



Erneus Non Mortuus Est! Ne Aeger Quidem Est!

Fama pernicioosa trans Americam volavit: "Erneus vel mortuus est vel moriturus est." Haec fama, autem, non est vera.

Erneus, qui est pupa in Via Sesamina in Televisione, neque mortuus est neque moriturus est. Non habet morbum moribundum. Erneus magno vehiculo in via neque fractus est neque frangetur!

Multi liberi in variis urbibus trans Americam dicunt has res de Erneo. Multo plures his rebus credunt et huic famae alias res addunt. Fama, autem, non est vera.

Erneus vivit. Vivit? Immo vero etiam in televisione multos annos erit.

Crede mihi! Cognosco. Fortasse requiras quo modo veritatem cognoscam. Locutus sum cum uno ministro Librorum Officinae in Televisione in Novo Eboraco, et hic minister inquit:

"Haec est fama pernicioosa quam ex America multis regionibus audivimus. Nescimus qui hanc famam primum dixerit. Fortasse spectatores perplexi sunt quia Iacobus Hensonius abhinc unum annum mortuus est. Quamquam Hensonius mortuus est, pupae tamen quas

creavit viciae sunt multos annos. Haec fama non est vera. Spectatores ei credere non debeant!"

Recentissime Theodorus Geiselus quoque mortuus est, et fortasse huius mors excitavit hanc famam de Erneo. Geiselus scripsit multos libros sub nomine Doctore Seusso. Populi dicunt Librorum Officinam in Televisione desideravisse docere liberos de morte, ergo necesse est ut Erneus moriatur. Sed, ut ante dixi, haec fama non est vera. Doctoris Seussi mors non efficit ut Erneus moriatur.

Fortasse fama de morte Ernei est una illarum fabularum urbanarum quae vivunt in multis urbibus in America. Nemo potest confirmare has fabulas; haec fabulae tamen identidem narrantur. Populi amant audire has fabulas et etiam plus has fabulas verbis conversis reddere amant.

Mementote horum factorum: Iacobus Hensonius et Doctor Seussus re vera mortui sunt, sed Erneus neque mortuus est neque moriturus est.

Vivat Erneus! Vivant omnes pupae in Librorum Officina in Televisione!

World Weekly SCANDALS

Crazed Latin Teacher Sees Classical Myths in Tabloid Headlines

MAN WEDS HIS OWN MOM!

(Cf. Oedipus)

We've all seen them. Every time we buy groceries they line the racks closest to the register. They beg to be bought, or at least read, on impulse—the weekly tabloids with seemingly impossible, yet totally fascinating headlines. But wait! Isn't that what's intriguing about the classical myths? In fact, if you look carefully, you will find that many of the headlines come

right out of the fabric of classical mythology.

All the headlines reproduced in this article were actually taken from tabloids that were on the magazine racks during the week of October 15, 1991.

The references to the classical myths were, of course, added by a crazed Latin teacher.

Street of sorrow

(Cf. Tullia and Tarquinius Superbus)

Hubby's joke backfires — and wife stabs him!

(Cf. Agamemnon and Clytemnestra)

Homemade hooch sparks rampage

(Cf. Hercules and the slaughter of the Centaurs)

Family adopts horse with human head!

(Cf. the Centaurs)

I died and met the Challenger astronauts

(Cf. Aeneas' journey to the Underworld)

Man wants to share island paradise with the perfect woman!

(Cf. Ulysses and Circe)

EEK! MY HAIR'S TURNED GREEN!

(Cf. Medusa)

Scoop on the poop

(Cf. Hercules and the Augean Stables)

TRUE HORROR OF THE CANNIBAL

THE
UNTOLD
STORY

• We tell how
he butchered
helpless victims

• Chilling
details of his
house of death

(Cf. Ulysses and Polyphemus)

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Greek Miracle

or Plagiarism From Egypt?

(Based on "Out of Egypt, Greece," by Sharon Begley, NEWSWEEK, Sept. 23, 1991, pp. 49-50.)

For years classical professors (who are now being accused of having been influenced by 19th century scholars who were racist and anti-Semitic) have believed and taught that the flower of western civilization sprang forth in Greece—the result of what is called "The Greek Miracle." In other words, for some unexplainable reason, the gods decided to grant Greeks tremendous insights and spurts of intelligent reasoning that let them take giant steps forward in the political sciences, in math and geometry, in philosophy, in theology and in art and architecture. Thus while the rest of the world wallowed in ignorance and a total lack of intellectual curiosity, the Greeks were busy laying the foundations for the advanced western culture in which we all luxuriate today.

But wait! Hold the Fort! Stop the world! Yes, it's true. There may be another way to look at the roots of our western culture.

Professor Martin Bernal of Cornell University has recently published the first book in a projected four book series entitled *Black Athena*, a book which won the 1990 American Book Award. Bernal is rocking the classical boat propelled so long by its "Greek Miracle" sails, and scholars are fighting desperately to get him to sit down and be quiet.

Bernal suggests that the Greeks were not inventors but, like the Romans, very clever plagiarists. They saw good things in Egypt and Canaan and simply walked off with them. These things included items like the Pythagorean theory, the concept of pi, geometric formulas, the screw and the lever, deities, language items, whole technologies, architectures, notions of justice and, yes, even the great "Greek" concept of polis.

Bernal believes he can prove that the Greeks got these things and more from their contacts with the Egyptians

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

Friends, Romans, & Countrymen



*Hospitium Hic Locatur**Triclinium Cum Tribus Lectis*

Cena Specials At The Hospitium Pompeianum Located Near The Thermae Stabianae

GUSTATIO

*Panis Hostitii Vinum (vel succus)**Sala Catabilia Apiciana*

Cut up enough slices of white bread to fill 3 cups and then spread these pieces out to dry. Also cut up enough slices of raisin bread to fill 1 cup and then spread these pieces out to dry.

Boil 2 large chicken breasts until done and then slice these into small pieces.

When the bread is dry, cover the bottom of a large salad bowl with one cup of the cut up dried white bread. Over this, spread the sliced chicken. Add another layer of the cut up dried white bread. Top this with a layer of shredded cheese and 1/4 cup of chopped pine nuts. On top of this spread the cup of cut up dried raisin bread. Top this with 1/2 of a sliced cucumber and 1/2 of a finely chopped onion. Spread the remaining cup of dried cut up white bread on top.

To make the dressing, mix 1 tsp. of celery seed, 1/4 tsp. of mint, a little ginger, 1/2 tsp. of coriander, 1/4 cup of raisins, 1 tsp. honey, 1 tbs. vinegar, 1 cup olive oil and 1 tbs. white wine. Pour over the salad and let set for 5 minutes before serving.

PRIMA MENSA

Cucumeres Rasi

Peel and slice 4 cucumbers into a pot. Add 1/2 tsp. black pepper, 1/2 tsp. mint, 1 tbs. honey, 1 cup of the water from the simmering duck below, 1 tsp. white wine vinegar and 1 tsp. fennel. Heat until cucumbers are lightly cooked.

