

POMPEIANA

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# Befana Illa

*Scripta in Lingua Anglica a Lilliana Lewicki\**



Olim in Italia erat anus qui habitabat in casa reducta. Nomen huic anui erat Befana. Capiebat scopas ex angulo ut purgaret contabulationem rudem quando audivit pulsam in ianua. Ianuam paulum aperiens, prospexit. Foras stabant tres alieni vestibus splendidis induti. Quaerebant infanitem, regem magnum, qui erat in Bethlehem. "Potesne," rogaverunt, "nobis viam monstrare?"

Befana fessa erat, et non iam labores domesticos peregerat. Caput suum quassavit, ianuam abrupte clausit, et ad scopas suas rediit. E fenestra semel prospexit. Tres alieni trans summum collem ambulabant, et tum e conspectu evanuerunt.

Totam illam vesperam anus non poterat quin cogitaret de his advenis et de infante quem quaerebant. Et ut cogitare continuabat, magis pudore affecta est

propter inhumanitatem suam. Tres alienos infanitemque mane quaerere decernuit.

Prima luce in via erat, palla rubra et lacerna induta. Alia manu scopas portabat, alia asinum ducebat. Sarcina sua et asinus donis onerati sunt. Quamquam quaesivit per hiemis nives et per aestatis dies calidos, numquam alienos infanitemve invenit.

Etiamnunc in Italia Befana milia passuum fessorum ambulat, et inquisitio sua numquam terminatur. Omni anno Nonis Ianuariis, pridie Epiphania, liberis bonis dona ex sarcina sua relinquit. Si liberi mali sunt, eis virgas et cinera relinquit.

Befanae nomen ab Epiphania demissum est, feriis in quibus Tres Reges infanitem in Bethlehem invenit et ei dona aurum, tus et myrrham donaverunt.

[\*cf. Auxilia Magistris for full credits]

## Hiems Adest

*By Cara Herrick, Latin II student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York*

Nix  
Frigida, Alba  
Perturbans, flutans, cadens  
Gelida, hiems... aestas, calor  
Fervens, aestu laborans, calefaciens  
Igneus, flavescens  
Sol

## Workin' for Latin

Selling an elective course such as Latin in a secondary school setting is no small job. It is a job that involves not only the teacher but also student leaders who are convinced enough of the merits of the task that they are willing to devote scores of hours to accomplish this during the school year.

James Jochum, who teaches Latin at Anderson H.S., Anderson, Indiana, shares some of the activities in which he and his students have been involved already this year.

First on the agenda was an election of Latin Club officers which took place on September 29. In addition to electing a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and historian, Jochum also has the students elect one or two students who specifically represent the first, second and third year classes in Latin. After elections are held, these students meet before school to plan fall activities.

The club then selected five delegates to travel to Elwood, Indiana, to participate in a President's Day sponsored by the Indiana Junior Classical League (I.J.C.L.). These delegates attended workshops, sold items during a bazaar to raise funds for their club and took part in the excitement of Junior Classical League general assemblies, complete with a guest speaker from Ball State University.

To keep interest high in club activities, the officers also planned a trip to Chicago, a costume party for Halloween complete with scavenger hunt, a bake sale, Christmas caroling and a Saturnalia party, and a lock-in. The club will also participate in such state-wide activities for Latin students as the annual Latin Day held at Butler University in Indianapolis, certain contests and the state convention to be sponsored by the I.J.C.L. at Purdue University.

By helping to provide a variety of activities and leadership opportunities for his students, Jochum has found that it is possible to maintain the kind of profile for his Latin program which is necessary to insure a continuing opportunity for students to study Latin at Anderson H.S.

## Celebrate the Holidays Roman Style

Tired of the same ol', same ol'? Holiday Blues got you down? Is it all just too, too predictable? Same ol' fields, same ol' woods, same ol' trip to grandma's house?

This year try something different. Try some ol' fashioned partying, Roman style. After all, those old Romans may well have perfected the fine art of partying before they were caught with their bouncers off duty and crashed by the Visigoths, the Ostrogoths and all those other Goth-awful people who didn't have enough couth to wait for their engraved invitations.

So, if you're ready for some real fun, it's time to party hardy—pun intended!

**Saturday, December 5th.** Get permission to block off your street. Check with your neighbors—you'll need their approval to pull this off. Round up a good ol' country band that will play for hot dogs roasted over a grill and mulled cider or hot chocolate. Send out your invitations and invite all your friends to your Faunalia Party.

Faunus was a Good ol' Boy from the country, so your Faunalia Party is going to be a late-fall country pitch-in cookout followed by street dancing, country style. You might want to do a little "Achy-Breaky" or you might want to do a little old fashioned square dancing. If you can talk a few of your friends into showing up in Faunus costumes, this will definitely add the Roman flavor to your Faunalia Party. No same ol', same ol' here! For a grand finale to your evening, pre-arrange to have two or three hay-ride wagons show up to take your guests on a little in-town hay ride. So what if it's never been done. Start a trend. Remember, you're partying Roman style!

**Saturday, December 19.** This is the biggie. This should be your Last-Day-of-Saturnalia Party. No street dancing this time. This definitely calls for an indoor TOGA PARTY! Insist that your guests arrive in togas. You supply the *pillei*, the Roman party hats. You'll have to do a little research to see how to make them. Use green felt. They're easy to make and inexpensive. Food! You'll need food, lots of it. Make sure some of it's Roman. Maybe some Roman bread, a little grape juice. Top it all off with pomegranates, apples, nuts, dried fruit; you know, the usual *secunda mensa* menu. Games of chance. Romans loved to gamble during Saturnalia so this is your chance to plan some fun games where a few friendly *sesterii* can change hands. Cards, dice, monopoly, anything where friends can wager and stand a chance to leave elated that they picked up some loose coins at your party. Gifts. You've got to have gifts. Maybe the best way to do it is to have

## The Feast of Saturnalia

*By Aima Ahonbhai, Latin IV student of Carol Berardelli, North Penn H.S., Lansdale, Penn.*

Superiority is obscure  
While equality is so tangible  
As the celebration begins.  
When night calls for the sunlight of day  
On the dawn of December 17  
Harmonious songs  
Dance in the wind.  
Gifts to acknowledge hidden respect  
Are exchanged  
Expressing the love.  
Some are neglected as  
The vanishing Golden Age is personified  
All in the name of Saturn  
Ignored only by those  
Who cannot perceive  
The scent of joy  
As their noses are too high in the sky.

everyone bring a little surprise gift. After they get there, they can look around and pick whom they want to surprise. As the host, you might have a few extras stashed away for those nondescripts who never seem to have anything given to them. As a finale, plan to have a drawing for some spectacular gift—something that will make people remember your Saturnalia Party into the 21st century. Don't forget to decorate your door with evergreens and have a lot of candles lit around the party room—Roman, very Roman.

**Sunday, December 20.** Opalia Party! Plan it in a basement. This is a party in honor of Ops, the wife of Saturn. One of the ways Romans honored Ops was as

(Continued in Pagina Octava)





## Gaudius and Tristius

By Anna Naples, Grade 8 Latin student of Mary Jane Koons, Sandy Run Middle School, Dresher, Penn.

Long, long ago, on Mount Olympus, lived Gaudius, the god of joy and optimism. Gaudius loved to see happy people so much that he liked to make sad people happy too. He hated to hear a negative thought, and he loved to make people laugh. All through the day Gaudius wandered up and down the mountain laughing his joyous laugh.

Tristius, the god of negativity and sadness, also lived on Mount Olympus. Tristius always encouraged negative thoughts, for if he heard or saw too much joy, he could no longer be the god of negativity. So Tristius wandered up and down Mount Olympus all day being pessimistic and sobbing openly.

It so happened that one day Tristius accidentally overheard Gaudius' joyous laugh. He was so taken with the strange new emotion of joy that he decided on the spot to give up his role as the god of negativity and sadness and to live out his life as a simple, but happy, human being.

When, however, Gaudius learned that his innocent laughter had caused another god to freely abandon his immortality, he felt guilty. He felt he should do some sort of penance for ruining another god's life. So, to punish himself, he forced himself to cry occasionally and actually experience the sadness that his laughter forced people to forget.

And so it came to pass that for the sake of variety, Gaudius, the god of joy and optimism, allows people to think a few negative thoughts before he steps in and turns their sadness to joy.

So when you are sad, never despair. It's only a passing phase that Gaudius is putting you through. He will soon replace your tears with joy and optimism once again.

## It Was As If He Were . . .

By Lee Murfee, Latin II Honor Student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Prep School, Tampa, Florida

A mighty man had it all,  
And as a man he gladly shared.  
For this a grateful being was to grant him a wish,  
And as a man his greed accepted this  
Only soon to be bared.

His wish pertained merely to himself,  
Although it seemed well, it was not for the best.  
This man now helpless despised that wished wish,  
And although it seemed swell, it was without any zest.

At last he would pray  
So that he could be freed;  
At last that being would reappear  
So that he would be cured, indeed.

