

# personality of the month



ALOHA from Jane Kelley, alias "Mighty Mouse!"

## JANE KELLEY

By Marijane Nelson

*"Honolulu Tower . . . This is 21 Juliet Kilo"*

Since sports biplanes are rare at Honolulu International Airport, control tower operators hearing that call sign know at once that "Mighty Mouse" is about to put in an appearance in her bright red, single-place Pitts Special.

IAC members on the mainland know her as Jane Kelley — Chapter 50's petite aerobatics enthusiast. Jane has become a familiar sight at stateside competitions, either flying herself or helping out on the judges' line.

Jane is the wife of Dr. Richard Kelley, a Honolulu pathologist who devotes much of his time to running the family hotel business. They have a delightful family of five: Kathy (19), Chuck (18), Linda (16), Bitsy (13), and Colleen (11). In addition to keeping this lively group organized, Jane has logged over 2,000 hours and acquired an impressive list of ratings since she got her Private Pilot's license in 1968.

Prior to taking the CFI check ride, Jane decided to sign up for ten hours of aerobatics at Art Daegling's new Polynesian Sport Aviation school. Imagine Art, confronted with his **first** customer, who confessed in a temulous voice: "I might get air sick, petrified, hate aerobatics . . . and furthermore . . . I've never flown a Cessna 150 or **anything** with a high wing before!"

Jane didn't get air sick, and she didn't hate aerobatics; in fact, that flight marked the beginning of a long association between two stubborn German personalities!

Jane was so enthralled with her first lesson that she couldn't believe it when Art announced: "It's time for plane, pilot, and instructor to head back to the airport." Jane stared at him. She was just getting warmed up . . . and she told him so. Art decided to give her more time.

Half an hour later, he repeated his "time to go home" announcement. Jane, determined to master the barrel roll, wasn't about to stop.

Art: "Okay, NO ONE lasts this long . . . time to head back!"

Jane: "I'm not 'NO ONE' and I want another ten minutes!"

Art: "Okay, but only three more barrel rolls, and then — no matter how the last one turns out — back we go!"

Jane (completing the three): "Just ONE more?"

Jane and Art still joke about Jane's original request for "just ten hours of dual," for they stretched into many more, and Jane was soon instructing at PSA (the first female aerobatics instructor in Hawaii) and was performing aerobatic routines with Art at local air shows. With Art flying his Pitts S-2 and Jane the Aerobat, their graceful performance to the tune of "Sweet Leilani" appeared effortless to the crowds below. Jane's view from the cockpit differed:

Harry Owens never heard  
The story of a female bird  
Who in an Aerobat must try  
His precious "Sweet Leilani" fly!

Kahuku left, Kaena right;  
Haleiwa dead ahead in sight . . .  
But then the Cloverleaves are pau  
And gosh!, she's come out right somehow!

Cuban 8's, then a Reverse,  
"Watch it now . . . they're getting worse!"  
Up and over, do not stall;  
(Without Art's weight . . . no trick at all!).

Then suddenly the music's done,  
And whoops . . . the tape must be rerun.  
But Sweet Leilani, "Dream come true"  
Has just been etched high in the Blue!

When Chapter 50 held its fly-ins at Dillingham Air Field on Oahu's North Shore, Jane was always too busy — scurrying about to help others strap in for their flight, taking pictures, selling bag lunches, and recruiting IAC members — to fly herself. Chapter 50 President Daegling spoke to her about it, and Jane weakly protested that it wasn't fair for her to fly on the weekend, when she was free to fly during the week. Art finally delivered a stern lecture; at the next fly-in, Jane was to FLY . . . and no excuses. Jane squirmed, wiggled, and blushed from head to toe. Art finally perceived Jane's carefully guarded secret: she's shy!