Anas Cum Iure De Cucurbitis

For 30 minutes, simmer a 3 lb. duck with a tsp. of salt



and 1/4 tsp. of aniseed added to the water. Remove the duck from the water, saving 2 cups of the water. Dry the duck and stuff it with 1 cup of bread crumbs mixed with 1/2 cup of finely sliced leek head and 1 tsp. of coriander. Rub the outside of the duck with olive oil and place it in a roasting pan. Roast at 375° for 1 1/2 hours. During the next hour of roasting time baste the duck every so often with sweet wine.

While the duck is roasting, slice and parboil 1 medium zucchini. In a little olive oil stir fry 1 cup of chopped chicken livers.

In a small pan rub together 1/2 tsp. black pepper, 1/2 tsp. celery seed, and 1/2 tsp. oregano. Pour in the two cups of water saved from boiling the duck, 1 cup of the drippings from the roasting duck, 1 tbs. honey, a little wine vinegar, and 2 tsp. olive oil. Bring this mixture to a boil. Add the parboiled zucchini and chicken livers and pour the mixture over the roasting duck 20 minutes before the duck is done. Serve the duck in its sauce and season with fine black pepper.

SECUNDA MENSA

Placenta

Mix 1 1/4 cups of pastry flour with 1 tsp. baking powder. Add 1/2 tsp. ground rosemary, 1/3 cup chopped almonds, and 1 tsp. cinnamon. In a measuring cup pour 1/4 cup sweet wine, 1/4 cup grape juice, and 2 tbs. honey. Fill the measuring cup with milk to make 1 full cup of liquids. Mix this with the other ingredients and bake in a 9" pan for 30 minutes at 375°. Remove the cake from the oven, and spread the warm top with honey. Add chopped nuts as a garnish. Then poke holes in the surface with a fork and sprinkle 3 tbs. of sweet wine into these holes.

Sam I Am

Translated into Latin by Keith Randall and Deidre Healy, Latin IV students of Mary Jane Rudalsavage, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Penn.

Sum Sam
Sum Sam
Sum sum
Ille Sam-sum.
Ille Sam-sum!
Non amo illum Sam-sum.
Amasne ova viridia et pernam?
Non ea amo, Sam-sum.
Ova viridia et pernam non amo.
Non ea amo, Sam-sum.
Ova viridia et pernam non amo.
Amasne ea hic aut ibi?
Ea non amem hic aut ibi.
Nusquam ea amem.
Ova viridia et pernam non amo.
Ea non amo, Sam-sum.
Amasne ea in casa?
Amasne ea cum mure?
Ea non amem in casa.
Ea non amem cum mure.
Ea non amem hic aut ibi.
Nusquam ea amem.
Ova viridia et pernam non amo.
Ea non amo, Sam-sum.
Amasne ea in arca?
Amasne ea cum vulpe?
Non in arca.
Non cum vulpe.
Non in casa.
Non cum mure.
Ea non edam hic aut ibi.
Nusquam ea edam.
Non edam ova viridia et pernam.
Ea non edam, Sam-sum.

Ea non amas.
Sic dicis.
Ea gusta! Ea gusta!
Et fortasse.
Ea gusta et fortasse, dico.
Sam!
Si me non laedes,
Ea gustabo.
Videbis.
Dic!
Ova viridia et pernam amo.
Ita! Ea amo, Sam-sum.
Et ea in nave edam.
Et ea cum capro edam.
Et ea in pluvia amem.
Et in tenebris. Et in agmine carorum.
Et in carro. Et in arbore.
Ea tam bona esse, tam bona, vides!
Ergo ea in arca edam.
Et ea cum vulpe edam.
Et ea in casa edam.
Et ea cum mure edam.
Et ea hic et ibi edam.
Dic! Ea usquam EDAM
Tantum amo
ova viridia et pernam!
Gratias tibi!
Gratias tibi!
Sam-sum!

(Editor's Note: Et maximas gratias tibi agimus, Doctor Seuss! Di Manibus.)



© 1960 by Dr. Seuss

Venus and Lepidora

By Hannah Warren, Grade 6 Student of
Gayle R. Hightower, Mansfield Middle School,
Storrs, Conn

Caterpillars did not always turn into butterflies. Long ago caterpillars lived short lives as funny worm-like figures and never became the beautiful creatures known as butterflies that we enjoy watching today.

There was once a little girl named Lepidora who loved all wildlife. She would go into the forest every day to search for animals who might need her help. Whenever she found a wounded animal, she would bandage and care for its wound and nurse it back to health. She was very sad when she saw an animal die.

One day when Lepidora was playing with a rabbit in the forest, she spotted a white dove with a broken wing. She went to the dove, and it did not hesitate to let her help it. Lepidora picked up the bird and carried it gently back to the clearing where she had left the bandages and soothing ointments that she bought with her into the forest every day just in case she found an injured creature.

She repaired the dove's wing with a splint and put it in a soft pile of leaves hidden from the larger animals of the forest. Every day she would visit it and make sure it was comfortable. She brought it seeds and berries so that it would grow strong and healthy. When it was feeling much better, she removed the splint and let it fly away. It immediately returned to Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, for it was the goddess' favorite bird, her pet and companion and, indeed, her symbol along with the rose. Venus was so happy to see the beloved dove that she put a wreath of flowers around its neck and went down to earth to thank Lepidora for saving her friend.

So, Venus and her dove went down to earth. When they arrived, Lepidora was watching a caterpillar crawl across the forest floor. She seemed to be very fascinated and yet, somehow saddened by it. "Hello, Lepidora," said Venus. "Why do you seem so sad?" Lepidora was stunned by Venus' magnificent beauty and realized that she must be in the presence of a goddess.

"Oh, I'm sad because the caterpillar's life on earth is so short and no one really appreciates him. He is not beautiful and his life seems so pointless!" said Lepidora. "I've watched you take care of the small creatures of the forest when they have been injured and helpless. You even repaired the broken wing of my dove, and I'd like to reward you for your loving concern for the precious wildlife of the earth," said Venus.

And before Lepidora's very eyes, the lowly caterpillar was transformed into the beautiful, brightly colored creature we call the butterfly. And to this very day, caterpillars turn into the butterflies that bring joy and beauty to all the world.

Greek Miracle (Continued a Pagina Prima)

and with the Phoenicians of Canaan. He also claims that if the works of Greek historians are read carefully, it can be seen that they themselves openly credit the Egyptians and Phoenicians as the source of these Greek ideas. Bernal claims that it was the narrow mindedness and prejudice of 19th century classicists that decided to ignore the truth and to claim a pure "Aryan model" for the birth of western civilization via a gift-of-the-gods "Greek Miracle."

As might be expected, classics departments from Oxford to Harvard are not buying into Bernal's claims. Reputable scholars claim that Bernal is misreading his Greek historians, that he is making unjustified assumptions and that he is letting his personal roots shade his research.

As in all valid classical scholarship, there are strains of truth in Bernal's work, but it may take years for scholars worldwide to agree on what they are.

Bernal, of course, wants to rock the boat. He wants to destroy what he calls "European cultural arrogance." He wants to explode the myth of the "Greek Miracle" and force scholars to admit that the real source for western culture may be Egypt (which, by the way, Bernal claims may have been dominated by black leaders and scholars) and the Phoenicians from Canaan.