This was to be under one condition,  
That this man into a river should plunge.  
To this he would have to abide,  
And he himself into that river must lunge.

He had conquered the first of two.  
Now his love belonged to a certain man.  
There certainly would be a sound bettered by few,  
For his love belonged to that man  
To whom he was gladly a fan.

He was to be put in an awkward position,  
Unable to win or lose.  
He was punished and humiliated,  
Unable correctly to choose.

This man would be laughed at,  
As he gained his abnormality.  
This man, as it turned out, was no man,  
And this was his reality.

## The Plight of the Poor

By Greg Lett, Latin III Student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

If you're poor,  
You will always be poor  
For nothing more  
Is ever given the poor.  
In life you give nothing to me;  
In death will your giving be.  
If you have any wit at all,  
You know I yearn to see you fall.

Roga  
Me  
Aliquid

Cara Matrona,

Can you explain to me why some old slaves go around saying *Io Poseidon* every time I try to be friendly and greet them with a *Io Saturnalia*? One old slave who lives next door, an old man we all call *Atheniensis*, even tried to tell a bunch of us kids that we were foolish to be planning for a new year at this time. He claims that we are not near the end of the year, but smack dab in the middle of it.

Are these slaves just pulling our tunics or is there some reason why they are saying such things to us?

*Io Saturnalia, Pompeii*

Care Io,

To answer your questions I'd have to say *Ita* and *Minime*.

In one sense they are pulling your tunics because they're teasing you with cross-cultural references. In another sense, they are actually telling the truth—as they remember it from when they were living as free children in *Graecia*.

While it is true that our calendar (which the uncle of our First Emperor perfected from a crude version he found being used in Egypt) is used in *Graecia*, as it is in most lands under our control, this wasn't always the case.

My guess is that you are running into older, somewhat nostalgic, Greek slaves who like to make believe things are the way they used to be for them.

When they were young, the calendar used in *Graecia* did have 12 months just like ours, but their new year began on the first new moon after the summer solstice. Since the summer solstice usually occurs about a.d. X Kal. Iul. on our calendar, this would mean that their new year began on *Kalendae Iuniae*, and not on *Kalendae Ianuariae* as we celebrate it.

I suppose you could say that our calendar is based on the assumption that the new year begins on what was once considered to be the first new moon after the winter solstice.

If you bother to talk to very many Greek slaves, you are going to discover that they agree on very little about the calendar of their native land. In fact, the only thing they tend to agree on is that they used to have twelve months in each year.

The slave that yells back *Io Poseidon* when you say *Io Saturnalia* is just trying to be cute. According to the old calendar that used to be observed in Athens, the month that we call December was called *Ποσειδων* by the Athenians. And yes, it was smack dab in the middle of their year.

Athenians called the first month of their year (what we call *Iulius Hecatombaion*). Of course, in their alphabet it was spelled *Εκατομβαιων*. Their other months were *Μεταγαισιν*, *Βοδρομιον*, *Πυανεσιον*, *Μαινακτηριον*, *Ποσειδον*, *Γαμηλιον*, *Ανθεστηριον*, *Ελαφελιον*, *Μυρνηχιον*, *Θραγγελιον* and *Σκιροφωριον*.

The old Athenian calendar was, in fact, based on the moon just like the early calendars of Rome. According to tradition, Romulus chose *Martius* as the first month of his year. The Greeks, it seems, just like to view reality a little differently than we do, at least the old ones that you keep running into.

These Greek slaves are just having a little fun with you. If you take the time to get to know them, they do have colorful ways of looking at things. Just don't take them too seriously. After all, they are slaves. When *Saturnalia* is over and things get back to normal, I'm sure they won't be quite so flippant with you.

*Io Saturnalia!*

## How a Despised Insect Was Created

By Joanna Gulick, Latin I Student of Donna Gerard, Dallas Texas

Pluto was very, very bored. The world had been created, and there was absolutely nothing to do. Zeus had already given everyone his place (about a year ago). Everyone had helped to make a lot of animals and they had chosen a few to rule over. That part had been easy. Pluto had made the bat, the vulture, and wolf, the piranha, and several other wonderfully vicious animals. Now that that was done, he couldn't think of anything else to do. He was bored.

Nothing interesting had died yet. After all, the first animals created had only been around a few weeks. There were, of course, a multitude of single-celled microscopic paramedics and such, but who wanted to watch the trials of a bunch of germs? All of the larger animal murder cases were excused for survival.

There had been one interesting trial. One of Zeus's eagles had accidentally flown into a cliff. The trial had to do with the decapitation of several worms (excused), and the stealing of one worm from its mate by another (inexcusable). The guilty worm had been sentenced to Tartarus, but was reincarnated fifteen minutes later.

After one week of watching such events, Pluto got called to a meeting where it was suggested that everyone create insects for the birds to eat.

Aphrodite quickly drew up the plans for a beautiful butterfly, and Juno followed with the lady bug. Finally, Pluto had something to do!

He quickly raced back to his palace and started thinking. He already was represented by the wolf and the vulture. These animals represented his morbidity, but he knew that after people would be created, death would tend to make them nervous. He needed something that would lure them, to make them want to pay a visit to the underworld. Pluto wanted an insect that would make people wish they were dead. He knew that people would be attracted by the beautiful jewels of the world. Therefore, this bug must look like some sort of jewel. It could not resemble too valuable a gem, because then it would only result in the mass destruction of his insect.

Pluto started working. After a few hours he came up with the blueprints for an insect that looked like an obsidian. He made a prototype and put it in a jar to be taken to Mt. Olympus for the next meeting.

On the way to the meeting to show off his new creation, Pluto decided to make a pass at Aphrodite whom he saw sitting alone in a room.

"Get away from me! Help!" she screamed.

In a moment, an embarrassed Pluto was surrounded by his nephews, brothers, and sisters.

"Pluto, get to the meeting room at once!" boomed Zeus. "Aphrodite, come with me."

During the meeting, everyone loved Pluto's new bug and they voted to admit it into the insect world.

After the meeting, however, Zeus drew Pluto aside. "I'm ashamed of you," the king muttered.

"I wouldn't be talking!" returned his brother.

"I suppose you're right," Zeus admitted. "But I will have to let Aphrodite have her way. She wants to punish you by making the people we create later hate this new bug you've designed."

"She can't take away its beauty!" cried Pluto. "It looks like a gem, and people will love gems. That's my right!"

"No, she can't. But she can make people think it's ugly. Who is it that's going to say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder?"

"It doesn't matter. He hasn't been born yet."

"Well, at any rate, it's true. Let the wolf and the vulture be your symbols. Forget the bug. By the way, what were you going to call it?"

"The cockroach. No matter. It was a stupid idea anyway."

Thus came the cockroach to be created and despised. For all of Pluto's efforts, it was his bugs, not the people, that died in the end.

Pluto finally did get a wife, and Aphrodite got her revenge. Pluto's bugs ended up on the bottoms of sandals after the creation of people who, of course, lived as well as was to be expected ever after.

## An Ancient Day at the Races

By Frank J. Korn

Many a first-time visitor, making his way up the Appian Road, must have been startled by the repeated thunder of 385,000 roaring voices in the distance, even before he could discern the skyline of Rome. This deafening din would have been emanating from the races going on in the immense *Circus Maximus*, situated just inside the *Porta Capena* where the great highway entered the city. For there were few things the Roman populace was more passionate about than horse races, and gambling on them.

While Imperial Rome boasted of a half-dozen hippodromes, the *Circus Maximus* was the prototype and most prestigious of them all. It was in the 6th century before Christ that King Tarquinius Priscus laid out the race track in the enormous valley between the Palatine and Aventine Hills. After constructing a wooden dividing island (the *spina*) down the center of the course, the king's work crews covered the slopes of both hills with wooden grandstands. It was on this same site in the Valley *Murcia* where, during a festival of games thrown by Romulus, the city's founder, the Rape of the Sabine Women took place.

By the time of Caesar Augustus the arena had been transformed into one of the monumental wonders of the empire. The outer walls, the tiers of spectators' seats, and the *spina* were now all brick, veneered with marble. The seating capacity had reached its maximum of over 385,000—this according to such ancient writers as Dionysius, Pliny the Younger, Eusebius, Tertullian, et al.

The renovated *Circus Maximus* formed an elongated letter "U," 600 meters in length, 200 in width. At the open end of the "U" were the *carcares* or starting berths for the horse-drawn chariots. Arranged on a line slightly oblique to equalize the distance for all participants, the *carcares* were outfitted with gates that could be opened precisely simultaneously—much like the starting gates of modern racetracks.

The once nondescript *spina* was now a showpiece of art and architecture. On one end a lofty stanchion supported seven huge white wooden eggs. On the opposite end a twin structure was surmounted by seven exquisitely carved wooden dolphins.

