



MARIA CURIOSA

Maria habet XXI annos, II Grammea, et tantum ingenium ut stella musica multos annos fortasse futura sit.

Quia Mariae mater est cantrix in fabulis cantatis in scaenis, Maria quoque semper cupiebat esse cantrix; ergo quando habuit VI annos, Maria cantando studere incepit. Quando habebat XVI annos, scribebat carmina sua et Brendae K. Stellae subsidio cantanti erat. Anno proximo Maria reliquit matrem domumque suam et migravit Novum Eboracum et cum alia cantrice habitavit.

Quando habuit XVIII annos, Maria incepit creare primum album suum. Cassettam quoque creavit in qua carmina exemplaria cantavit. Novi Eboraci in caupona cibum potusque convivis ministrabat sed quandocumque habebat opportunitates, portabat cassetas cum carminibus exemplaribus suis ad administratores in negotio musico.

Maria habet vocem pulcherrimam. Vox eius similis est cantrici voci quae cantat versus ex Novo Testamento in ecclesia. Scilicet, Mariae vox aspectusque similes sunt Whitnae Houstoni vocem et aspectui. Maria,

autem, habet artem formidabiliorem quam Whitnae artem. Maria potest cantare in VII octavis! (Cantrices plerumque cantant in IV octavis.)

Una nocte Maria invitata est ad convivium a Brenda K. Stella. In hoc convivio Brenda Geraldo Viridiurbi unam cassetam cum Mariae carminibus exemplaribus dedit. Thomas Mottola ab Geraldo hanc cassetam cepit et audiebat Mariae carmina exemplaria dum vehabatur in raeda sua. Simul atque haec carmina audivit, Thomas rediit ad convivium ut cum Maria loqueretur. Maria, autem, iam discesserat e convivio; ergo Thomas Mariae haec nuntia remisit: "Ego sum Thomas Mottola. Voca me. C.B.S."

Haec erat Mariae magna opportunitas.

Maria nunc habet Hulus Anni Optimam Vocem Novam, et ei qui emunt carmina fecerunt Mariam stellam musicam. Carmina eius quibus tituli sunt *Amoris Visus* et *Animi Motus* hoc anno fuerunt carmina optima in chartis musicis.

Maria est iuvenis pulchraque, et habet vocem extraordinariam. Si magna fama cum non vitiaverit, fortasse stella musica multos annos erit.

It's Party Time!

December...time to get the gifts, stretch out the ol' *synthesis*, count the candles, patch up the *pilleus*, go for the greenery, trim the *triclinium*, and get out the game boards.

Ancient Romans would be more than a little disappointed by the limited amount of celebrating being done these days in December. "You mean you only celebrate one *festum*?" they would ask.

In these days when "more" is "better," maybe it's time we started commemorating some of the old Roman December festivals—at least in the Latin classroom.

Start right in by celebrating *FAUNALLA* on *Nonis Decembris* (December 5th for you Gregorian calendar-ists) with some old fashioned dancing. If you don't know any Roman or Italian dances, bring in someone to teach you a Greek circle dance. Do it in honor of *Faunus*, do it for Latin, heck, do it for future enrollments! Wear tunics and togas and make it a cultural experience. Take pictures!

As soon as you catch your breath, select a committee to begin planning *SATURNALLA* which should be celebrated *a.d. XVI—a.d. XIV Kal. Ian.* (December 17th thru the 19th). Make *pillei* for everyone to wear and keep. Decorate the room with evergreens (or plastic imitations), arrange a gift exchange (small personalized candle gifts will do if money's tight), pass out the recipes for *gustatio*, *prima mensa*, and *secunda mensa*. Plan a feast—on *triclinia* if you have them. Invite the principal! Set the slaves free: this could be accomplished by planning a day when you tour pre-arranged rooms in your *pillei* to sing such Latin tunes

as *Avia Renone Calcabatur* or *Froste, Vir Nivis*.

Jump right into *OPALLA* which should be celebrated *a.d. XIII—a.d. XII Kal. Ian.* (December 20th and 21st) in honor of the wife of Saturn, Opalia. Let the girls plan this one. After all, this was Rome's feeble attempt at providing equal time for women's rights.

If you're still up for two more days of partying, you can now celebrate *SIGILLARIA*. This festival is rightly celebrated *a.d. XI—a.d. IX Kal. Ian.* (December 22nd and 23rd), but if you won't be in school on these days, you could plan to celebrate it early. You can, of course—if you and your students are total Latin fanatics—plan to get together during your vacation time to celebrate it. This was a Roman festival specifically for children. Shops everywhere sold *sigilla* et *oscilla* (small dolls) which were purchased and handed out to every good little boy and girl. Even the bad ones got something. Being socially-aware Latinists, being generous and community-conscious, you and your students could make little doll-shaped *crustula* (cookies, that is) and distribute them to a nearby day-care center. If the day-care teachers don't want you to "sugar-up" their little charges, you could just have your students make little Roman dolls that could be passed out to the children. Nothing fancy. Just cut out some cloth figures, stitch or glue them together and stuff them with cotton or old towels.

Let's show everyone that we can party along with the best of Romans. Get out there and to *Saturnalia* 'til you're blue in the face!

After all, it's Party Time!

Why Evergreen Needles Never Fall

Stephanie Dunlap, Latin I Student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

A long time ago there lived a woman and her beautiful daughter, Serapis. Serapis loved to be outside. She would sit for long hours on a cliff overlooking her village and daydream.

When Serapis was fifteen she fell in love with a boy, Augustus, from her village. They would meet on the cliff and take long walks in the forest.

Serapis' mother did not approve of Augustus, mainly because she was afraid of losing her only child. She forbade Serapis from ever seeing Augustus again. Although Serapis was heartbroken, she obeyed her mother and did not see Augustus for six months; but not before they promised to meet on this cliff and run away together on the first day of *Saturnalia*.

Serapis was packed and ready by *Saturnalia* Eve. Then, when she could stand it no longer, she slipped quietly out of her house at midnight and ran to wait for Augustus at their cliff. She found him already there. Together they slipped into the forest and began walking. When a blizzard set in, Augustus and Serapis searched in vain for something to shield them from the biting snow. Finally they curled up under a leafless oak tree, the best protection they could find in the barren forest.

Serapis' mother became worried when she could not find Serapis the next morning and went to search for her. She found Augustus and Serapis, nearly frozen beneath the oak tree. Anguished, she knelt by them and pleaded with the gods to save her child. Ceres, the goddess of growing things, overheard her; and when Serapis and Augustus awoke, they found the branches of the evergreen stretched above them, embracing them and shielding them from the deadly snow. Ever since then there have been evergreens to protect all living creatures from the snow and to symbolize eternal life.

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Interlude in Fiesole

By Frank J. Korn



Roman Theater at Fiesole

A place where honey-colored villas punctuate hills of lush vegetation. Where medieval churches serenade you with their bells day and night. Where countless cypress-flanked lanes zigzag off through fields of violets in search of yet more beauty and surprises. Where trellis-shaded hotel verandas hang over the idyllic valley of the Arno. Where the charming town square offers you the convenience of a half dozen delightful places to sip and sup. This — and so very much more — is Fiesole.

Perched high above Florence, this endlessly attractive and interesting village, birthplace of Fra Angelico, is almost always overlooked by tourists. This despite the abundant treats that await the visitor. This despite its easy access from the center of Florence. This despite the fact that all organized tours invariably leave gaping blanks in their daily schedules. "Afternoon Free" is how the glossy brochures euphemistically put it.

