

Fly

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You may wonder why there are fewer house and horse flies today than in the days of the horse and buggy. That's exactly what I aim to tell you today. Sort of.

You will recall that the horse and buggy contraption was an early version for getting girls and boys together for other than transportation. Then you know, these sprung transports required no windshield. The ordinary fly, searching for food who came upon lovers in a one-horse shay, could swoosh in any of three directions to avoid soiling the flesh or garment of those occupants.

With the coming of the motorized horse carriage, came speed and a glass windshield. So Joe or Jane Fly upon meeting the new contraption on their journey, could not skirt quickly, left, right or up, fast enough to avoid leaving their DNA on that pane of glass. Those of you with good memories still recall that the windshields of the earliest speedsters, had circles of dead flies around the space inside the vehicle where driver and passenger sat, the fly moving left, right or up to avoid a collision, leaving a clean circle of defined diameter depending on the speed of the vehicle, and just how near the passengers might be seated together.

Alone this fearsome moment could not account for the precipitous decline in flies. It all came about when human engineers of fame, studied the fly (all flying animals), wrote and declared to the world, they can't fly.

Eventually this news reached the animal kingdom. Population declines began when a gnat first heard the news. His doubts rose. But when the healthy Eudora G was found dead, causing a rethinking of that kingdom's ability to fly. Once they began to question every motion of their wings, they lost complete confidence in their ability to fly. So today all you see of that species, is the few gnats who were unsocial or deaf.

It was only a matter of time when one of the aggressive gnats successfully mated with a fly, that the thought, **I can't fly** reached that kingdom. She was a beauty; gossip and the word spread around the world faster than the maximum speed of the fly, 4.7 miles per hour.

Of course you know the results. That's right, you don't see horse and house flies doing anything foolish, like thinking and allowing any of their females to breed with another species.

You may wonder why I know this to be true. It all came about when in the military I Captained a C-5 Air Force cargo plane on a "milk run" from Kadena AFB Japan to Fairfield AFB California years ago .We took off near Max weight, mostly cargo and a few dozen rows of military passengers. We had no more that reached the assigned FL330 when I realized we were being treated to an excessive Jet Stream boost of relatively calm weather. Our normal speed at 92% power, nature's boost placed us at over 850 MPH across the Pacific Ocean, beyond the speed of sound. I reminded the crew of this achievement.; a seven hour flight completed in less that five hours; a record at the time.

That same flight I first noticed a horse fly seated on an instrument in front of me. He would zip around the cockpit fore and aft as fun. Of course, he having 360 degree vision, I knew he never took an eye off me. About the mid-trip position report, we began a private conversation, when I told him he was flying faster than the speed of sound when he flew aft, and only 10 MPH less that amount when returning. He could hardly believe me. That was when he told me about the importance of belief, and the danger of doubt. Of course, from birth he believed he could fly, unlike his mother who walked around the BOQ at Kadena all her life. His absolute acceptances, "I can fly".

We had other chuckles on that trip.

I left him in the cockpit on deplaning. I believe I had convinced him to return, tell his mom and siblings the wonders of flying more that 760 MPH. Slay their doubt.

We never meet again. Though I continued to make that Air Force Milk run I had to wonder when I saw a Horse Fly in Kadena, was this a relative?
I always asked.
Regretfully, never a reply.