

## **STATEMENT OF GEORGE WILSON**

My name is George Wilson. I'm 21 years old, and I live in a room over the barn on my father's farm. My mother and father split up when I was 15 and then my father married this cocktail waitress he met in a bar; her name is Debbie. I think she talked my dad into leaving my mother. I don't like her and she doesn't like me. That's why I live in the room over the barn. My mom moved back to live with her parents, and I don't see her more than once a year at Christmas. I work hard and really run the farm, especially now that my dad can't work. I don't get paid anything regular but my dad gives me money when I need it and has promised that I'll get the farm when he retires.

I've had a few problems with the law in the past four years, mostly because the local cops don't like me and are always looking to hassle me. Debbie's brother works on the police force, and I am sure he has a lot to do with that. About three years ago, I was stopped for making an illegal turn and the cops found about an ounce of pot in my truck. It was a bogus bust; the stuff wasn't even mine, but I didn't have much of a chance winning that argument. The judge gave me a choice of six months in jail or three months in rehab if I admitted I "had a problem." I spent three months at the clinic in Cedar Rapids. Then for six months I had to give a urine sample every week to the local probation department.

My dad was pretty cool about the drugs, and he told me one night that he done his fair share of partying when he was in the army. Debbie, on the other hand, is a real pain in the ass about it, always giving me grief and calling me a stoner and telling my father that I'll never amount to anything and that I don't deserve to get the farm when he retires.

Debbie's way too young for my father, and they have never gotten along. She still hangs out at Sam's Bar in town on some nights when my father is too tired to stay up and she was doing that even before the accident when he had to work the night shift when they did inventory at the plant. She loves all of the attention the men give her. Even before the accident, they used to argue about her hanging out there and coming home loaded. She doesn't like me, and the feeling is mutual.

I was helping my dad on the day of the accident. He was in the back yard, about 100 yards from the house, right next to the barn. I had gone inside the barn to get my pair of gloves to wear and had just come out when I saw him put the can of Dinitro on the edge of the tailgate of the pick-up truck. He was tilting the can with his left hand and balancing the 1-gallon pail with his right hand on top of his right leg. I could just tell he was going to spill that stuff on himself again. The Dinitro came pouring out the 5-gallon container and all over him again. He was soaked. He's really not as careful as I am around those chemicals. I spilt some of that Dinitro on my hands a month before my dad's accident, and I had a fever for a week. I was real sick, but I still went to work.

When it happened to me, I read the label and I remember saying to him, "hey Dad, did you ever read the bad things they say this stuff can cause?" and he told me he doesn't read labels anymore "because they all say the same thing and they're just trying to scare you into being careful." After spilling the stuff, Dad looked real concerned, and glanced at the container. It almost was as if he hadn't read the label before. He did have his gloves on, I remember that. He ran over to the faucet and washed himself off. By then Debbie was coming up to us, and she was yelling at me. She must have been looking out the window while she was sitting in the kitchen reading one of her magazines. Of course she blamed me for not doing the filling as if she ever lifts a finger or knows anything about farm work.

They went inside and an hour later Dad came back out and we finished our chores. I asked him how he felt and he said, "Fine." He said that he followed the directions on the label about what to do if there was a spill and that he wasn't concerned.

A few days after the spill I noticed that Dad didn't look so good. I thought he was getting sick just like I had gotten sick but he shrugged it off. I got concerned when he started to lose his balance and began to fall a lot. I didn't see him fall but he would come in from the fields and tell me. When he told me, he looked real worried. At first he tried to joke about it, saying that his arthritis was acting up. Then he began to fall more often and got weaker and soon he couldn't do any work. Finally he went to a slew of doctors. He's not much better. It's been a

drought year, and the crops are doing bad. It would help to have an extra hand, but we can't afford it.

August 10, YR-4.

George Wilson

[Statement made to Plaintiffs' attorneys and made available to Defendant's attorney during discovery]