

## Murder in the Family

### My Perception

When I was fourteen years old, there was a murder in my small town of Taber, Alberta. News did not travel very fast back in 1972; also, I lived on a farm, far from the sounds of the police sirens that my friends who lived in town talked about in school the next day. So I learned about the murder at school. One or two of my school mates who lived near the house in question even said they had heard the gun shot. We were all a bit traumatized, having never known of a murder to happen in our hometown during our (admittedly short) lifetimes.

When I got home from school, of course I wanted to talk about this murder. It was so horrible—a young man had shot his father! Why would a person shoot someone in their family? The idea boggled my mind! It had me a little bit shook up.

It shook up something in my father, too—it shook up a story. “Well,” he said, “my uncle was shot by his nephew.” I do not remember how I responded when my dad said that, but I do remember feeling stupefied—I was completely shocked to find out that murder had touched my own family, and in a similar way, with a young man deliberately shooting an older family member.

Dad explained that his uncle Louis owned a garage in Lewiston, Idaho, and that one night, his nephew had shot and killed him.

“You mean, one of our cousins killed him?” I wondered in consternation.

“No,” he replied, “It was one of his wife’s nephews.”

“You mean, Aunt Leona’s nephew killed him?” I gasped.

“No,” he replied, “It was the second wife’s nephew.”

What?! I was completely astonished. I had known Aunt Leona my entire life. What I thought I knew was that she was the widow of Uncle Louis.

### Background

My father’s family had immigrated to Canada from the United States in 1917, following one uncle, Milt and his wife Josie, who had immigrated in 1912. The menfolk, my Grandpa Art and his brothers Warren and Louis, had made the trek with the livestock in the spring of 1917. The women folk, which included my Grandma Ida and her two sons Clyde and Arnold (my dad), Warren’s wife Aunt Emma and her four children (Harry, Julia, Charles and Thelma), and Aunt Leona with her two sons, Rex and Wayne, had traveled by train in July 1917. I do not know how close the women had been at home in Utah, but all those miles with eight children, only to arrive at some godforsaken prairie, without a mountain in sight, had bonded them. They were firm friends as well as relatives.

By the time I came along, in 1957, Uncle Louis had died (what I thought was a normal death) and Aunt Leona lived in Washington State, where some of her children had settled. Uncle Warren died in 1958, and Aunt Emma lived in High River, where her son Harry was in business. My grandfather died in 1960, leaving my Grandma with only Uncle Milt and Aunt Josie of the original four Alberta couples still in Taber. While I don’t remember my Grandpa, I vividly remember Uncle Milt and Aunt Josie. I remember

the lilt in Grandma's voice when she would answer the phone and hearing the voice on the other end, say, "Oh, Josie!" Uncle Milt, who I called Uncle Milk, and thought that honestly was his name, would toss me in the air and make me laugh, and I found him adorable.

The only one of Uncle Louis and Aunt Leona's children who lived in Taber was Wayne. He was one of Dad's cousins who was exactly his age. Dad had a confederate in each of the other three families, all cousins born in 1915—Milt had Louis (named for his uncle), Art had Arnold (my dad), Louis had Wayne, and Warren had Thelma. Those four had sat in the same classroom through all their schooling in Taber. They had played together at recess, and played together as often as possible away from school. Thelma moved away, marrying and settling in Utah, but Wayne and Lou were in Taber, and I called them Uncle Wayne and Uncle Lou, and their wives were my Aunt Nellie and Aunt Ethis. Dad and his cousins were close, and stayed that way.

When Aunt Leona would make the trek to Taber to visit Uncle Wayne and his family, the word would get out, and Grandma would be excited, because if Leona was coming, then for sure Emma would come from High River, and they could have a girls reunion with her and Aunt Josie. I remember my grandma hosting these gatherings. How very happy she was to see these women, her sisters-in-law! They meant so much to her because of all they had lived through and experienced together over nearly a lifetime. They would chatter and laugh, and I remember watching them, but not really listening—just marveling at how lively my grandma became in their company.

This was my life experience with Aunt Leona—she was one of the girls; one of the great aunts. And they were all the same, especially after Uncle Milt died in 1965. They were all widows. That was the box I had put them all in, the category my brain created for them.

