

## CH302 Random Musings February 15, 2007—the post V-Day special

1. The exam 1 scores are back. The average was a 78% and I am really pleased with class performance as a whole. Combined with your performance on the first two quiz scores, you all are shaping up to be a stellar class of students. Listed below is the exam distribution and a ball park idea of what grade you would get in this class if you continued the performance shown on the exam. The basis for this is that people usually score higher on the quizzes than the exams which tends to bump a person's final grade a bit, especially if I assign extra credit. One possible concern you should have is that this will certainly be the material that is conceptually the easiest and with the least significant amount of problem solving. The exams on advanced water chemistry and on kinetics and electrochemistry will likely be more challenging if history is any indication.

Exam 1 grade distribution using the antiquated HW Service

70 to 80	333
80 to 90	33
90 to 100	3333333
100 to 110	333333333333
110 to 120	333333
120 to 130	333333333333333333
130 to 140	33333333333333333333333333333333
140 to 150	33333333333333
150 to 160	33333333333333333333333333333333
160 to 170	3333333333333333333333
170 to 180	33333333
180 to 190	3333

2. Even before the exam started I tossed two questions I deemed unfair—the quadratic equation problem would have favored students with programmable calculators and the equilibrium equation required that the spectator ions be removed, something I did not cover in class. None of the other e-mailed concerns about question passed muster and since all of the questions were answered by at least half the class, I am keeping the grades as they stand.

3. I have had several students e-mail to express their outrage that students continued to answer questions on the exam after they were told to stop. I also had two TAs e-mail to express their disgust that requests that students stop writing was ignored or openly debated, thereby impugning their authority in an ugly public display of anarchy in action.

Before commenting further, I copy a piece of the exam procedure that I read allowed last Thursday---note the utter lack of ambiguity in what is written:

**Exam finish time 3:15 pm. You will be given fair warning that the exam is about to end so you can start guessing on questions you don't know. I WILL NOT TOLERATE ANYONE WRITING AFTER YOU ARE TOLD TO PUT DOWN YOUR PENCILS. Anyone who is observed to be writing on their exam after the exam ends will be assumed to be cheating and will receive a 0 for the exam and will face additional academic penalties. READ THIS AGAIN IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I WILL NOT TOLERATE ANYONE ANSWERING QUESTIONS AFTER THE EXAM STOPS AT 3:15 PM.**

I assume you get the point now that it is in red and 14 point font.

5. I notice that quiz 3 is scheduled for February 27<sup>th</sup>. That should give you some breathing room to catch up in this class and others.

6. To give Neal a rest, I will be posting worksheet 5 this weekend. It is a nice collection of problems on all manner of water chemistry.

6. My office hours will be in my office until further notice (probably I'll go back to the classrooms the week of quiz 3.)

7. Now for the obligatory pleas not to let your learning in the class slide. Continue to use the help sessions and academic communities so you can start to really learn equilibria.

8 . Getting an A in this class. Each of you is certainly smart enough to know the material and I would desperately love to see everyone in the class learn the material well enough to earn an A. I also firmly believe that the only thing standing between each of you and an A in this class is your effort and correct study habits. I can't fix the effort, but I can offer suggestions on how to fix the study habits. If you want to talk about concerns with this class, or non-academic issues that are impacting your success in college, please come see me. Contact my assistant Judy at 471-6176 to make an appointment for us to meet, get to know each other, and discuss whatever is of interest or concern to you.

9. Public Service Announcements—one new, two old.

- **University of Texas Waterski Team**

Information meeting: UTC 1.104 FEB 20 & 21 @ 8:00 pm

Tryouts FEBRUARY 23-25 @ FRAMESWITCH SKI LAKE 10 am- 5 pm

Come to one of the meetings for details and directions

- **ATTENTION ALL SWIMMERS AND WATER POLO PLAYERS:** If you are a FEMALE swimmer or water polo player, come play water polo for UT! The team is encouraging anyone interested to come practice Monday through Thursday nights from 8pm to 10pm at the Texas Swim Center. Experience is not necessary. If you have any questions please contact Blair Brettman (bbrettmann@mail.utexas.edu) or Rebecca Glaser (rglaser@mail.utexas.edu). See you at the pool!
- The Society of Women Engineers (SWE) is hosting the **2007 Mr. Engineering Pageant** as part of the annual Engineering Week (E-Week) competition. Male engineering students are encouraged to apply to be a contestant. Applications are due Friday the 9th by 3pm in the SWE office, ECJ 1.228. And while it is too late to enter the contest, the actual date of the event is February 22<sup>nd</sup> for those wishing to attend.