These served as lap indicators, with an egg and a dolphin signal being given each time the pack completed a circuit. Seven laps (the *missus*) making a distance of about five miles, constituted a race. In between, the *spina* was adorned with columns, statues, fountains, altars, and even a miniature temple to Venus of the Sea, patroness of charioteers (*aurigae*). Two soaring obelisks from Heliopolis in Egypt completed the ornamentation. (These obelisks now serve as centerpieces in two of Rome's renowned squares: one in Piazza del Popolo, the other in Piazza di San Giovanni in Laterano.)

During the Roman Republic there were four stables of horse farms that sponsored the races. These stables

were known as the Reds, the Greens, the Whites and the Blues—from the colors of the garments and trappings of each team. Eventually the number of stables increased to ten, perhaps twelve. And by then there thrived a whole horse-racing industry that included stable boys, trainers, veterinarians, tailors, chariot manufacturers, grounds keepers, and bookies. There were even unsanctioned off-track betting parlors.

As the generations came and went, the so-called Sport of Kings grew in popularity. Under Augustus there were over 300 racing days a year, with a daily card of twelve races. Under Caligula, forty years later, a typical day saw twenty-four races.

This frenzy for "betting on the ponies" gave birth to a new word in the Roman idiom: *Hippomania*. Horse madness. Patricians and plebeians alike knew the names of the most victorious riders [e.g., *Pomponius Musculosus* won 3,559 races] and thoroughbreds [e.g., *Altus*, *Pullentianus*, *Delicatus*, *Polydorus*]. Once Martial was heard to gripe that he, a leading poet, wallowed in obscurity while the names of leading *aurigae* had become household words.

Dashing Roman Yuppies liked to be seen at the track. Prior to the starting horn they would spend considerable sums for hot tips. But, alas, as is the case in our time, much of this inside info proved unreliable. *Plus ça change, plus C'est la même chose*.

Many of Rome's 100,000 poor and unemployed found in the games a daily, if temporary, escape from the squalor of tenement life in Rome's slum districts. These equestrian spectacles provided a safety valve for public discontent. Roman rulers knew full well that two great catalysts for civil unrest are boredom and hunger. Consequently, they sought to keep the minds of the poor distracted by the races while in the arena, and their stomachs quieted by the free lunch counters available on their way out.

"All Rome today is to be found in the circus!" wrote Juvenal upon observing the deserted streets. "*Panem et circenses*" was how the satirist described the government's answer to domestic problems and civil unrest.

*Hippomania* reached such epidemic proportions that some gambling addicts—plebs and bluebloods alike—had trouble sleeping the night before. Many went so far as to arrive at the moonlit arena soon after midnight in order to secure the best seats in the unreserved sections. [Readers who want to observe the chaos of this phenomenon should visit the streets surrounding the Indianapolis Motor Speedway the night before *The Indianapolis 500* is run.] When dawn broke over the Eternal City, the grandstands might well be already half-filled.

Tertullian, writing in the third century after Christ, needed only two words to describe the spectators' behavior at the races: "Sheer lunacy."

With mad impatience they awaited the start of the program. At every instance they bolted upright from their seats, they clapped their hands, shouted, jeered, laughed, cursed, raged. They waved handkerchiefs exhorting their riders to "floor it." Fistfights broke out throughout the grandstands—under brilliant Roman sunshine or teeming Mediterranean skies since the games went on regardless of weather conditions.

Always adding to the excitement was the virtual certainty that on any given day, at least one *auriga*, strapped to his reins, would fail to negotiate a turn and either be dragged to his bloody death or precipitate a violent chain reaction of accidents—with men, horses, and chariots careening noisily across the track in one furious heap.

The *Circus Maximus* and its horse-racing programs survived until the very fall of Rome. With the onset of the Middle Ages, the Seven Hills of Rome no longer resounded with the roars of the racing crowd. Subsequent centuries witnessed the slow undoing of the great stadium, with the Roman nobility quarrying away every last block of marble and every last section of brick wall.

Today one can still make out the lines of the old course and the denuded configuration of the *spina*. Modern mornings find joggers stirring the same dust once whipped up into cloud banks by careening chariots and spirited ponies.\* By afternoon, lovers kiss and embrace and catch some rays on the grass-covered slopes. And on summer nights the old hippodrome becomes an open air movie theater, with audiences far tamer and better behaved than those that once sat there.

[\*Editor's note: Archaeological evidence of hoof prints and the experience of modern-day chariot racing clubs suggest that Roman chariots were not pulled by full-sized horses, but were, in fact, powered by smaller ponies.]



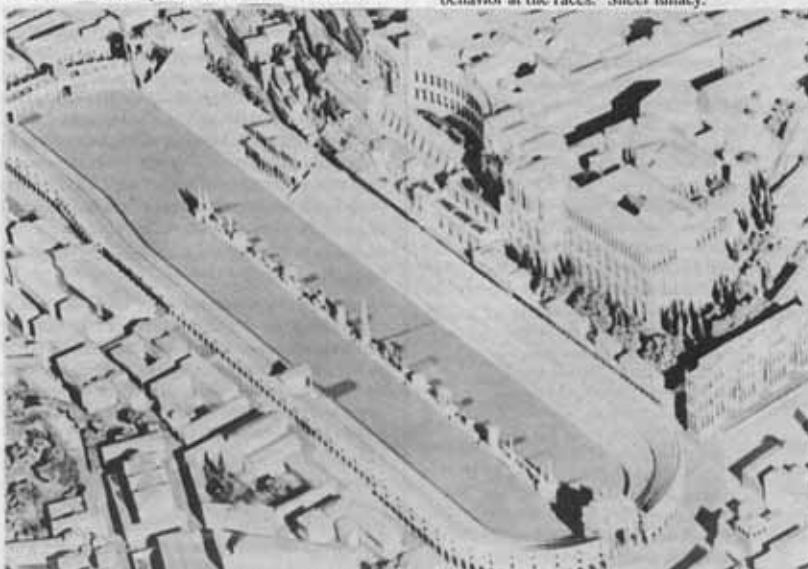
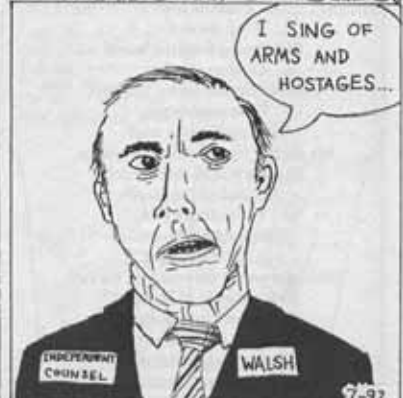
The Chariot

Drawn by Young Park, Grade 8 Latin student of Mary Jane Koons, Sandy Flut Middle School, Creston, Penn.

## Hiems Non Timenda Est

By Jesse Goldberg, Latin II student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York

Hiems et Aestas:  
Quamquam palam pugnant,  
Clam conveniunt  
Et procreant naturae miracula,  
Filios suos, nomine Autumnus et Ver.

MATT COLVIN'S  
TEMPORA, MORES!

Scale model of the *Circus Maximus* as seen in the Museo della Civiltà Romana in Rome.



Try It, You'll Like It



*Io Saturnalia!* Are you ready to party? You know what the Romans used to say, *Si non convivere, noli trutinare!*

This is a great month for Roman food. If you or your classmates have not tried any of the *Cookin' Roman* recipes yet, this would be a great time to dig out your back issues and fix them all. Talk your *magister* (or *magistra*) into having a little *convivium Saturnalicum* just before you get out for Christmas vacation. Hey, it's been known to work!

The Romans loved to prepare food with sausage casings. They stuffed them with everything imaginable. Whereas modern sausage is usually made with pork that has been seasoned in a variety of ways, the Romans stuffed their casings with vegetables, game birds, fish and even lobster. It may have all looked a little alike, but the difference in taste would have been fantastic!

The generic Latin term for sausage seems to have been *farcimen*, but there were also many different Latin words for specific kinds of sausages, e.g. *tomacula* and *hiliac*. Lucanian Sausage (*Luconicae*) was especially cherished by Roman diners.

This month's recipe is a little more challenging and will call for some creative shopping—you're going to have to find a meat market that sells sausage casings for home use. You're also going to have to ask around to see who has a sausage stuffing meat grinder that you can borrow.

#### Farcimen Cum Hordeo (Pork sausage with barley)

Buy 1 lb. of ground pork (ask specifically for pork butt, if you want the best flavor), a package of barley (it's sold with soup ingredients), two leeks, some bacon, some grated almonds, and, most importantly, some sausage casings.

Be sure you have an egg on hand as well as some black pepper and celery seed.

Before you start preparing anything, be sure you have located a sausage stuffing meat grinder and you have

it set up in your kitchen.

Cook 1/2 cup of the barley. While it's cooking, fry enough bacon so that you will end up with 1/2 cup of chopped bacon pieces. Take your two leeks and clean off anything that looks inedible (i.e. roots, bruised tops, etc.). Then chop the leeks into tiny pieces.

When the barley and bacon are prepared, mix together 1 lb. of raw ground pork, 1/2 cup of the chopped fried bacon, the chopped leeks, 1/4 cup of grated almonds, 1 tsp. black pepper, 2 tps. celery seed, a raw egg and a little water to moisten the mixture. Don't put in too much water as the mixture should be fairly stiff. Mix all these ingredients well, and prepare your sausage-stuffing meat grinder.