All of which proves an old adage: "The more you learn, the less you know -- for sure."

Arias at The Baths

By Frank J. Korn



Model of the Baths of Caracalla seen from the east.

Rome, August 12, A.D. 1991

Last evening my wife and I arrived quite early for the spectacle of Verdi's "Aida" at the fabled Baths of Caracalla. We sat there in the enveloping stillness of a summer twilight and watched the Roman sky shift colors from blue to violet to black, while feasting on the *pase, prosciutto e vino bianco* we had brown-bagged before setting out. As they have for countless thousands of evenings, the long shafts of the setting sun bathed the pink brick understructure in an orange light.

The overall effect was one of melancholy beauty. Now and then Camille leafed through her libretto while this old ex-Latin teacher pondered the long history of this unique opera house.

In just minutes the crumbling walls and truncated pillars would be echoing the rich soprano and tenor voices of the protagonists, along with the lush instrumental accompaniment of the Rome Opera Theater orchestra.

Eighteen centuries earlier the sounds here were much different. The cavernous halls of the *Frigidarium*, *Tepidarium*, and *Calidarium* rang with the whistling, hooting, jeering, laughing, and ribald singing of hundreds of bathers bent on having a good time. The rubdown rooms shook with the rapid, thumping, beefy hands of the *masseurs*. The gardens and bowers were filled with sweet bird-song, the conference rooms with the hushed exchanges of deal-making businessmen. All this went on from the moment the doors opened in late morning till closing time at dusk.

For, you see, the Baths of Caracalla were what to us today would be an elaborate country club complex: a place to meet friends, stroll, chat, play ball, work out, and counter the ennui of day-to-day life in old Rome. A place to cleanse oneself from the inside out rather than from the surface up. (The ancients believed the only way to genuine bodily cleanliness was by sweating profusely, opening the pores to let out the dirt, and then closing the pores by plunging into a pool of cold water.) It was also a place to take the cure for rheumatism. The *laconicum* was an extra hot room designed for invalids. The heat for this chamber, as for the *tepidarium* and *calidarium*, was produced by wood-burning furnaces beneath the floor. These were fed and stoked by teams of slaves. The water needed for the facility was provided by a spur of the already aged Claudian Aqueduct.

These public baths, which in antiquity were generally



Ruins of the Baths of Caracalla seen from the west.

called *Antoninianae* (after the name of their founder, Antoninus Caracalla) were solemnly inaugurated in the summer of A.D. 216. Under Heliogabalus they were embellished, and under Alexander Severus, expanded. The *Thermae Antoninianae* (or *Caracallae* if you wish) followed the general plan of earlier bathing establishments in the city, such as those named for Trajan and Hadrian. In addition to the central block housing the heated chambers and the swimming pool, there was a surrounding complex of locker rooms, gymnasias, playing fields, meeting halls, libraries, cafeterias, shops, and offices. All of these became repositories of works of art, from their mosaic pavements to their busts and statues and urns and bas-reliefs. The facility could accommodate nearly two thousand patrons at once and despite its lavish trappings was truly public, available to patrician and plebian alike.

Imperial Rome's jetset crowd would pull up to the entrance in closed litters. The "have-nots" arrived on foot, believing that any inconvenience or discomfort was well worth the while just to escape, for a few hours, the dreariness of inner city tenements. The fee was the same for everyone—one *quadrans*. While a local ordinance scheduled different times for men and women to prevent mixed bathing, there were occasional violations resulting in scandals that became the talk of the town.

The baths remained in use until the sixth century when the invasion of the Goths reduced them to utter ruin. Throughout the Middle Ages, due to total abandonment and neglect, these ruins continued to crumble—a domed ceiling would cave in here and there, a huge chunk of a cornice would break off and crash to the pavement. Weeds and scavengers took yet another toll.

Yet, even in devastation, Caracalla's health spa held visitors enthralled. Piranesi sketched the spectral remains awash in Mediterranean moonlight. For the poet Shelley there was no greater delight than to wander "among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees which are extended in ever winding labyrinths upon its (the Baths') immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air."

It was in 1937, after a millennium of slumber, that the Baths of Caracalla awoke to assume a new role, that of the summer home of the Rome Opera Company.

The Sirens

By Chris Impellitteri, Latin I Student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H. S., Orchard Park, New York

Their voices are so beautiful,
With harmonies to sing,
The music overwhelms me,
With their words so luring,
No one can avoid,
Their beauty but their evil.
It will overcome you and me,
As if we had no will,
The sands on their beaches,
Are so white and so pure,
No mortal can see,
That it is due to the lure,
At a closer glance,
The naive man would see,
The sands are of bones,
From men like you and me,
The bravery of Ulysses,
Is our only proving,
That the sheer beauty,
Is their words, not their singing,
As Ulysses was tied strongly,
To the mast of the ship.

He was a witness to a sound,
To the heart, from the lips,
They sing of hope, and they sing of fear,
And of men's wildest dreams,
Of conquering the whole known world,
Through future sunbeams.
"We know what is in the future,"
They are telling you still,
But first you must land,
While they smile as they kill.
Soon they have lured us,
For many, many years,
Then we can't function,
We're so full of fear.
But as the brave crew of Ulysses' ship,
Sailed by Sirensae,
The Sirens plunged into the sea,
Never bothering another vessel.
And as I speak as I feel,
Of this great strife,
I hope you will know,
Of the tragedy of the Sirens' life.

An Interview With Theodora, Wife of The Emperor Justinian

By students Barb Henderson, Jen Starbuck, and Jill Stavole, students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio.

Q. You went on the stage at a very young age. How did you like being an actress?

A. I liked it at first, but as I got settled in, I learned that most actresses were treated disrespectfully. To make it I had to lower the standards of my moral behavior considerably. It was a hard thing to deal with, but you know how it is. People just don't take women seriously in our society.

Q. Is it true that when the Emperor first rescued you from the stage, he made you his mistress before he married you?

A. That is a rumor that the Emperor does not like to hear repeated.

Q. How did it feel when the Emperor told you he had decided to marry you?

A. The day he announced that I would be his wife was the happiest day of my life. I would do anything to help my husband. I love the Emperor with all my heart, and my love for him grows each day.

Q. I have heard that since you have become the Emperor's wife you have helped many people. Can you tell me about some of them?

A. Because I am the Emperor's wife I do have more than a little influence with him. I have gotten some friends jobs with the government. More importantly, I have created homes for young girls that come from poor families. I was once in their position so I know how much these homes are needed.

Q. Is the rumor true that you were the one who convinced the Emperor to stay and resolve the conflict at Nicaea?

A. All I did was to reassure him of his own strength. I reminded him how important this great country is to him and how disappointed he would be in himself if he let himself be overthrown by a minor disagreement. This interview is now concluded!

It's More Than A Book

By David Metz, Latin II Student of Kay Fluharty, Madeira Jr./Sr. High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

He rides the waves in hopes of reaching home.

A war hero who has wandered and roamed,

Throughout the past twenty years,

With his wife at home shedding tears,

Suitors have come to marry his wife,

But now the hero will take their life.