And now here my dad was, messing with my mind! Aunt Leona was clearly still alive, and that meant if Uncle Louis had a second wife—"You mean, Aunt Leona and Uncle Louis were divorced?!" Yet another scandal! I knew very few people who were divorced at that time, in 1972. And Aunt Leona was now being moved from the widow box to the divorced box, and my mind was blown!

It was pretty clear how all the Conrads felt about Aunt Leona: we all loved her. She was exactly the same as the other Great Aunts. But this other woman, this other wife of Great Uncle Louis—I didn't even know her name. I don't know if my dad knew her name. She was just never spoken of. I do not know what happened to Louis and Leona—life is hard; I understand that. People get divorced; I understand that.

But I am not sure what happened in the family when Louis and Leona divorced. Clearly, we kept Leona. Did we jettison Louis? I hope not. But I don't know. I do know that one of Louis' great-grandsons, in an email to me, said, "Once he divorced my Great Grandmother the family really didn't see him much and they don't have hardly any stories that I am aware of."<sup>i</sup>

So that leaves a heaviness in my heart. I don't know exactly when the divorce occurred. I don't know how or where Louis met Helen, the woman he married in 1947. By 1947, his children were mostly grown—Rex was 33, Wayne 32, Clarence 28 and Stan 27, with LaRue 19. Pretty much all grown. I don't know if these children ever met Helen or thought of her as a step-mother, or if she was just the person their father married. I don't know if they felt hurt, or bitter, or sad. It just was not something that was talked about. At least, not around me.

Helen seems a tragic figure to me. By the time she met Louis, she had endured plenty in the School of Hard Knocks. She was 36, three years older than Rex, when she married Louis, who was 55 years old. Helen had married for the first time at age 16, and was left a widow at 19, but those three short years had been long on challenges. This is what I know, and it may have only been the tip of the proverbial iceberg: she became a step-mother to a young boy (age 8); gave birth to a baby girl. Was immediately pregnant, and soon gave birth to a baby boy who died at five months of intestinal flu made worse by marasmus, a form of malnutrition<sup>ii</sup> (which speaks to the relative poverty of this young family). A few months before her son died, her husband was diagnosed with liver cancer, which killed him in four months, leaving him dead a month after their son's death.<sup>iii</sup> Bearing the loss of both son and husband, she had to care for her living child while pregnant with another baby girl who would be born after its father's death. All this, at age 19. She was young for the weight of these burdens.

That is already enough sorrow and responsibility to last a good long while. But Helen's sorrow was not yet ended. She next married into an abusive relationship which ended in divorce, but added another son to her family. I am not sure how long Helen stayed in this unhappy marriage; only that by 1947, when she married my great uncle Louis, she had three living children, Dorothy (19—the same age as LaRue), Peggy (17) and Charles (15).

I do not know how Louis and Helen met. My friend Jenna, who is Helen's great-granddaughter, told me that Helen divorced her second husband, Delbert, and moved from Gold Hill to Lewiston to work. She was a waitress in a restaurant. Could that have been where they met? Had Lewis and Leona already become estranged, or was Helen "the other woman"? I just don't know. All that can be proven via documents is that Louis and Leona's divorce was made final on 7 October 1947, and he married Helen on 9 October 1947. That is a pretty fast turn-around time. Here is the divorce document:

No. 118204 COMPARED RIV  
INTERLOCUTORY ORDER OF DIVORCE

This cause coming on regularly for hearing in open Court this 4th day of March, 1947, the plaintiff appearing in person and by her attorney, R. Max Etter, the defendant not being present and not represented, default having been heretofore entered against him, and the State of Washington being represented by John Lally Deputy Prosecuting Attorney of Spokane County, Washington, copies of all pleadings, notices and orders having been served upon the prosecuting Attorney of Spokane County, Washington, and evidence having been introduced by the plaintiff in support of the allegations of her complaint, and the Court having made its findings of fact and conclusion of law, and being fully advised in the premises it is hereby

ORDERED that the plaintiff in this action, Leona Conrad, is entitled to and she is hereby granted an interlocutory order of divorce, and that at the expiration of six months from the date of this order, upon satisfactory showing to the Court that the parties hereto have not resumed their marital relations, the plaintiff is entitled to a decree of absolute divorce from the defendant; that said decree may at that time be entered upon the application of either of the parties hereto.

That the real property and household goods be awarded to the plaintiff herein.  
That the Studebaker automobile, guns and tools be awarded to the defendant herein, and  
that said Chevrolet be awarded to said plaintiff.