Jane, who'd sooner write a letter to someone than talk to them over the phone, admits that her involvement in aerobatics has helped her overcome this problem to a degree. Although she was just getting into aerobatics and didn't participate in the study, she was startled to read the results of Dr. Champe Poole's survey of the "Personality of the Aerobatic Pilot." She felt like he was describing her personality: the typical introvert . . . EXCEPT when surrounded by close friends and others interested in flying. Then she becomes the typical extrovert!





Jane dragging her tail around.

Jane explains, "Flying is my release from the cares of the world; the total concentration required enables me to put all other matters from my mind. I may land totally exhausted, but mentally I am completely refreshed. Aerobatic flying satisfies my sense of perfection; I can rarely remember being satisfied with a performance. Perfection is good or bad; it's especially bad when combined with obstinance and lack of patience — both of which abound in my personality!"

Taking one giant step forward, Jane was first exposed to section lines and flying in a Box in 1974, when she went to the mainland to compete at Delano, California. Jane found that her rented Cessna Aerobat featured, in addition to its sporty black, white, and orange paint scheme:

- (1) a large dent in the top of the left wing that gave it a rather strong and strange buffet each time she did a hammerhead,
- (2) a door latch on the pilot's side that wouldn't open,
- (3) a recently repaired overhead plexiglass window (which was smashed when a previous pilot had his seat-belt come undone),
- (4) a parachute that (despite the owner's promise of repacking) had NOT been used, or replaced, for eight months,
- (5) a loose and dangerous spinner.

Art Daegling and Delano's Gerry Massey spent five hours helping Jane work on the plane prior to the contest. Jane recalls that Sportsman contestants only needed one seatbelt at that time, and as she was climbing for altitude prior to entering the Box for her first maneuver, her "one and only" suddenly parted. She managed to grab harness and belt and get them back together, then weaving about the sky, tried to figure out what had happened to cause them to separate. She soon discovered that the D-ring of the parachute had caught on the seat belt lever, and a mere movement of her left shoulder was enough to open it. The straps that

held the D-ring would not give in any direction, and since she couldn't change its position, she reached under her seat for a rag, wrapped it around the belt latch and the belt, and proceeded. She suspects the pilot who broke the overhead window with his head and shoulders probably encountered the same problem . . . only in the middle of a loop!

With only seven seconds left to do her sequence, Jane entered the box. Jane says someone had warned her that she'd probably only remember the first and last maneuvers . . . and they were quite right! As she went into a final slow roll to complete the sequence, the right door popped entirely open as she went inverted . . . a bit of unexpected yaw!

Jane pulled slot No. 1 out of the hat when it was time for "round two." She'd climbed back into the Aerobat and was strapped in and ready to go when a voice said, "Jane, I thought you removed the spinner from your aircraft." She had. Red-faced, she climbed back out and discovered that she'd almost taken off in a Cessna Aerobat belonging to Mike Rust, who'd just flown in from San Diego to see what the contest was all about. (Jane relates this "case of mistaken identity" with such a straight face that I'm sure she didn't **consciously** try to switch planes.)

In spite of all her problems, Jane managed to bring home the Sportsman second place trophy, and all the encouragement she needed to return to the Delano contest in '75. This time the rented Aerobat — from a different FBO — seemed in good shape. The "funny noise" Jane noticed in the back of the plane as she flew to Delano was traced to a broken "stick-on type" antennae from the ELT, which had lodged among the cables in the tail section.

Jane once again drew No. 1 for the Sportsman re-fly. Entering the Box, Jane was alarmed when the stick began shaking violently. She couldn't see the elevator, but sudden reduction of speed rectified the matter. Pushing the nose down to pick up speed brought on the same condition. Dismissing the thought of making the first parachute jump over Delano's Box, Jane v-e-r-y cautiously returned to the airport, not even daring to use



A double down payment and a very Happy Mothers' Day.



the flaps. The left side of the elevator was hanging about five inches below its attachment point to the stabilizer — with the bolt missing. (Later models were cotter-keyed due to this same problem.) The airplane was immediately repaired and — after the Sportsman and Advanced pilots flew their sequences — the judges, contestants, and spectators remained to watch Jane fly. One of the Delano group, following the contest, remarked: "Jane, we really love having you participate in our contests, but must you always bring along your emergencies?"