He fought in Troy but now is back,

With his treasures in a sack.

His adventures will never die,

For in a book is where he lies.

I'm talking about the *Odyssey*,

That Homer wrote and as you will see

He was a great poet,

But some in his time didn't know it.

I hope that you will be able to read

The book by Homer, the *Odyssey*.



The Legend of a Champion

By David Metz, Latin II Student of Kay Fluharty,
Madeira Jr./Sr. High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Ulysses is a wartime hero that you might not even have heard about.
He sailed to many places and you know that he did not doubt

the fact that he would return home some day; but first he had some run-ins with people like Circe. Circe was a witch who could turn a man into a pig, and to stop this Mercury gave him a twig, and said, "Go to her and she will be nice to you."

So then Ulysses knew just what to do.
He ate her poison and he didn't even flinch, then he thought to himself, "Wow, this is a cinch!" So she turned the pigs back into men, and he was thought of as a champion.

There was a Cyclops that Ulysses ran into. He was a big old giant who trapped Ulysses and his men in a cave, but he didn't know that Ulysses was brave. He just thought, "Mmmmm, a three course meal," but when Ulysses blinded him he began to squeal, "No man did this to me," but Ulysses said, "Wrong, you see, it was me, Ulysses."

And Ulysses was on his way but the god Neptune had something to say because the Cyclops was his son, and he was not making a pun, he wanted our hero dead, and so he said, "You shall be tortured and maybe even killed, Man," but his crew thought of him as a champion.

After twenty years Ulysses came home, and he saw a bunch of suitors who had come to try to marry his wife, and he got a plan on how to take the life of all the suitors who were there. So he showed up as a beggar, and got some help from a friend. Ulysses told the man to send for Telemachus his son of twenty years, and this caused his son to go up in cheers. The dog Argos also recognized him and died on the spot from the sight of him. So Ulysses went to the castle and stretched his bow, and turned it on a suitor who just said, "WHO?" This must be Ulysses who was never dead," and Ulysses said, "You're right," and shot him in the head; and by his son who was now a man he was thought of as a champion.

Your Saturnalia Gift Giving Worries Are Over!

If you have been searching for the perfect gift to give your classically oriented friends, your teacher or your students, look no further. Now you can give the gift that answers the question, "Quid Est Amor?"



Amor est cum prandium paramus
felli domo vagrant...

A variety of answers (similar to the one reproduced above) is provided in a little book entitled *Amor Est Sensus Quidam Peculiaris* written by Joan Walsh Anglund and translated into Latin by G.M. Lyne. It was published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 757 Third Ave., New York, New York 10017, in 1960 and reprinted in 1968. The Library of Congress Card Number is 68-25184. The book appears to be out of print now, but if you are a determined shopper and browser-of-used-book-stores, you may be able to come up with a copy of this little gem that would make any classicist happy this Saturnalia season.



Cara Matrona,

Today I was privileged to witness, for the first time in my life, a *Pompa Triumphalis*. It was one of the most awe-inspiring sights I have ever seen in the XIII years of my life. The parade of captives was pitiful to watch, but the wagons depicting various scenes of battles were most fascinating. How the crowd cheered when the booty wagons passed by!

Then came the *tubicen*. His blast on the *tuba* sure got everyone's attention and let us all know that the *triumphator* was not far behind. The *curtus triumphalis* was lavishly decorated. Even the trace-horses that were being ridden by the *triumphatoris filii* were handsomely decorated. The *triumphator* himself seemed to glow. I've never seen anyone look so huge, so powerful and so self-confident. One servant stood in the chariot with him and held the victory wreath over his head, while another stood by his side and seemed to whisper something in his ear every so often.

One thing bothered me, however, and it is really about this that I am writing you. I was very surprised to see the *triumphator* actually wearing his *bullula aurea*—quite openly and in plain sight outside his *lorica*. Oh, sure, I still wear mine, but I plan to pitch it as soon as my *pater* realizes I'm not a baby any more. I don't really like to be seen wearing my *bullula aurea* now, and I certainly don't plan to go around wearing it after I become a man.

Matrona, how could someone who still wears his *bullula* become a victorious *imperator* and celebrate a triumph? Do you suppose he never took the *toga virilis* as a young man? No one else seemed to notice this, or at least no seemed to be bothered by it so I didn't mention it to anyone. What do you think, *Matrona*? Was this *triumphator* really just a big baby who never grew up?

Bullatus, Romae

Roga Me Aliquid

Care Bullate,

You obviously have a lot to learn before you take your *toga pura*. Young boys your age, especially those who live *Romae*, often start to think that you know it all, and that you're ready to take on the world.

Never be ashamed of your *bullula*! It's been your protection against *fascinatio* since your *pater* hung it on your neck either during your *nuptio* or on your *dies lustricus*. You should also be proud that you wear a *bullula aurea* and not the *bullula scorteus* worn by the *plebeccula*.

You obviously also have a lot to learn about respect and religious reverence. You won't "pitch" your *bullula* when it finally comes off your neck—you will solemnly dedicate it to your family *Lares*. It will then be carefully and lovingly preserved by your *mater*. *Bullulae* are not things to be carelessly discarded or forgotten about once they are no longer being worn.

The *triumphator* you saw carefully took his *bullula* from storage when he prepared for his *pompa triumphalis* and very proudly hung it over his *lorica* for all to see and to be a protection for himself from any *fascinatio* that might come his way from jealous parade-watchers. All *triumphatores* do this. Because our society raises them to the highest possible pinnacle of *gloria* on this their special day, they must take every precaution against witchcraft or the evil eye. The second slave you saw standing in the *curva triumphali* whispering to the *triumphator* was reminding him that *gloriam mundi fugacem esse* so that he would not commit *hubris* and think himself all-powerful, immortal or superior to the gods.

If a *triumphator* knows that he should be humble and should remember his place in life, don't you think you should try to be a little more humble, too, and respect the tradition of the *bullula*? Who knows, if you stopped acting like a know-it-all, your *pater* might just decide that you're ready to be declared a man!

Book Review

The First Man in Rome by Colleen McCullough

Reviewed by Betty Whitaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Ind.

Robert Graves did it with *I Claudius*, Taylor Caldwell did it with *Pillar of Iron*, and now Colleen McCullough has accomplished a monumental tome with *The First Man in Rome*.

First of all, any reader should be impressed with a glossary of more than 100 pages. Some of the glossary items are mini-stories in themselves (see *Julilla*). Next, Ms. McCullough did all maps, illustrations, and text herself. Putting together a superbly constructed novel including historical research of 2000 years ago is mind-boggling. Also, this novel can be used as a classroom text. There are sections which are suitable for individual culture lessons. Certainly to ask students to read the whole text is a virtual impossibility, but there are pages which could be excerpted for classroom use.

Page 198 describes life in August during the rainy season. A soldier's gear is documented on page 369. This section is a definite addition to any lesson on Caesar's legions. Also in the same vein, there is an excellent description of all battle awards on page 391. The *Regiones Italiae* map is particularly useful for students to understand the origin of the Latin language. Also impressive is the discussion of life as an *insula* landlord. And this list goes on and on.

