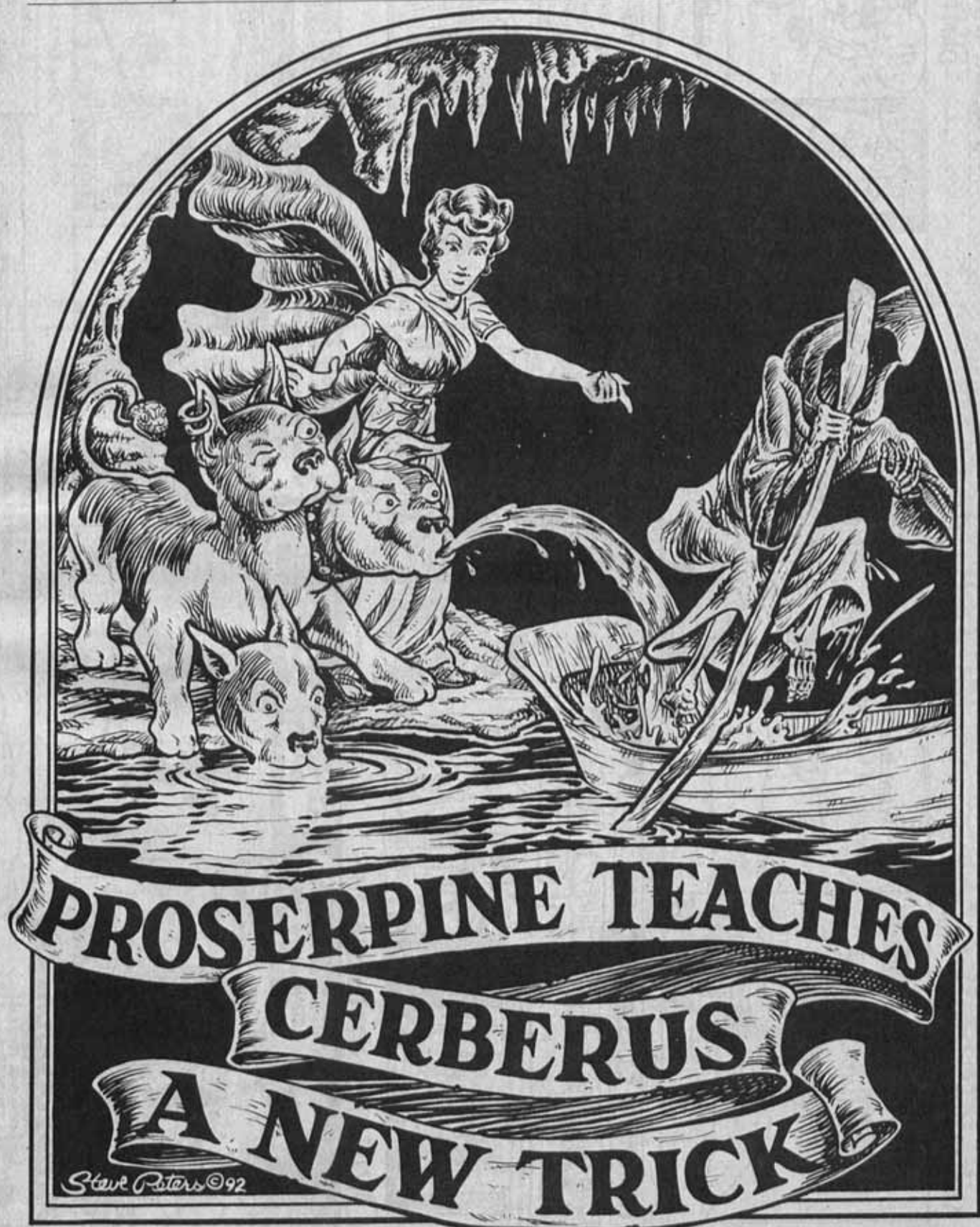


POMPEIIANA

NEWSLETTER

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IAN. A. D. MCMXCIII





Olim in Hispania erat taurus nomine Ferdinandus. Alii tauruli omnes quibuscum habitabat currebant et exultabant et cornibus alius alium petebant, sed minime Ferdinandus. Tranquille sedere et flores olfacere malebat. Diligebat locum quendam in prato sub quercu corticea. Sub grata umbra huius arboris, quae erat ei dilectissima, totos dies sedebat et florum odoribus se delectabat.

