

From: Mary Colacurci [REDACTED]
Date: November 19, 2018 at 5:07:19 PM CST
To: [REDACTED]
Subject: P51 Crash Fredericksburg, TX

Hello. My name is Mary Colacurci and my husband Barry and I, in addition to my cousin from Plano, TX, unfortunately witnessed the moments leading up to the crash of the P-51 Mustang on November 17th, 2018, in Fredericksburg, TX.

The three of us were standing between parked cars in front of a store called Dogologie, on the north side of Hwy. 290 in downtown Fredericksburg. My husband is a pilot and has himself gotten to ride in the jump seat of a P-51 Mustang, so we were watching intently. A museum employee had told me the week before that a pilot from Burnet with a WWII pilot in the jump seat would be part of the re-enactment at the museum at 2:00, so we knew what we were watching at the time.

We watched one complete pass over the museum re-enactment and after several minutes, maybe 10, here it came again. We even changed our location slightly so we could get a better look, and were practically standing in the westbound lane of 290.

He did a very low pass over the re-enactment site, just a block and a half from us. I commented to my husband and cousin, "Wow, he's really climbing out now" as he gained altitude very quickly, heading SE from the museum. I also noted that I could see two heads so it confirmed the older gentleman had been able to make the trip and we were so happy for him.

As he was climbing out fast, all of a sudden he did a roll. My husband exclaimed, "He's doing acrobatics!" and I exclaimed simultaneously, "Why in the world is he doing that with that veteran in back! That guy has to be in his 90's!" Right then, the pilot completed the roll and then, he made a slight little turn that looked kind of weird, but we all thought that he might be attempting a second roll. A nanosecond after the slight turn, the plane became vertical heading straight down and then disappeared behind the rooftops from our vantage point. Almost simultaneously I heard a hollow-sounding, metal on metal sort of "pop". I knew in my bones that we'd just watched it crash, but my husband thought (hoped) that it had just gone out of our sight and was heading to the Fredericksburg airport. He did not hear the "pop", but my cousin and I both did. Unfortunately, it turns out I was right, we had just witnessed the final minutes and seconds of those men's lives. We are infinitely saddened. The sight of that plane in a downward-facing vertical position will stay with us forever.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Colacurci
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Sent from my iPhone