

CH302 Random Musings—A brief getting close to V-Day edition

1. There is a second quiz on Tuesday next week. The 8 question types for the exam are posted below—as noted this past weekend, I have decided that the coming quiz will be taken without a calculator. The questions will be constructed so that for students with even modest arithmetic and algebra skills, exact answers can be found when needed just using your head and scratch paper. You also are expected to understand logarithmic and exponential functions well enough to have a qualitative feel for the output from these functions and to do simple exponent math. I will do a demo of how I might prepare for a calculator-free quiz in a few minutes.

2. Question types for quiz 2 follow:

- Colligative property calculation (with van't Hoff factor involved)
- Setting up an equilibrium expression
- Using LeChatlier's Principle to determine reaction direction (pressure or concentration change)
- Using LeChatlier's Principle to determine reaction direction (temperature change)
- Comparing Q to K to determine reaction direction
- Using the RICE set-up to find equilibrium values
- Understanding the relationship between free energy and equilibria: $\Delta G = -RT\ln K$
- Understanding the relationship between temperature and equilibria (Van't Hoff equation)

3. We will have two delightful “calculator-free” practice quizzes available this weekend. I will have one posted by Saturday, and Travis will have one from the TAs by Sunday.

4. My office hours next week will be in the classrooms the beginning of the week and back to my office the end of the week.

5. Jessica's office hours were mess up in the initial scheduling but are now settled. They are Monday from 4 to 5 pm in cubicle C. This is a perfect time to meet to prepare for the Tuesday quizzes.

6. The lecture and testing schedule—you may get a sense that the scheduling of exams and quizzes is a little odd. What is actually happening is that my first exam is a week later than usual because that is the time they assigned me to give the exam. The way it impacts you is that you will be taking quiz 2 and exam 1 on material that was presented in lecture the previous week, and the lectures given the week before the quiz and exam, respectively, are on material that will not be on the quiz or exam. For example, the next two lectures are on solubility products and acid base problems. The material from those lectures will not be on quiz 2. The good news is that this basically corresponds to you having a week to really learn the material on the quiz or exam. The bad news is that I know that you know that what I am presenting in lecture isn't on the exam or quiz, and that consequently, you are less likely to pay attention.

I think I just made things more confusing.

7. The TAs will have a brand new worksheet with questions on water autoprotolysis, solubility and simple monoprotic acid and base problems available this weekend—this worksheet will be a “calculator-free worksheet.” In the mean time, for those of you who are over-prepared for quiz 2 and want to get started on the new material, here is a really good worksheet on that material. Note that it basically covers every new topic for exam 1.

<http://laude.cm.utexas.edu/courses/ch302/ws5s08.pdf>

8. Public Service announcement.

Are you interested in doctor shadowing? Consider the HCMP which is holding informational sessions this month.

HCMP: Health Careers Mentorship Program



Upcoming information sessions are

February 22nd 2010	6:00-7:00pm	WEL 2.256
February 23rd 2010	6:00-7:00pm	BUR 220
February 24th 2010	6:00-7:00pm	WEL 2.256
February 25th 2010	6:00-7:00pm	WEL 2.312

For more information, go to

<http://studentorgs.utexas.edu/hcmp/>

8. Where is that love poetry? I know that most of you don't believe in love or would rather just study for a test, but remember that I am taking love poetry dedications and actual written love poetry for next Tuesday's musings. If you remember, please send it to me over the weekend.

