

# Along The Trail

by

ken legg

I knew the minute she flew out that something was wrong—the old hen crow didn't want to leave.

As usual it was foggy. I had gotten up at 4 o'clock to be out at daybreak so I could listen to the birds sing, but they weren't very happy about the overcast sky.

I walked along the bay shore and by now had gone farther than ever before. The soft yellow cliffs had neat round holes in them and here and there tree skeletons lay on the shore. Dusky-looking bank swallows perched on these fallen trees or skimmed along above the pebble covered beach. They were beginning to show interest in the holes in the bank.

As I rounded a point where the yellow earth had fallen into the bay and made a fresh mound I heard the old crow depart. She flew away up the shore, but did so reluctantly. It was like two thoughts possessed her and one pulled her up the shore, the other back. She flapped a little ways then

turned and looked back; then she would change her course and angle off.

By the time she reached the second point projecting into the bay her mate had discovered her distress and I had discovered her nest.

The bank was high and steep; thick salmonberries grew to the edge. From amongst the salmonberries a few scraggly looking, wind-bent alders bowed their heads inward. In the top of the largest tree amid the dense twiggage was a structure of sticks as big as a bushel basket.

In my younger days when my lithe form weighed only 120 pounds I would have scampered up the tree like a squirrel. Now heavier and in poorer shape, I struggled up the bank and through the salmonberries picking up a generous amount of thorns as I went.

The alder perched on the very brink and hung out over the cliff but I noted that if its anchors didn't hold it would only toss me in the briar patch. Up I went pushing through to the nest with the adult crows circling at a distance and crying in distress.

It was a surprisingly attractive nest done in a red and white decor. The white wool of some recently departed sheep and the red hair and hide of some old white-face cow had been used to line the nest. My impression was that in the crow world this was a de luxe home; and with a view.

The stick platform was two feet high and a foot and a half across. In the well-cupped and generously lined center reposed four very ugly and completely naked creatures and one egg. Four things hardly appearing alive and apparently just born lay there. Their skin was orange. Their bulging bluish eyes were sealed and in the oldest a terrible proboscis made him look unbearably ugly.

The mother could not restrain her enthusiasm and she had set upon each egg from the moment it was laid, and since one egg had been laid each day her children were a day apart in age. One egg still hadn't hatched.

What would I do? I had no intention of harming them. The possibility of setting up a camera didn't look too good. Maybe I could band them. Then if anyone shot them and returned the bands I would know from whence to where they had traveled.

This is a week later and I have not been back yet. I wish I didn't have to work for a living, then all I'd have to do would be sit back and watch crows grow. Probably not a very exciting pastime to some people, but look at all the peace of mind you'd have. No complex problems. Or would other problems appear?

## Iran Stays Quiet, Sees Little New

Tehran (AP). — Few of the developments since July 14—when the new Iraq regime came to power — had a completely new sound for Iranians.

They had been telling American officials for some time that Iraq, an Arab country, was the weak link in the Baghdad Pact.

The Soviet Union, oil, Kurds, monarchy and Communists have been jumbled in Iran's affairs since World War II.

There were Soviet-supported Communist republics in Iranian Azerbaijan, bordering the Soviet Union, and in the adjoining area of the Kurd tribes. These are gone.

There was a strong nationwide Communist party, the Tudeh. It is virtually nothing now.

Under an emotional, sometimes weeping prime minister, Iran nationalized the oil industry and brought the nation near bankruptcy. Oil is thriving now under a new regime.

The same man — Mohammed Mossadegh—tried to displace the monarchy in 1953, but the mobs he had taught to storm through the streets helped to throw him out of office instead. After three years in prison, he quietly runs a big farm, with politics forbidden.

Iran's monarchy seems more

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