

Bluebook

SEPTEMBER, 1954 Vol. 99, No. 5

Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PHILLIPS WYMAN, *Publisher*

WADE H. NICHOLS, *Associate Publisher*

ANDRÉ FONTAINE, *Editor*

WILLIAM N. JEFFERS, *Associate Editor*

EDWARD J. McLAUGHLIN, 3rd, *Art Editor*

ROGER G. MENGES, BRUCE CARR, *Assistant Editors*

FRANCES O'NEILL, *Editorial Assistant*

ARTICLES

Fire!	Henry L. Bunstein	8
How Good Is Your Health Insurance?	Lawrence Galton	21
Hangover	Jim Bishop	35
Cars: How to Tell What's Wrong	Joe H. Wherry	39
The People Move In On the Schools	Arthur D. Morse	58
Cold to Warm In 3 Weekends	Carl Dreher	74
How Did This Happen To Me?	Ralph W. Slone	78

STORIES

The Triple Jet Ace		
With Red-rimmed Eyes	George Leonard	16
The Third Strike	William R. Cox	28
A Time for Whiskey	Victor H. Johnson	44
Fretting Bull	R. G. Berry	64
The Guy Who Remembered Ahead	Mack Reynolds	86

NOVEL

Death Rides the Dondrino	Roe Richmond	91
------------------------------------	--------------	----

FEATURES

Politics Is People	Robert Bendiner	2
Pro and Con		3
Editor's Note		6
Read All About It: Insects	John T. Dunlavy and John J. Ryan	7
Baseball Quiz	Tom Dowling, Jr.	27
Medical Report	Lawrence Galton	73
Angler's Almanac	Robert C. McCormick	84
Man Around the House	John Sharnik	89
What Would You Do?	Paul Faron	129
Bluebook's Cover	George Kanelous	

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

BLUEBOOK MAGAZINE is published each month simultaneously in the United States and Canada by McCall Corporation. Marvin Pierce, President; Lowell Shumway, Vice-President and Circulation Director; Edward M. Brown, Secretary; William C. Auer, Treasurer. Publication and Subscription Offices: McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered but will be received only with the understanding that the publisher and editor shall not be responsible for loss or injury. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: \$2.50 for one year, \$4.00 for two years, \$6.00 for three years in U.S., Canada and Pan-American countries (Add \$1.00 per year for other countries). Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to our publication office: McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. IF YOU PLAN TO MOVE SOON please notify us four weeks in advance. Subscription lists are addressed in advance of publication date and extra postage is charged for forwarding. On sending notice of change of address give old address as well as new, preferably clipping name and old address from last copy received. SEPTEMBER ISSUE, 1954, VOL. LXXXIX, No. 5. Copyright 1954 by McCall Corporation. Reproduction in any manner in whole or part in English or other languages prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Necessary formalities, including deposit where required, effected in the United States of America, Canada, and Great Britain. Protection secured under the International and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reprinting not permitted except by special authorization. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



The Guy Who Remembered Ahead

BY MACK REYNOLDS

***He tipped the bookies to seven winners in a row.
Yet the little man wasn't cashing in on his
amazing forward memory. Why?***

Id is a pint-size little square and he sits there on the edge of his chair with his hat in both his hands. He looks kind of sad, like maybe his pooch just died or maybe his old lady has been beating him up more than usual.

Already I got the feeling a bookie's office is the wrong place for him, but I say, "Okay, Mr. Perkins, what's with you?"

Without any build-up he says, "My memory goes both ways."

"Come again?" I say.

He says, "Memory. You know. Most people can only remember what has already happened."

I look at the door, then I look back at him

again, kind of cautious. "I don't get it," I tell him.

He puts his lid down on the floor next to his chair and leans forward and says, "It is a terrible thing, really. You have no idea. You will have to consider it awhile."

"What?" I keep getting the feeling every other sentence is being left out of this conversation. "Consider what?"

"Memory going both ways," he says. "Don't you see? You not only know what *has* happened, you know what is *going* to happen."

I have to get into this some way or other. I take a breath and say, "What's wrong with that?"

You wouldn't even have to mess with these bang-tails. You could play the stock market, be in the gravy."

He looks at me disapprovingly and says, "Don't you like free enterprise? How would you like to turn a man loose on the capitalist economy who was capable of seeing the future?"

I think it over. I can see the whole country in maybe six months belonging to one guy.

BUT I have to get hold of this situation. I push the button for Pete and say, "Sorry, pal, I'd like to hear about it but I ain't got the time."

Pete opens the door, takes one look, and doesn't even bother to come in. He jerks his right thumb. "On the heel and toe, Buster. Outside."

So this Perkins locates his hat and stands up, like it's what he's been expecting. "Very well," he says. "I understand."

He waits until he gets to the door before he turns and says, "For instance, Cry Baby will win this afternoon in the third race at Hialeah. I *could* have laid a heavy wager on her."

That brings a laugh even from Pete.

"Yeah," I say, "you could of, and you still can. That goat!"

So he shuffles out.

"Pete," I say reproachfully to Pete.

He shrugs. "I didn't know it was no weirdie, boss. Says he wants to see you. I think maybe he's got a beef or something."

And that should be the end of it, but it ain't.

Cry Baby comes in and pays off 20 to 1. With odds like that you can see what kind of dead meat she's supposed to be.

Well, anybody can pick a winner once in awhile. I go on home and forget about this Mr. Perkins.

Along about midnight the phone rings. I take it up and it says, "Mr. Throckmorton? This is Newton Perkins."

"Yeah?" I say. "Listen, something funny happened today."