The sausage-stuffing meat grinder should have a long snout on it. Moisten the snout with some water and then slip the sausage casing over the snout. Tie a knot in the end of the casing that hangs over the end of the snout and then begin to force the meat mixture into the casing. If you are getting air pockets in the sausage casing, you can take a clean needle and poke small holes in the casing to let the air out as you are stuffing the sausage.

When all of the mixture has been forced into the casing, slide the rest of the casing off of the snout, and tie another knot at the back end of the sausage.

If you prefer smaller sausages, you can twist the sausage every so often as it's being formed. These twists will usually stay put and don't need to be knotted.

Cook the stuffed sausage casing in a covered frying pan (to which 1/4 inch of water has been added) for about 30 minutes. Watch it carefully, as the sausage link(s) will need to be turned over occasionally to cook evenly, and you will have to replenish the water supply every so often.

After 30 minutes of cooking in this fashion, allow the water to evaporate and continue to fry the sausage in its own juices until it turns a nice brown color. Be careful not to burn it. Turn it frequently and keep the temperature on medium.

*Bonum Appetitum et Io Saturnalia!*

#### Hope—Part of a Woman's Love

By Yolanda Wisher, Latin IV student of Carol Berardelli, North Penn H.S., Lansdale, Penn.

The old woman  
Told us with wisdom  
That if you should love a  
Roman man,  
Love him distantly and with reverence.  
Love him as a Zeus, an Apollo,  
Or a temple of Athena.  
Such a man is not worthy of tender,  
Youthful love,  
Love untainted,  
Blossoming from the hearts  
Of young virgins.  
This old woman spoke, she said,  
From experience,  
For she loved a man  
Far greater than anything in heaven.  
So great was he that she felt  
As small as the Hope  
In Pandora's box.  
She could not love him  
And be his equal.  
She could not be the center of his love,  
Only a corner of his heart.  
A woman's love, she said,  
Was not to be taken in pieces  
But as a whole union of  
Body and Soul.

#### Apollo and Daphne

By Stephen Dickson, Latin I Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

It happened in a shady hollow  
Cupid talking to Apollo  
In fighting words the two did clash  
Anger shot up in a flash  
Cupid shot his arrows tall,  
Apollo soon loved women all.  
Towards poor Daphne one did hover,  
Soon she did not want a lover.  
When Apollo came in sight,  
Daphne's heart was quick to flight.  
He said "I'm Zeus's son, as you can see;  
I'm also god of poetry."  
Daphne ran, — she couldn't stay,  
She had to leave without delay.  
Apollo ran as fast he could  
Chasing her through shady wood.  
Daphne said, "I need some help."  
"I do not love this man," she yelled.  
Her father, Peneus, heard her plea  
And she became a laurel tree.  
Suddenly, Daphne stood and froze  
As roots appeared down from her toes.  
Apollo wept, began to frown:  
"If not my wife, you'll be my crown."  
Because she would not love in haste,  
The world now knows that she was chaste.

#### The Demise of a Rich Man

By Robyn Utley, Latin III Student of David Fontaine, Waterloo Collegiate, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

Quintus was a rich Roman man  
He had a farm, where he rented out land.  
He had many, many slaves  
Who knew how to please him in all of his ways.  
He made them all happy on Saturn's day,  
Allowed them to party in each his own way.  
One day Quintus went on a hunt,  
During which he performed a careless stunt.  
His slaves chased the boar towards the net,  
As Quintus stood in front with his spear and feet set.  
As the boar drew near,  
Quintus jumped back and dropped his spear.  
The boar went mad,  
And the slaves became sad  
As they saw their beloved master on the forest floor,  
Having been fatally wounded by the boar.

#### Glypheria and the Oyster Pearls

By Jessica Cardillo, Latin Student of  
Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School,  
Tampa, Florida

Ionetia and Cynus helped Poseidon rule the sea. They were husband and wife, and they were the caretakers of the treasures of the sea. They had one daughter, Glypheria. Glypheria was the maiden of oysters and their pearls. Glypheria held her powers in a small cloth bag which she hung about her waist. Glypheria loved pearls so much that she wore them in her hair, around her neck, on her fingers, and embroidered on her seagrass skirt. She was a pale girl and almost blended into the sea, but at night she would trek across the edges of the ocean gathering the stray oysters back into the water. Glypheria herself was known throughout the world as Pearl of the Sea.

One secret that Glypheria guarded was the origin of the pearls. Only Glypheria, her parents, and Poseidon knew that the oysters made them.

One day, seeing Glypheria arrayed in pearls, Zeus's wife Hera devised a plan to get them for herself. She told her son Hephaistos to court Glypheria and to try to learn the secret of the pearls. Knowing the beauty of Glypheria, Hephaistos eagerly agreed.

So as Glypheria was gathering her oysters back into the ocean one evening, Hephaistos appeared before her and helped her with her task. The two immediately fell in love. Over the next few months, Hephaistos did learn the secret of the pearls, but he could not bring himself to tell his mother because of his love for Glypheria. He finally confessed to Glypheria his original mission assigned by his mother and warned her to protect her pearls.

Hera, meanwhile, was losing confidence in her son and decided to resort to other means. Being as powerful as she was, she sent other creatures to find Glypheria and the pearls. After bounding her with a variety of creatures, Hera finally caught up with her and kidnapped her. She then told her son Hephaistos that if he did not reveal the secret he had learned that she would kill Glypheria. Hephaistos loved Glypheria so much that he finally told his mother that there was a huge cave where Glypheria got her pearls. This was partly true in the sense that Glypheria stored the pearls gathered from her oysters in this cave.

Hera then let Glypheria free and went off to gather up the pearls.

Glypheria, however, was not about to let Hera steal all her beautiful pearls. She calmly opened the cloth bag that hung from her wrist and released some of the power stored within. Instantly all the pearls of the sea floated to the surface, washed up on the shores of the world and turned into sand. That is why most of the world's beaches are made of sand.

Oysters are now not as plentiful or filled with pearls as they once were, but, occasionally, on a cool night, you can still see someone faintly floating along the sea gathering her oysters. If you look carefully, you can see her insert a tiny grain of sand into each oyster — a tiny grain of sand that the oyster soon turns back into a beautiful pearl for Glypheria.

The Etruscans Reborn

## Modern Woman Gives Birth to Two 2,000-Year-Old Etruscans

In mid-July I was contacted by Pompeiana to see if I would be interested in working with the Science Place Museum in Dallas, Texas, to bring a special persona to life for their exhibit, *The Etruscans: Legacy of a Lost Civilization From the Vatican Museums*. The exhibit would run from October 1, 1992, through January 31, 1993. The museum also wanted costumes created both for the persona and for visitors to model as they visit the exhibit. Since I had some experience in "channelling" the persona of Diana Paulina, a Pompeian Clothier, this challenge was right up my *angiportus*, so to speak.

**The Genesis:** Following a few phone calls and two meetings with the staff at the Science Place Museum, I began doing research into the Etruscans. The museum originally wanted a female persona who would speak about her own life in ancient Etruria; however, there were insurmountable problems. First of all, there isn't much historical information on Etruscan daily life. Also, several of the theories concerning their origin, their language and their culture are contradictory. How could a believable persona deal with this much uncertainty? For example, if a visitor were to ask such a simple question as, "What is your word for a horse?" what could the persona answer? This had not been a problem for me when I had developed the persona of Diana Paulina because there was abundant information on the Latin language, and such other personae as Marcus Loreius Tiburtinus and his brother Fabius had laid the groundwork for dealing with much of the audience interaction that Diana might encounter. The museum staff and I finally compromised on the development of the persona of an Etruscan woman living toward the end of her civilization. The persona would be able to recall stories that her grandmother had told her about the old times, but the persona would actually be living in the world of Rome. In this way, such an Etruscan could believably say, "I don't know," or "I don't remember," or even "Grandmother never said," without destroying the persona.

**The Conception:** After reading thousands of pages, scrutinizing hundreds of pictures, and taking scores of notes, I began to ponder the persona's personality. What kind of woman was she? Was she happy or sad? What was her life like? Was she rich or poor? Noble or slave? Old or young? Exactly when and where would she live? What was her family like? What did she wear? What was her hairstyle. Who would she be?

**The First Signs of Life:** After weeks of study, the persona's voice finally started to whisper in my head. In purple ink in the margins of my notes, I scrawled these whispers so that I could find them again easily. Her attitude, angry at first, began to evolve. Later she mellowed to a sad resignation that the Romans had engulfed her people, destroyed her culture, and claimed many Etruscan inventions as their own. The germ of her finale arose in a plaintive plea, "Will you remember my people?"

