

gn7k

February 25, 2015

Dear Paul:

Thank you for your comments. I have heard from several friends and relatives of Dick Endres since I began writing this blog. All of them are still looking for closure after more than 30 years. They all seem to want me to take responsibility for murdering Dick while in a homicidal rage. That seems to be the only way they can make any sense of Dick's death. And they all do as you did - look back to my prior manslaughter conviction to justify their belief that I'm a homicidal maniac.

But that theory of Dick's death is based on lies Ron Endres told about what happened. He lied to cover up his cowardice - inventing a story that made him out to be a hero vainly trying to save his brother from a vicious attack by a crazed killer. Now, 30 years later, Ron is still too much of a coward to admit he lied about what happened in 1984.

Maybe you should be asking Ron to take responsibility for the lies he told which sent an innocent man to prison for life. Think about it for a minute and you'll see Ron's version of events doesn't make any sense. Ron got Dick out of bed at 2 AM and had him drive 30 miles to Sun Prairie. For what? A friendly game of euchre? Not hardly. Ron was in a love triangle with Shirley and Lyle and was afraid of getting revoked if he beat up Lyle (Did you forget that Ron was on parole for attempted murder for a home invasion where he raped his ex-girlfriend and tried to kill her new boyfriend?). Ron brought Dick to do his fighting for him.

When Dick came into that apartment he was already in a rage. If you knew Dick at all, you knew he was volatile, short-tempered and violent (and a formidable street fighter). I could see it as soon as he walked in the door. I've had experience with people like that and knew that if I could get him talking it would deflect his anger and he would not attack anybody. But when I reached out my hand and introduced myself, instead of shaking my hand, he sucker-punched me. I flew backward down a darkened deadend hallway with Dick in pursuit. He grabbed on to me and did not let go of me during the entire time we were fighting.



I was dazed and confused. I was being attacked by a large, enraged man whom I did not know, nor did I know why he was attacking me. I panicked. I pulled out a knife and stabbed him in his arm. He didn't even feel it. Then I stabbed him shallowly in his side. He realized I had a knife but instead of backing off and letting me go, he hollared for Ron to come help him while he held me pinned against the wall. I knew I couldn't fight off two of them so I began frantically slashing at him anywhere and everywhere I could. All he had to do was let go of me and I would have fled like the scared rabbit I was. But I couldn't break his grip so I kept slashing at him. At one point he grabbed my wrist and almost succeeded in throwing me to the floor. I broke his grip and at that point inflicted the 4 wounds that resulted in his death. He had 17 superficial cuts and 4 stab wounds. He began to lose his strength and fall backward - still holding on to me and dragging me down with him. It wasn't until he was on the floor that I was finally able to break his grip on me. At that point, I fled. The first time I saw Ron after the fight started was when he was standing in the living room between me and the exit door. I told him to back off, he moved out of my way and I left.

I will take responsibility for what I did. I fought back when Dick attacked and I kept fighting until I could get away. I have to admire Dick for his strength and tenacity. He literally fought to the death. I suspect he had never been beaten in a fight before and it never occurred to him that he could lose a fight to a 150 pound cripple. I'm a fighter, not a murderer. I fought for my life that night when I was attacked for no apparent reason by a 235 pound man who was in an uncontrollable rage. I am sorry that I caused his death. At the time, I had no idea I had hurt him that badly. None of the wounds were lethal - he simply bled to death.

If not for the lies of Ron Endres and the botched defense presented by my attorney at trial, I would not have spent the last 30 years in prison. I agree that it's time for somebody to take responsibility. And that somebody is Ron Endres. Let him take responsibility for dragging Dick to Sun Prairie under false pretenses and getting him killed for nothing. Let him take responsibility for the lies he told to cover up his cowardice and which got me sent to prison for life. Let the truth come out after 30 years of lies.