Well, Fiesole is simply perfect for that "Afternoon Free" the next time you find yourself in the Cradle of the Renaissance. (Cataline mobilized and trained his revolutionary forces up here.)

"Faenulae" they called it in deep antiquity. Founded by the Etruscans, this lofty community in time gave birth to the wondrous city below. It was the descendants of the original Etruscan inhabitants, and the conquering Roman legionaries and their local "war brides" who were destined to establish the "Lily On The Arno," as Florence is affectionately known.

Frequently in his verses, Dante reminds his fellow townsmen that their forebears "came down from the hills to the valley." Intellectual Florentines with a feel for their history and their roots make frequent treks up to Fiesole. This, they say, gives them a sense of "going home."

The ascent, whether on foot or by motor, is a delight. Early in the journey one passes the *Villa Palmieri* where Boccaccio's seven maidens and three young men sequestered themselves against the plague. To fill the long days here they would sit in the garden and regale one another with stories. These tales gave us the *Decameron*.

The main road, arched thick with trees, climbs through fragrant fields of blossoming flowers until it reaches *Piazza Mino* in the very heart of Fiesole, a thousand feet above sea level. The first-time visitor is at once pleasingly struck by the languor and quiet of the hilltop hamlet in sharp contrast to the animation and clamor of the city — and by the absence of tourists.

This oasis of calm, with a population of but 15,000, was an important bed-and-board locale for eighteenth

century folks making the obligatory *Grand Tour*. E.M. Forster used this velvety landscape as a backdrop for part of his Victorian novel, *A Room With A View*. Small wonder, for every room in Fiesole — especially at the elegant Hotel Aurora — is a room with a view. Dickens loved it here. So, too, did Shelley and a host of other literati.

On the east end of the piazza rises the eleventh century Cathedral of St. Romulus. Though modest in size, the edifice is a pure example of the Romanesque, and its interior features numerous excellent Renaissance frescoes and sculptures. The saw-toothed belltower, silhouetted against the Tuscan sky, was added in the thirteenth century.

The path behind the apse leads down to an impressive Roman theater. Built in the time of the dictator Sulla, first century B.C., it is still in use, hosting summer presentations of the comedies of Plautus. Also of archeological interest are the adjacent ruins of baths and a temple from the same period.

The way back to the town square leads past the Museo Bandini, highly recommended for its paintings and its Della Robbia terra cottas. Just two blocks up from here at No. 9 *Via Portigiani* is the *Antiquarium Costantini*. The Etruscan collection here provides a brief and tantalizing glimpse of an entire civilization vanished into the mists of time.

From in front of the cathedral the *Via di San Francesco*, paved with great flagstones, winds its steep way up to the ancient acropolis, a hundred feet above the town center. Here once stood an Etruscan temple, whose foundation stones now support the enormous bulk of the monastery and church of Saint Francis.

The arduous hike is amply rewarded by the stunning panorama from this vantage point. One could weep from the intensity of the beauty below, where the silvery, serpentine Arno glistens like a broken mirror and where the red tile rooftops glow in the afternoon sunlight. Florence sparkles like the gem that it truly is, while the massive blood orange and white ribbed cupola of Brunelleschi soars into the heavens.

Now called *Parco della Rimembranza*, for its World War II monument, this spot was made for lovers and dreamers and poets and romantics. Painters, too, cherish this acropolis, for from here they can view Florence as the birds see it. From here they can perceive the city bathed in an ethereal, almost mystically beautiful light. But there is one caveat to all this. You may fall madly in love with fabled Fiesole. And, like Ulysses' sailors at the Island of the Lotus Eaters, you may have to be dragged forcibly away.

The Wisest of All Creatures

By Gina St. Laurent, Grade 6 Student of Gayle R. Hightower, Mansfield Middle School, Storrs, Conn.

Long ago there lived an owl, so small and inferior that he was always considered insignificant and weak. Only Minerva, the great goddess of war, crafts and wisdom, took the time to notice this unimportant bird. One day Lion, the bravest, wisest animal on earth (as all the animals believed), was taking a walk through the deepest and darkest part of the woods. As he stopped to take a rest, he leaned against a tree which happened to be Owl's home. He said to himself, "Ah, it is so

tiring being the wisest animal in the world."

Hearing this, Minerva came down from Mt. Olympus and said to Lion, "Oh, Lion, how I beg to differ."

"What do you mean?" asked the lion curiously.

"I've been watching Owl, and I believe that his intelligence surpasses yours!" said Minerva.

Lion was very troubled by this and decided to challenge Owl to a duel of wits. Minerva willingly organized the

Sapientia and Fatuus

By Andrea Gerking, Third-Year Latin student of Sharon Gibson, Brownsburg H.S., Brownsburg, Ind. This modern myth was written according to the original myth of Icarus and Daedalus.

One night while driving down a dark and dreary road,
Never again to see their humble abode,
The flickering of a siren,
The sound of new alarm,
What was taking place?
They had done no harm.
Handcuffed so unjustly,
Quickly taken away,
Then put in jail,
They were there to stay.

Treated like two criminals,
With no way to get out.
But Sapientia and Fatuus,
Thought they could find a route,
To conquer this imprisonment,
To see again freedom's light,
To gaze up and wonder
At the freedom of the night.
If planned very carefully,
They could find a way,
Caution put into effect,
Tomorrow was the day.

Before the tale continues,
Take a moment to understand,
Their fate had been predicted,
Their fate was in God's hands.
But we all must realize,
Fatuus did not do what he was told.
Sapientia told him sharply.
Sapientia told him bold.
"Listen to my instruction,
Do just what I say.
For if you do not follow,
It is you that will have to pay."

The day was set,
Everything in place.
Sapientia led the way
With only a few instructions,
Fatuus had to obey.
Fatuus was told always to follow,
Never to leave the path.
But when he left instruction,
He was struck down by God's wrath.
While Sapientia did flee,
Exactly as was planned,
Fatuus was locked up again,
Never to see freedom's land.
Soon after he was killed,
For the escape he longed to see.
So let this be a lesson both for you and me.

When you are told to follow,
When you are told, "Obey,"
Do not wander from instruction,
But do just what you may,
To keep yourself from heartache,
To keep yourself from fear.
For when it all is over,
No need to shed a tear.
For if it was done justly,
If what was done was right,
You will live long and prosper,
You will see many a night.
No heartache or life-long suffering,
All days look clear and bright,
With dreams to reach and goals to meet,
With nothing out of sight.
So, remember Fatuus' mishap,
Or your life will surely be,
Not a life of gifts and riches,
But one vanished in the sea.

contest. The winner would become Minerva's symbol. Both creatures would be put into a narrow, very difficult labyrinth. They would each have to choose one wish from two choices to help them escape from the maze. One choice was to have power and strength of one thousand soldiers. The other was to have increased knowledge about tunnels and patterns.

The lion, in his stupidity, chose strength and force. The owl, however, chose wisdom and managed to find the correct path out of the maze very quickly.

To this day, the lion is known for strength, but the owl is known for his wisdom and sits on Minerva's shoulder as her symbol!

You Can Pin a Lot on Bad Ol' Nero, But He Didn't Fiddle, And He Probably Didn't Burn Rome.

