CALENDAR OF EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3
Organ Demonstration. First in a series of organ demonstrations of the season in which a selected organist will present a performance on a major organ. KRESGE AUDITORIUM, 12:10-12:40 p.m.
Operatic Recital. The Boston Opera Company will present a series of concert arias and duets. The program will include arias from such classic operas as "Carmen," "La Bohème," and "La Traviata," performed by the company's leading singers. KRESGE AUDITORIUM, 8:00-9:30 p.m.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4
TWO THOUSAND WORDS

MARKING ON THE CURVE... AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

Tuesday Crimscott was a professor. Choate Sigafoos was a sophomore. Tuesday Crimscott was wise, old, discerning. Choate Sigafoos was young, vague, adoralcol. Tuesday Crimscott believed in diligence, discipline, and marking the curve. Choate Sigafoos believed in easy days and easy nights. Tuesday Crimscott spent thirty hours a week marking the curve. Choate Sigafoos spent thirty hours a week marking the curve.

It happened one day when Choate was at the library studying for one of Mr. Crimscott's exams in sociology. Mr. Crimscott's exams were murder—plain, flat murder.

They consisted of one hundred questions, each question having four possible answers—A, B, C, and D. The trouble was that the four choices were so subtly shaded, so intricately worded, that students more often than not chose a slightly错误 answer.

So on this day Choate sat in the library poring over his sociology text, his finger flexed with concentration, while all around him sat the other members of the sociology class, every one studying curiously. "What a waste!" he thought. "All this study, this work, this knowledge! This is life!"

We should be out sailing and dancing and smiling and cutting dimes on the greenwater!"

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"Yes, then, an absolute gander of an idiot hit Choate. "Listen!" he shouted to his classmates. " Tomorrow when we take the exam, let's all—every one of us—check Choate A on every question—every one of them!"

"What?" said his classmates.

"Let's get out of here and have a ball!" said Choate. So they all ran out and hit Philip Morris. So then they ran out and hit the spout and they brandy!"

"Then, indeed, you will too when you light a Philip Morris, for the light will lift the spirit and gladden the heart, it is today's new Philip Morris—firm and pure and fragrant and filled with true, natural golden tobacco, tip end and tip end."

"Why should we be out sailing and dancing and smiling and cutting dimes on the greenwater?"

Well sir, the next morning the whole class did what Choate said and, sure enough, they all got "C." And they picked up a cigarette, my God!"

"And you and your "Philip Morris" will you?" asked Choate Sigafoos.

"You and your "Philip Morris" will you?" asked Choate Sigafoos.

"Yes and yes!" said Choate and took off his hat and blew him a kiss. So, you will not forget this story. Go on and do it, will you?"