**The Period of Development:** Unnamed, my persona began to acquire a heritage. She would be related to the Etruscan kings of Rome via Tanaquil and Lucius Tarquinius Priscus, whose father was a wealthy Greek immigrant merchant. Ethnically, this gave her a varied background with divided loyalties—Etruscan, Greek, and Roman. Her clothing and hair were heavily influenced by Greek fashions. I examined the photos of the tomb paintings for colors and style. Tarquinia, a prolific Etruscan archaeological site, was a logical home for her due to its closeness to Rome.

But who was she? Shadowy, she still only whispered words and phrases. Occasionally, a bolder voice came out in retelling historical tales. Research showed that Etruscan women were among the most liberated in the ancient world; so much so that the Greeks and Romans were upset by Etruscan "wantonnness." She became a feminist who chastises the Greeks for locking their women away in separate quarters in the house. She claims they are all afraid that their wives will run off with foreign men as did Helen of Troy. She finds the Romans to be stuffy, and the lives of their women to be boring.

Knowing that many of the visitors to the Science Place Museum would remember some classical myths and legends, I extended my persona's story telling into the



Fifth century B.C. Etruscan bronze

realms of gods and heroes. For instance, she tells the story of the homecoming of Odysseus in connection with the Etruscan ability to tell the meaning of thunder. She mentions the temples of the gods, giving Etruscan names (which were carved into their temples) with Greek and Latin equivalents. She tells her grandmother's versions of the origin of the Etruscans and the myth of Tages.

When the museum sent me a list of the items in the exhibit, I found ways for my persona to mention them in her talk as she tells what her husband and she would be doing during the next few days. She gives details of farm life; she knows of this because her husband is landlord of many farms. Since the museum was setting up a working foundry, I also made my persona's husband the owner of a bronzeworks which he is off visiting. Since the museum has many votive statues, one of her husband's errands is to leave such an offering at a temple. She talks about her life—dressing that morning, planning the daily banquets, and overseeing the slaves who are tending the kitchen garden and educating the children. She refers to her children, her mother, and her old nurse who now cares for her own children.

My persona, however, was still not real to me. She didn't have a name. She didn't have a face. And I was stumped. For a few days I focused instead on the style of the script by using old-fashioned "Biblical" phrases, alliteration, and other poetic devices.

Then I set the script aside to concentrate on the costume. The museum staff member who would portray the persona was a pretty college student with long brown hair which we could put up in a classical style. I asked her about color preference and dress measurements. For her I made a blue costume with red, white and gold designs and trim. Something about it, however, didn't please me. I also made a beautiful purple *tebenna* (Etruscan toga) with heavy gold embroidery which was patterned after one on an Etruscan bronze statue. There was a delicate wreath of golden leaves to go with it.

I returned to the script, researching women's names from the tombs. I created the name of *Ramtha Anna*

for the persona which the museum staffer would portray, and the name of *Thana Anna* for her mother whom I would occasionally portray at the museum for special events. We had decided that I should have a separate character to avoid confusion. There was a quickening; the women were finally alive in my head. I knew how they talked, what they felt, and how they moved. They were viable.

Two weeks before the exhibit was to open, I met with the museum staff for a training session. I made an audio tape of the script, using the same accent which I had developed for my Pompeian persona, Diana Paulina, years ago. The young woman who would become *Ramtha* and I spent time together. She began practicing the script and attempting the accent. I was impressed with the tremendous work in progress as the museum set up for the Vatican treasures.

Inspired by what I saw and the people I met, I recut *Ramtha's* original dress into an old-fashioned style which we would display as her grandmother's. We moved the character 100 years closer to the Roman Empire. *Ramtha* was given a new Greek-inspired blue dress and a gorgeous red and gold heavy mantle—the museum was cold! I made a cream and green woolen Ionic *chiton* and *thana* and an intricate golden flowered headdress. I also provided extra tunics and wreaths for the museum's use.

**The Birth:** On October 2, *Ramtha* and *Thana* came alive for the first time. Sitting near the banquet spread, they debuted at the museum's V.I.P. party. The two Etruscan personae dressed the museum's special guests in the *tebenna*, the mantle, and wreaths. *Ramtha* and *Thana* answered visitor's questions and told the ancient Etruscan legends handed down to them by their loving mothers, grandmothers and nurses.

Drama is the willing suspension of disbelief; the illusion became reality. The personae were real. I had, it seemed, given birth to two 2000-year-old Etruscans!

[The author, Diane Werblo, creator and presenter of the persona Diana Paulina, Pompeian Clothier, can be contacted at 1200 Timberland Circle, Edmon, OK 73034.]

## O Christmas Tree

By Chip Schrader, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Arbor Christi, Arbor Christi,  
Rami delectant nos;  
Arbor Christi, Arbor Christi,  
Rami delectant nos.  
Sunt virides diebus aestivis;  
Sunt virides in hiemis nive.  
Arbor Christi, Arbor Christi,  
Rami delectant nos.

Arbor Christi, Arbor Christi,  
Das nobis voluptatem;  
Arbor Christi, Arbor Christi,  
Das nobis voluptatem.  
Simile Christi Speciei  
Das nobis gaudium.  
Arbor Christi, Arbor Christi,  
Das nobis voluptatem.







45.

- I. QUOMODO ANGELLUM ADLOQUERIS? Loca Superiora
- II. SINE TE MORIAR, P.M. Aurora
- III. AMOR SEMPITERNUS, Colora Me Malum
- IV. AMOR IN VIA EST, Calcitratus Saigonarius
- V. CLUNIUM QUASSATOR, Naufragia in Effectu
- VI. EROTICA, Mea Domina
- VII. SI UMQUAM ADAMABO, Shac
- VIII. NOMEN MIHI REGULUS EST, Regulus
- IX. HIC TIBI ERO, Michael W. Faber
- X. CARMEN ULTIMUM, Eltonus Iohannes



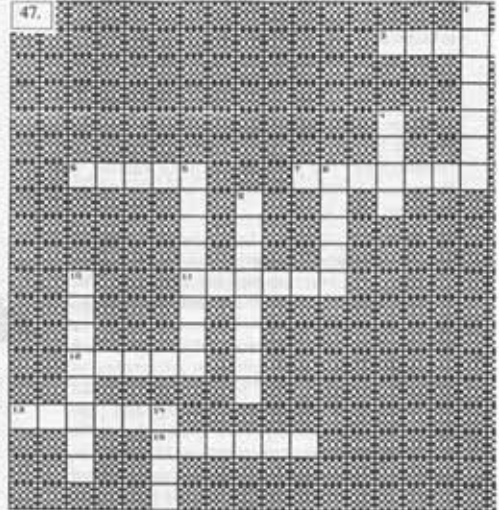
## ACROSS

3. Latin for the Seine River
5. Latin for the largest river in Gallia
7. Latin for the Marne River
11. Chief city of the Gallic tribe, the Mandubii
12. Mountains which separate Cisalpine Gaul from Transalpine Gaul
13. Latin name for the main city located at the south end of Lake Geneva
15. Latin name for the river which separated Gallia from Germania

## DOWN

1. Latin name for the city which became Paris
2. Latin name for the Garonne River
4. Latin name for the mountains that separated the Helvetii from the Sequani
6. Latin name for the river which flows through Lake Geneva and into the Mediterranean
8. Latin name for the Aisne River
9. Latin name for the mountains which separate Gallia from Hispania
10. Latin name for Lake Geneva
14. Latin name for the Saone River

47.



## Cities, Rivers, Lakes, and Mountains

By Swati Doshi, Latin IV student of Mrs. Carol Berardelli, North Penn H.S., Lansdale, Penn.

48.



## Aliis Verbis

By Swati Doshi, Latin IV student of Mrs. Carol Berardelli, North Penn H.S., Lansdale, Penn.

Match the Latin to its meaning commonly used in English



50.

- |                  |                  |                            |                              |
|------------------|------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. cf.           | 9. pro tem       | A. for example             | I. written afterwards        |
| 2. verbatim      | 10. alma mater   | B. make haste slowly       | J. word for word             |
| 3. festiva lente | 11. pax vobiscum | C. at pleasure             | K. on the spur of the moment |
| 4. ex tempore    | 12. e.g.         | D. conversely              | L. the existing state        |
| 5. N.B.          | 13. viva voce    | E. foster mother           | M. take notice               |
| 6. status quo    | 14. quid pro quo | F. compare                 | N. by word of mouth          |
| 7. P.S.          | 15. ad lib       | G. for the time being      | O. peace be with you         |
| 8. vice versa    |                  | H. something for something |                              |

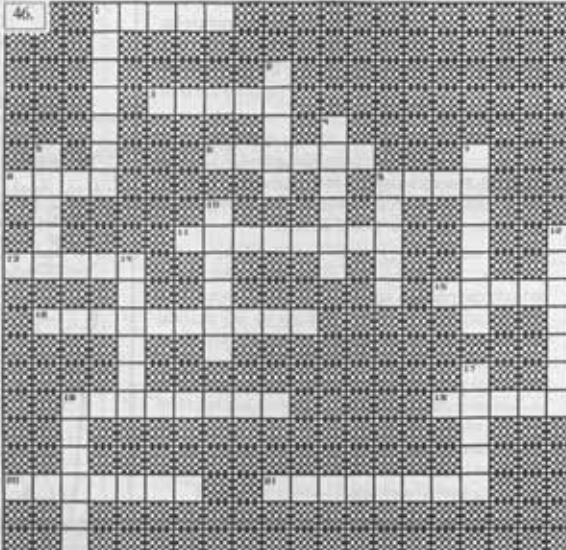
## Jason and the Argonauts

By Greg Kutac and Trey Reichert, Latin II students of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas.