Mater Ferdinandus, quae erat vacca, interdumangebatur, verita ne solitarius sine amicis esset.

"Cur," inquit, "non vis currere et cum aliis taurulis ludere et exsultare et caput tundere?"

Abnuat tamen Ferdinandus. "Malo," inquit, "hic manere, ubi tranquille sedere et flores olfacere possum."

Parens filium non solitarium esse sensit, et quod erat mater sagax, etsi vacca, cum ibi modo sedere et lactum esse sinebat.

Annis labentibus Ferdinandus crescebat atque maximus et validus fiebat.

Alii tauri omnes qui in eodem prato cum illo creverant, totos dies inter se pugnabant. Capita alius alium contundebant et cornibus petebant. Deligi ad

# Ferdinandus Taurus

a Museo Leaf concipitur, a Roberto Lawson depictus, Latine ab Elizabeth Hadus redactus  
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pugnandum in tauromachiis Madriti—id maxime cupiebant.

Sed minime Ferdinandus: malebat adhuc sub quercu corticea sedere, nihil agens, et flores olfacere.

Quodam die quinque homines advenerunt, ridiculose pilati, ad taurum omnium maximum, celerissimum, ferocissimumque deligendum qui in tauromachiis Madriti pugnaret.

Tauri ceteri omnes concursabant, anhelabant, capita contundebant, exsultabant exsultantque, ut hominibus illi viderentur validissimi acerrimique atque maxime ad pugnam deligendi.

Cognoverat Ferdinandus illos se numquam delecturos esse, neque cum huius pascerebat. Quare ad quercum corticeam istam amabilem profectus, illic subsedit.

Quo in loco tamen subsideret non animadvertit: nam non in gramine dulci umbrosoque consedit, sed in ape bombitante.

Tu si apis bombitans esses et taurus in te sederet, quid, quae, factura esses? Nempe istum pungeres. Quod profecto fecit apis illa.

Vah! Quantus dolor! In alium exiit Ferdinandus, vehementer sufflans. Circumcurrebat, anhelabat, efflabat, capite minitabatur, solum pedibus pulsabat, sicut demens.

Quae cum viderent quinque homines illi, lactabantur conclamaveruntque. Ecce taurus omnium taurorum maximus ferocissimusque, et ad pugnandum aptissimus!

Carro igitur cum abvexerunt in tauromachiae diem.

Quam festa erat dies illa! Vexilla aurae ventilabant, tubae cornuque caneabant, et mulieres omnes pulcherrimae crines floribus adornaverant.

Pompam in arenam duxerunt.

Primo incesserunt pedites qui Banderilleri

appellantur, stimulos gerentes longos acutosque taeniis redimitos quibus taurum pungerent atque exacerbarent. Deinde invecit sunt equites qui Picadores appellantur, equis icivis, hastas praelongas gerentes quibus taurum pungerent et maiore etiam impetu exacerbarent. Ultimus incescit pugnator ipse, qui Matador appellatur, omnium superbissimus. Sibi videbatur bellissimus esse, et mulieribus se inclinabat. Pallio rubro indutus, gladium gerebat, quo taurum ultimus pungeret.

Postea incescit taurus. Scisne quis fuerit taurus iste? Ipse Ferdinandus.

Ei nomen Ferdinandum Ferocem indiderunt. Timebant cum Banderilleri omnes, timebant Picadores, et ipse Matador timore rigebat.

Ad mediam arenam cucurrit Ferdinandus. Conclamabant omnes plaudebantque, expectantes Ferdinandum acriter pugnaturum esse et caput iactaturum et cum strepitu sufflaturum et cornibus minaturum.

Ferdinandus aliter visum. In mediam arenam progressus, floribus in mulierum pulcherrimarum crinibus visis, sedebat curis solutus et florum odoribus se delectabat. Nullo modo volebat pugnare vel ferocem se praebere, neque ullo modo poterat cum cogere. Sedebat tantum et odoribus se delectabat. Irascebantur Banderilleri, magis irascebantur Picadores, et tantopere irascebatur Matador ut lacrimaret quod nequisset se ostentare pallio indutum gerentemque gladium.

Necessitati ergo obsecuti, domum Ferdinandum reportaverunt.

Quoad mihi notum est, adhuc tranquille sedet Ferdinandus sub quercu illa corticea dilectissima, flores olfaciens.

Beatissimus est.