Oahu residents haven't been entirely spared Jane's exploits. Jane's practice session abruptly came to an end one day when the engine coughed and quit. With nothing but blue Pacific on three sides and a garbage dump behind, a 180 was her only choice. Some Navy men, working on the land-fill area just downwind of the dump, quickly arrived on the scene to advise Jane that this was NOT THE AIRPORT. They gave her a ride in their mammoth dump truck to the nearest phone, where Jane called a cab. The brightly checkered PSA plane sitting smack in the U.S. Navy Garbage Dump — right on the approach path to Honolulu International — was missed by no one (students returning from the practice area or FAA).

Jane has become extremely safety conscious. She is probably the world's foremost advocate of double seat belts, thorough pre-flight inspections, and full fuel tanks.

After building up some time in Art's Pitts S-2, Jane decided the time had come to get her own Pitts Special. Unaware that her family had decided to get her a Pitts as a Mother's Day surprise, and that her husband had paid Art Daegling (the Pacific Region Pitts dealer) the downpayment, Jane presented Art with a **second** downpayment check with money she'd saved instructing. Art, who had been sworn to secrecy until an "N" number and delivery date were known, could only look at her with bewilderment.

When Jane's S-1 was ready, Art agreed to pick it up at the factory in Wyoming, ferry it to Fond du Lac for the '74 IAC contest, and then to the west coast for shipment to Hawaii. Dr. Kelley was instructed to send the balance owed to Curtis Pitts in Florida. Complications arose when it was learned that Art couldn't get the receipt needed to pick up the plane . . . because Curtis had closed down his shop and headed for Oshkosh and Fond du Lac! After many phone calls to the factory, it was decided to cancel payment on the first check, and make out a new one to send to the factory with Art. Just prior to his departure for Wyoming, Art was notified that the factory would be closed for a week (one of the two weeks that it is closed each year) . . . during his proposed arrival.

Art finally managed to resolve things so that he could pick the Pitts up and fly it to Fond du Lac, where the anxious new owner awaited his arrival. Following the contest, Jane rushed to California to make financial arrangements for containerization and shipment of the Pitts to Hawaii. The shipping company had advised her that it would be a month before they could handle the shipment, but upon arriving at their office, Jane was told that they'd decided to "take it first" and would have it on the high seas in a few days! Jane gave them a check for having the Pitts put in its container and shipped to Hawaii . . . then frantically chewed her nails awaiting the arrival of ferry pilot Daegling (who'd encountered bad weather).

The earlier shipment date complicated matters still further, for now the plane would arrive in Honolulu while the Kelley family was away on vacation. Art gallantly volunteered to pick up the Pitts at the pier and see that it was safely transported to the airport.

Jane was delighted to find N21JK almost assembled at the airport when she returned from her vacation. However . . . she was puzzled by the bill Art had for transportation. They finally realized that the Pitts had arrived ahead of the shipping bill to Matson Navigation Company, and the Honolulu office had no record of payment. No payment, no Pitts. Art dug deep in his pockets and paid the entire amount for the container and shipping . . . for the second time.

And Jane wonders why she got a vacuum cleaner the next year for Mother's Day.

All her aerobatic activities and the joy of practicing in N21JK had sidetracked Jane from an earlier goal: the Airline Transport Pilot's certificate. Last year she decided that if she was ever going to get it, now was the time. She asked Art if he'd work with her.

Art dusted off an IFR training hood and told Jane to hang up her helmet and goggles. "By now I knew Jane's determination," Art says. "I felt that her experience in aerobatics had given her a great deal of self-assurance, and I knew she had the self-discipline to do well."

