



## RECORD OF COMMUNICATION

**Michael Huhn**  
**Air Safety Investigator**  
**Western Pacific Region**

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**Date: September 28, 2018**  
**Person Contacted: Ms. Nancy Dellamaria (Passenger)**  
**NTSB Accident Number: WPR18FA251**

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### **Narrative:**

The following are verbatim extracts of two emails sent to the NTSB by Ms. Dellamaria today regarding her observations of the flight and accident:

#### First Email (narrative)

Here is my recollection of the flight:

Things were going well until about the time in which our pilot, John had to make a decision about the weather in the Bay Area. We were approaching the Delta and had a discussion about going straight over into the Bay, or going south, to San Jose, and around up to Palo Alto from the southern direction. I had made this trip several times, and recognized the landscape. John pointed to the southeast, sharing that there was a spot of clear amongst the clouds, and he thought we could approach it, and be on the ground soon. I told him that I trusted his judgment, and texted Karen, our angel flight driver on the ground to tell her we would be landing in about 15 minutes.

As we approach the northern aspect of the [San Francisco bay], I pointed out to my daughter, as this was her first trip, some of the landscape such as the Northbay, where we have relatives. I then told her that we would be flying right over the Oakland hills, and the Mormon Temple which is only a mile from where her Aunt and Uncle live. As soon as I said that, I realize that we could not see the Oakland Hills, Oakland, Or any of the Bay at all. It was a thick mix of smoke and fog. I immediately since John's apprehension, and tried not to let my daughter know that I was nervous listening into his communication with air traffic control. As he struggled even visualize the Dumbarton Bridge, I snapped a few photos of the right side of the aircraft with my iPhone, that was destroyed in the crash. I had thought about texting my husband quickly to show him the conditions, but decided to wait until we were safely on the ground.

John voiced that it was hard having so many aircraft coming in in these conditions, and apparently there was another flight right on our tail behind us.

I sensed his apprehension, and stress level rise as we remained quiet for air traffic to communicate with him. I recall seeing the end of the Dumbarton Bridge, and then the airfield was just below us, as we came in for a very rocky landing. My daughter Chloe squeezed my hand tight as we bounced on the

airstrip and then took off again. I reassured her and heard him tell air-traffic control that he had to do a go around, and that he “just came into fast.”

As soon as we took off, it seemed I felt the plane bank left, and immediately felt it went too far left as I heard John exclaimed “Oh Shit ! ” immediately after that, we were falling. I recall thinking, “we don’t have enough altitude to experience this much turbulence, and there is no room for dropping.”

Next thing I knew, we felt the impact, and I experienced a series of fractures in my own body. Then it was Cell, I open my eyes and look down to see my feet and my daughters in water. She exclaimed “ Oh my God mom, we crashed!”

As soon as Chloe said this, I remember that we smelled fuel, and she then said “mom, we have to get out of this plane! Oh my God mom, you’re bleeding!”

At this point, I looked at to see John slumped over the cockpit. There are some details I will leave out, unless you would like to hear them, that told me , as a 25 year healthcare professional, that he was gone. I also knew that I had a neck injury, severe enough that I shouldn’t move, and yet I needed to do so in case we were going down in water, or up in flames. I allowed my daughter to push the vacant right front passenger seat forward and open the door. I told her to call 911, which she did as I gathered my strength to get out, I listen to her tell dispatch exactly what happened and where we were. As she shook a John’s shoulder to see if he was ok, I told her that he was gone, and we needed to let him be, and exit the plane immediately. I mustered up all the strength I could, stood up, and exited the plane, and then proceeded to lie down flat on the right wing, telling Chloe I was hurt and had to wait there until the first responders came. I heard her Continue to communicate with 911 dispatch, and then first responders started to arrive at the end of the mud pond where we were. She was asked to check for the Pilot pulse, which she did, and Found none. From there, EMS deployed the 24 foot ladder to aid our rescue.

I hope this is helpful. Chloe and I have spoken, several times in that first week after the crash. The only thing she had to add to my story was how destroyed the cockpit was, with “glass everywhere.” Otherwise, She told me the story exactly as I told you, we both concurred that this was exactly what happened.

See next page for Second Email (In response to NTSB follow-up questions)

### NTSB QUESTIONS

- 1) I recall that you were in the right rear seat, and that Chloe was seated behind the pilot, correct?
- 2) Can you tell me the approximate weight of the bags that you two had, and where they were for the flight?
- 3) Did John get fuel at Redding, or between Redding and Palo Alto, or did he mention where he might have gotten fuel for the trip?

### PASSENGER RESPONSES

1. Chloe and I were seated as you described...she sat behind the pilot, and I was in the rear, right passenger seat.
2. My husband believes our bags weighed about 35 lbs total. My weight was 185, my daughter's about 130. We had our main two small bags in the luggage compartment with each a small "sack" at our feet.
3. I discussed fuel with my husband, Anthony who stayed while we met John. We recall other pilots fueling in Redding, but we did not recall John doing so. We believe he fueled in Placerville before leaving home, and was planning to refuel in Palo Alto, but I am not 100% sure about that. My husband ... always meets and greets with the pilot, makes some small talk, and gets an idea of the flightpath. He did not recall John fueling in Redding.