## A modern Vergilian-style epic

### Rambus Takes Rome

By Ben Levy, Latin student of Larry Steele, Norman West Mid H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

It was a dark and stormy night, and Rambus was taking a flight out of Sarajevo after finishing off the entire Serbian military when, all of a sudden, there was a blinding flash of light. He felt the plane going down; there was unbearable heat, and Rambus passed out.

When Rambus awoke, he was in a very strange setting. The plane was nowhere in sight. Stone and marble buildings lined the streets, and beautiful pillars and arches decorated the buildings.

A small boy dressed in a bed sheet approached him saying, "Salve, magne vir. Ubi est toga tua?"

"Who are you?" Rambus replied, "And why don't you wear some real clothing instead of a bed sheet. I don't like you," said Rambus as he pulled out the gun that he had so cleverly sneaked by the advanced security system in the Sarajevo airport.

"Quid est illud?" asked the boy.

"Speak in English, you jerk!" said Rambus as he blew the little boy away.

Rambus then went into a large building on his left to see if anyone spoke English.

"Holy Zeus!" said Rambus. "Wait, who's Zeus?"

Never before had Rambus seen so many naked people in one place. They were everywhere swimming, wrestling, exercising.

"What a bunch of perverts!" exclaimed Rambus. "You people are sick!" He pulled out the bazooka he had hidden in his pants and blew up the entire building. Now, Roman bath houses generally don't get blown up without someone noticing, so the next thing Rambus remembered was waking up in a cold dark room.

It was then that the really weird thing happened. From out of nowhere a large ram appeared. It spoke to Rambus saying, "Your excessive violence has won you the favor of Mars, the god of war. Here is a magical helmet that, when worn, will allow you to understand all languages."

"Wow! Thanks," said Rambus.

The ram disappeared as mysteriously as it had come, leaving Rambus all alone; but he was not alone for long. Soon several men came dressed in armor and carrying swords. They led Rambus out into a large arena with thousands of people watching him from seats all around. They gave him a dagger and led him to a large door. He wondered what the Tartarus was going on, then he wondered where in Hades Tartarus was. Then a large ferocious lion leaped out of the door. Rambus growled at the lion, and it fled in terror.

Up in the stands in a boxed off section a man in a purple sheet was saying, "Noble warrior, you have earned your freedom."

"I wonder who he's talking to?" thought Rambus.

Three large men walked up to him and took him outside; they gave him back his arsenal that he had sneaked into the airplane. Rambus was confused. He decided he had to try to find a way back home. He found a smart looking person on the street and shook him violently, saying, "How do I get home?"

The person, being smart enough to know not to fight Rambus said, "Go to Delphi. Seek the Oracle of Apollo."

Rambus said, "O.K., thanks. See ya' later," and he left. After a few hours of asking, threatening and shaking people, Rambus figured out how to get to Delphi. Since there didn't seem to be an airport in town, he had to go by boat. He boarded a large primitive type boat with many sails and a bunch of people in cheap "B" gladiator-movie costumes. On board he met a nice old guy named Scipio who kept murmuring on about burning and Carthage.

They sailed south until they got to a town where there were a lot of ships that immediately started hurling flaming things at the ship Rambus was on. This upset Rambus, and he had to blow those ships away. When Rambus discovered that this city was not even Delphi, he got so angry that he leveled the entire city and

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

## ATLANTIS

By Scott Larson, Latin I Student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Was it on land  
or on the sea  
Atlantis is a mystery  
Atlas, son of Poseidon  
Created the land  
Where all of man could be free.

Atlantis existed in ancient times  
Now, it's no more than myth  
Because the people crossed Zeus' fine lines.  
What's left rests beneath the sea.

## Phaethon

By Quincy Lehr, Latin student of Larry Steele, Norman West Mid H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

staring with unflinching frown  
as burning Helios descends  
into torpid nonentity  
father, how I wish to ride the sphere  
and in inevitable immolation  
release a paean with my dying breath  
"for once I feel alive"





# Roga Me Aliquid



## Cara Matrona

I am writing to you with the help of a friend because, despite the fact that I am intelligent and a hard worker, I have never had the opportunity to learn to read or write. If you would forward your reply to my friend, she will read it to me and I can begin to plan a new life for myself.