10. Poetry. A couple of student poems about the first exam in 302 and a collection of love poetry by the greats. Your poetry will come the few Tuesdays—the loving first, the ugly afterward.

**A poem from last year after  
failing the equilibrium exam.**

At the start of the school year  
about six months ago,  
we were all learning chemistry  
extremely, very slow.  
But now that pace has changed,  
and its no longer review,  
for on that last equilibrium test,  
I scored a 122!  
For that one evil, satanic test,  
is one with which I must cope,  
because as far as exempting the final,  
I can kiss goodbye to all my hope.  
And then I thought, “Hey maybe, with  
extra credit my grade is saved,”  
then Laude announced to everyone,  
“THERE IS NO EXTRA CREDIT  
FOR YOUR CHEMISTRY GRADE!”  
As my smile turned into a frown,  
and my bubble began to burst,  
I thought to myself,  
“well, it can’t get any worse.”  
For nothing can be worse than  
taking the final as my only grade,  
and I can’t blame Dr.Laude,  
since this grave is one I made.  
The final is around the corner,  
and there are many things to yet be read,  
I won’t be able to sleep very much,  
I’ll just pass out near my bed.  
So fellow classmates,  
What can you learn from this rhyme?  
Get off your lazy ---- and study,  
You’re running out of time!

**The Chemistry to Hating Valentine’s Day**

Anonymous

I woke up Valentine’s morning, and pushed open the door,  
To run to my computer, and check out my score.  
For on Tuesday, I took Dr.Laude’s test,  
I was sure I aced it, I did my best.  
But then I saw it, on my computer screen,  
out of 180 points, I scored less than 115!  
I am not too happy, so get the hell out of my way,  
This stupid score, ruined my Valentine’s Day!  
I mean, it was multiple choice, How hard could it be?  
I thought at the very most, I’d miss only three.  
But there were some questions that seemed rather flawed, like  
“which one is least true about Raoult’s law?”  
You see the word least, could be open to debate,  
but the tests have been graded, so it’s probably too late.  
So to end this poem my friends, I have to say,  
That because of chemistry, I truly hate VALENTINE’S DAY!

## **Famous People Love Poetry.**

### **Oranges**

**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**

**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****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.

**Love****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****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 can'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 can'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.

**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!

**A Red, Red Rose****Robert Burns**

O my luve's like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June;  
 O my luve's like the melodie  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune  
 As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
 So deep in luve am I;  
 And I will luve 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 luve thee still my Dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare thee weel, my only Luve,  
 And fare the weel, a while!  
 And I will come again, my Luve,

**A Friend Like You****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.

## **Daffodils**

**William Wordsworth**

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
Continuous as the stars that shine

And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
The waves beside them danced; but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company:  
I gazed -- and gazed -- but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:  
For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

22

**Emily Dickinson**

I gave myself to him,  
And took himself for pay.  
The solemn contract of a life  
Was ratified this way

The value might disappoint,  
Myself a poorer prove  
Than this my purchaser suspect,  
The daily own of Love

Depreciates the sight;  
But, 'til the merchant buy,  
Still fabled, in the isles of spice  
The subtle cargoes lie.

At least, 'tis mutual risk,—

Some found it mutual gain;  
Sweet debt of Life,—each night to owe,  
Insolvent, every noon.

## **Counting the Beats**

**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.

**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 jasmines,  
As the fainting bee,  
Reaching late his flower,  
Round her chamber hums,  
Counts his nectars -alights,  
And is lost in balms!