By Lisa Musser, Glenna Lawson, and Amie Lamoreaux, Latin students of Nancy Mazur, Marian L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

(Editor's Note: Sorry, folks. Nero didn't fiddle while he watched Rome burn. First of all, the "fiddle" hadn't been invented yet, and secondly, most historical evidence indicates that Nero was more than likely out of town when the fire occurred. Nero was involved in an urban renewal program, and the fire did help clear some of the slums already earmarked for demolition, but so far as scholars can guess, the fire itself was just a happy coincidence.)

Nero, educated by Seneca, was barely seventeen years old when he was approved by the Senate to be Emperor. The pleasures of music and singing occupied much of his energy, and, when he performed with his harp on stage in Naples, his popularity suffered – normally only servants were granted approval to perform publicly.

Although Nero soon lost all enthusiasm to rule, he cold-bloodedly murdered anyone he suspected of attempting to usurp his power, including his wife, his mother, and Britannicus, an heir to the throne.

In 64 A.D., the infamous fire destroyed nearly half of Rome, including the Temples of the Moon and of the Stayer of Flight, the palace of King Numa, and the shrine of Vesta, which protected the household gods and Greek treasures and art. Nero instantly became the humanitarian as he sheltered the homeless in the Campus Martius, various public buildings, and his own gardens.

Nero rebuilt Rome in a specially designed fashion. All buildings were required to be built of fire-proof materials and to be surrounded by walls. The charred remains of the old Rome were transported by boat to the marshes of Ostia and the delta of the Tiber River.

Nero also built himself a palace between the Palatine and Esquiline hills – the Golden House, which contained a 120-foot statue of Nero, ceilings of ivory, walls adorned with pure gold and precious gems, and pipes which sprinkled guests with flowers and perfumed scents.

The Christians, blamed by Nero for the burning of Rome, were tortured and murdered. Some were fed to dogs; others were nailed to crosses and burned like candles in the night. The citizens of Rome pitied the Christians and led a revolt against Nero, causing him to flee and eventually to commit suicide.

A general, Galba, who had instigated the revolt, followed Nero as emperor. However, a civil war followed in which he and two other short-term emperors were murdered. That same year, 69 A.D., Vespasian claimed the throne.

Spirit of Ulysses

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

And I stare at the sea and think myth or real?
The ocean waves with a stillness and the sun begins
to drop into the sea.

As I wonder more, I notice a small ship floating on
the yellowish-orange horizon.

Waves crash into the rocky seashore.

Wind tosses the sea with no avail.

A ship with a huge sail, battered by wind and a storm.
Oars stroke the angry water and the thump of a war
drum is faint.

It is Greek.

Coming closer, a figure can be made out on bow.
His hair blows in the wind.

His eyes gleam on his old, yet determined face.
His hand holds his sword high in the air as he yells.

"I am the King of Ithaca, I am Ulysses!"

And a strong wind brings sounds of Sirens wailing in
displeasure.

A giant Cyclops hurling stones blindly as he screams
for revenge.

And Penelope can be heard in the background crying
for her lost king.

Her tears drip rain from the clouds.

The wind slowly dies down.

The rain stops falling.

And the ocean becomes calm once more.

Ulysses is gone.

Or is he?

The Most Significant Roman Battles: A.D. 273–315

Legionnaire Score Board

Romans in power: IV – Challengers and Barbarians: III



"Sorry about that, Maxentius. Sure hope you can swim with your armor on."

Palmyra, Expedition to Palmyra

A. D. 273

When Roman troops led by Aurelian and Probus laid siege to the city, its queen, Zenobia, was captured and the city was put in charge of a Roman governor. As Aurelian was leading his troops away from Palmyra, he learned that its inhabitants had revolted and killed the governor he had installed. Aurelian led his troops back to Palmyra and totally sacked the city killing every man, woman and child.

Margus, War for the Emperors

May A.D. 285

The battle-weary troops of Diocletian who had proclaimed him Emperor were attacked by the fresh troops of the Emperor Carinus. Carinus would have won except one of his generals deserted in the middle of the battle, and another general who had a grudge against Carinus killed him on the battle field. In the end Diocletian's troops won the battle and Diocletian became the official Emperor of Rome.

Verona, The Revolt of Maxentius

A.D. 312

Constantine led his legions from Gaul and defeated rebels led by Pompeianus that were defending the town. Verona surrendered to Constantine immediately.

Turin, Revolt of Maxentius

A.D. 312

Leading 40,000 Gallic legionaries, Constantine totally defeated the troops of Maxentius (which outnumbered the Gallic forces) after the cavalry charge of Maxentius failed. Maxentius was forced to retreat into Turin with the survivors.

Saxa Rubra, Revolt of Maxentius

October 28, A.D. 312

As Constantine marched into Italy to confront

Maxentius, he is believed to have seen a large cross in the sky that had the words *ev tauta vasa* (In this sign you will conquer) written on it. He therefore ordered all his men's shields to be decorated with a cross. When Maxentius' cavalry, which was posted on the wings of his legionaries, was routed by the cavalry of the Emperor Constantine, his legionaries fled from the field. A small band of the Praetorian guard tried to stand and fight, but they were overrun, and Maxentius was forced to flee along with the other fugitives. As Maxentius was trying to cross the Milvian Bridge and seek safety in Rome, he was pushed into the Tiber by the crowd and drowned.

Cibal, War of the Two Empires, October 8, A.D. 315

20,000 troops of Constantine the Great were caught in a valley by 35,000 troops led by Licinius, Emperor of the East. Constantine's men broke out of the valley and began to pursue Licinius' troops over the open plain. Licinius suddenly rallied his men and turned them around to face the forces of Constantine. Licinius was winning this renewed battle until Constantine himself led a right wing charge which killed 20,000 of Licinius' best troops. That night Licinius abandoned his camp and retreated to Sirmium.

Mardis, War of the Two Empires

A. D. 315

The Western Emperor Constantine totally defeated the troops of the Eastern Emperor Licinius, killing thousands of his best troops before Licinius retreated into the mountains of Macedonia. This one victory gave Constantine control over Pannonia, Dalmatia, Dacia, Macedonia and Greece.

A Letter from Ammanius

By Ammanius Acer, Latin I Student of Hilary Sikes, Indianola Junior High School, Indianola, Miss.

O! Bacchus, we're talking about a major mondososa party here. Yeah, you know the party Trimalchio gave? How could anyone forget? The dude was real, we're talkin' couldn't get more into it, a "party animal." He had to be in order to "do his thing" in public; you know what I'm saying? Uh, Uh, Uh, then he had the lowest – we're talkin' something that would put Hussein to shame, the lowest nerve to wipe his hands on a servant's head. If that had been me, I would have knocked him somewhere, and wished he had landed face-first back into that basin. Yeah, buddy, I would've told his "Can't touch this!"

When I walked in the door, I saw a talking magpie in a golden cage. No doubt the gold was fake and he probably would've used a tape-recorder had they been invented 2,000 years earlier. I say he'll last to see the day, don't you?

But on the walls, he had a picture of himself and Aphrodite. I betcha if she saw that, she would've turned Trimalchio into a worm, and that magpie would've eaten him up.

He had this hen with eggs on it served. It probably was over two hours since they'd been cooked. I'd say they were full of salmonella by then. That's why I didn't eat any. He also had this rabbit with wings looking like Pegasus brought out, but to tell you the truth, it looked like some house slippers I had when I was a little kid. Later on some acrobats came in with a boy jumping through hoops set on fire. Yeah buddy, the only thing to describe him was "hot tonight."

When it was *apophoreta* time, there was a mouse and frog tied together. The troop of actors that came in and re-enacted the Trojan War were okay. They're probably the only thing I can't rip on.