Even if some readers do not find it possible to read the

entire volume, the book is a useful addition to lecture notes.

There are some negatives to a novel of this magnitude on ancient Roman history. Some chapters are just plain slow-moving—while legions wait for the winter weather to clear, etc. Some letters to Marius are just too long. And perhaps there is a need for a little more of the gossip side of life to keep the readers involved on every page. Finally, there can't be any more information to learn about Marius and Sulla. The reader knows more than enough about them after 900 pages.

Yet, after waiting a year for the paperback, not wanting to spend the money for the hardback copy, I find myself eagerly awaiting the next volume, *The Grass Crown*. This time I may not wait for the soft copy because there are few, if any, novels which manage to transport the reader back in time and at the same time manage to give the reader a feeling of being a part of the toga-clad world. That is the mark of a truly credible author. Colleen McCullough's *The First Man in Rome* is worth the time and effort.

(Editor's Note: *The First Man in Rome* is also available on 4 audiocassettes (six hours) read by David Ogden Stiers. Simon & Schuster Audioworks (72628-S, 2295, \$22.95), 1230 Ave. of the Americas, N. Y., N.Y. 10020)

Triclinium Etiquette**Roman Dining Do's and Don'ts**

(Suggested by a review of Margaret Visser's *The Rituals of Dinner* by Alvin P. Sanoff, U.S. News & World Report, July 22, 1991, p. 52. Thanks to Loree Steele, Frankfort, Indiana.)

- Don't invite an even number of guests to dinner. (The number two is female and unlucky)
- Do invite three, six or nine guests to dinner.
- Don't invite respectable ladies to recline on triclinia.
- Do have *umbrae* available to fill in on the spur of the moment for invited guests who cancel.
- Don't allow guests to cross the threshold of the triclinium *sinistro pede*.
- Do select a reliable *rex bibendi* to govern the mix of wine with water.
- Don't let invited guests leave your party sober.
- Do provide an adequate and pleasing array of food on the *mensae*.
- Don't try to overwhelm your guests by going overboard with extravagances that they could never match when they return the invitation.
- Do provide fitting after dinner entertainment.
- Don't be shocked if Greek guests make a game of flipping the dregs of their wine cups at random targets in the triclinium.
- Do encourage casual conversation that will relax the diners.
- Don't allow business to be discussed in the triclinium.
- Do touch the table immediately if any reference is made to the dead.
- Don't mention "fire" at any time during the meal.
- Do pour water on the floor immediately if any reference is made to fire accidentally.
- Don't allow your mind to wander to disturbing or unlucky thoughts during the meal.
- Do moisten your finger and rub behind your right ear immediately if you catch yourself thinking disturbing or unlucky thoughts.
- Don't plan a dinner party when threatening weather seems imminent.
- Do whistle immediately if lightning is seen or thunder heard. Whistle if any threatening or disastrous event occurs during the dinner.
- Don't take more food from the food presented on the *mensae* than you can realistically eat at the moment.
- Do bring a large, clean napkin with you to dinner in which your unclean food may be taken home so your host will not think that you did not like what was served.

The Olympians

By Daniel Kang, Latin III student of Mary Jane Rudalavage, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Penn.

After defeating the Titans, Jupiter reigned supreme. Mt. Olympus became home, for him and his team. This team consisted of twelve, six sisters and six brothers. They were gods and goddesses, more powerful than others. The first was Apollo, god of poetry, music and light. Then came Mars, god of war, violence and fight. The blacksmith Vulcan came next, working with metal and fire. Then there was Mercury, the messenger in winged attire. Neptune controlled the sea, trident in hand, And Jupiter ruled over all, both in sky and on land. Venus, the most beautiful, was goddess of love, Her sister Ceres controlled agriculture, from the heavens above. Diana, twin sister of Apollo, was goddess of hunting and birth, While Minerva was goddess of war and wisdom, over the earth. Vesta, goddess of the hearth, protected homes and abodes, And Juno, Jupiter's wife, watched over women in various modes. These twelve were exalted by mortals all over the lands, For they held control of the earth in the palms of their hands.

A Contest Between the Gods

By Emily Dunnack, Grade 6 Student of Gyle R. Hightower, Mansfield Middle School, Storrs, Conn.

One day Jupiter, the king of the gods, was sitting on Mt. Olympus working on a sculpture. At the same time Neptune, the god of the sea, was in the ocean also working on a sculpture. Mercury, always interested in causing mischief, went over to Jupiter and said, "That sculpture is very good. I've heard that Neptune's is also very good. Why don't you two have a contest? The winner will be given the title 'The Best Sculptor Among the Gods'." "Okay!" agreed Jupiter. Mercury with his winged sandals sped over to the ocean and told Neptune the news. Neptune also agreed. When the day of the contest came, Venus was chosen the judge. She looked at the two entries and thought and thought. She finally decided on Jupiter to be the winner. Neptune was outraged and hurled insults at Jupiter. With that Jupiter took his sculpture broke it into a million pieces and scattered it into the ocean so Neptune would have to look at it everyday. Today Jupiter's work of art is called coral.

The Joys of Teaching Latin

O.K., so nobody really looks forward to Mondays or to those first days back in school after any break or vacation—the longer the vacation, the harder it is to get ready to go back into the classroom. Latin teachers do, however, have a couple of consolations that help them get over those first days. One is that the students aren't looking forward to those days any more than they are, and the second is that, in the long run, maybe five or six years down the road, what they do in the Latin classroom will really be appreciated by at least some of their students, if not the majority.

Latin teachers know of this appreciation because they get visits, phone calls from Rome and letters from their students—all of which are some of the true joys of teaching.

One such letter came recently from Switzerland. If you are a Latin teacher, imagine it is from one of your ex-students. If you are a student, imagine it is a letter that you may be writing to your dear old Latin teacher some day—but don't wait too long. Despite what you may think, Latin teachers are not immortal even though their subject matter is.

"Buon giorno, professore! Come sta? So are you impressed or what? I just wanted to share my new experiences with you, but I guess I should refresh your memory as to who I am. I had you for my 2nd, 3rd and 4th years of Latin. I graduated in 1988, and to you I was more commonly known as *Fausta*.

"The reason I am writing to you in Italian is because it has become my new language to learn. For the first semester of my senior year I decided to go overseas. I am going to Franklin College in Switzerland, and it just happens to be located in an Italian speaking canton called Ticino. My closest friend here is from Milan, which is only an hour away, and I plan on going there soon to see some sites and to shop (of course).

"One of the most awesome requirements is a three credit course called Academic Travel. We have an intensive week of class and then we travel with that professor for two weeks. Of all places, I chose to do the travel to southern Italy and Rome. I'm really excited to see so many of the things I've studied in your class. Among the many things we will see will be Mt. Vesuvius. I can hardly wait to see Pompeii and Herculaneum. We will also be going to the Isle of Capri and the royal palaces at Caserta and Naples. The last part of the trip will be spent in Rome where we will get to see the Vatican and have an audience with the Pope. If time allows when I return to the States in December, I will stop by the school and show you my pictures.

