

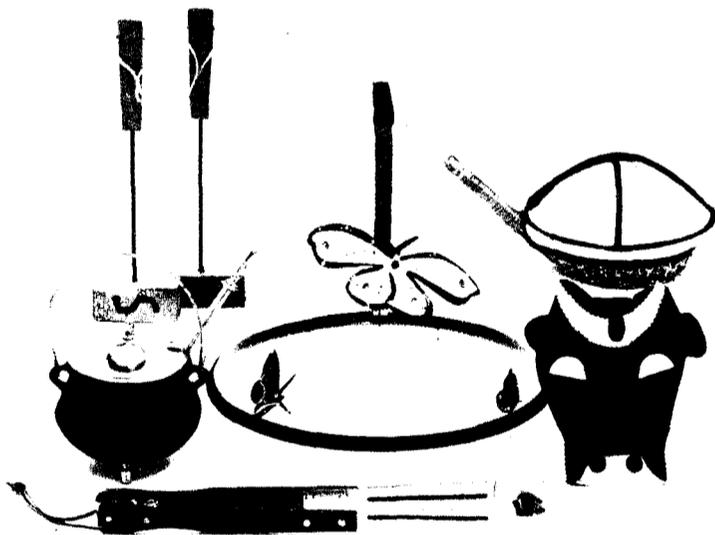
Huge copper coffeepot with keep-hot unit, \$55. Lazy Susan with seasonings, \$15. Huge fry pan, \$13. Sizzle platter, wood holder, \$4. Steak shears, \$3

BARBECUING al fresco or fiasco?

The delights of outdoor eating—often a hollow joke for burnt, bitten, smoked-out cook and guests on their way to the nearest diner—are more likely to be realized as a result of this year's crop of barbecuing gadgets.

Surefire items include fire bombs, long-handled char lighters, briquettes with fire paste or fluid, Cape Cod lighters, and the use of a garden duster (looks like a space gun) instead of that sometime thing, a bellows.

Singe-proofing the cook is an easy matter with new gimmicks that keep the barbecuer a good yard away from the fire. These include long-stemmed tongs and corn or frank roasters, salt and pepper shakers on poles, and a giant fry pan that cooks 25 hamburgers from a distance. For the epicure, there's a long-handled pepper mill. Asbestos gloves help



Cape Cod fire lighter, \$10. Salt and pepper on long poles, \$4. Copper food screen, \$7. Hot bun basket, \$3. Steer's-head pot holder, \$3. Long tongs, \$6

remove hot pots and pans from the grill without a rush to the first-aid kit.

Getting the bugs out of the barbecue involves a number of decorative and efficient ideas: inexpensive net umbrellas for food keep the wildlife outside, as do costlier cones of copper screening. Easy-to-pass bun baskets hold zippered cases to protect rolls, cocktail tidbits. Hawaiian torchlights give a fine glow, and trap bugs as well.

Wonderful extras for outdoor cooks start with a set of branding irons for steaks; these burn the initials "R," "M" or "W" into the meat. Less classy but still efficient are steer-shaped metal labels for Rare, Medium, etc., to stab into the steaks. Rosin bakers turn out superb potatoes, with the flavor sealed in by neat wax coats. The baker resembles a double boiler with feet; burns charcoal in the bottom to melt rosin in the top, where spuds are dipped. All from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD LITWIN

"THERE USED TO BE A HILL HERE"



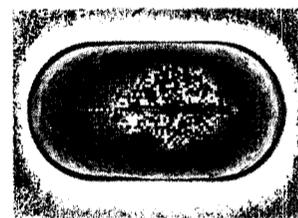
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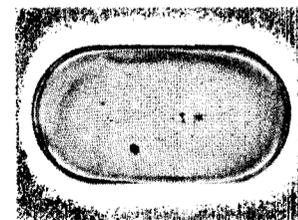
You've got a great engine under the hood of your car. It's built to give you years and miles of smooth, powerful service . . . *if it's treated right*. But today's stop-and-go driving is tough on engines; doesn't let them get warmed up properly. Result: Unburned gasoline, carbon and acids form destructive engine-sludge. This sticky substance clogs lines and filter screens . . . coats vital engine parts . . . robs your car of performance and long life.