That one hundred and thirty-five dollars per month be awarded to the plaintiff as and for support money and alimony.

That the plaintiff be awarded the sum of 100.20, for attorney fees and the sum of fifteen dollars for costs for this action.

Done in open Court this 4th day of March, 1947.

RALPH E. FOLEY  
J U D G E

Presented by: R. Max Etter, Attorney for plaintiff  
COPY RECEIVED FEB 24, 1947, PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, SPOKANE COUNTY, WASH.  
FILED MAR 4, 1947, ROBT. A. WILSON, Clerk, Spokane County

Note that Aunt Leona got the property and household goods, the Chevrolet automobile, and \$135 per month in alimony. Uncle Louis got the Studebaker, some guns and tools, the responsibility of paying both alimony and court and attorney fees.

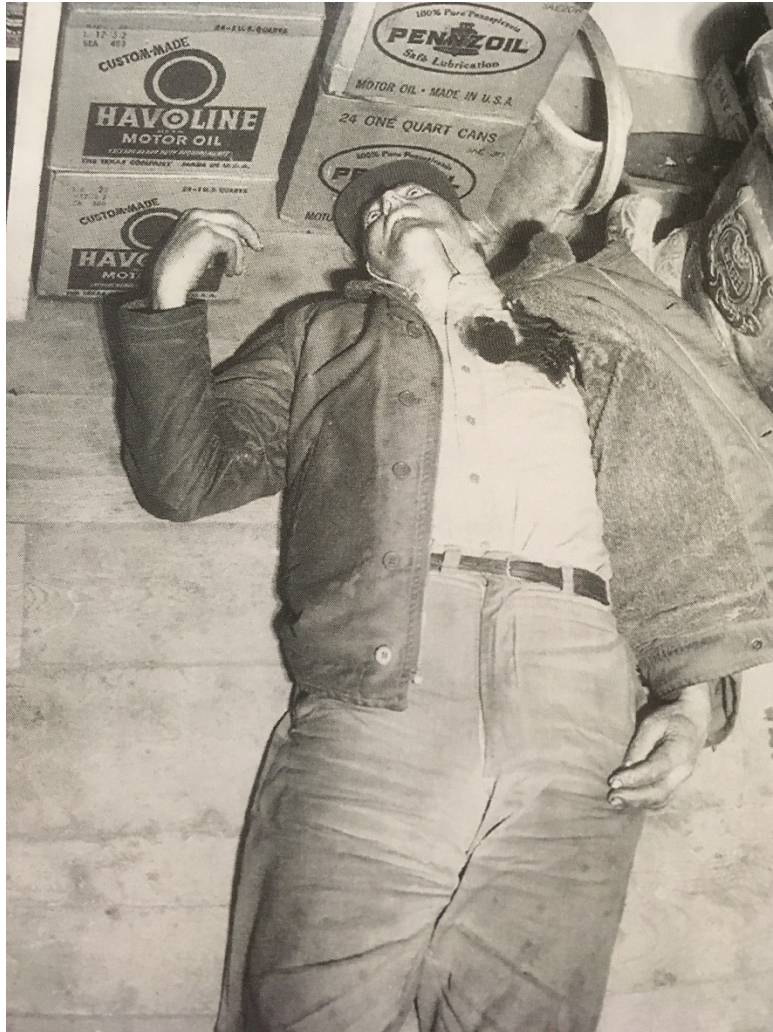
Helen and Louis were married for six years when his death occurred. And not just an ordinary death, but a murder. And not just a murder, but a murder committed by someone Helen loved, her nephew, age 16. I do not know how the brain can even process that. I do not know how the heart can keep from breaking. I know from what Jenna has told me that finding Louis's body as Helen did was extremely traumatizing for her. This is entirely understandable.

I wonder about those few years that Louis and Helen had. Were they happy together? I hope they were. I hope they had some joy in their relationship. I hope that Louis was good to Helen's children. I have every reason to believe that he was good to his own children during their years in Taber, when my dad was growing up with his cousin-buddy Wayne by his side. Mind you, Helen's daughter Dorothy married young, and was already a mother when Louis married her mother. Peggy had married young, too, in 1946. I do not know which parent was raising Charles the most, since his father and Helen both lived in the vicinity of Lewiston, but I know that he became a U.S. Air Force procurement officer in time. Interesting corollary, because Louis's sons were very interested in flying, and some in his line have made a career in the aeronautics industry. But I don't know if Louis's sons ever knew Helen's son.