"Another way my Latin has come in so handy has been in my history class called History of Switzerland. Our professor is making us read part of Caesar's conquest of Gaul, and every time he starts talking about it, I start thinking, *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres...*

"I must be going. I hope all is well with you, and thank you for having such a positive impact on my life."

In Memoriam**Sr. Michael Louise Meyer**

Sr. Michael Louise Meyer, a regular contributor of articles to the Pompeiana Newsletter since 1984, passed away on August 9, 1991. Sr. Michael had been retired from Latin teaching for several years and was living in Oldenberg, Indiana. According to those who knew her when she was in the classroom, "she was an outstanding Latin teacher and her students dearly loved her."

Sr. Michael wrote the following series of articles for the Pompeiana Newsletter during the past several years: "The Aeneid" (1984-1985), "The Pillar of Iron" (1985-1986), "Myth of the Month" (1986-1987), "Roman Poets of the Golden Age" (1987-1988), "Italian Contributions to English Vocabulary" (1989-1990), and "The Role of Nymphs in Greek Mythology" (1990-1991).

Requiescat in Pace.

The Life of Julius Caesar

By Matt Kirby, Latin II Student of Frank Witkowski, Yarmouth High School, Yarmouth, Maine

On July 12, in 100 B.C.

On a bright and sunny morn
A military genius for years to come
Julius Caesar was born.
From Caesar's birth his destiny
And fame was seen ahead
He was brought up in a royal state
Of gold, much wine, and bread.
At seven he attended school
And followed his father's affairs
While Caesar learned 'bout politics
Rome's government was in despair.

In 62 B.C. in Rome
Praetor Caesar he became
In his upcoming battles and wars
All of Rome would hail his name.
He wanted more than small-time rule
So the Helvetian tribes he fought
The time was 58 B.C.
And lose the battle he did not.
More military battles followed
Against Germanics, Britain, and Gaul
Despite some bloody, brutal fights
Caesar's armies conquered all.
Caesar was named Dictator for life
In the year 45 B.C.
After wars in Egypt and Africa
His foes either lost, or they'd flee.

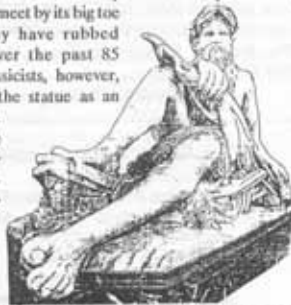
In 44 B.C. it was
Caesar's young wife had a dream
She dreamt of Caesar's bloody death
A cold, unfeeling scheme.
Julius Caesar passed off this plot
But was stabbed as he walked outside
"Et tu, Brute!" he weakly spoke
To his murderer, then died.
Julius Caesar, the fighting man
Whose military had brought him fame
The halls and streets of historic Rome
Shall forever ring his name.

CLASSIC CACHINNATIO

River God Alive and Well in Minneapolis

(Special thanks to Bernard Szymczak, Columbia Heights, Minnesota)

When the city fathers of Minneapolis set out to design their city hall in 1887, Neo-classical art and architecture was the "in thing" in America. The exterior of the city hall is designed in what is called the Richardsonian Style, but the interior is heavy with classical pillars, Roman arches, balustrades, murals, and coffered ceilings. The center piece of the rotunda of the 4th Street entry is, however, what captures the eyes of classicists. The center piece is a large marble statue of **Father of Waters** which was installed in 1906. Non-classicists find it a quaint center piece. They arrange to meet by its big toe which they have rubbed smooth over the past 85 years. Classicists, however, recognize the statue as an American copy of the many river gods portrayed by ancient Roman sculptors.



Father of Waters statue in Minneapolis

According to the ancient Greeks, river gods were lower level divinities to whom an altar might be erected, but rarely a temple. This did not stop these divinities from having offspring with mortal women, however, and becoming the ancestors of whole tribes. Horses and bulls were sometimes thrown into rivers and streams as offerings to these gods. In fact, the earliest images of river gods show them as man-headed bulls or young men with horns on their heads. River gods were also depicted as horses or snakes. Later, however, river gods had full human shapes, usually shown reclining. The gods of the Nile and the Tiber are good examples of these later statues.



Statue of the River God, Tiber, in Rome

The Most Significant Roman Battles: A.D. 218 – 272

Legionnaire Score Board

Romans in power: VI – Challengers and Barbarians: IV



"Somehow I just don't think Tetricus has our best interests at heart!"

Immac, Revolt of Elagabalus

June 7, A.D. 218

When Emperor Macrinus led his Imperial troops and the Praetorian guard into battle against Syrian legions led by Elagabalus, the Imperial troops were winning the battle until Macrinus panicked and fled the battle field. At this point, his army became discouraged and was completely defeated by Elagabalus.

Philippopolis, 1st Gothic Invasion of the Empire

A.D. 251

100,000 inhabitants and a Roman garrison under the command of Decius were massacred by an army of Goths under Cniva.

Forum Terebronii, 1st Gothic Invasion of the Empire

A.D. 251

Roman forces led by Decius totally mishandled an initially successful attack against the Gothic troops led by Cniva, and were totally defeated. In the battle Decius and his son were killed.

Edessa, Persian Wars

A.D. 259

The Roman Emperor Valerian was taken prisoner and all his troops were defeated when he was attacked by the Persians led by Sapor I.

Naissus, Gothic Invasion of the East

A. D. 269

When the Emperor Claudius Gothicus realized he was going to be attacked by invading Goths, he stationed part of his men behind open field defences facing the enemy and concealed the rest on a mountain that was in front of his men. When the Goths attacked, the troops came off the mountain and attacked their rear spreading confusion. 50,000 men fell in the battle.

Placentia, Invasion of the Alemanni

A.D. 271

After a fatiguing forced march, Aurelian's forces were attacked at dusk by the invading Alemanni who at first threw the Romans into complete disorder. The legions were rallied by the Emperor Aurelian himself, and succeeded in beating back the Germans.

Pavia, Invasion of the Alemanni

A. D. 271

When the German Alemanni crossed the frontier into Roman territory, they were met by Roman legions under the command of Aurelian who defeated them so soundly that they quickly returned across their border.

Chalons, Revolt of the Legions of Aquitaine

A.D. 271

Troops of the Roman Emperor Aurelian attacked several Roman legions that were revolting under the leadership of Tetricus. During a secret meeting, Tetricus agreed to deliberately position the revolting legions so they would be at a disadvantage and easily conquered by the troop of the Emperor. When the fighting started, Tetricus deserted with a few followers to the Emperor's side and watched the legions that he had led be cut to pieces by the Emperor's troops.

Antioch, Expedition to Palmyra

A.D. 272

Roman legions under the Emperor Aurelian totally defeated the Palmyrenians under Zenobia after an initial loss to the Palmyrenian cavalry.

Emesa, Expedition to Palmyra

A.D. 272

Romans led by Aurelian completely defeated the Palmyrenians led by Zenobia. Zenobia retreated into the city of Palmyra to which the troops of Aurelian immediately laid siege.

Poemata

By Miss Rupal Patel, Latin student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., New York.

