

My name is Tammy Selph. I am 55 years old. I grew up on a farm and my husband farms. Seeing airplanes and crop dusters and the way they move and fly is nothing new to me. I live approximately 3 miles east from where the plane went down. I have been doing some work in the cemetery at my church and that morning I made a last-minute decision to go for a little while before it got hot. Without that decision I wouldn't have been in position to see how he was flying before he hit the wires. He had sprayed my house earlier that same morning.

I was going west on Tippettville Rd. I saw the plane coming toward me (so saying the plane was traveling from west toward the east) and my first thought was, something is not right. He seemed to be flying lower than I thought he should have been. I saw his plane make a few wobbles, he continued a little straighter over the fence row but still seemed to be flying slower and lower than they normally do. I continued to watch him as he moved over and looking out my window, I realized where he was and my thoughts were... what is going on, there is nothing out there for him to be spraying, then the taller trees of the fence row got between him and me, so I couldn't see him directly and I just remember saying to myself...come up, come up, come up... but I never saw him fly up. I just had a gut feeling that something was wrong and decided to turn around to be sure he came up and when I was turning around and still looking back for him, I saw something... realizing now that it was debris from when he hit the wires and then heard a loud boom when he hit the ground. I continued up the road looking and saw the plane there on the ground. I pulled over, got out, ran across the road and climbed over the fence. Someone else was pulling up and I pointed to it and told them... this had just happened, for them to call it in and I went to the plane to look for the pilot. I went around to both sides trying to get to him. I got to his hand and looked around up in there and then went to the other side again and could see his shoulders. I just tried to talk to him, I squeezed his hand and his shoulder and got to his calves and legs and was trying everything to see movement, but he never moved. He was breathing really deep and labored for a bit then it turned to gurgling breathes. I stayed with him while the others were trying to get equipment to get it lifted and try to get him out. I could hear his breathing slowing down and I went to the other side and shook his shoulders a bit and told him to hang on that I could hear them coming and he took a few more breathes and then stopped.

I don't know what was happening...whether it was something going on with him or the plane. I was in my car and couldn't really hear if it was sputtering or making odd sounds but all I remember thinking was... he isn't flying right and the plane wasn't as loud as it should have been and that he wasn't as high as he should have been to be that close to me. I don't believe that he just flew into those wires, he was having trouble before he got to them.