Divorce was unusual when Louis and Leona divorced—maybe not as unusual as I thought it was when I found out about their divorce in 1972, but still, not the common thing it is today. I do not think it was a friendly divorce. Maybe they did not know how to be friends after a divorce. Reflecting on this now, in 2020, I am so grateful for my brother and his wife who had a graceful divorce. They were plenty mad at each other, plenty resentful, but they managed to set that aside and be civil to each other. We were able to keep Judy, but we also kept my brother Bruce and his new wife Sara. Comparing this to Louis and Leona, I know that our family kept Leona, but I do not think we succeeded in keeping Louis connected to the extended family. And I do not know if anyone in the family welcomed Helen, who clearly was an important part of Louis' life and therefore worthy of acceptance. Ideally, she should have been made to feel welcome—but they lived far away from the two centers of the Conrad family: the original home in Utah, and the new home where so many settled in Canada. Distance was hard in those days—much more of a barrier than it is now.

## The Murder

When Louis was killed in March of 1953, it started out to look like a "murder by persons unknown." The Idaho State Journal put the news on the front page: "Lou Conrad, 61, was shot and killed at his service station three miles from here by bandits who escaped with about \$200, Nez Perce county Sheriff W. W. Hays reported yesterday." The Sheriff put out an all-points bulletin (APB) but without really knowing who they were looking for. He said, "We don't have a thing to work on. There are no clues."<sup>iv</sup> The sad thing—no; the horrifying thing in all this was that Helen was the one who discovered the body. Louis was a late worker, often (if not habitually) working away on engines in the shop after closing for the day—which is a very Conrad way to behave, honestly. (How many Conrad women can you name who have had to make lunches for husbands who were working until midnight or later? I can name more than a few!) So Helen went to the shop, as she was wont to do, lunch in hand, only to discover her husband lying there with blood oozing from his chest. I know this because I have seen the police photo of the body.<sup>v</sup> And you can, too. Sorry if it feels a bit macabre.



Louis Conrad

p.108 of *Wicked Lewiston* – courtesy of the Lewiston Police Department

*The Nampa Idaho Free Press* also reported on the murder. They shared a few more details: Uncle Louis was shot in the back through a window. [This is an error. He was shot in the front.] The service station cash box was missing, but a tin can full of money (\$40-\$50, which was a tidy sum in 1953—the purchasing power equivalent today is over \$400) was overlooked, and a \$10 bill was blowing about near a gas pump.<sup>vi</sup> (May I say, how very Conrad of Louis to have a tin can full of money! Or a bottle, or a jug, or any kind of container where money is not expected!) In this report we start to learn about the timing, and a red herring is thrown into the case.

Apparently, an unknown man

stopped at the Conrad home at about 8:30 looking for Louis. Helen informed him that her husband was still at the station, working in the back. Further, “a dark-colored pickup was known to have stopped at the station about 8:30 pm.”<sup>vii</sup> So there begins to be an assumption that 8:30 was the approximate time of the murder, and the finger of suspicion moves to this stranger who was asking about Louis, and then seen at the scene of the crime in the dark pickup. Helen is reported to have found the body at about 10:30 pm “when she brought her husband his lunch.”<sup>viii</sup>

Steven Branting, in his book *Wicked Lewiston* (2015) relates that seven suspects were rounded up, questioned, and given polygraph tests in regards to this murder.<sup>ix</sup> These suspects were very likely to have been people who drove dark colored pickups, I would think, given that the police had no other leads. Further, a pond was partially drained to help efforts to dredge for the murder weapon, a .38 caliber pistol, since no murder weapon had been located.<sup>x</sup> But these lines of inquiry resulted in no arrests. I would imagine the people of Lewiston were worried and feeling a bit traumatized, because murder by persons unknown (who might come after me next!) is worse than a murder that people believe is targeted only at someone else (not me).

Then the police got a tip. This unnamed tipster pointed the police toward Louis and Helen’s nephew, Donald Keeler. By now it was April 1, 1953, but this was no Fool’s Day joke: the police showed up at

Kendrick High School to arrest young Donald, a junior at the school.<sup>xi</sup> The tip told police that the young man had “been spending too much money.” I may be related to the victim, but the heaviness I feel in my heart is for the young man, as he dispassionately admits his culpability—although it did take all day. He was arrested in the morning, but his confession did not come until 11 pm.

