

**RESTRICTED**  
**STATEMENT**

**Number: S213**

Age	[ 58]
Statement Date	[ 26/APR/2004]
Signed Name	[ G KIMBLEY]
Telephone No	<b>Code A</b>
Postcode	<b>Code A</b>
Date Of Birth	<b>Code A</b>
Occupation	[ CATERING ASST.]
Address	<b>Code A</b>
Forename 1	[ GILLIAN]
Surname	[ KIMBLEY]

I am the above named person and I live at the address shown overleaf. I make this statement with regard to my late husband Robert Caldwell WILSON /N5 who was born on the **Code A** and died on the 18th October 1998 (18/10/1998).

I first met Robert in 1981 after he had left his first wife. We were married in October 1985 and lived together as man and until his death. Robert and I did not have any children together, although Robert seven children from his previous marriage. I have a daughter Debbie /N1283 from my first marriage.

When we first married Robert was working at double glazing firm in the production side. He enjoyed his job, but he had been in the Royal Navy and this was very much the job he had enjoyed the most. I got on okay with Robert's children and had contact with all of them. Robert and I lived together in Fareham and then Sarisbury Green. His children would come over and visit and Robert was always happy to see them.

Robert was about 65 years old when he fully retired. He seemed to be in quite good health, although he was a heavy smoker and would smoke 40 a day. **Code A**

**Code A** He was about 5'6" tall and weighed about 12 stone however his weight would go up and down and certainly increased in the later stages of his life.

In about February 1997 Robert was taken to following a suspected heart attack. He was in hospital for about three weeks before he came home. He managed to stop smoking but this was one of the times when the weight started to go on. Robert did seem to make a full recovery from this heart attack. I am unable to recall any other occasions when Robert was ill or had to go into hospital.

In September 1998 my daughter and I went away for a week in Plymouth leaving Robert at home by himself. He was quite able to look after himself and had friends and family close by. Whilst I was away Robert had a fall and was again admitted to the Queen Alexander Hospital /L194. I only found out some time later that he had been taken to hospital when I was told the woman who the guest house we were staying in. I phoned Harry who was the steward at the club. I was told that Robert had had a fall and was in a bad way, so I rang the hospital but they told me there was no need to come home. I remained in Plymouth but phoned everyday and was able to speak with Robert.

I returned home about six days after Robert had had his fall. I went and visited him at the Queen Alexander Hospital where he was quite out of it and did not seem to know who I was. He looked in a bad way all black and blue and very blown up. I spoke with the Doctor's who told me he was comfortable. However as time went by it was clear that Robert was improving. He knew who I was and was able to hold a conversation with me. The rest of his family were visiting him as well. Robert wanted to come home but it was obvious he needed quite a bit of care at this stage. Social services were visiting and there was a plan to put him a nursing home, however Robert didn't want this.

In the end it was decided that Robert would go to the Gosport War Memorial Hospital /C31 in order that he could rehabilitate. Robert was taken from the Queen Alexander to the Gosport War Memorial Hospital in what is classed as an Ambulance but is in fact no more than minibus. He was transferred on the 14th October 1998 (14/10/1998) at about 0900 hours. I went with him, prior to the trip Robert seemed okay, the ambulance did a bit of a run round and we arrived at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital at about 1030 hours. He was glad to arrive and was clearly tired out. I don't recall the name of the ward Robert was put in. I spent the rest of the day with Robert during which time a female doctor came round.

The female doctor /N1284 /A1141 < span class="holmesFootnote" id="F1">/F1 told Robert to go to bed and said she would give him something to clam down from the trip. I don't know the name of the female doctor but she was a white lady in her middle age. Robert did as he was asked and went to bed. When I left Robert later that day he was still lucid. On the 15th October 1998 (15/10/1998) I went to see Robert at about lunchtime but he looked dreadful. He was a mess with food all over him and he was incomprehensible when I tried to speak to him. I called for a nurse and asked what was wrong. I told her that I was his wife and could I speak to someone in authority. I spoke with the ward sister /N1285 /A1142 /F2 who told me quite bluntly,

"Your husband is dying." This came as quite a shock. She went onto say he could die at any time but they were not giving him longer than a week.

I had been of a view that when Robert went into the Gosport War Memorial Hospital it would be for about six weeks and then he would be coming home. I told the nurse that no-one had told me how ill he was. The nurse seemed surprised when I told her this and said, "You really didn't know how ill he was." I would describe the staff as being very friendly.

I then phoned my dad and Robert's son to inform him how ill Robert was. I told Robert's son Neil /N1087/A795/F3, that he should tell the rest of the family. I went back to the Gosport War Memorial Hospital later that evening. Robert was a bit completely out of it as if he was in a coma. Neil started making plans to get the family to the hospital because Robert was clearly very ill, this included Lesley /N1094/A802/F4 flying in from America. I went back to the hospital on the 16th October 1998 (16/10/1998) in the early part of the morning. Robert was still in a coma. I asked the nurses what was wrong and they said this is how he has been.

I went to work in the afternoon, but got a phone call from the sister at the Gosport War Memorial Hospital at about 1600 hours to say Robert was deteriorating quite rapidly and that I should get the family to the hospital as soon as possible. I got to the hospital as quickly as I could with my daughter. My daughter and I stayed the night. Robert was not expected to last the night. On Saturday 17th October I went home to get washed and changed. I returned to the hospital and again I spent the night. During this time the rest of the family were visiting.

I again went home on the Sunday which was the 18th October in order to wash and change. I returned later that day for a few hours. The whole family had arrived and I left the hospital at about 2230 hours to go home. I did not see Robert alive after this point. At about 2340 hours on the 18/10/98 (18/10/1998) to say Robert had died and I returned to the hospital.

I have always had concerns about Robert's death. Given the fact that he had gone to the Gosport War Memorial Hospital for rehabilitation it all seemed very sudden. Robert's son Iain /N317/A795/F5 has had most to do the investigations into his father's death. I would like to know how my husband came to die and if he had the proper treatment. Iain has told me that I have been offered £1200 compensation for the death of Robert however Iain had turned it down. I don't know why he turned it down it was probably because it was not enough. I do not know who made the offer of compensation. I am expecting a reasonable amount of compensation for the death of my husband.