The Grass is Always Goldner

The academic world, as we all know, is leaded with dignity and ethics, with lofty means and exalted ends, with truth and beauty. It is such a world a heinous thing like faculty raiding—college exiling teachers away from other colleges—is not even thinkable.

However, if the dean of one college happens—purely by chance, mind you—to run into a professor from another college, and the professor happens to remark—just as passing, mind you—that he is discontented with his present position, why, what's wrong with the dean making the professor an offer? Like the other afternoon, for instance, Dean Sigafous of Gramsney Polytech, finding himself in need of a freshening cup of coffee, drove by chance by the Chopped-up Professors Exchange where he discovered Professor Sturman from the English Department of Kroveny A and M thinking out a pot of longevity. "I hate Kroveny A and M!"

Surely there was nothing improper in the dean saying to the professor, "Leander, perhaps you'd like to come over to us. I dropped in quite by chance at the Discontented Professors Exchange, mind you—to run into a professor from another college, the academic world, as we all know, is loaded with dignity and ethics, with lofty means and exalted ends, with truth and beauty. It is such a world a heinous thing like faculty raiding—college exiling teachers away from other colleges—is not even thinkable.

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