The crime seems to have been planned. He walked to the station armed with the gun. (I know that I am living in 2020, but my mind is screaming: Why does he have a gun? Where did he get the gun? Who owns the gun? Questions that go unanswered. But I want to know.) He sees the back of Uncle Louis—our mutual Uncle Louis—and so he shoots him and hits him in the chest. Louis goes down. He enters the station in search of the money he plans to steal. But Louis is alive, lying on the floor. Louis cries out, “Oh no!” and he is shot again, this time right to the heart. Then Donald takes the cash box—didn’t know about the tin can!—and leaves quickly enough that a ten dollar bill drifts out of the cash box and lands beside a gas pump.

The newspaper report stated that Donald “fled to his car parked nearby.”<sup>xii</sup> This does not feel right to me. Seriously, what car?

So, by the time I had read a bunch of the newspaper clippings, I was just so full of questions, but mostly why, why why? And when I saw the picture of Louis laying on his back with the puddle of blood in the front, I thought, no—he didn’t get shot in the back. He got shot in the front. That was disturbing. Did Donald look right at Louis and shoot him, even if it was through a window?

The newspaper reports about Donald’s arrest, trial and sentencing, make him seem very emotionless. The judge saw that as a lack of remorse, which did not help Donald’s case. The sentence was passed down: life in prison.

I am just grateful at this point for making the acquaintance of Jenna. She told me several things: that Donald is still alive, a man in his eighties who is living a good life, who has become a good person. A good person who made a very bad choice and did a very bad thing a long time ago. She told me that Donald had written a book about his life under a pseudonym. She was kind enough to ask Donald’s sister, who lives in Sandy, Utah, for information about the book for me. Donald’s sister is still embarrassed and upset, not just over the murder, but over many things that happened in their family many years ago. Theirs was a very difficult life, and my heart goes out to young them. And I am grateful that she would share the information with me, even though she does not agree with everything Donald wrote in the book about their up-bringing.

So, here is Donald’s side of the story, based on my reading of the book. His parents had an uneasy marriage. There were three children: Don, Ron and Judith, he calls them in the book. (I don’t know if those are the real names of his siblings. His name really is Donald.) Don loved his father and loved doing things with his father and brother, but one day his father leaves—moves to California, taking only Ron with him. Their mother has taken up with and then married a new man, called in the book John Taylor. John is never very nice to Don. (I am putting that mildly. He is, by Don’s account, truly awful and mean.) Don becomes a very hateful and bitter boy. Whenever he makes a friend, John somehow rips the friendship away. The family moves a lot. They are impoverished. Because they move so often, friends are elusive. Don doesn’t do well in school. He feels unaccepted by his teachers, by his peers, and by his family.

Don spends a happy year living with his paternal grandparents, but then, because he is so stubborn, when he gets in trouble over some little thing, a reaction that he has learned too well from his past choices, he leaves and refuses to live there anymore. He is out of choices, because even the Taylors (his mother and stepfather) don't want to deal with him again. He is so fortunate because a nice family, the Nelsons, who have a son his age, invite him to live with them.

The Nelsons are such nice people! Don is treated like one of their children, or close to it, and they are really good to him. But he doesn't appreciate them as he should because he is always feeling sorry for himself, especially because he doesn't have very nice things because he doesn't have very much money. He knows that he is a total charity case to the Nelsons—they are providing so much for him, and what is he giving in return? Nothing. [He actually is contributing—they assign him chores, which he does. He just doesn't see that as a real contribution, and it isn't enough to help him stop feeling like a great big nothing.] So, one day he thinks—hey! Aunt Helen's husband has lots of money. He has that cash box in the garage.

