

HUMOR

## The Hunt

The snow has gone and the hunt is on!  
But not with falcon or hound;  
Its not a chase o'er valley and dale  
Urged on by trumpet's sound.

The scene is not some country club  
Or hunting reservation,  
'Tis thirty-third street, "by de tracks,"  
Where haps this grand occasion.

The prize is not some frightened hare,  
Or type of water-bird;  
It's just a pipe—a plain gas pipe!  
Which went to rest unheard.

It seems that every fall 'o the year  
(To the past four I can swear),  
They bury a pipe on thirty-third  
From the tracks to the thoroughfare.

But after a summer of idle play,  
(Or maybe in Physics lab),  
When we get back to the Tech in the fall  
The P. G. has had it's confab.

And so with the fall at hand again,  
Once more they mince the way,  
Laying this time five new pipes,  
For the hunt the following May.

And so goes on this hide-and-seek,  
This annual hunting affair;  
Here's hoping this hunt will be the last—  
But there's really no hope there.

HANKAN '17—*No apologies*