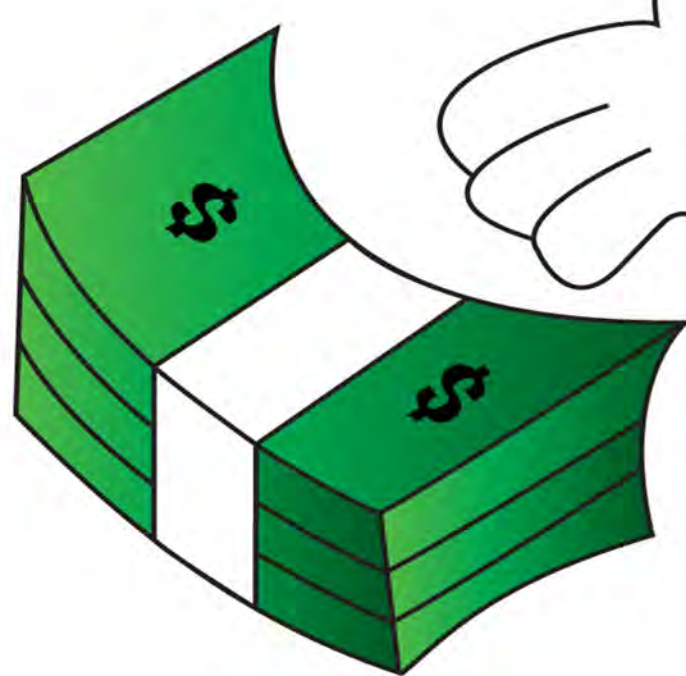


**MOVE
OVER
STEVE**

UEEN

Mc



**JEFF
KEITH**

Ted Conrad in his High School Year Book Picture



MOVE OVER STEVE McQUEEN

In 1969, while Vietnam raged and the streets at home boiled over with civil unrest, 19 year old Theodore Conrad sat quietly, alone in a half empty movie theater in Cleveland, Ohio. He was mesmerized as he watched the movie, The Thomas Crown Affair, over and over again.

He was inspired and enthralled with the cool precision that Thomas Crown exhibited as he planned and executed bank jobs in plain view of bank officials and authorities. It was a Sixties film that tapped into the rampant anti-establishment sentiments of the time. Steve McQueen, the star of the movie, was a pop icon.

As a vault teller for the prestigious Society National Bank of Cleveland he was close to money--lots of money! On a long holiday weekend he stuffed his book bag with a quarter of a million dollars or more in cash from the vault and vanished.

He is still gone after all these years. He has been on the F.B.I.'s most wanted list for over 43 years. His story rivals and surpasses that of D.B. Cooper.

An impossible bank heist and getaway by a 19 year old boy only made possible by the backdrop of the times it was carried out in. This is a thought provoking work that leaves the reader pondering the society that was and where the boy, now a man, is today.

Available soon on Amazon.com and other major e-book distributors

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Recently, a newspaper reporter came to visit me with a lot of praise and a theory. His adulation began when he told me that he could see the influence of the legendary authors J. D. Salinger and Ernest Hemingway in *Move Over Steve McQueen*. As he sat down across from me, he slowly gazed at my features. He reviewed my forehead and then worked his way down the bridge of my nose. He took a long look at my mouth and then sighed, a deep painful sigh. He did not choke, waiver, or smile. He was a serious man on a serious mission.

"You're not Ted Conrad," he said dishearteningly still studying my facial features

"I was born Jeff Keith and will probably die Jeff Keith," I replied and smiled.

At this point, he told me his theory. He and his editor decided that Ted Conrad had vanished over forty-years ago with a quarter of a million dollars in cash from the Society National Bank of Cleveland and assumed the identity of Jeff Keith. He then became a lawyer writer and lived in Cleveland, Ohio. He hid in plain sight of everyone, including the F.B.I. After I convinced him I was not Ted, he reluctantly went on with the interview with a few poignant questions:

"Where is Ted Conrad? Is he alive? When is the last time that you saw him?"

There was excitement in his voice and saliva began to accumulate in his mouth. I could see that he was starting to sweat, just a little at the temples. He was sure he could crack the case and find Ted Conrad. He could accomplish what the F. B. I. could not, and become a journalistic superstar. I could see the adrenaline pushing his eyeballs out of his sockets, just a shade. I could not help myself. I felt a sixties moment coming over my body. I decided to tell him a true story about Ted that would answer all his questions.

Not too long ago, Ted's graduating class from Lakewood High School had a class reunion. The room was full of Baby Boomers at different stages of aging. Some men had lost their hair; others were gray, while the women did not look like their mothers at the same age. The women were mostly tired and their ankles were swollen from jobs that their mothers would not have taken on. There was no loud music. There were chairs placed against the walls with black crepe draped across them in honor of the students who had died in Vietnam. There was also a leather bound black book with the words, "In Memory" etched in gold leaf on its cover lying on top of a table. It contained names of the students who had passed away naturally over the years.

The Class President got up and read the names of those that were gone. He announced them slowly and solemnly waiting after each name until someone in the crowd acknowledged the person's passing with a nod or a gesture. As the names were read, many of Ted's former classmates searched the crowd of faces, looking for some remnant of their own youthful memories reflected back at them through a wrinkle or a wink. At the very end, the President closed the book, looked up at the audience, and quietly said, "And also missing in action is Ted Conrad." There was a stunning silence. A few people nervously cleared their throats and others began to smile. Then a slender man sitting at a table at the back of the room began to clap, smile, and stand up. Others began to clap, smile, and get to their feet until everyone was clapping, smiling, laughing, and hugging each other as if they had a Woodstock flashback.

The Class President smiled and peered at the crowd over the top of his thick glasses: "Has anyone seen Ted lately?" He asked sheepishly. "Has anyone heard from him?"

The man in the back who started the outburst yelled, "The answer is blowin' in the wind." The crowd took that as a signal to sing Bob Dylan's sixties anti-war song of the same name. Everyone had a good time. Except, that is, the undercover F.B.I. agents who had come to the reunion with the hope of learning something about Ted. They were disgusted by the admiration shown a fugitive and stated their disdain publicly in the morning news.

The slender man in the back who started the applause quietly left the room during the singing. A smile crept across his lips as he disappeared from sight.

My interview with the reporter ended as it had started. We both had a theory about Ted. Because of so much interest in my work, I decided to reprint a limited edition and offer it to you on the internet. If you have any interesting stories about Ted, please forward them to me.

Available soon on Amazon.com and other major e-book distributors