I am a young *vidua* from *Coere* which is just a little to the north of *Roma*. Since my parents died when I was a child, I was raised by my very poor *avunculus*. My *vir* was a *libertus*. We lived in a back room of my uncle's house, and my *vir* helped my *avunculus* run his small farm.

After my *vir* was killed one day when an ox he was attempting to harness fell on him, I decided to move to *Roma* to make a new life for myself.

Some people say it is impossible for a single woman to earn a living *Romae*, but others say they see many unmarried women working at a variety of professions.

Do you have any advice? I am determined to make a go of this.

*Vidua Caerete*

## Cara Vidua,

My heart goes out to you. You have certainly suffered a series of tragedies in your life. I suppose it's good that you have decided to leave your uncle's farm and move to the city, especially if you ever plan to marry again. Although your *avunculus* was able to provide one *vir* for you, the chances of his being able to arrange a second marriage would have been very slim. It seldom happens in rural areas. *Roma*, on the other hand, is a different story.

In the meantime, you do have to make a respectable living. Of course, your job opportunities will be very limited. I do, however, know of quite a few women who are respectably supporting themselves quite well. One of my friends is a *libraria* or secretary, three are clerks (*amanuenses*) and one is a *notaria* (stenographer). All these occupations, however, will be closed to you since you can't read or write.

If you can sew, you can get work as a *sarcinatrix*. If you are a good hairdresser, you may be able to hire out as a *tonstrix* or an *omatix*. You don't mention if you had any children with your *vir* before he crossed over, but, no matter. You could still learn to be a midwife (*obstetrix*).

If you're tough enough to handle food sales, you might consider selling fish (*piscatrix*) or vegetables (*negotiatrice legumiarum*). I don't think you'll find work in any of the bakeries. I know of no *pistrix* among the hundreds of *pistores* in *Roma*.

I have a few lady friends who deal in wool (*lanipendiae*) and in silk (*sericariae*), but they had some money when they entered those distributorships.

Of course, you realize that you are prevented by law from working with jewelry or from working in any capacity with bankers or money changers. I guess the powers-that-be are afraid that if women get too comfortable around money, the next thing they'll want to do is vote!

I'm sure this is more than you want to hear. You sound like a hard working, simple woman. I hope I have given you some ideas to help you get started.

Try to live frugally and save your money. If you can store up a small nest egg, you will soon begin to attract the attention of men who are looking for *viduae* with a little *pecunia* stashed away.

## Open Letter to Catullus

By Denis Dufour, Latin III student of Mrs. B. Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

Care Catulle,

I have read a selected number of your fine lyrics, epigrams and such, and I can tell you that you have the utmost talent. You express your feelings through these poems which flow with emotion. One such poem is your "Counting Kisses." This poem is filled with such love and emotion that I can't help but wonder why *Lesbia* didn't give up her entire life to be with you. The way you express yourself is truly divine: "A thousand kisses, a hundred kisses, a thousand more kisses." The sentiment you express is so romantic and sweet that I can hardly believe that *Lesbia* hasn't thrown herself at your feet, begging for your hand in marriage. And your poem "Death of a Pet Sparrow" is so caring, so sympathetic. I can tell you, women love for men to sympathize over the deaths of their pets. I can truly say that you, Catullus, are a genius in writing poetry and you definitely have a lot of love in your heart that shouldn't be wasted on someone who doesn't love you, such as *Lesbia*.

Ex corde,  
Amica Tua

## From Martial's epigram

### A Spendthrift (7.98)

By Tim Spitzmueller, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Jill, you buy stupid stuff  
With your parents' money;  
The things you buy are not enough  
And we all think it's funny!

## De Cicerone

By Jon Soske, Latin student of Larry Steele, Norman West Mid H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

I have followed you...

Through the houses in which everything is for sale, the city in which gods and patriotism do not exist, where laws are valueless, the courts are despised, ballots are cast in gold and in wealthy convenience;

Where all the men of the day are unimaginably corrupt, their burning youths spent and molded to power and passion, where the judge, jury and senate are for sale on the corners, existing on a myth in the eyes and ears of none;

Over the brooding seas and to Gaul, where you lead armies victoriously, never complaining of your stately duty, inwardly weeping;

Across the Rubicon, where two armies and the republic are slain, where the viperous prince of madmen murders your beloved friend, and petitions for your neutrality, friendship, and love; that you give him in half glances, always staying at the end of his affections;

Into the senate, where through your freedom still lived: In your fiery orations, in your pleas for the fortune-less men of a dead republic, in your condemnation of traitors and expatriates, in your fear of public opinion; That keeps you from denouncing Caesar and forever punishing yourself.