But what happened after that – the ceiling collapsed in the middle of the night! We were freezing like Frigidaires when they invent them in a few centuries. We were almost frozen – preserved to see that day, because it was so cold. There was a little good to it though. The girls at the party got a little closer to us boys just to stay warm, but then a ring came down with crowns and perfumes on it, and the girls went crazy getting as much as they could off it. You couldn't say I didn't *carpe diem* though.

The cook brought out cakes that, when touched the slightest little bit, squirted out saffron juice. I pointed that cake toward everybody and we were "a splashing and a splashing," beating and a bashing – a party was going on. Everybody in the house joined in. We were

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)



The Mythology of Dreams

By Ted Afield, Latin II Student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

Once, a long time ago, there was an age of philosophy, an age of invention, as well as an age of war. In this time a majestic city was constructed by some of the finest architects and ruled by some of the greatest political minds of all time. This fine city was called Athens, and these noble people called themselves the Greeks or Hellenes.

Now, in this blissful time of prosperity for the Athenians there arose a tremendous problem. The city was being plagued. This was not an ordinary plague caused by a disease that would eventually run its course and disappear, but what was plaguing Athens was something quite different. It was a witch named Cacodaemonia living in a huge palace fashioned from solid gold situated outside of Athens.

This witch was not an ordinary witch who perched by an ominous cauldron chanting incoherent spells in a language that probably was just gibberish anyway, but instead this witch possessed a most fearsome power, the power of mind control. This power made her unstoppable, for when one of Athens' most noble heroes would come to destroy her, she would simply weave her magic over the poor man's mind and transform him into her ever obedient slave. Thus, she could compel anyone in Athens to do her bidding.

This clearly posed a problem for the government of Athens, which, after the witch had lived outside of Athens for one year, decided to address the problem. It was decided upon that a reward of 1000 pieces of gold would be awarded to anyone who could end the witch's reign of terror over Athens. This reward captured the eye of many a young man eager for adventure, but still no one would accept the challenge. The government of Athens was at a loss.

However, there was a young man in Athens who was too enticed by the reward to refuse the perilous challenge. This man was called Callenupnios, a half god, for while his mother was the mortal Callia, his father was none other than Enupnios, the god of dreams himself. The Athenian government was overjoyed that he had accepted the task, for they deduced that he had the greatest chance of succeeding considering his godlike lineage.

Callenupnios, however, was at a loss at how he could accomplish such a dangerous task. To him, Cacodaemonia seemed invincible, for he could never get close enough to strike her down with his sword without being made her slave first. Enupnios, seeing his troubled son and impressed with his bravery, decided to help.

Enupnios came to his son as he slept and revealed himself as his father. Callenupnios immediately fell on his knees in prayer, but his father bade him rise. Callenupnios then asked his father for any advice that might be useful in defeating Cacodaemonia. His father told him that every midday Cacodaemonia went into her private chamber in the center of her castle to meditate. During this time her spirit departed from her body. Then, and only then, would she be vulnerable. Enupnios said that if Callenupnios could succeed in trapping her spirit so that it could not return to its body, then Cacodaemonia would be defeated. Having said this, Enupnios gave his son the directions to the

chamber in the center of the castle, the power to see the spirit which would otherwise be invisible, and a magic pouch that could hold the spirit. Callenupnios, however, questioned his father as to why he could not just kill the body while the spirit was absent and thus take away the home of the spirit. Enupnios' reply was that if that would happen, the spirit would escape and haunt the earth continuing to cause trouble. Zeus then wished Callenupnios good luck. Callenupnios thanked his father and immediately woke up.

Callenupnios then set out toward the golden palace. He arrived in the middle of the night and slept outside until the light of morning. A little before the sun was in the center of the sky, he entered the castle. He knew there would be no guards because Cacodaemonia relied on her powers to protect her from anyone seeking to do her harm. When Callenupnios arrived in the center chamber, he observed that Cacodaemonia had already



started her daily meditation. He saw the spirit facing away from him standing in the corner of the room. Callenupnios began slowly to sneak up on the spirit; however, when he was about to trap the spirit within the pouch, the spirit turned around, saw him, and quickly escaped entrapment. Callenupnios tried once again to trap the spirit, but the spirit was too

quick for him. This type of action continued for one solid hour until Callenupnios was almost dead with exhaustion. At this point, the spirit observed that it was time to return to the body. Forgetting Callenupnios, it hastily made its way toward the body. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Callenupnios used his last bit of strength to intercept the spirit and trap it in his magic pouch before he himself died of exhaustion.

As Callenupnios descended into the realm of Hades, he was able to take the pouch containing the spirit with him, and the spirit was released in the underworld. The spirit immediately implored Hades to let it return to its body, for the body technically had not died, and therefore its spirit should not be in the underworld yet. Knowing that Enupnios would be exceptionally angry if he did this, Hades refused, but also decided that Cacodaemonia's spirit should still have some influence over the living world. Hades therefore let her still have control over people's minds. Hades proclaimed, however, that since Cacodaemonia's spirit was in the underworld and so far away from the living world, her spirit would only be able to influence people's minds at their weakest state, i.e. when people were asleep. During this time the spirit would be able to frighten people severely. This, of course, soon caused many people to go insane.

Seeing that people could not live fearing that they might go crazy as they slept, Hades decided to grant a similar power to Callenupnios' spirit. If his spirit reached a sleeping mind first, that mind would have happy visions while it slept. Thus the visitations by the two spirits to the sleeping people of earth were balanced between joy and fright. Eventually the people living on earth adjusted to these visions which they called *evviva* or "dreams" after the father of the bringer of good visions. They also came to realize that on many nights it was impossible for either Cacodaemonia or Callenupnios to visit everyone. As a result, many people enjoyed restful sleep uninterrupted by any dreams at all.

Jim Morrison - Dionysus?

By Jason Gasser, Courtney Gammons, and Amy McKinley, students of Nancy Mazur,

Marion L. Steele H.S., Amherst, Ohio

Dionysus: the ancient Greek god of wine, women and song. Jim Morrison: the controversial singer of the popular group of the late sixties, the Doors. They could have passed as one and the same.

They appeared the same physically; both having long dark hair and dark eyes. While Dionysus lived a wandering lifestyle, Jim spent his life traveling across the country, performing with the Doors.

Jim and Dionysus were both capable of extreme

generosity and cruelty, often within moments of each other. Also, both spent their days in search of eternal joy and ecstasy, often with the aid of alcohol and various other substances.

Finally, Dionysus was known as a "tragic god," for every winter he died, to be born again the following spring looking forward to his death once again. Jim, too, spent his life looking forward to death, believing it to be "the end of the pain."

Word Wise

By Michael Romanko, Latin II student of Sister Maria Gill, Seton Catholic H.S., Pittston, Penn.

The ancient Romans believed that the moon had a powerful effect on their lives. People who suffered from insanity were thought to become worse during certain phases of the moon. These people were called *lunatics* by their fellow Romans. The name was derived from the Latin word for moon, *luna*. Today the word *lunatic* means someone, or something, that is insane.

In ancient times the Greeks called quartz crystal, *krystallos*. This term means clear ice. They thought the transparent piece of quartz crystal was a piece of ice frozen over the ages by extreme cold. The English word crystal is derived from the word *krystallos*. Today it is known that quartz is not ice, but a mineral.

Reflections On Love, The Gods, And Metamorphoses

By Advanced Latin Students of Donna Wright, Lawrence North High School, Indianapolis, Ind.