## ACROSS

1. Heracles' best friend seized by nymphs
3. Island near Sea of Marmara where Hylas was seized.
6. God of music
8. Roman name was Jupiter
9. Name of ship that Jason took on his journey
11. Island ruled by Amycus
13. Daughter of Aeetes and a skillful sorceress who helped Jason
15. Aunt of Medea and best known enchantress of the age
16. Well known one-eyed cyclops
18. Roman name is Neptune
19. King of Corinth, father of Glauce
20. Blinded by the gods and starved by the Harpies
21. Very strong mortal son of Zeus

46.



## DOWN

1. Hideous birds with faces of young girls
2. Son of Aeson; went in search of Golden Fleece
4. Princess of Corinth for whom Jason would leave Medea
5. Girl who fell off a winged ram and drowned
7. Kingdom near the Black Sea, home of the Golden Fleece
9. Was the rightful king of Thessaly
10. King of Colchis
12. Immortal centaur who reared Jason
14. Strong man killed when struck in the ear
17. Son of Phrixus; built a 50-oared ship
18. Aeson's half-brother who wanted to take over the kingdom



49.

1. FABULA DE CORPORUM EREPTORE, Annia Oryza
2. STELLAE DELUCENT, Sidneus Sheldonides
3. VIS AGITANS, Ricardus Franciscus
4. UMBRA ORIENS, Robertus Iordanus
5. SABINAE PUGILLARIA, Nicolaus Bantocius
6. FLERUMQUE INNOCENS, Duglasius Adami
7. QUOMODO RES ESSE OPORTET, Iuncus Limbaughides
8. FEMINAE QUAE CUM LUPIS CURRUNT, Clarissa Pincola Estes
9. PORCULI T, Benjamin Hoffides





## Heros Ille

By Jason Trantax, Latin I student of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Penn.

I'm only a mortal man,  
The son of Zeus and Diane.  
Zeus came to my mother in a shower of gold,  
And by my birth a king's death was foretold.  
So into the sea I was thrown,  
Luckily rescued and sheltered 'til grown.  
A defender of mother I sought to be  
"The slayer of Medusa" they'd call me.  
Three gifts from nymphs, a bronze shield,  
And a golden sword I did wield.  
Off went Medusa's head  
To the ground she fell dead.  
Flying high over Phoenicia, did I see  
My future bride to be.  
Andromeda's life I endeavored to save  
With the sword to me that Hermes gave.  
An ode of my life to you I have told,  
A story which is noble and bold.  
If you've looked in the sky, you have guessed my name,  
For the constellation Perseus I became.

## Roman Style (Continued a Pagina Prima)

the goddess of the world below, ergo, Basement Party! This party should include things the girls like to do: dancing, singing, charades; girl stuff. Do a lot of toasting so that you give the party the flavor of honoring the distaff side. Now for the fun part. Since one of the ways Romans honored Ops was to touch the ground, lay down the ground rule at the beginning of the party that whenever anyone yells out the word "Ops," everyone has to bend down and touch the floor, no matter what. The more "Ops," the better.

Wednesday, December 23. Sigillaria Party! This one's for the kid in us. Since this was a party during which Romans gave their kids little dolls (*sigillaria*), this should be the theme of your party. On this night before the Night Before, plan a kid-type event – a sleep-over at your place. Everyone brings P.J.'s and a stuffed animal – gift wrapped, of course. Revert. Do little kid stuff. Set up a humongous toy train set that runs through your whole house. Devise impromptu games. Play Hide-a-seek. Drink hot chocolate with little marshmallows, and bake fresh chocolate chip cookies – the aroma will get you in a relaxed mood. Then, exchange stuffed animal gifts, turn off all the lights, turn on the V.C.R., and watch Heidi, Charlie Brown Christmas, The Grinch Who Stole Christmas, Frosty the Snowman and anything else you can get your hands on. Cuddle up to your *sigillaria* and try to get a few Z's before daylight. After all, tomorrow's CHRISTMAS EVE!

## Masada

By Stan Morgan, Latin III Student of David Fontaine, Waterloo Collegiate, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

The rock named Masada in years long gone by,  
With defenses both strong and impossibly high,  
A natural fortress with cliffs all around,  
In Eastern Judaea, 'twas more than a mound.  
A tale that is short yet impossibly long,  
Of hardships and trials and wills that were strong.  
Forced from their city and left with no home,  
The Zealots were chased by the legions of Rome.  
Led by a man both determined and brave  
Eleazar vowed he'd not be their slave.  
Their gardens and livestock were all raised by hand,  
The sole well of life in a desert of sand.  
As days turned to months, and months into years,  
An earth ramp was built, and so grew their fears.  
With Silva below and heaven above,  
The Zealots embraced in defiance and love.  
By common agreement, they died one by one;  
Dawn's morning light saw the awful deed done.  
The legions of Rome found no glory that day  
Only corpses remained – in victory they lay.  
With Rome far behind, and decades long passed,  
Their courage and valor forever will last.

## Under Attack

By Seema Rattan, Latin II Honors Student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

Ah! How I love spring! I am walking about our garden in the *peristylum*. I came out here to avoid hearing my father and his colleagues discussing the expected approach of an enemy army and what strategy they might use that we could prepare for (they keep mentioning words like *aires* or *testudo*.)

Wars and battles have no place in my world. I am young and have more exciting things to worry about, such as with whom I would be wed. And which of my many suitors were more interested in me than in my father's position and money. I decide to go for a walk about the city with my *vena*. She warns me that the enemy army could attack at any moment, but I tell her that my father expects them to take at least three more days to arrive, and besides, our city is fortified by a great wall. We slip out the door quietly. I assure her that we will be back before *prandium*; until then we shall not be missed.

It was the season for merchants to be traveling in and out of the city, so I decided to go and see their wares and try to hear what new stories they bring.

When we get to the forum, I decide to break convention and talk to a young man who is selling his wares. My *vena* whispers to me that I am being very forward, and that I should consider my reputation. Ignoring her advice, I ask him questions, curiously. Who is he? Where is he from?

Suddenly, people are shouting. A young boy pushes past me crying, "They are here! The enemy has come!" The whole city, once placid, explodes into a torrent of motion. Armed men run to defend the city. Women and children and slaves flee to their houses. The merchants pick up what they can of their wares and flee as fast as they can. I clutch my small purse in my hand. People are pushing past me. I stand there dizzily for a moment. When I look around, my *vena* is gone. I mutter out loud, "She's gonna get a whipping when I tell my *pater* that she abandoned me in the forum!" "Home," I think. "I must get home." I am pushed along with the crowd, shoved every which way. The noise is deafening. Overhead I see military shields with soldiers behind, scaling over the wall. Flaming darts fly past, hitting houses and buildings. Acrid smoke fills the air. Apparently, our city magistrates had been so sure of our fortifications that they were totally taken by surprise. They had underestimated the enemy and how fast they could march.

When I finally reach my house, I find it in flames. I stand stunned. My face is wet with tears. My eyes sting from the smoke. My brain has gone blank. My head

pounds rhythmically along with the sound of the distant *aries* breaking down the walls. I have nowhere to go. No one to turn to. Where are my *mater* and *pater*? Where's my *vena*? Before I can even think about hiding, I find myself staring at three soldiers running down the street toward me. One screams, "She's mine. I saw her first!" My mind goes blank, and I collapse to the ground.

When I regain consciousness, I am aware that someone is carrying me in his arms. A deep voice asks, "Are you awake? Can you walk by yourself?"

When I am set on my feet on the ground, I vaguely realize that this was my neighbor talking to me. Just then, the building we were near erupted in crackling flame and smoke.

"I saved you from those soldiers," he said, "But I'm sorry. You're on your own now. I've got to save my own family. *Bonam fortunam!*" The next thing I know, he's gone.

I start to walk, then I'm running. This is a part of our city I've never been in before. Nothing looks familiar. Wooden beams and stones are hurled over me, hitting people and anything in their path. I am hit by a relatively small stone. Pain explodes in my shoulder. Something warm is flowing down my arm.

I reach the back gate of the city. What can I do? I look back. Soldiers are fighting hand to hand with my people. I see dead men lying on the ground amid pools of blood. People flow by in carts pushing one another to get through the gate out of the city. Horses neigh and rear up in fear. A cart overturns and is trampled and looted by others. I stand motionless in a sea of turmoil and pray to Jupiter to save me.