Dominus
paratus, promptus
amat, laborat, ridet
repellit neminem
Deus

Puer
lactus, bonus
currit, ridet, inquit,
"Amo te"
Amicus

Ianitor
ignavus, infirmus
stat, petit, custodit
repellit omnes
Vir

INDICIA PER ACTA DIURNA PALAM FACTA (Classified Ads)

Delecti Effusive Actio

If you've been injured by items falling or thrown from a house or apartment and haven't seen a lawyer, shouldn't you be seeing one now?

By praetor's edict, if you have been injured while walking near a house or apartment, you have a right to bring legal action against the occupant of that house or apartment from which anything fell or was thrown on you.

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If you have dreamed of a life of adventure, if you have longed for clean country air, if you have longed to visit foreign lands, we have positions for you. We are now hiring *parochi* to serve at posting stations throughout Italy and the provinces. When officials visit your station, it will be your job to furnish them with firewood, shelter, beds and food. The rest of the time you are free to enjoy life in the country. Report to the *Tabularium, Romae*.

Ludi Piebei

If you haven't been to the theater during this season, you can still get good seats. We handle tesserac for all 50,000 seats in the theaters of Pompey, Balbus and Marcellus.

You can still see the *Amonon Iudicium* of Pacuvius, the *Andromache* of Ennius, and *Macaris and Canace*. Rumor has it that the role of Canace will, in fact, be played by a very prominent political figure in Rome. Don't miss this one! See our distributors in the vicinity of the rostrum daily, *ab hora sexta ad horum nonam, Romae*.

Has Res Emere Potes

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(800) 243-1234



ORIGEN AND HIS SPECIES



Latin Learning



Joe Vada



Carmina
Optima

16. Et Eorum Auctores

- I. ANIMI MOTUS, Maria Curiosa
- II. AGE ALIQUID, Electio Naturalis
- III. AMORI OPERAM DANS, Catherina Alba
- IV. NONNIHIL CONFERENDUM, Bona Raitta
- V. COR PERFORATUM, Extremus
- VI. MEI VIVI AMOR, Nocturnarum Excubiarum Statio
- VII. NEMO NUGAS NON AGIT, Aaron Nevillus
- VIII. AMOR, FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA, Martica
- IX. RES QUAM INCEPIMUS INHIBERI NON POTEST, Brianus Adamas
- X. VERUS, SINCERUS, SOLIDUS, Iesus Iones

17. All god's children

By Amy Ross, Shawn Bockey, and Matt Mishak,
students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S.,
Amherst, Ohio

Name all of Jupiter's offspring by

ALCMENE: _____ U _____
 CERES: P _____ S _____
 DIONE: _____ S _____
 JUNO: M _____ and L _____ N _____
 LETO: _____ N _____ and P _____
 MAIA: _____ R _____
 METIS: L _____ V _____
 SEMELE: _____ A _____ S _____
 EURYNOME: THE _____ A _____
 MNEMOSYNE: THE _____ E _____

18. How Well Did You Read?

1. What classical story should "Street of sorrow" evoke?
2. What was the little boy serving when he gave prandium to a feli domo vaganti?
3. According to Emily Dunnack's story, which god created coral?
4. What would be served for prima mensa if the Latin menu called for Anas?
5. What midwestern city has a full-size copy of a Roman river god in its city hall?
6. What is the more common name for the Thermae Antoninianae?
7. To what other people beside the Egyptians does Prof. Bernal say the Greeks were indebted?
8. Which Children's Television Workshop character is rumored to have died?
9. Why would a Roman general celebrating a Triumph wear his childhood bulla?
10. What will be the sequel to Colleen McCullough's First Man in Rome?

DUX FEMINA FACTI

By Jill Stavole, Barb Anderson, and Jenny Starbuck,
students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

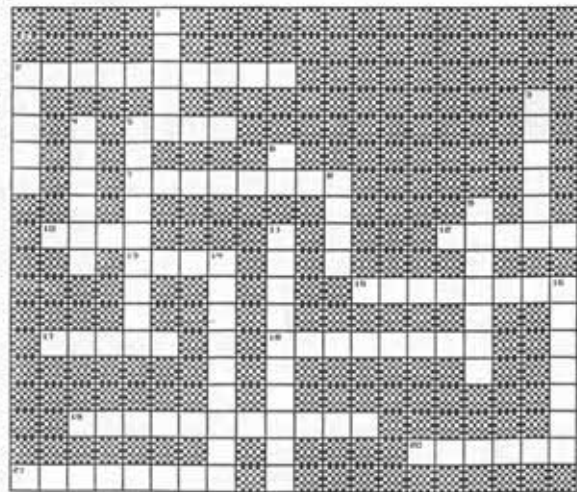
19.

ACROSS CLUES

2. Nymphs whose golden apples were sought by Hercules
5. Lover of Leander
7. Wife of Odysseus
10. Jilted lover of Aeneas
12. Clotho, Lachesis & Atropos
13. Loved by Jupiter as a swan
15. Beaten in foot race by Hippomenes
17. Protectors of the arts
18. Mother of the Graces
19. Another Amazon queen
20. Lover of Pyramus
21. Wife of Hercules

DOWN CLUES

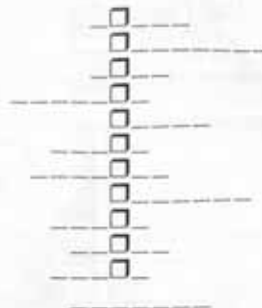
1. Witch-lover of Odysseus
2. Kidnapped by Paris
3. Lover of Cupid
4. Wife of Philemon
5. Queen of the Amazons
6. Cow-lover of Jupiter
8. Nymph who could only repeat the words of others
9. Creation of Pygmalion
11. Maiden of spring; daughter of Ceres
14. Rescued by Perseus from a sea monster
16. Attempted to weave better than Athena



20. Clues Fit for a King

By Tamara Kissane, Julia Radca, and Kevin LeSuer,
students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S.,
Amherst, Ohio

- A. Don't pull my plug or the sky will fall.
- B. It took me "12" to become noteworthy.
- C. "Star-gazed" "lovers" may instead see me.
- D. Doublemint, spearmint, trident.
- E. My brother's a day person, but I prefer the night.
- F. I gave a beautiful "burning-garment."
- G. "Wise-woman."
- H. A drunk (Bachelor)
- I. "To be or 'naut' to be."
- J. People were willing to go to war over me.
- K. My Roman pet is tricephalic.



22. Mixed-up Emperors

By Jason Gasser, Courtney Gammons, and
Amy McKinley, Students of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

Unscramble and put in order from the earliest emperor to the latest. (Some have been deliberately omitted.)

nusotanni supi _____
 stuti _____
 orne _____
 gtuussua _____
 sacurm luaseuri _____
 arnve _____
 rbcisttu _____
 aghal _____
 lbtuivve _____
 mindaiot _____
 adnihar _____
 saavnepsi _____
 dcusali _____

21. Match the Lovers

By Aimee Ross, Shawn Bockey, and Matt Mishak,
students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S.,
Amherst, Ohio

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| ___ VENUS | A. DEUCALION |
| ___ CUPID | B. GALATEA |
| ___ PYRAMUS | C. HERO |
| ___ ORPHEUS | D. PHILEMON |
| ___ CEYX | E. ARETHUSA |
| ___ PYRRHA | F. PSYCHE |
| ___ PYGMALION | G. THISBE |
| ___ BAUCIS | H. EURYDICE |
| ___ ALPHEUS | I. ALCYONE |
| ___ LEANDER | J. ADONIS |

23. Hilly Hurdle

By Jason Gasser, Courtney Gammons, and
Amy McKinley, students of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

Unscramble the name of each hill, locate it on the map, and put the matching letter in the corresponding blank.