I

In his *Metamorphoses* Ovid shows love as a transformational device. Usually the outcome of Ovid's love-based myth is tragic or unfavorable because of a conflict that eventually led to a transformation. This is revealed in the story of Pyramus and Thisbe. Even though Pyramus and Thisbe are forbidden to see one another, they decide to meet in secret because their love could not be held back. Unfortunately, a misleading scene leads to suicide, and blood—which colors the mulberries—is shed. In the story of Cephalus and Procris, love falls apart when trust is broken. Each tests the other to assure that one had not lied to the other. As a result, tragedy ends the bond of love.

Chris Lee

II

In just about all of the stories, the metamorphosis takes place because of a certain type of love. In the story of Echo and Narcissus, Echo loves to talk, but was changed so that all she could do was repeat the last words of the person who spoke. Narcissus loved himself and was turned into a flower because of this admiration. Arachne loved her work so much that she said it was better than that of Minerva. Minerva turned her into a spider. Baucis and Philemon loved each other and neither wanted to be alive without the other. Because they were hospitable to Mercury and Jupiter, they were both turned into trees at the same time—their wish fulfilled. Midas had a love for gold. His love was materialistic. Bacchus granted his wish and gave Midas the golden touch. Midas soon realized how unrealistic his dream was and how much of a necessity eating was so he prayed to Bacchus. Bacchus heard his prayer and lifted the golden touch.

Julie Klopp

III

The metamorphosis of Myrrha (who loved her father and conceived a child by him through deception) is appropriate because she is not quite living and not quite dead. She is turned into a tree and still has her bones and central marrow. However, her blood becomes a sap called myrrh and represents her tears.

Tricia Eason

IV

The relationship between man and the gods is very fragile. Man's fortunes are determined by his actions and by the gods' reactions to what he does. Gods have power to grant wishes which teach a lesson to men with foolish desires. Gods also have fragile egos and react violently when they fail to receive proper recognition. Often this punishment is ironically appropriate. For example, Midas received ass's ears for failing to "hear correctly" and for having judged Pan a better musician than Apollo.

Beth Hlevik

V

The Romans and Greeks wanted their gods to be beings who had extraordinary powers, but they also wanted them to be beings to whom they could relate. The gods had many human aspects. They sometimes cared about mortals' lives while at other times they chose not to. By making his gods do the things he did, the average person could feel that the gods understood the oftentimes confusing aspects of life.

Rachel Berry

Ammanius (Continued a Pagina Tertia)

drunk, stone drunk and Trimalchio still had more wine coming in. I could still figure out what he was doing. He wanted to see us get wild. Well, I went over there and dumped 238 saffron cakes on his head, one after the other. Trouble is, he actually enjoyed it.

A boy came in sounding like a nightingale. You couldn't say anything for him, but he was intoxicated. We were all "Bacchanized." I went home while I could still try to remember how to get there. Two days later and I still need help to write this letter. You can sort of see that I'm getting back to my normal senses. Well, I'm signing off.

Word up,
Ammanius

Monthly Madness

By Cathy Postmus, Latin I Student of D. Huizken,
Covenant Christian High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Months January, February, March and April

Come from gods or some word mill:

(Januarius, Februarius

Martius, Aprilis)

Of May, June, July and August

To know the last two is "a must:"

(Maius, Iunius

Julius, Augustus)

However, September, October, November, and

December

To Latin numbers add a 'ber:'

(8-octo, and 7-septem

9-novem, and 10-decem)

Without July and August

The months had names that we could trust

But two great Caesars must be known,

So on the calendar they are shown.

Ulysses

By Abhay Khosla, Latin II Student of Kay Fluharta
Madera Jr./Sr. High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Ulysses was a guy,

Whose story will make you sigh

With a city named Troy,

Paris, a boy

And walls that were very high.

There was a really big war

Filled with lots of gore

Using the Trojan Horse

The Greeks won of course

By opening the really big door.

This is where Ulysses comes in

Excited by his really big win

The gods punished him

For some forgotten sins

Which really affected his kin.

Penelope was his wife

Who had a really hard life

There came many suitors

Who would better be called looters

And caused a lot of strife.

Aeolus was the wind god

Who gave Ulysses a nod

He gave the winds in a bag

But his crewmates opened the rage

And the winds pushed him faster than a rod.

There was a man named Polyphemus

Who was a big behemoth

He had one eye

I'm not sure why

He was son of Poseidon not Romulus or Remus.

After a really big bout,

He ate two men, the lout

Ulysses gave him some wine

Which was really fine

And they poked his eye out.

Sirens sang songs

That made sailors go wrong.

Ulysses, tied to a mast,

Got safely past

And didn't stay long.

Circe and Calypso were queens

Who Ulysses in bed had seen

He stayed for a while

But he escaped them with guile

Because they were really mean.

In the end, all the suitors bled

Until they were all dead.

Ulysses was back

From events very black

To sleep in his own bed.



Cara Matrona,

Last year, during our annual Saturnalia visit to our patronus I was allowed to accompany my pater so that I could help him carry home our traditional gifts of five pounds of silver and a new toga. I don't usually have to do grunt work for my pater, but you know how it is during Saturnalia, what with all the servi being given time off for fun and frolic. I'm looking forward to going again so I want to ask you about someone I met at the house of our patronus last year. Our patronus is so influential and important that he actually had a Flamen Dialis sitting with him in his tablinum. I had never been that close to a real Flamen before in my life, and I can remember just staring at him during the whole time of our audience with our patronus. My pater had to grab my head and turn it away from the Flamen when it came time for me to accept the five pounds of silverware from our patronus. One thing that has stuck in my mind all year, Matrona, has been the ring which I saw on the hand of the Flamen Dialis. The ring was broken and had a large gap in it. Wouldn't you think that a man as important as a Flamen Dialis would be able to afford a perfect ring to wear? Can you provide an answer for me?

Flavius Argentatus, Capuae

Care Flavi,

How privileged you are to have been that close to a Flamen Dialis at your young age. Most of us only see them from a distance as they perform the sacred rituals in the temple of Iuppiter Optimus Maximus.

You are correct to realize that the Flamen Dialis is a very important man, but it is an importance that comes with a great deal of responsibility. He must be absolutely familiar with every detail of every service that is performed in the temple of Iuppiter, and he must observe these details with the greatest of care when performing a service. One incorrect movement or gesture, one omitted word or mispronounced syllable could not only invalidate the service, but bring total ruin on himself, the worshippers in attendance

and even the city or the whole country. A Flamen is a person who has absolute confidence in himself and total reliance on his ability to live properly and prepare correctly for all of his religious duties. Many of the prayers the Flamen must recite are in the most ancient Latin and are understood or even able to be pronounced only by Flamines who have had years of training beforehand.

Although a Flamen Dialis is very important and given many privileges by society, he also has many restrictions on his personal life which he must observe in order to keep himself physically safe and free from any threat of fasciatio. Therefore a Flamen Dialis is never allowed to mount a horse, nor to have a knot in any part of his clothing. He is forbidden from ever taking an oath or appearing as a witness before a praefectus. Also he is not allowed to wear a ring—unless it is broken. You see, a Flamen can not be under the control of any one or anything—not even a horse—except Iuppiter himself, nor be restricted by anything—not even a knot, an oath or an unbroken ring—except the will of Iuppiter.