"Yes, I know." His voice sounds kind of sad. "It will be Gootballs Danny in the first, tomorrow."

I say, "You wouldn't want to lay anything on that, would you?"

"Nobody ever believes me," he says, and hangs up.

So Gootballs Danny makes it by the skin of his teeth the next day, paying off about 10 to 1, and that night Perkins phones me again and gives me Teardrop.

When Teardrop comes in, I yell for Pete, and when he sticks his head in the door, I say, "Listen, you know that greenie you let in three

days ago? Name was Newton Perkins. Locate him!"

Pete doesn't locate him, but it don't make any difference. Perkins shows up late that afternoon anyhow. He sits in the same chair and puts his lid the same place on the floor.

Without no preliminaries, I say, "Okay, tell me about it."

He's embarrassed. He says, "It sounds ridiculous."

"Yeah, it sure does. Tell me about it."

"It was after my operation." He points behind his ear.

I nod. "Okay, go on."

He says, "That's all there is. Now my memory goes both ways."

I shift around in my chair. "What did the docs say about that?"

"They didn't believe me, I guess. Nobody does."

I say, "Look, pal, calling off three winners in a row is nice stuff but it's been done before without having no memory which goes both ways from the middle."

He sighs, and says, "Are you acquainted with a bookmaker named Mr. Joseph Coty?"

"Joe Coty? Sure."

"You might phone him," he says.

So I pick up the phone and get Joe Coty. "Joe," I say, "this is Throckie. Listen, you know a character named Perkins?"

Joe sputters, real excited, and tells me this guy Newton Perkins gives him three or four winners in a row. I ask him the names and they're all different horses in different races from mine.

Joe's the kind of guy who wouldn't lie to his own wife. I put down the phone.

IN CASE you're slow with your arithmetic anybody who had a hundred-dollar bill and could name seven winners in a row without a miss could own just about all the green in the country.

We sit there for maybe a minute, neither of us saying anything. Finally I say, "Listen, what'd you come to me for?"

Perkins says, "I want to be put on your payroll."

I been trying to figure an in for myself, and now he hands it to me on a platter. "Holy Moses," I say, "you could tell us just what bets to . . ."

He's shaking his head. "If that was what I was interested in, there would be the stock market or the gambling halls, including this, ah, bookie office."

I'm all wrapped up in the idea of what I can do with him. "But look," I complain, "you don't make sense. You just asked for a job."

"It isn't fair," he says. "Nothing I could do

would be fair. Whatever kind of a position I took, I'd have such an advantage over my fellow man that I couldn't bear to face him."

"You sure got principles," I say. In a way I can see his point. Suppose he bet on those nags instead of just telling me they was going to win. I kind of shuddered. "But this job. . ."

"I've just got to drop—well—drop out of active participation in everyday life," he says. "I want you to pay me fifty dollars a week."

I sit up quick. "For what?"

He looks me straight in the kisser. "For *not* placing bets."

My stomach does a double roll. "Oh, no," I groan.

He nods his head up and down, determined. "Yes, sir. I do not desire millions at the risk of wrecking the economy. 'I'll go off and live by myself, free from temptation. But I require funds.'"

I say, real plaintive, "How come you pick me out of all the characters in this town?"

He looks uncomfortable. "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

I groan again. "And I'm Moe, eh?"

"It had to be somebody, Mr. Throckmorton.

I have chosen you and Mr. Coty. If each will put up fifty dollars a week, that will be sufficient for me to live modestly."

"Listen," I say, "how come you don't just lay one or two bets a month, spread it around over all the boys?"

Newton Perkins looks worried and shakes his head. "I must not weaken. If I weaken once, it would be that much easier to do again and again until I lost all restraint."

So we argue some more but deep down I'm a sucker for guys with principle and in the end I put him on the payroll for half a bill a week. He gives me a mailing address, shakes my hand, thanks me, kind of sad like, and leaves.

When he's gone I sit there and think it over. I figure it's better I don't open my trap to any of the boys. If I let them know I'm paying off a guy *not* to place bets, they'll think I'm batty. It'd be worse if they believed me. They'd be sure I was getting tips from the guy and I'd probably wind up in a alley with some ice-pick ventilation.

MAYBE three months later we're all sitting around in Jerry's when Mort Kessler says, "A real strange guy wanders into my place today and wants to talk to me in private. So I take him off to one side and he tells me—get this—he tells me his memory goes both way."

"Wait a minute," Joe Coty says. "Does he give you a horse?"

"He gives me a horse strictly from glue. A real off-beat this guy is; not a marble to his name. The nag comes in last."

Ten minutes later I get Joe Coty to one side. "We been conned," I tell him.

Joe says, "How do you figure?"

"Like this," I say, "This Perkins comes to town and gives every bookie the same tale and each one a horse in a race that's running maybe only four nags. Suppose he starts with a little over a hundred bookies. For about 25 or 30 of them the horse comes in.

"He phones all the winners and gives them another horse and for about eight of these the horse comes in. Then he phones the eight and gives them another horse and a couple of them win again. Me and you, us two suckers."

Joe thinks it over, then grins at me. "He's got one soft spot. It's just a matter of time until we run into somebody like Mork Kessler whose pony didn't come in. Then we wise up."

I put my hand on his arm before we go back to the rest. "We do," I say. "But we don't talk much about it, do we, Pal?"

He shakes my hand away, sour like. "You don't have to tell me, Throckie. I ain't got no memory of what's going to happen tomorrow but I can already hear that yak going up 'if this here story gets around."

—BY MACK REYNOLDS