Let me quote from Don here: "Being without money was gnawing at my very soul. I was so tired of having nothing the desire was erasing the boundaries separating right from wrong. It was an obsession. There would be no work until school was out for the year. It was something that could not be talked about. I have to have more. I decided to break in to my step uncle's gas station in New Meadows, Idaho. I had worked with my uncle for about a week in the past. My uncle generally kept extra money in the till for the next day's business. Bob Nelson had a model thirty eight pistol with a hair trigger which I took with me. I waited until I knew my uncle would have left for home. There were lights on in the building as I crept up to the building. I eased up from a crouched position to look into the building and stared my uncle right in the face. I tensed up and the gun went off [hair trigger] and my uncle fell backward. I rushed to the back door and entered to take the money from the till. While emptying the till, I heard this sound of someone moving behind me and I shot one more time without looking, not knowing I had shot my uncle again. I ran to the truck and went back to Headquarters [this is a place name]. The next day I learned my uncle was dead. The guilt and the agony at what I had done were unbearable." (Meet a Murderer p.67)

The gun really bothered me. I am a product of A) Canada and B) a different time period, so I was all "Who left their gun where a 16 year old kid could find it?" I was glad to learn that Uncle Louis was not shot with his own gun, which we know he won in the divorce settlement with Aunt Leona. So I was kind of relieved that it was the Nelson's gun, but still! Why did he take a gun?!!!! Sorry not sorry to think—America and guns! I just don't get it! From my passivist point of view—of course if an American kid was going to rob a gas station, he would think he would need a gun. Even if he thinks he is going late enough at night that the station will be closed and empty of people.

I will just quote Don some more, because this is the part of the book that we, the family of the victim are most interested in: "Everyone who wrote of the incident claimed 'no remorse.' Years later I was to see a wildlife film which showed a snake stalking a rat. When the snake struck the rat the venom paralyzed the rat. The eyes of the rat didn't blink and the whiskers did not move. Slowly the snake moved forward and sniffed the paralyzed rat. Then the snake slowly opened its mouth and began the process of swallowing the rat whole. That is probably a good illustration of how I felt, frozen into position waiting for the legal system to swallow me whole in death. I knew that is what I deserved and believed that should and would be the verdict handed down by the judge." (Meet a Murderer p.67)



I describe this emotion-frozen state that Don was in as “tharn.” That is a word English author Richard Adams made up to use in his book *Watership Down*. It is the rabbit-state of being paralyzed or hypnotized by fear. Also Deer-in-the-headlights works. Don was stuck in that paralysis of “Oh no!” He knew what he had done. He knew it was wrong. He thought that he would get, and that he deserved, the death penalty.

Don does not tell us about his difficult past or about the stupid choices he made that resulted in the death of Uncle Louis to excuse his actions or to place blame elsewhere. It isn’t his parents’ fault. It isn’t the fault of the Nelsons for leaving a gun where Don could get his hands on it. [Although !!!!] In his own words, “There are those in today’s society who would blame the Taylors for the circumstances which led to the current problem. The blame does not lie at the door steps of the Taylors. All of us inherently know right from wrong. It is all of our responsibilities to make the choice to do right. There are those who care for you and try to find excuses for the behavior. The problem with most of us [is] we do not know where to look for help. There are no excuses. I awaited the verdict of death as I looked directly at the judge.” (Meet a Murderer, p.68)

So, to me, this is Don accepting responsibility for the wrong choice he made in shooting Uncle Louis. Only, he was very surprised because the judge said, “I sentence you to life imprisonment in the Idaho State Penitentiary.” Back to Don’s own words: “I felt no relief at the sentence of life. I thought to myself, “wouldn’t death have been better?” I took a life; why should I not give up my own? Why did an innocent person, a very nice person, whom I had no intent to kill, have to die?” (Meet a Murderer, p.68)

Don continues the book by talking about his experiences in prison, and his decision to become a better person. A good person. On the back of the book, it says, “He made a wrong choice, and the consequence was a sentence of life in prison. But even under such dire circumstances, he knew that he still had a precious gift: he was alive, and as long as he had that, it was up to him to start making right choices, and to make them again and again, even when it was hard to do.”

Don served ten years of his sentence, and then was eligible for parole. As a prisoner, he led an exemplary life, and continued to do so as a parolee. Interesting point—while in prison he became a trusty (a prisoner who could be trusted) and one of his duties was to deliver the parole papers to the committee each time there was a parole hearing. He never looked at any of the other prisoners’ papers, but when he was delivering his own papers, he did look. There was a letter from his Aunt Helen explaining that he had been the product of an illicit affair his mother had, and that was why his father had not accepted him. When he read that letter, he could see that it might be true, but he didn’t want it to influence the parole board—he didn’t want their pity. He only wanted parole if he deserved it on his own merits. So he destroyed that letter.