Jane got her ATP in June '76 —, but was too modest to tell anyone the good news. I accidentally found out three weeks later when we returned from a trip to Hilo in untypically-Hawaiian bad weather. Jane hadn't been well, so I tactfully refrained from asking about when she planned to take her flight check. Landing at HNL, I exclaimed, "Your instrument procedures are great! You shouldn't have any trouble with your check ride!"

Jane looked up with an impish grin. "I know. I passed it on the 10th."

Last fall Jane helped with the judging at the U.S. National Aerobatic Championships in Sherman, Texas. When she returned to Honolulu, she was aglow with stories about the flying and the people there! I had no doubt but what her red Pitts would soon be a familiar sight over the North Shore beaches.

Jane admits that she is her own worst enemy. She says, "I am a pure competitor; I even compete against myself. Competition is a challenge to me." And with regard to aerobatics, Jane confided, "I see no sense in competing unless I can do fairly well. That's terrible, perhaps, but why have 'egg all over my face' or put my instructor to shame just because I'm ill-prepared? It takes a lot of work to be well-prepared, but I feel that somewhere along the line I'll goof, so better to be OVER-prepared and have that ace-in-the-pocket in case I need it!"

Jane's family presented her with a sign, which hangs inside her locker door at the airport hangar, that says: "Winning isn't Everything . . . . . Until you Lose!"

Back to the practice area . . .