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Compare these unretouched photographs of two automobile oil screens. The screen above is clogged with sludge after a service test using conventional motor oil. The screen below is still clean and sludge-free after identical test with new Alemite Motor Oil.



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"Hurry, Mama!" I hollered. "I can't shoot till you're out of the line of fire!"

OLD YELLER

By FRED GIPSON

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That big yellow dog had got us through the awful summer; now he was up against the biggest battle of his life, and we couldn't do a thing to help

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

The Story: Late in the 1860s, my father left our home in Texas to go on a cattle drive to Abilene with the men from the nearby Salt Licks settlement. He left me—TRAVIS—in charge of our farm, promising to bring me a horse of my own if I did a good job. For a while I was handling things pretty well—doing the farm chores and looking after MAMA and my brother, ARLISS, who was four. Then one day a big ugly yellow dog turned up on the place and stole a side of meat from us. I wanted to get rid of him, but Little Arliss loved the dog on sight and threw a fit when I tried to run him off. So against my better judgment, the dog stayed. Soon after that, OLD YELLER—as we called him, because of his color and because he yelled instead of barking—saved Little Arliss from a charging she-bear, and I came to love him. He helped me with the farm work, and it got so I couldn't do without him. One day BUD SEARCY—an old man from Salt Licks who'd been left behind to look after the women and children while the men were in Abilene—came to the farm with his little granddaughter, LISBETH. Searcy was full of bad news. He predicted a drought; then he told us there was a hydrophobia plague around, and to watch out for it. I couldn't worry too much about that, though—it was time to round up the wild pigs and brand them. Old Yeller helped me, and the branding was nearly done when I had a bad accident: a bunch of the wild hogs attacked me and I got my leg slashed. If it hadn't been for Old Yeller I'd have been killed, but he fought the hogs off me. Afterward, Yeller was too badly wounded to get home. I did what I could for him, and then went for help—not knowing whether he could live until I got back.

The Last of Three Parts

IT LOOKED like I'd never get back to the little rock cave where I'd left Old Yeller. To begin with, by the time I got home, I'd traveled too far and too fast. I was so hot and weak and played out that I was trembling all over. And that hog-cut leg was sure acting up.

My leg hadn't got stiff like I'd figured. I'd used it too much. But I'd strained the cut muscle. It was jerking and twitching long before I got home; and after I got there, it wouldn't stop.

That threw a big scare into Mama. I argued and fussed, trying to tell her what a bad shape Old Yeller was in and how we needed to hurry back to him. But she wouldn't pay me any mind.

She told me: "We're not going anywhere until we've cleaned up and doctored that leg. I've seen hog cuts before. Neglect them and they can be as dangerous as snakebite. Now you just hold still till I get through."

I saw that it wasn't any use, so I held still while she got hot water and washed out the cut. But when she poured turpentine into it, I couldn't hold still. I jumped and hollered and screamed. It was like she'd burned me with a red-hot iron. It hurt worse than when the hog slashed me. I hollered with hurt till Little Arliss tuned up and went to crying too. But when the pain finally left my leg, the muscle had quit jerking.

Mama got some clean white rags and bound up the cut. Then she said, "Now, you lie down on that bed and rest. I don't want to see you take another step on that leg for a week."

I was so stunned that I couldn't say a word. All I could do was stare at her. Old Yeller, lying way off out there in the hills, about to die if he didn't get help, and Mama telling me I couldn't walk.

I got up off the stool I'd been sitting on. I said to her, "Mama, I'm going back after Old Yeller. I promised him I'd come back, and that's what I

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