No doubt the Flamen Dialis you saw was wearing the broken ring in honor of the festivities of Saturnalia or perhaps because it had just been given to him as a Saturnalia gift by your patronus prior to your audience.

You can be sure that a Flamen Dialis never does anything carelessly. He is especially careful not to wear anything that is not mandated by religious custom and law. If he is at the house of your patronus again this year, try to get past the broken ring and notice how impeccably he is dressed, how properly he comports himself, how deliberately he speaks and how absolutely relaxed and confident he appears. If it is permitted by your pater and your patronus, you may want to ask the Flamen for a special Saturnalia benedictio which you would be very privileged to receive.

I wish you luck and hope that you and your family will enjoy not only Saturnalia but all the festival celebrations of the month.

Let Your Creative Juices Flow!

Are your friends always telling you how clever you are? Do teachers stop you in the hall to remark on how proud they are to have you in their classes?

Do attractive members of the opposite sex wait for you by your locker to tell you how great they thought your comments or insights were in class?

Do you enjoy the rewards of recognition?

Do you enjoy seeing your name in print?

Do you enjoy getting excited over something about which you research and write?

Do you enjoy expressing things with just the right word, just the right phrase?

Do you tend to laugh out loud when you write something extremely clever?

Do you find yourself saying things like, "Good job, me!" when you've done well and you know it?

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CLASSIC CACHINNATIO

Love Letters in the Sand

By Latin II students of Alice Alexiou, Herricks H.S.,
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

To my dear husband Odysseus,

How I wish that you were home! Men have come from far and wide and waste your money. I have sent you many letters, yet you do not reply. I guess that you will not receive this one. However, if you do indeed get this letter, please write back. It has been so long since I've heard from you and the war ended ten years ago. I worry about you day and night because you are the only one not back yet.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

Penelope

(by Klaudia Wojcik)

Dear Helen,

The other Greeks and I are coming to save you from the horrible walls of Troy. So far there has been no decisive move by either of the two sides. Also, the young great hero Achilles has refused to fight because our leader and my brother, King Agamemnon, has taken Achilles' Briseis.

This is what we are planning to do: we will end the war by bringing Troy to the ground, and we will save you, my dear. With the help of Juno and Athena, we are going to build a horse in which we will hide our soldiers. We will present the horse as a gift and leave it in front of the Scaean Gate. The Trojans will undoubtedly accept it and bring it into Troy. Then our soldiers will come out, destroy Troy and rescue you.

Don't worry, we will come and get you shortly. I still love you and I hope you haven't forgotten me.

Yours forever,

Menelaus

(by Lovesh Patel)

To my dearest love Cleopatra,

I have been in agony at not being able to see your lovely face for months. I cannot bear to be without you for one minute, let alone for two months. How are you faring? Has that annoying maid still been making your bed incorrectly? Remind me, when I return, to punish her.

Oh dear Cleopatra! This war seems to have aged me ten years. I am so tired of fighting but I will never stop until Caesar's death has been rightfully avenged. Brutus and Cassius must pay with their lives! Then I may gain Caesar's power. I know you want me to achieve this. There are so many imbeciles here! They cannot do anything right. Octavius thinks he's in control now, but what a fool he is. I need him now, but only now. Oh, let's not talk of such dreary things. I love you, my queen, always remember that. I will come to you as soon as possible. You give me life sustenance and the will to survive. Till the birds sing again ...

Your humble servant,

Mark Antony

(by Hae Jin Kyung)

Hospitium Hic Locatur

Triclinium Cum Tribus Lectis

Cena Specials At The Hospitium Pompeianum Located Near The Thermae Stabianae

GUSTATIO

Paras Hospitii et Vinum (vel nectus)

Ofellus Ostienses

Boil 1/4 lb. lean pork to produce pork stock you will need. Then cut another 1 lb. of lean pork into 1" cubes and place them in a marinating bowl. Braise together 1 tsp. black pepper, 1 tsp. celery seed, a little anise seed, 1 tsp. cumin, 1/2 tsp. ginger, and enough of the pork stock you made to cover the 1" cubes in a marinating bowl. Save the rest of the pork stock to be used for a sauce. Stir together well and pour into the marinating bowl to cover the 1" cubes. Marinate overnight.

The next day, drain the pork cubes and roast them for 1 hour at 325°.

While the pork cubes are roasting, bruise together 1/2 tsp. black pepper and 1/2 tsp. of celery seed. Add 1 cup of the pork stock you kept from yesterday and 1/2 cup of sweet wine. Bring to a boil and thicken with a little flour. When the pork cubes are finished roasting, drench them in this sauce and serve warm.

PRIMA MENSA

Brassica

Cut up a whole cabbage so the leaves are about 2" square. Place the cabbage in a saucepan and add 1/4 tsp. cumin, a little salt, 2 tbs. white wine and 1 tbs. olive oil. Pour in enough water to cover the cabbage, bring to a boil. Then lower the heat and cook until the cabbage is tender.

While the cabbage is cooking, bruise together 1/4 tsp. black pepper, 1/2 tsp. celery seed, 1/2 tsp. mint, a little



rosemary and 1/4 tsp. coriander. Add 1/2 cup of the water from the cooking cabbage, 2 tbs. wine vinegar and 1 tbs. olive oil. Bring this mixture to a boil, then lower the heat and cook for 25 minutes.

Strain the cabbage, pour the sauce above over it and serve warm.

Cervus Cum Iure De Prunis

Boil a 4 lb. venison roast for 30 minutes and then drain, saving the water. Place the roast in a roasting pan and roast at 375° for an hour and a half.

While the venison is roasting, prepare the following sauce.

Bruise together 1/2 tsp. black pepper, 1 tsp. lovage, and 2 tps. parsley. Add these seasonings to 1/4 cup pitted plums, 1/2 cup wine, 1 tsp. honey, 1 tsp. wine vinegar, 1 cup of the water saved from boiling the venison, 1 tsp. olive oil, 1 tbs. chives and 1/2 tsp. savory. Bring this mixture to a boil, then lower the heat and cook on low heat for 25 minutes. Serve this sauce with the venison when it is roasted.

SECUNDA MENSA

Uvae, Mala et Palmulae

Prepare the dates in the following manner and serve neatly presented on a serving platter with the fresh grapes and apples.

Take 20 pitted dates and stuff each one with an almond that has been rolled in cinnamon. Place the stuffed dates in a greased roasting pan, salt them lightly and pour a little honey over each one. Roast at 450° for 10 minutes before arranging them on the serving platter with the grapes and apples.

The Barbs of Martial Modernized

Marcus Valerius Martialis was a satirical epigrammatist who knew how to "sock it to" his victims. While his wit may seem weak in literal translation, it springs to life when translated creatively with modern day idiom and imagery. The following examples were done by Latin III students at Carmel H.S., Carmel, Indiana.

V.73

By Jonathan Henry

Theodore you wonder why I don't wish to share.
The reason is quite simple: Good work of yours is rare!

XII.41

By Emily Swain

It's not enough that you're a priss
And give to all your hand to kiss.
You want to hear how great you are,
And to be treated like a star.

XII.54

By Tom Magliery

Your hair is just a greasy mess,
Your teeth smell of decay.
Your feet are small and stink a lot,
Your eyes see not a ray,
and yet you show much promise
In a funny sort of way.
You must be good at something great,
since you are Zoile.

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Chirographa Argentaria

Are you tired of worrying about the security of your *crumena* loaded with holiday money while you shop? Do you live in fear that someone will mug your *crumena* porter, or that he will give in to temptation and make a break for his freedom with your money?