9. In the mean time, here is love poetry written by famous people who are poetry for a living.

Oranges By Gary Soto

The first time I walked
With a girl, I was twelve,
Cold, and weighted down
With two oranges in my jacket.
December. Frost cracking
Beneath my steps, my breath
Before me, then gone,
As I walked toward
Her house, the one whose
Porch light burned yellow
Night and day, in any weather.
A dog barked at me, until
She came out pulling
At her gloves, face bright
With rouge. I smiled,
Touched her shoulder, and led
Her down the street, across
A used car lot and a line
Of newly planted trees,
Until we were breathing
Before a drugstore. We
Entered, the tiny bell
Bringing a saleslady
Down a narrow aisle of goods.
I turned to the candies
Tiered like bleachers,
And asked what she wanted -
Light in her eyes, a smile
Starting at the corners
Of her mouth. I fingered
A nickel in my pocket,
And when she lifted a chocolate
That cost a dime,
I didn't say anything.
I took the nickel from
My pocket, then an orange,
And set them quietly on
The counter. When I looked up,
The lady's eyes met mine,
And held them, knowing
Very well what it was all
About.
Outside,
A few cars hissing past,
Fog hanging like old
Coats between the trees.
I took my girl's hand
In mine for two blocks,
Then released it to let
Her unwrap the chocolate.

I peeled my orange
That was so bright against
The gray of December
That, from some distance,
Someone might have thought
I was making a fire in my hands.

Sonnet #18 William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And oft' is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd:
But thy eternal Summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

How Do I Love Thee?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Love Not Me by John Wilbye

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part:
No, nor for a constant heart!
For these may fail or turn to ill:
Should thou and I sever.
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why!
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

My Love Is Like To Ice by Edmund Spenser

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How come it then that this her cold is so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which is congealed with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.

She Walks In Beauty Lord Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tint that glow,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Love by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

And in Life's noisiest hour,
There whispers still the ceaseless Love of Thee,
The heart's Self-solace and soliloquy.
You mould my Hopes, you fashion me within;
And to the leading Love-throb in the Heart
Thro' all my Being, thro' my pulse's beat;
You lie in all my many Thoughts, like Light,
Like the fair light of Dawn, or summer Eve
On rippling Stream, or cloud-reflecting Lake.
And looking to the Heaven, that bends above you,
How oft! I bless the Lot that made me love you.

Longing by Matthew Arnold

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.
Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me!
Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: My love! why sufferest thou?
Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

A Red, Red Rose Robert Burns

O my luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I;
And I will luv'e thee still, my Dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.
Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luv'e thee still my Dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only Luv'e,
And fare the weel, a while!
And I will come again, my Luv'e,

A Friend Like You by Author Unknown

There's lots of things
With which I'm blessed,
Tho' my life's been both Sunny and Blue,
But of all my blessings,
This one's the best:
To have a friend like you.

In times of trouble
Friends will say,
"Just ask, I'll help you through it."
But you don't wait for me to ask,
You just get up
And do it!

And I can think
Of nothing in life
That I could more wisely do,
Than know a friend,
And be a friend,
And love a friend... like you.

Stanza for Music by Lord Byron

They say that Hope is happiness;
But genuine Love must prize the past,
And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless;
They rose the first- they set the last;

And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only Hope to be,
And all that Hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory.

Alas! it is delusion all:
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are.

Come Slowly by Emily Dickinson

Come slowly, Eden
Lips unused to thee.
Bashful, sip thy jasmynes,
As the fainting bee,
Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums,
Counts his nectars -alights,
And is lost in balms!

Counting the Beats by Robert Graves

You, love, and I,
(He whispers) you and I,
And if no more than only you and I
What care you or I?

Counting the beats,
Counting the slow heart beats,
The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats,
Wakeful they lie.

Cloudless day,
Night, and a cloudless day,
Yet the huge storm will burst upon their heads one
day
From a bitter sky.

Where shall we be,
(She whispers) where shall we be,
When death strikes home, O where then shall we be
Who were you and I?

Not there but here,
(He whispers) only here,
As we are, here, together, now and here,
Always you and I.

Counting the beats,
Counting the slow heart beats,
The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats,
Wakeful they lie.

Trague by Viggo Mortensen

I swallowed the reel
And the rod
And the faith that
So sweetly I had
The afternoon of the day
That I met you
I saw myself in your eyes
And in your arms
And an entire lifetime
In your lips I lived
The afternoon of the day
That I met you.