Summerlee.

'Then it's settled,' said Lord John. He turned to the old chief and nodded, and the men cheered loudly again.

We set up camp at the lake, and prepared ourselves for the battle that lay ahead.