Now you can do your *Festa Decembria* shopping in peace. Deposit your *crumena* at my *taberna argentaria* before you start shopping. As you shop, simply write notes (*chirographa argentaria*) to merchants who can turn these in to me for *nummi* later. Low fees. See *Lucius Caecilius Lucundus, L.C. Felicitas, Pompeii*.

Ministeria Peculiaria

Having trouble getting home? Are the winds all blowing the wrong way? Well, your troubles are over. Simply call Aeolus, King of the Winds, for help. I will put those nasty winds in a sack for you. You will only have good winds.
Call 1-800-4T-WINDS.

Do you have someone you really despise? Probably so. Everyone does. Does he treat you like a pig? Well, just call Circe for help. I'll show him what it feels like. I'll turn him into a real pig. Have him for dinner if you would like to. If not, I can change him back. Don't get mad. Get even.
Call 1-800 Revenge.

Is there something or someone bothering you? For instance, are Cyclopes stealing your sheep? Or perhaps a witch turned your friends into pigs. Or maybe suitors won't leave you alone while you are waiting for hubbie to return from a journey. Well, no problem. Just call Ulysses Pest Control for help. You won't be bothered anymore. Guaranteed.
Call 1-800 No Pests.

(Submitted by John Carlin, Latin II student of Kay Fluharty, Madeira Jr./Sr. H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio)

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ORIGIN AND HIS SPECIES



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Joe Vadis



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MYTH MIRTH



LIFE IN HELL

LATIN TEACHERS' GUIDE TO WORDS THAT MAKE KIDS SNICKER

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Carmina
Optima

24. Et Eorum Auctores

1. CREMOR, Regulus et N.P.G.
2. QUANDO VIR FEMINAM AMAT, Michael Boltonensis
3. O. P. P., Improbis Secundum Naturam
4. TAM DIFFICILE EST DICERE VALERE HESTERNO DIEI, Pueri II Viri
5. DISPONE NOCTEM AD MUSICAM, Roberta Flacca cum Maximo Sacerdote
6. VAGATUS MEMORIA FELICI, P.M. Aurora
7. UNICUS, Chesnea Accipitres
8. NOLI FLORARE, Silopeta Rosaeque
9. NOLO INEPTIRE, Lutherus Vandrossus
10. DEMIROR QUARE, Curtius Stigeri

25. Q. What Destroyed Pompeii?

By Cathy Postmus, Hudson, Michigan

Write the Latin translations for the English words below to find the answer.

- water ☐ _____
- wine ☐ _____
- town ☐ _____
- happy ☐ _____
- flesh ☐ _____
- I love ☐ _____
- sailor ☐ _____
- eight ☐ _____

A. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

26. How Well Did You Read?

1. What festival did the Romans begin celebrating 13 days before the Kalends of January?
2. Which Sixties rock group had a lead singer that Jason Gasser compared to Dionysus?
3. Which Roman religious figure could not wear an unbroken ring or a knot of any kind?
4. Why wouldn't Martial share his work with Theodora?
5. Whom did Constantine have to defeat to gain control over Panonia, Dalmatia, Dacia, Macedonia and Greece?
6. Whose banquet did Ammianus describe?
7. In what Italian city is the Cathedral of Saint Romulus located?
8. Which emperor had Britannicus executed?
9. According to Gina St. Laurent, which forest creature competed with the owl to become Minerva's symbol of wisdom?
10. What does the Greek word εὐρύς mean?

WORDS AND WAR

By Patricia Klock, Latin I student of Mrs. Ramsey, Souderton H.S., Souderton, Penn.

ACROSS CLUES

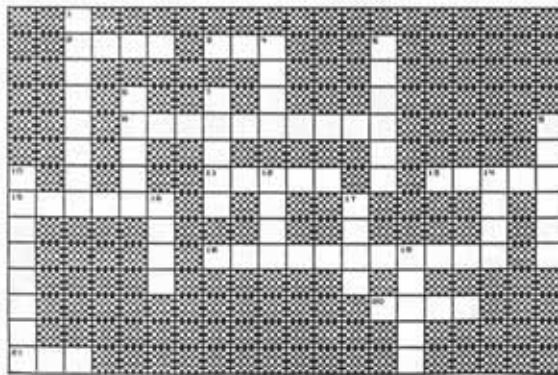
2. Troia est in ...
3. goddess
8. a direct object usually goes into what case?
11. school
13. She was stolen by Paris
15. Trojan wife of Aeneas
18. Trick used to get into Troy
20. god
21. Apollo: god of the ...

DOWN CLUES

1. New town founded by Dido
4. grandmother
5. amicus
6. Greek god of the underworld
7. Charm worn by children to ward off evil spirits
9. The story of Aeneas after the Trojan War
10. Famous for his tendon
12. Queen who kills herself for Aeneas

14. Venus: goddess of ...
16. grandfather

17. Roman queen of the gods
19. Signs from the gods



28. Intellegisne haec verba?

By Kristina Moelker, Latin I student of D. Huiskens, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Match the descriptions in Column B with the verb forms in Column A.

Column A

- ___ monco
- ___ clamabunt
- ___ rexi
- ___ vocaverimus
- ___ pugnaveratis
- ___ accusavero
- ___ manebas
- ___ levavi
- ___ portabat
- ___ navigavit

Column B

- a. we shall have called
- b. future perfect, 1st person singular
- c. you were remaining, remained
- d. imperfect tense, 3rd person singular
- e. they will shout
- f. I warn, am warning, do warn
- g. he has sailed
- h. pluperfect tense, 2nd person plural
- i. present tense, 3rd person plural
- j. perfect tense, 2nd person singular



30. Participially Puzzling

By Scott Jacobson, Latin II student of Judy Campbell, Central Jr. H.S., Findlay, Ohio

Place the letter of the correct form next to each description of a present participle.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| ___ walking (nom.pl.) | ___ hearing (dat.s.) |
| ___ loving (acc.s.) | ___ giving (abl.pl.) |
| ___ wounding (nom.s.) | ___ coming (gen.pl.) |
| ___ eating (acc.pl.) | ___ writing (dat.pl.) |
| ___ drinking (gens.) | ___ making (abl.s.) |

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| A. AMANTE | K. EDENTES |
| B. AMANTEM | L. EDENTIBUS |
| C. AMBULANS | M. FACIENTI |
| D. AMBULANTES | N. FACIENTE |
| E. AUDIENTI | O. SCRIBENTI |
| F. AUDIENTIUM | P. SCRIBENTIBUS |
| G. BIBENTIBUS | Q. VENIENTEM |
| H. BIBENTIS | R. VENIENTIUM |
| I. DANTES | S. VULNERANS |
| J. DANTIBUS | T. VULNERANTIS |

Searching for Saturnalia

Based on work submitted by Jeremy Erwin, Latin I student of Mrs. Goldsmith, Eastmoor Sr. H.S., Columbus, Ohio

In the word search, find the Latin for the English words underlined in the following story:

A farmer and a woman live in a farmhouse in the province. In the main room of the villa (abl.) there are two small hallways called wings and a pool. Their land is not in their native country. There is a forest near their road (acc.), and they hear a girl (acc.) speaking in it. Her voice says, "Happy Feast of Saturn!"