Suddenly, I am jerked upwards. Alarmed, I snap open my eyes, expecting to see Jupiter – or Pluto. All I see are blue eyes, bright as a summer day, wavy brown hair and a clean-shaven face. It is the young merchant to whom I had talked earlier. I find myself sitting next to him on his cart. Without a word we fly through the gate, my arm searing with a pain I don't care to notice. As we move away from the city, I turn for one last look back. Then I smile at the young merchant. I am not afraid. He must be Jupiter's answer to my prayer. I settle into my seat and look forward, unconscious of the tears flowing freely now as I think of my family. Beneath my tears, however, I find myself smiling nervously as I dare to hope for some salvation for me and my young rescuer. I lean against his strong shoulder, and close my eyes.

## Martial

## Epigram 4.79

By Kelvin Link, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Poet sells his Tiburtine estate to Matho,  
who has been a constant guest there.  
"You are always around my house,  
If you like it so much,  
Why don't you buy it?"

## The Last Day of Pompeii

By David Fontaine, Waterloo Collegiate, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

There once was a man named Caccilius  
Who lived with his wife and his *filii*.  
They were in Pompeii  
On that fatal day  
When off blew the top of Vesuvius.

There was panic in all of the town  
As buildings came crashing on down.  
Their loved ones were lost  
In that great exhaust.  
The air they were breathing turned brown.

Caccilius had his turn to fall –  
He was hit by a tumbling wall.  
Though Clemens, his slave,  
Had tried to be brave  
Vesuvius had conquered them all.

## Cyclops

By Clark Harshbarger, Latin I Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Cyclops is a one-eyed mythical giant who is always out-witted in the end. The story I will tell comes from Homer's *The Odyssey*. Odysseus, the main character of Homer's story, came in contact with a Cyclops called Polyphemus. Odysseus took 12 of his best men to see the Cyclops. They tried to bargain with him, but it didn't work. To escape from the giant they gave him very powerful wine. Polyphemus became intoxicated. While he was dazed, Odysseus and his men worked together, built a spear and heaved it into his eye. The Cyclops was blinded and became furious. Odysseus and his men who had not already been eaten by the giant escaped by hanging on to the bottom of Polyphemus' sheep as he let them out of his cave. After he had escaped back to his ship, Odysseus yelled back to the Cyclops to tease him. When Polyphemus couldn't destroy Odysseus by throwing stones onto his ships, he complained to the God Poseidon. Poseidon asked Zeus to punish Odysseus. Zeus complied by sinking Odysseus' ship, drowning all on board except Odysseus himself.

## Caesarean Limerick

By Tim Duggan, Latin I student of Mary Jane Koons, Upper Dublin H.S., Ft. Washington, Penn.

Erat quondam vir qui Caesar vocabatur,  
Qui a populo Romae amabatur;  
Sed Brutus cum non amavit,  
Et ira eius occurrit,  
Et in solo Senatus interficiebatur.

# Cantemus Latine

## Old and New Favorites

Rendered in Latin by B. F. Barcio

### GRANDMA GOT RUN OVER BY A REINDEER

#### CHORUS

Avia renone calcabatur  
dum ambulat in Saturnalibus  
Diceas Saturnum non exstare,  
sed Avius et ego credimus

#### STANZA I

Vinum nimium bibebat  
admonita ne eat,  
sed medicinae est oblita  
et e ianua in nivem titubat.

#### STANZA II

Mane cum e(am) adibamus  
in impetus prospectu  
vestigia erant in fronte  
et Saturni erant notae in dorso.

#### CHORUS

#### STANZA III

Nunc Avo superbi sumus  
Se tam bene comportat  
Sedens illic spectat ludos  
connsobrinuss cum eo se oblectat.

#### STANZA IV

Non sunt Saturnalia nunc  
In togis pallidis sumus  
nihilominus nos miramur  
dona Aviae anon remittamus  
(Remitte!)

#### CHORUS

#### STANZA V

Anser nunc est primae mensae  
et placenta ex ficis (Ah!)  
similesque sunt candelae  
coloribus in Aviae pillis.

#### STANZA VI

Vicinos omnes admonebam  
"Vos servate spectando"  
Aurigare numquam debet  
qui portatus est in traha cum nano.

CHORUS (bis, sed altius alterum  
cantate.)

Io Saturnalia! (Basso profundo!)

### WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

Orientis reges tres  
Procul dona portantes  
Per campos et montes imus.  
Stell(am) illam sequentes.

O stella potens et mira,  
Stella regalis pulchra,  
Semper movens ad occasum,  
Duc nos ad claram lucem.

### JOLLY OLD ST. NICHOLAS

Laete Vetus Saturne,  
huc aures tende!  
Narra nullo animo,  
quod dicam tibi:  
Vesper Saturnalium...  
veniet, Senex;  
Susurra dona mihi,  
narra si potes.

Quando media nocte,  
quando dormio,  
Per impluvium latum,  
serpes cum donis;  
Tibialla erunt,  
tunc in ordine;  
Meum est brevissimum,  
certo agnosces.

Marcus cupit rotulas,  
Anna traham vult,  
Nola cupit picturas,  
cum coloribus;  
Nunc tibi labor erit,  
quid eis dones;  
Dona mihi, Saturne,  
Quod sit optime!

### BRING A TORCH, JEANNETTE ISABELLA

Affer facem, Iohan Isabella,  
Affer facem, veni curreque.  
Christus natus, die civibus vici  
Iesus dormit in cu-nis su-is,  
Ah, Ah,  
Quam pu-ulchra est haec mater,  
Ah, Ah,  
Quam pulcher hic fi-lius.  
Festina-a nunc, bo-one civis,  
Festina-a nunc, vide illum.  
Inve-nies dormientem in cunis,  
Tacite veni, lente susurra,  
Ah, Ah,  
Placide nunc hic dormit,  
Ah, Ah,  
Placide nunc dormit.

### IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

Serena nocte media  
Delapsi de caelis  
Insigne illud angeli  
Psallerunt citharis:  
"In terra pax et gratia  
Dei benevoli;"  
Quiescit orbis reverens  
Dum canunt angeli.

Bis mille annos egimus  
Ex illo cantico,  
Discordia et scelere  
Plenos miserrimo;  
Bellantes semper homines  
Sunt cantus inscii, —  
Iam rixas intermittite  
Dum canunt angeli.

Adventat tempus aureum  
Annis volventibus  
Iam pridem quod praedictum est  
A sanctis vatibus,  
Cum Pacis Princeps praeerit  
Refecto huic orbi,  
Omnesque reddent homines  
Quae canunt angeli.

### SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN

Vigilandum est,  
non tempus est lacrimis vel i-iris,  
Sanctus Claus ad urbem venit.

Investigat semel et bis,  
quis malus et quis bonus sit,  
Sanctus Claus ad urbem venit.

Te videt dormientem, et vigila-antem,  
si malus sit an bonus scit.  
Bonitas agenda est.

Oh, vigilandum est,  
non tempus est lacrimis vel i-iris,  
Sanctus Claus ad urbem venit.

## FROSTY, THE SNOWMAN

Froste, vir nivis,  
erat anima laeta,  
Cum suo pipo, et naso parvo,  
et duobus oculis.

Froste, vir nivis,  
est un(a) fabula aiunt,  
Factus ex nive, sed uno die,  
is incepit vivere.

Fortasse erat magis,  
in petaso reperto,  
Petasus cum in capite,  
is incepit saltare.

Oh, Froste, vir nivis,  
vi-vebat maxime,  
Et sicut ego et tu hic vir  
poterat irridere.



## Sol, The Sun God

By Kate Crosby, Latin I Student of Nancy Tigert,  
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Long ago, when the world was just beginning, Zeus was creating and fathering gods for all different reasons. He created a god of sleep, a goddess of wisdom, and even a god of love. Zeus would often look for new things to make gods for. Zeus treasured the sun, but he could find nothing wonderful enough to be it's god. Then, when walking one day, Zeus came upon a meadow of horses. He began to give a name to each one; then in the distance he spotted the most regal steed he had ever seen. Its pure white coat glistened like no other horse's coat. It was blinding to look directly at this beast. Zeus loved this horse immediately, and he named it Sol. Later that night, however, Zeus noticed that Sol became very ordinary in the dark. This horse definitely needed sunshine at all times. Zeus then realized that Sol should be the sun god for whom he had been searching.

Now Sol can be seen every day streaming down through the trees and glistening in the heavens.

## 57. How Well Did You Read?

1. How many thousand spectators could the *Circus Maximus* hold?
2. What gifts did Romans give on the festival of *Sigillaria*?
3. *Qua in terra habitavit Befana?*
4. According to Anna Naples, why did Tristius abandon his divinity?
5. What Christmas novelty song is translated into Latin as *Avia Renone Calcabatur*?
6. What were *tomacula*, *hillae* and *Lucanicae*?
7. What was the Etruscan word for the toga?
8. About whom was the poem "It was as if he were..." written?
9. Which god did ancient Athenians honor in December instead of Saturn?
10. According to Marianne Colakis, Which goddess once tried to steal all the pearls of the sea?

