Fear or Fun

Blair Hunter*
Fear or Fun

Blair Hunter
Engr. '41

“DAMN, why can’t I keep this thing in the road?” I muttered. Forcing my tired and swollen eyes open, I listened for a moment to the exhausted snoring of my partner. Again I pulled the truck off the shoulder. “God, a whole week without any decent sleep, and we have to unload this steel yet tonight.” Automatically I double-clutched into second, ready for the oncoming hill.

As I pulled onto the top of the hill, my lights shone on a large sign, “Danger. Steep grade. All trucks shift into low gear.” Grinning sarcastically to myself, I shoved the truck out of gear and let her start down. The speedometer rolled to twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five. “Wow, this is a hill,” I mumbled. “I hope it isn’t much longer; this old tub might not hold together.” Fifty—fifty-five. With an uneasy feeling I applied the brakes. She slowed to fifty, but the smell of burning brake bands drifted into the cab, and I released them again. This time the speedometer jumped to sixty. Frantically I yanked at the emergency brake, but it did no good. Gunning the motor for more air-pressure, I pumped the brake pedal furiously, but the bands were too far gone. She crept up to seventy. “Oh! why couldn’t I be home in my little bed right now?” A sign flashed in front of me. “Arterial highway. Stop. Six hundred feet.” Gripping the wheel so hard I could hear the muscles in my fingers pop, I sat there, staring at that little square intersection just inside the rim of my lights. “What if there should be a car coming?—No, there couldn’t be.” Cold sweat trickled down my back as the intersection loomed larger and larger. We were almost there now. At seventy miles per hour we careened past the four corners and onto the bridge.

Cutting the motor, I coasted to a stop and shook Bud. “You
drive the rest of the way,” I said. “It’s only two miles, but take it easy because I don’t think the brakes are much good.”

“Why in hell do you wake me up to drive two miles?” he growled. Puffing rapidly on a cigarette, I crawled shakily into the sleeper.

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**Soul**

*George Bickford*

Arch. E. ’38

What is this thing which can’t be fed
   By spoken word or earthly bread?—
Which gains its strength from solitude
   And calm repose in quiet mood
Of soft light through these leaded panes?
This gray-gowned choir with sweet refrains?
The murmur of a hymn which floats
   On these deep-throated organ notes?
These quiet shadows in the room?
These candles glowing through the gloom?
It is the soul which can’t be fed
   By spoken word or earthly bread.

*May, 1938*