**Cuban 8's, then a Reverse,**

**"Watch it now . . . they're getting worse!"**

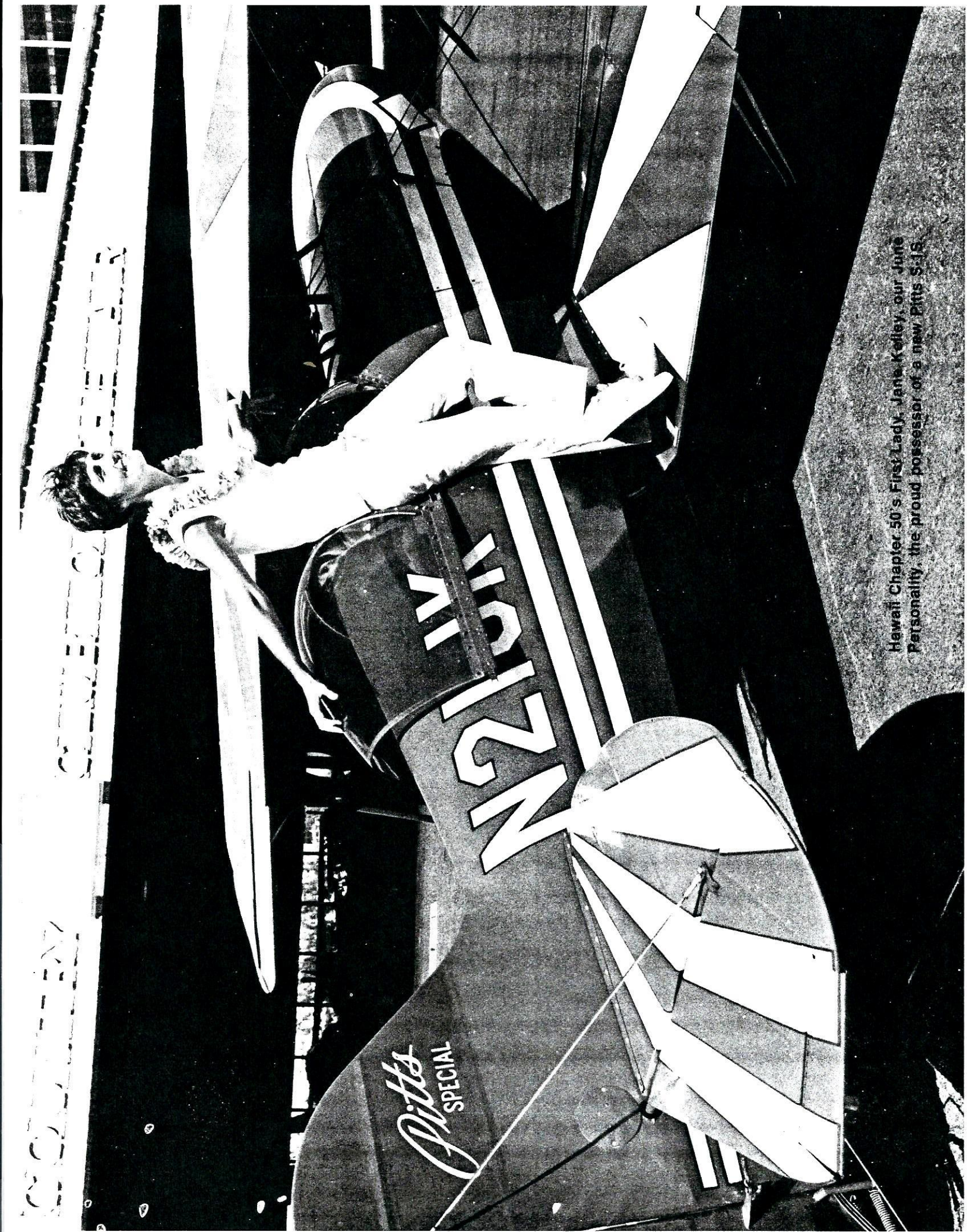
**Up and over, do not stall;**

**(Without Art's weight . . . no trick at all!)**



A pretty lei adorning a pretty lady adorning a pretty Pitts in one of our most beautiful states. Jane has every right to smile so contentedly!





Hawaii Chapter 50's First Lady, Jane Kelley, our June Personality, the proud possessor of a new Pitts 5:15



# Wife of Hotel Executive Dies

Mrs. Jane Zieber Kelley, 42, wife of Outrigger Hotels president Dr. Richard Kelley, died yesterday in Tucson, Ariz.

A nationally known aviator, Mrs. Kelley had been in Arizona to judge an aerial show when she became ill March 1.

Other survivors include five children, Kathryn, Charles, Linda, Elizabeth and Mary Colleen; and her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R.L. Zieber of Santa Rosa, Calif.

Funeral services will be announced later.

Mrs. Kelley was an active member of the Aloha Chapter of the 99's, the General Aviation Council of Hawaii, the Hawaii Aerospace Education Association, the National Association of Flight Instructors, the International Aerobatic Club, the Experimental Aircraft Association and the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, and was an accident counselor for Honolulu for the Federal Aviation Administration.

## Jane Kelley, 42; services Sunday

Jane Kelley, 42, a well-known aviator and wife of Dr. Richard Kelley, Outrigger Hotels president, died Thursday in Tucson, Ariz.

Mrs. Kelley had gone to Arizona to judge an air show and reportedly suffered a cardiac arrest. She was hospitalized in Tucson in March.

She was a member of the Aloha chapter of the '99's, General Aviation Council of Hawaii, Hawaii Aerospace Education Association, National Association of Flight Instructors and many other organizations. She was also an accident counselor for Honolulu for the Federal Aviation Administration.

Services will be at 4 p.m. Sunday at St. Clement's Church. The family requests that flowers be omitted. Donations in her name may be made to the Amelia Earhart Scholarship Fund, in care of Patricia Davis, P.O. Box 30294, Honolulu 96820.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Kelley is survived by her son, Charles; daughters, Kathryn, Linda, Elizabeth and Mary Colleen; and parents, Dr. and Mrs. R.L. Zieber of Santa Rosa, Calif.

They lived on earth a little while  
And learned the joy of wings.  
The cloudless sky, the boundless blue  
A pilot's secret things.  
They lived, they shared  
Their joy with us  
And then they flew away  
To New Horizons, brighter skies  
where earth folk cannot stray.  
Each left to us a legacy,  
A memory, a prayer,  
The dazzling height, the gift of flight.  
Their dreams and hopes to share.  
Remember them and care.

Betty McNabb

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there.  
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.  
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark, or even eagle flew.  
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.