I have followed you,

In keeping with the ways of honorable men, denouncing Mark Antony "A wretched, insignificant subordinate of Caesar and Octavius" as a praiseworthy lad who had better be rewarded and then removed;

A patriot in the land bereft of patriotism;

Who by Augustus was exiled, and later returned to fight against Mark Antony, and once more to exile returned, from guilt to grief;

Who returned to your bed, one last time, after a life of fear and self-justification, and who failed to return again;

Who were caught by Mark Antony's assassins and on a seashore sat in defiance of your life's lack of courage;

Who continued to look steadfastly upon your murders, of which only one dared to strike you, leaving you headless in the sand, and handless to satisfy a tyrant's pride, the waves slowly washing over your body, carrying you to a more fortunate death.

## Rambus (Continued a Pagina Prima)

poured tons of salt on it. When he was through, he realized that old Scipio had sailed away without him. This really made him mad. Now he was stuck; he did remember that people had told him that Delphi was to the east. He decided to go east which, as he remembered from school, was the direction in which the sun set.

After travelling for a while, he saw a man—a strong man worthy of his acquaintance. Rambus called out, "Hey, buddy, whatcha doin'?"

"Looking for cows," his reply came. "I must steal Geryon's cows."

This struck Rambus as being a little bit odd.

"I must steal the cows for Eurystheus. He commands it of me, and I am his servant; you see, I killed my wife and children, and this is my penance."

Rambus was starting to like this guy. He decided to help him in his quest to find cattle. They traveled together and soon came to a large two-headed dog which they ripped to pieces. That was Orthrus, Geryon's dog. They heard a yell in the distance: "You killed my dog, you creep!"

From the direction of the yell appeared a monster with three upper bodies growing out of one waist supported by one pair of legs. Rambus had heard of things like this happening around nuclear test sites, but he had never seen anything like this. He proceeded to blow the monster to smithereens. They then took the cattle and started back.

On the way back Rambus brought up the question of the Oracle of Delphi.

"He's very smart," replied Rambus' new friend. "He's the one who knew what I must do for the gods to forgive me for killing my wife and children. I only need to do two more tasks until I will be forgiven. If you come with me, I can take you to Delphi."

That pleased Rambus so they went onwards together. They traveled until they found a large man holding the sky on his shoulders. Rambus' friend explained that this man, whose name was Atlas, could get him the golden apples that were needed by his master. The logic didn't quite flow, thought Rambus. Why would anyone name their son after a book? His friend talked to the man holding the sky, and then held the sky for him while he went away. His friend was straining under the massive weight of the sky. Rambus laughed at him, taunted him and threw rocks at him to amuse himself. Just when that was beginning to get boring, Atlas came back.

"Do you want me to take these to your master?" asked Atlas.

His friend said, "That would be fine. Rambus, could you hold the sky up for a moment so that I can get a better grip on it?"

"I can do that," said Rambus.

His friend looked at him angrily after he had given the sky to Rambus. "This will teach you to throw rocks at me when I'm holding up the sky!"

"Yah," yelled Atlas. "Let's leave without him."

"Not so fast," said Rambus, reaching out with one arm and grabbing Atlas while he held the sky up with the other one. He pulled Atlas under the sky and forced him to support its weight again.

Rambus joined his friend and proceeded to do the next task which was to take the ferocious three-headed dog Cerberus from the Underworld.

"Do you think that if we got the two-headed dog we killed earlier...and a normal dog...and glued the normal dog's head onto the two-headed dog...well, do you think they would notice?" asked Rambus.

Rambus' friend said they probably would, so they continued down to Hades, the Underworld. "So this is what Hades is!" thought Rambus as he remembered those earlier phrases that had crossed his mind when he had first arrived in this land. It was a gloomy place and scary too, but Rambus was not frightened. He was too manly for such petty things as that. Bravely he and his friend marched down into the misty cavern. They came upon a man and woman walking the other direction. The man was walking several paces ahead of the woman (who was very beautiful, but a little pale) and being careful not to look back at her.