29. PUERTERRAI
OXINSEDL
SXOVVIAMUS
TEAMUESTNA
SILVACNUTT
AALOCIRGAU
MUIVULPMIR
RAVFEMINAN
AICNIVORPA
CREVOCAREL
ATRIOMRESI
DAGAMURUSA
FPUELLAMIB

"Write" On The Tip Of Your Tongue

By Kevin Majewski, Latin II student of Mrs. Bo

31. Lawrence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas
Match the English with the partial Latin phrases given. Then complete the missing part of each Latin phrase.

- ___ Si quaeris amoenam
pacinsum, _____.
- ___ Quod erat _____.
- ___ Dum _____, spero.
- ___ Quot _____, tot sententiae.
- ___ Cedant _____ togae.
- ___ Labor omnia _____.
- ___ Damnant quod non _____.
- ___ Ars _____ artis.
- ___ Io _____.
- ___ _____ vobiscum.

- a. Art for art's sake.
- b. As many opinions as people.
- c. If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look around.
- d. Peace be with you.
- e. While I breathe, I hope.
- f. Work conquers all.
- g. Which was to be proved.
- h. Let arms yield to the toga.
- i. Happy Feast of Saturn.
- j. They destroy what they do not understand.

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.)

24.

CARMINA OPTIMA

1. CREAM, Prince and the N.P.G.
2. WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN, Michael Bolton
3. O.P.P., Naughty by Nature
4. IT'S SO HARD TO SAY GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY, Boyz II Men
5. SET THE NIGHT TO MUSIC, Roberta Flack with Maxi Priest
6. SET ADRIPT ON MEMORY BLISS, P.M. Dawn
7. THE ONE AND ONLY, Chesney Hawkes
8. DON'T CRY, Guns N' Roses
9. DON'T WANT TO BE A FOOL, Luther Vandross
10. I WONDER WHY, Curtis Stigers

25. Q. What Destroyed Pompeii?

By Cathy Postmus, Hudson, Michigan

Write the Latin translations for the English words below to find the answer.

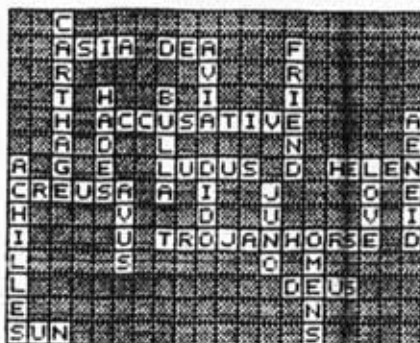
water A Q U A
 wine V I N V M
 town D P P I D U M
 happy L A E T U S
 flesh C A R O
 I love A M O
 sailor N A V T A
 eight Q C T O
 A A V D L C A N O

26.

How Well Did You Read?

1. Opalia
2. The Doors
3. a flamen
4. Theodore rarely produced anything worth sharing.
5. Licinius
6. Trimalchio's
7. Fiesole
8. Nero
9. the lion
10. dreams

27.



28.

Intellegisne haec verba?

By Kristina Moelker, Latin I student of D. Buisson, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Match the descriptions in Column B with their forms in Column A.

Column A	Column B
<u>F</u> monco	a. we shall have called
<u>E</u> clamabunt	b. future perfect 1st person singular
<u>J</u> rexi	c. you were remaining, remained
<u>A</u> vocaverimus	d. imperfect tense 3rd person singular
<u>H</u> pugnaveratis	e. they will shout
<u>B</u> accusavero	f. I warn, am warning, do warn
<u>C</u> manebas	g. he has sailed
<u>I</u> levavi	h. pluperfect tense, 2nd person plural
<u>D</u> portabat	i. present tense, 3rd person plural
<u>G</u> navigavit	j. perfect tense, 2nd person singular

30.

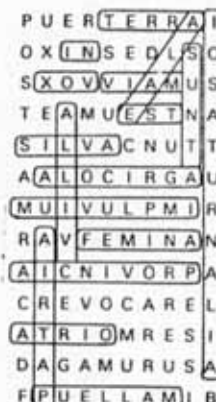
Participially Puzzling

By Scott Jacobson, Latin II student of Judy Campbell, Central Jr. H.S., Findlay, Ohio

Place the letter of the correct form next to each description of a present participle.

<u>D</u> walking (nom.pl.)	<u>E</u> hearing (dat.s.)
<u>B</u> loving (acc.s.)	<u>J</u> giving (abl.pl.)
<u>S</u> wounding (nom.s.)	<u>R</u> coming (gen.pl.)
<u>K</u> eating (acc.pl.)	<u>P</u> writing (dat.pl.)
<u>H</u> drinking (gen.s.)	<u>N</u> making (abl.s.)
A. AMANTE	K. EDENTES
B. AMANTEM	L. EDENTIBUS
C. AMBULANS	M. FAGENTI
D. AMBULANTES	N. FAGENTE
E. AUDIENTI	O. SCIBENTI
F. AUDIENTIUM	P. SCIBENTIBUS
G. BIBENTIBUS	Q. VERBENTEM
H. BIBENTIS	R. VERBENTIUM
I. DANTES	S. VUNERANS
J. DANTIBUS	T. VUNERANTIS

29.



31.

"Write" On The Tip Of Your Tongue

By Kevin Majewski, Latin II student of Mrs. Bo Lawrence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

Match the English with the partial Latin phrases given. Then complete the missing part of each Latin phrase.

<u>C</u> Si quaeris amoenam	paeninsulam, <u>CIRCUMSPICE</u> .
<u>G</u> Quod erat <u>DEMONSTRANDUM</u> .	
<u>E</u> Dum <u>SPIRO</u> , spero.	
<u>B</u> Quot <u>HOMINES</u> , tot sententiae.	
<u>H</u> Cedant <u>ARMA</u> togae.	
<u>F</u> Labor omnia <u>VINCIT</u> .	
<u>J</u> Damnant quod non <u>INTELLEGUNT</u> .	
<u>A</u> Ars <u>GRATIA</u> artis.	
<u>I</u> In <u>SATURNALIA</u> .	
<u>D</u> <u>PAX</u> vobiscum.	

MARIAH CAREY

Mariah is 21 years old, has two Grammys and so much talent that she may just be a music star for years to come. Because Mariah's mother is an opera singer, Mariah always wanted to be a singer also; therefore when she was six years old, Mariah began to take voice lessons. When she was 16, she was writing her own songs and singing as a backup singer for Brenda K. Stella. One year later Mariah left her mother and her home and moved to New York to live with another singer.

When she was 18, Mariah began working on her first album. She also made a demo tape; she was working in New York as a waitress, but whenever she could, she delivered demo tapes to executives in the music business.

Mariah has a very beautiful voice. Her voice is similar to that of a gospel singer. In fact, Mariah resembles Whitney Houston in both voice and appearance. Mariah's technique, however, is more formidable than Whitney's. Mariah can sing in seven octaves! (Female

vocalists usually have a four octave range.)

One night Mariah was invited to a party by Brenda K. Star. During the party Brenda gave one of Mariah's demo tapes to Jerry Greenberg. Tommy Mottola took the demo from Jerry and listened to it while riding in his car. As soon as he heard the songs, Tommy returned to the party to talk with Mariah; however, Mariah had already left. Therefore Tommy left the following message for Mariah: "This is Tommy Mottola. Call me. C.B.S."

This was Mariah's big break.

Mariah now has *The Best New Voice of the Year*, and her record sales have made her into a musical star. Two of her songs, *Vision of Love* and *Emotions*, have topped the charts this year.

Mariah is young and attractive, and she has an exceptional voice. If her fantastic reputation doesn't go to her head, she may well be a star on the music scene for years to come.