After he was paroled, Don never, never, never, never wanted to waste another moment of his life inside a prison—although he did later live on the prison grounds as an assistant to the chaplain for a couple of years—and he wanted to be a good person. He never, never, never forgot the gravity of the crime that he had committed, and he never, never, never wanted to allow himself to make that kind of terrible choice again. In 1982, although he was terrified to do so, he applied for and was granted exoneration for his crime. That is like the slate wiped clean. This is noted in both *Wicked Lewiston* and *Meet a Murderer*.

It is hard to reconcile exoneration with a cut and dried verdict of murder. But though it was a trial and conviction based on first degree murder, it really wasn’t premeditated murder. When he was sixteen, he



had felt so guilty that he was ready to have the book thrown at him. Given the life sentence instead of death as he had expected, Don was very grateful to live and to have his life make a difference. He realized that he had only premeditated to rob, not to kill. (Aside from me: If he had not taken the stupid gun!) Don eventually learned to show his remorse, once he was past the thorn; he served his time; he never broke the law again, and has not done so up to the present time. For me, it has been easy to forgive him. He was never whiny and never tried to blame anyone else. He knew he did it, and he accepted responsibility for his guilt.

At the end of the book, as I reflected on the life Don had led to that point (2014) and how he had changed to become a man with a strong testimony of Jesus Christ, it seemed to me that the scriptural injunction "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15:13) applies to Uncle Louis--because through his death, through the impact that the murder had on a young Don—he saved Don. Uncle Louis' death was Don's saving grace. Don was not on a good trajectory. Don had real hatred in his heart for a few people, though Uncle Louis was not one of them. But his stepfather, a few people in the school system—there were some people that, at sixteen, Don would have been happy to kill. Had Don not been stopped in his tracks and thrown into prison to do some learning, he might have become of murderous intent, and killed several if not many people out of hatred and anger. Committing the murder of Uncle Louis, as horrible as it was, and then serving a prison sentence, changed D.K. for the better. And changed him for good. He learned to forgive all the people he felt had wronged him. He learned to forgive himself for all the people he had wronged.

In the course of my research on Uncle Louis' death, I made "friends" with Steven D. Branting, the historian who wrote *Wicked Lewiston*. When I bought the book, I had hoped it would give me citations to lead me to all the original source materials, but while there were in text citations, there was no bibliography to look them up in! I thought, and Mr. Branting confirmed, that the publisher didn't want to waste paper on them. He has been so very kind to send me pdf copies of original documents that he used in his research for the 1953 chapter of the book. I will post all of the materials Mr. Branting has shared with me, as well as articles I have gleaned myself so that others in the family can easily access them.

One more thing I need to say about this: the Conrad family reaction to the death! I am not sure what it was, and I think everyone in that generation is gone so we can't ask them, but the obituary that was in the Salt Lake Telegram newspaper is so interesting. It mentions that the wife found his body, but no name is given. Aunt Leona is listed as the person Louis married, but it says nothing about a divorce and later marriage. The article could lead one to believe that Aunt Leona found the body, because it feels like she is the wife. But, really, she lived in Spokane, and they were divorced, and she did not find the body. Helen found the body. But Helen is not mentioned at all in the obituary. Uncle Louis was buried here in Provo. Helen was basically erased—and I get how the children might have felt very much like erasing her. I just wonder how Uncle Louis felt about that? I only hope that he and Aunt Leona and Helen have all made their peace with each other in heaven.

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<sup>i</sup> Email to author from Thad Conrad, 22 June 1920.

<sup>ii</sup> Death certificate of Donald Keeler Martin, Idaho filing number 67204-69680 (1929)

<sup>iii</sup> Death certificate of York Martin, Idaho filing number 69671-72255 (1930)

<sup>iv</sup> "Bandits Shoot Owner of Service Station," *Idaho State Journal*, 22 March 1953, p.1.

<sup>v</sup> Steven D. Branting, *Wicked Lewiston: A Sinful Century*. Charleston, S.C.: The History Press, 2015, p.108.

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vi "Bandit Kills Lewiston Man," *Nampa Idaho Free Press*, 21 March 1953, p.1.

vii Branting, p.107

viii *Nampa Idaho Free Press*, 21 March 1953, p.1.

ix Branting, p.107.

x Ibid.

xi "Youth Admits Killing Uncle," *Nampa Idaho Free Press*, 1 April 1953, p.1.

xii Ibid.