

Eddy Eagle comes from a strong, long lineage of the Eagles of Mt. Eddy. He is actually Eddy Eagle number 3,001. There have been many outstanding eagles from the Eddy Eagle family, all descending from the great Eddy Sr., whose eagle eye never missed a rabbit, and whose wing span spread so far that he could darken the entire mountain under the feathery shadow of his great visage rising through the sky. Far, far he would fly, catching the wind eddies and circling high, he would meet the westerly currents and soar to the coast. The salmon were plenty then, and in no time he'd scoop up a beauty and head back home, spiraling up to the coastal currents and gliding back on the easterly routes. He'd be back at Mt. Eddy before the golden light colored the tips of Mt. Shasta with glowing jewels of light.

There were many of the Eagles who would fly from Mt. Eddy to Mt. Shasta and catch at least 10 rabbits along the way. Then there was Uncle Eddy, who could out-fish anything in the mountain lakes, even the bears. And there was Grandma Edna, who had a knack for making nests that lasted for years, neat, strong, and stately. None could match her standards of ambiance and design. All the family was a proud, loyal bunch. They were a sight to see as they spread their wings, spiraling over the mountain tops, catching the currents, circling upward as they called out to each other, "skeree, skeree".

Yes, the Eagle family, strong, beautiful, regal, reigned over Mt. Eddy since before anyone could remember. Yet there is something quite unique about Eddy Eagle 3,001, known to us as Eddy Eagle. Starting way back in his nestling period, Eddy was already excited to learn about everything. Peering out from the Eagle family aerie high on a crag of rocks near the top of Mt. Eddy, he noticed the many trees of different shapes and colors around the family home. He had an eye for noticing the lay of the land below, and watched carefully as Momma Edita and Daddy Edward would swoop down into the brush and then return to the nest with a bountiful dinner of chewed up rabbit, squirrel, or wood rat. He would look up and see the eagles soaring over the ridge and returning, each with a fine mountain trout in their talons. Eddy was anxious to learn how to do all that. He knew his first step was to learn how to fly, and he took it seriously. The day came when he grew to almost the size of his parents and his fluff had turned into feathers. Springing up, he hopped up on the nest's sides, over which he had peered so many times. Now the land he had studied looked even bigger, and somehow farther away. Heart pounding he looked up to see Mom and Dad circling above. "Skeree, skeree," they called, "come to me." Inching along past the woven twigs, he stepped for the first time on the crag's hard rock. Pausing a moment, he pushed off, spreading wings, he felt the air and pushed, then flapped. The beat in his chest grew stronger, and so did the beat of his wings. Heart pounding, wings bounding, he looked down. Land he had watched for so long was racing along below him. He was flying!

After that, it did not take long for Eddy to catch the wind tides and start exploring in earnest. And it was about that time that he started his first journey to Mt. Shasta. Along the way he watched for rabbits, but instead, he came across a strange field with large animals running around in it and other animals sitting all around the field calling out, "Rah, Rah." He flew closer, wanting to get a good look at these rather splendid creatures. Flying low, he was surprised when they called out to him, "eagle, eagle." Somehow he felt a kindred spirit. Soon he discovered a great institute of higher education, where his desire to learn was forever captivated. He had found the best place ever for an Eagle of his caliber. Needless to say, Eddy Eagle remained forever with College of the Siskiyous, as did his offspring. And so, to this day you can find one of the Eddy Eagles at every COS sports event and more. --- *Cora Brownell*