## Foreshadowing

Excerpt from *Journal of Gaius Julius Caesar*,  
translated by Gary Kiang, Latin III Student of Mrs.  
Ware, Conestoga High School, Berwyn, Penn.

## Pridie Idus Martias, DCCX A.V.C.

This morning after I awoke I ate a pleasant meal and went into the Forum. Everyone in the senate seemed especially quiet today, as if they were secretly planning something behind my back. Since my birthday isn't for another four months, I wonder what those strange senators could be up to. Maybe they are trying to throw me a party like at last month's Luperalia when Antony and his buddies tried to make me king. But I believe I made it clear then that I was not "Rex," but "Caesar." I think perhaps the senators might still be mad at me for throwing those two tribunes out of the senate last month. I might have been a little out of line when I did that, but, hey, I'm Caesar!

Some very weird things have been happening to me lately. As I was walking in the streets of Rome today, I noticed that a group of vultures was circling overhead. Maybe a cow was being sacrificed nearby. Anyway, I paid no attention to those birds and went about my daily business.

It was a rather hot day today so I decided to go to the baths. As I entered, I saw Marcus Brutus and a bunch of other senators huddled in a circle discussing something very intently. When I approached the group to see if I could join in their conversation, everyone became quiet. So my suspicions were correct, those senators were trying to throw me a surprise party. I immediately told them that I did not want another elaborate ceremony in my honor and that they were becoming very tiresome indeed. The senators, very surprised that I had figured out their plans, chuckled good humoredly and told me how brilliant I was.

"No one can fool Julius Caesar," I told them. They all agreed with me and continued complimenting me on my superior intelligence.

Well, after the baths, I headed home. I shall be going to sleep shortly. I am very excited about my trip to the east. I shall be departing on a.d. XVI Kal. Apr. Tomorrow, I have to go to another senate meeting. I do hope those senators obeyed me and did not plan a party.

I wonder why those vultures are still circling nearby.



## To Terentia With Love

## From Cicero in Exile

By Jacqueline Leitzer, Latin III Student of Rowena  
Fenstermacher, Hackley School, Tarrytown, NY

Terentia, Terentia, you are my faithful love;  
You are as warm and beautiful as a dove.  
Your eyes sparkle like stars in the sky;  
They would make any man stop and say, "Hi."  
Your hair is so long and curly,  
I'm glad that I found you so early.  
Your smile makes a cloudy day sunny,  
And you are my one and only honey.  
I am sorry that I have been sent into exile for so long;  
I hope to make up this lost time with a song.  
You are so wonderful to our boy and girl;  
When I come back, I'll bring a ring with a pearl.  
While I am gone, our family is not one,  
But when I return, there is bound to be fun.  
I hope I can come home soon,  
If not by the month of May, definitely by June.  
Without your unconditional love, Terentia, my dear,  
There would be no way that I could live here.  
I do not know what I would be without you;  
I do know this, I would be blue.

## Roma Periculosa

By Terry Dillon, Latin II student of Sr. Clarita  
Annen, Villa Madonna Academy, Villa Hills,  
Kentucky

There once was a young man of Rome,  
Who was walking along towards his home.  
He met up with a bully  
Who beat him up fully,  
Till all he could give was a moan.

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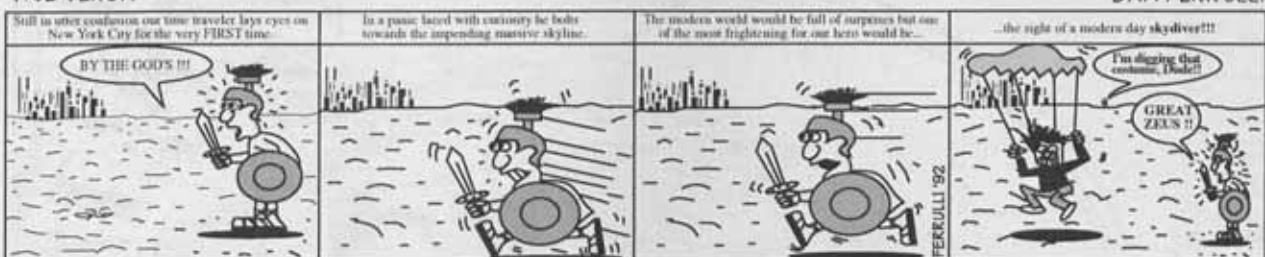
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Pompeiana, Inc. is governed by a Board of Directors which meets annually or in special session as needed. An annual meeting for adult and contributing members is held in Indianapolis on the 4th Saturday of September.

Bernard F. Barcio, LHD, serves as the Executive Director.

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I.S.S. # 08925941

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

## La Befana

Based on an English story by Lillian Lewis, *The Golden Book of Christmas Tales, Legends from many lands*, Simon and Schuster, N.Y. © 1953

In Italy there was once an old woman who lived in a lonely cottage. The old woman's name was Befana. She was taking the broom from its corner to sweep the rough wooden floor, when she heard a knock at the door. Opening the door a narrow crack, she peered out. There stood three foreign gentlemen in splendid robes. They were searching for a newborn child, a great king, who was in Bethlehem. Could she show them the way?

Befana was tired, and she still had not finished her household chores. She shook her head, closed the door abruptly, and went back to her sweeping. Once she looked out of the window. The three strange men were moving over the brow of a hill and then they disappeared from sight.

All that evening, the old woman could not help thinking of her visitors and of the child that they were going to see. And the more she thought, the more ashamed she was of her rudeness. She made up her

mind that in the morning she would go in search of the three men and the child.

When dawn broke, she was already on her way, wrapped in her red shawl and heavy cloak. In one hand she carried her broom, and with the other hand she led her donkey. Both her shoulder pack and her donkey were laden with gifts. But search as she might, through the snows of winter and the heat of summer, she never found the men or the child.

To this day in Italy La Befana walks the weary miles, and her search is never ended. On January fifth, the eve of Epiphany, she leaves gifts from her pack for good children, and for naughty children she leaves birch rods and ashes.

Her name, Befana, comes from Epiphania, the holiday on which the Three Kings found the Babe in Bethlehem and presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

51.

## Famous Gods and Goddesses

1. A P H R O D I T E
2. H E R A
3. J U P I T E R
4. M I N E R V A
5. P L U T O
6. D I A N A
7. P O S E I D O N
8. M A R S
9. H E R C U L E S

53.

## Why are we taking Latin?

1. clearly, famously C L A R E
2. eagerly E A G E R L Y
3. beast B E A S T
4. end, limit F I N I S
5. short, brief B R I E F
6. safe S A F E
7. guide, rule, direct, control, manage R U L E
8. free L I B E R
9. enter I N T R O
10. nymph N Y M P H
11. business, difficulty B U S I N E S S
12. truly, really V E R Y
13. word V E R B
14. now, already N O W
15. when? Q U A N D O

LATIN IS

BETTER THAN

GERMAN

54.

## Match The Foods

1. E
2. C
3. I
4. J
5. G
6. O
7. O
8. H
9. N
10. B
11. K
12. M
13. L
14. A
15. D
16. P
17. F

56.

## Calendar Catch

1. L
2. G
3. A
4. I
5. D
6. N
7. B
8. H
9. F
10. M
11. J
12. C
13. K
14. E

57.

## How Well Did You Read?

1. 385,000
2. dolls
3. In Italia
4. He was overwhelmed with the emotion of joy the first time he experienced it.
5. Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer
6. Types of Roman sausages
7. Tebenna
8. King Midas
9. Poseidon
10. Hera

45.

## Carmina Optima

1. HOW DO YOU TALK TO AN ANGEL? Heights
2. I'D DIE WITHOUT YOU, P.M. Dawn
3. FOREVER LOVE, Color Me Baid
4. LOVE IS ON THE WAY, Saigon Kick
5. RUMP SHAKER, Wrecks-N-Effect
6. EROTICA, Madonna
7. IF I EVER FALL IN LOVE, Sha
8. MY NAME IS PRINCE, Prince
9. I WILL BE HERE FOR YOU, Michael W. Smith
10. THE LAST SONG, Elton John

48.

## Aliis Verbis

1. F
2. J
3. B
4. K
5. M
6. L
7. I
8. D
9. G
10. E
11. O
12. A
13. N
14. H
15. C

52.

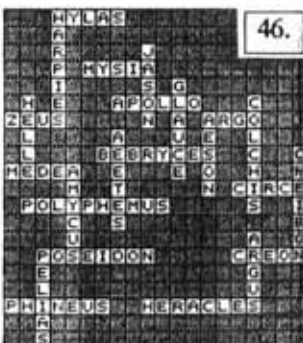
## Career Night In Rome

1. K
2. O
3. A
4. N
5. B
6. J
7. I
8. F
9. P
10. D
11. M
12. G
13. L
14. E
15. T
16. S
17. O
18. H
19. R
20. C

49.

## Libri Optimi

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8. WOMEN WHO RUN WITH WOLVES, Clarissa Pinkola Estes
9. THE TE OF PIGLET, Benjamin Hoff



46.



47.



50.