- | | |
|----------------|-------|
| ___ ATALNEIP | _____ |
| ___ LTOIEACINP | _____ |
| ___ VTIENANE | _____ |
| ___ EANIACL | _____ |
| ___ LIUIESNQE | _____ |
| ___ NMILVIA | _____ |
| ___ RILAUQIN | _____ |



AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

(These solutions and translations are mailed with each Bulk Classroom Order sent in care of a teacher member. Copies are also sent to all Adult and Contributing members. No copies are sent to student members.)

16.

Camina Optima

- I. EMOTIONS, Mariah Carey
- II. DO ANYTHING, Natural Selection
- III. ROMANTIC, Karen White
- IV. SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT, Bonnie Raitt
- V. HOLE HEARTED, Extreme
- VI. LOVE OF A LIFETIME, Firehouse
- VII. EVERYBODY PLAYS THE FOOL, Aaron Neville
- VIII. LOVE, THEY WILL BE DONE, Martika
- IX. CAN'T STOP THIS THING WE STARTED, Bryan Adams
- X. REAL, REAL, REAL, Jesus Jones

17.

All god's children

By Amy Ross, Shawn Bockey, and Matt Mishak,
students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S.,
Amherst, Ohio

Name all of Jupiter's offspring by

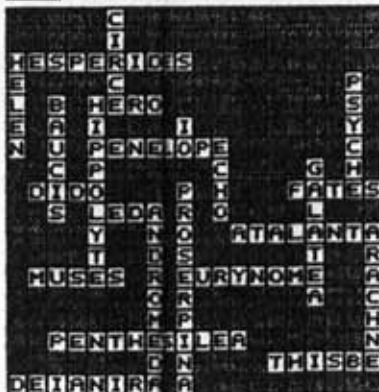
- ALCMENE: HERCULES
 CERES: PROSERPINA
 DIONE: VENUS
 JUNO: MARS and VULCAN
 LETO: DIANA and APOLLO
 MAIA: MERCURY
 METIS: MINERVA
 SEMELE: BACCHUS
 EURYNOME: THE GRACES
 MNEMOSYNE: THE MUSES

18.

How Well Did You Read?

1. Tullia and Tarquinius Superbus
2. milk
3. Jupiter
4. duck
5. Minneapolis
6. Baths of Caracalla
7. To the Phoenixes of Canaan
8. Ernie
9. As a protection against the *fascinatio* of jealous spectators
10. The Grass Crows

19.



20.

Clues Fit for a King

By Tamara Kissane, Julia Rudica, and Kevin LeSuer,
students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S.,
Amherst, Ohio

AMULAS
HERCULES
LUNA
NEPTUNE
DIANA
MERMA
MINERVA
BACCHUS
JASON
HELEN
PLUTO
JUPITER

21.

Match the Lovers

By Aimee Ross, Shawn Bockey, and Matt Mishak,
students of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele H.S.,
Amherst, Ohio

<u>J</u> VENUS	A. DEUCALION
<u>E</u> CUPID	B. GALATEA
<u>G</u> PYRAMUS	C. HERO
<u>H</u> ORPHEUS	D. PHILEMON
<u>I</u> CEYX	E. ARETHUSA
<u>A</u> PYRRHA	F. PSYCHE
<u>B</u> PYGMALION	G. THISBE
<u>D</u> BAUCIS	H. EURYDICE
<u>E</u> ALPHEUS	I. ALCYONE
<u>C</u> LEANDER	J. ADONIS

22.

Mixed-up Emperors

By Jason Gesser, Courtney Gammons, and
Amy McKinley, students of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

Unscramble and put in order from the earliest emperor
to thirteenth. (Some have been deliberately omitted.)

nustanni supi	<u>AUGUSTUS</u>
stuti	<u>TIBERIUS</u>
one	<u>CLAUDIUS</u>
girotua	<u>NERO</u>
vacum iustauri	<u>GALBA</u>
arve	<u>VITELLIUS</u>
rbeiau	<u>VESPASIAN</u>
aghal	<u>TITUS</u>
istulle	<u>DOMITIAN</u>
minikuit	<u>NERVA</u>
adilar	<u>HADRIAN</u>
saampoi	<u>MARCUS AURELIUS</u>
dcuaili	<u>ANTONINUS PIUS</u>

23.

Hilly Hurdle

By Jason Gesser, Courtney Gammons, and
Amy McKinley, students of Nancy Mazur,
Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

Unscramble the name of each hill, locate it on the map,
and put the matching letter in the corresponding blank.

<u>F</u> ATALNEIP	<u>PALATINE</u>
<u>E</u> LTOIEACINP	<u>CAPITOLINE</u>
<u>G</u> VTIEANANE	<u>AVENTINE</u>
<u>D</u> EANIACL	<u>CAELIAN</u>
<u>C</u> LIUTISNOE	<u>ESQUILINE</u>
<u>B</u> NMILVIA	<u>VIMINAL</u>
<u>A</u> RILAUQIN	<u>QUIRINAL</u>

Ernie Isn't Dead! He's Not Even Sick!

A vicious rumor has flown across America: "Ernie is either dead or is about to die." This rumor, however, isn't true.

Ernie, who is a puppet on Sesame Street on television, is neither dead nor dying. He doesn't have a deadly disease. Ernie has not nor is he about to be crushed by struck in the road.

Many children in various cities across America are saying this about Ernie. Many more believe these things and are embellishing the rumor. The rumor, however, is not true.

Ernie is alive. Alive? He will, in fact, be alive for many years on television.

Believe me! I know. Perhaps you ask how I know this for a fact. I spoke with one of the spokespersons for Children's Television Workshop in New York, and this spokesperson said:

"This is a vicious rumor which we have heard from all sections of the country. We don't know who started it. It may be that our viewers are confused because Jim Henson died a year ago. Although Henson is dead, the

puppets he created will go on living for many years. This rumor is not true. Our viewers should not believe it!"

Most recently Theodor Geisel also died, and it may be that his death inspired this rumor about Ernie. Geisel authored many books under the pen name Doctor Seuss. People are saying that the Children's Television Workshop wanted to teach children about death, and so Ernie has to die. But, as I said before, this rumor is not true. Doctor Seuss' death will not be the cause of Ernie's death.

It may be that the rumor about Ernie's death is one of those urban myths that exist in many American cities. No one can confirm these myths; nevertheless these myths are told repeatedly. People love to hear these myths and they love even more to repeat different versions of them.

Just remember: Jim Henson and Doctor Seuss are, in fact, dead, but Ernie is neither dead or is he going to die.

Long live Ernie! Long live all the puppets on the Children's Television Workshop!