

STATEMENT OF DEBRA WILSON

My name is Debra Wilson, and I am David Wilson's wife. At the time of David's accident we had been married for two years. I am 33 years old. David has a son George from a prior marriage who lives with us. What has happened to David has greatly affected our marriage and our life. David is my third husband, and we are trying to keep our marriage together. We had planned to have a child but David's impotence has changed all that. His inability to have sex has devastated him emotionally. Before the accident, we had sex two to three times a month, but because of his impotency, we don't have sex now and whatever tenderness he had for me is gone. I've tried talking him into seeing a marriage counselor or taking Viagra but he won't. Now he can't even walk without getting tired.

On August 4, YR-5, the day of the accident, I was in the kitchen baking and washing dishes. There is a window over the sink, so I saw and heard what happened. David was about 60 yards away — I'm not too good on judging distances. The window was half up. I remember being angry because as usual David was doing all the work. George was off somewhere else doing God knows what. George can't get a job because of his drug and legal problems and his bad attitude. To tell you the truth, I'm scared stiff of George. He looks at me strange all the time; at least, I think he is looking at me, if you know what I mean.

They were working around the truck and tractor that day, and it was about noon. I was looking out the window watching David because I am always nervous about the way he handles chemicals. David put the Dinitro container on the bed of the pick-up truck to pour it. That's the only safe way; otherwise it will spill. That's the way all of the farmers around here do it. His back was to me so I couldn't see exactly what he was doing. I looked down for just a minute and then I heard a yell and a clatter. I looked up from my dishes and saw David on the ground, soaked with that horrible chemical. George was just standing there looking at him. I rushed out of the house and saw David washing himself off at the faucet. He was cursing. George said something like, "It happened again, didn't it?" I yelled at David that I had warned him about being careful with those chemicals. He shrugged and said he had 30 years'

experience, and nothing like that had bothered him before. I don't know what he meant by that. I'm sure he's never spilled any chemical on himself before.

David is very careful about everything he does on the farm. The accident wasn't his fault. We went inside our house, and he scrubbed himself raw in the bathtub. He didn't seem worried, but, just in case, he followed the instructions on the Dinitro label. I read it, and it seemed to say that if you washed it off, nothing would happen. What a lie! Then I burned the clothes he was wearing.

At the time of the accident, David was in wonderful shape for a 49 year-old man. He had a job in town and ran the farm – with precious little help from that son of his. He's always had a little arthritis, but a week after the spill he started getting weaker and weaker. He fell down in the field and got real scared. Finally, after about a month of this, I took him to Dr. Weeks. He told David that his arthritis was getting worse, and he was simply working too hard for a man who was almost 50. That was bunk. David then went to a specialist, who made the diagnosis of the muscle disease caused by the chemicals in the Dinitro.

David can't work now. We can't pay the bills, especially for his 19-day hospital stay. These doctors tell me he will not get any better. Hopefully he will, if he doesn't die of inactivity first. He's just wasting away, sitting in a chair watching TV all day long.

Since we can't afford to hire anyone to run the farm, I've had to quit college and go back to work at Sam's Bar here in Franklin where I work 20 hours a week and earn \$20 an hour. For the past four years, I had been taking accounting courses at Franklin City College as a part-time student. I planned to complete my college courses over the next four or five years and then work for a C.P.A. firm in Des Moines or some other big city. It doesn't look like that's going to happen now.

I met David at Sam's Bar. I don't like the work because the men are always coming on to me. David put up a fight about my going back to work there, but we really need the money and there aren't any other jobs in town that I can get.

My life was a mess before I met David, but he helped me turn it around. Before the accident he was a wonderful husband and provider. He works — or worked — 14 hours a day before the accident. We went on food stamps last month. It humiliated David when I went to the state office and signed up for those benefits, and it embarrasses him every time we use them in town. He's a very proud man. He's so different now than he was before – he is withdrawn, moody, and impatient.

July 15, YR-4

Debra Wilson

[Statement given to Plaintiffs' attorneys]