(Continued in Pagina Quarta)

*Flavian Family Kills its Own to Stop Christianity*

## San Clemente Church Provides Link With Imperial Rome

By Frank J. Korn

Christian pilgrims to Rome, hoping to be swept back across a million yesterdays to Apostolic times, ought to make their first stop the church of San Clemente. More than St. Peter's in all its splendor, and more than St. Paul's in all its stateliness, this venerable edifice offers a way to peel away the centuries.



### Interior of the 12th century Church of San Clemente

San Clemente, just a stone's throw from the colosseum, is actually three churches superimposed one upon the other, with massive stonework and piles of masonry from three distinct Roman epochs. On this site Christians have gathered for worship across the full two millennia of church history. When Peter was serving as the first bishop of Rome (hence, the first Pope), there dwelled here a pious elder named Clement who allowed his personal residence to be used as a *titulus* or house-church.

Everything indicates that Clement belonged to the Flavian family (i.e. Vespasian, Titus and Domitian) and was, in fact, a cousin of the Emperor Domitian who was then ruling the empire. [Peter, the first Bishop of Rome had been crucified upside down in the Circus of Nero during the final year of that emperor's reign. The second Bishop of Rome, Linus, died during the emperorship of Vespasian, and the third, Anacletus, had died during the emperorship of Domitian. Perhaps in electing Clement, a cousin of Domitian, to be the fourth Bishop of Rome the early Christians hoped to gain some freedom from persecution.] In the year 88 Clement was elected to the Chair of Peter, becoming the fourth Pope of the infant church which was then struggling to survive the bloodbaths that history calls the Persecutions.

Soon after Domitian was elevated to the purple, he had brought the full might and fury of Imperial Rome crashing down on the city's small Christian community. Being a cousin of Domitian seems to have counted for something because Domitian allowed Clement to serve as Bishop of Rome for nine years before he ordered both Clement and another cousin Flavius (a recent convert who was then serving as Consul in Rome) to be executed.

After Constantine, in 313, put an end to the onslaught against Christianity, the faithful filled the ground floor of Clement's home with rubble and mortar to provide a bedrock foundation for the basilica they were soon to raise on that hallowed ground. From early writers, such as St. Jerome, we learn that this basilica was given the name San Clemente, in honor of the martyred fourth Pope.

Throughout the early Middle Ages, the church of San Clemente remained one of the most prominent of all the city's Christian shrines and a focal point of pilgrimage.

Then in 1084 came the infamous Norman sack of Rome. Beautiful, historic San Clemente's fell victim to the devastation wrought by Robert Guiscard who burned all the public buildings from the Basilica of St. John Lateran which had been completed in 314 to the buildings on the Capitoline Hill. The rubble from all the destruction raised the ground level of whole districts throughout the city, including the San Clemente neighborhood.

In 1108 Pope Paschal II began construction of a new San Clemente Basilica atop the remains of the fourth century structure. The half-hidden older church was filled in completely and vanished from sight for 750

years. Since 1667, San Clemente has been in the care of Irish Dominican priests.

It wasn't, however, until 1857 that the amazing stratification of the property was discovered. During restoration efforts under the supervision of an Irish abbot, Father Mullooly, workmen came upon the church underneath. The priest solicited funds from all over the globe to have the lower edifice completely cleared. The excavations revealed an imposing three-aisled church, with its graceful apse and canopied altar still intact.

Well preserved too were numerous eighth, ninth and tenth century paintings and mosaics depicting events in the life of Pope St. Clement. Continued digging led Father Mullooly down into the very rooms of Clement's home which, in imperial times had, of course, been at ground level.



### Remains of Clement's 1st century residence

Further probing brought to light yet another astonishment. Just across a slender alley from this house-church of Clement was another pink-brick residence whose owner had carved out a room for the practice of another popular, and illegal, religion of the age — Mithraism.



### Mithraic temple adjacent to Clement's house

In this *mithraeum* can be seen a vaulted ceiling, stone benches for the worshippers, and a small altar with fine bas-reliefs showing the Persian deity Mithras sacrificing a bull to the Sun. Plutarch tells us that the Mithraic mysteries were first brought to Rome by soldiers of Pompey the Great.

Having visited the lower basilica, it is very obvious that Pope Paschal was extremely faithful to its architectural plan when he designed the church to be built above it. That plan included a colonnaded courtyard in front of

the church. In this area — called the *atrium* — there remained, throughout the sacred rites going on inside, those taking instructions in the faith prior to being baptized, along with those doing penance for various trespasses, and the more curious among non-believers.



### Atrium, facade and bell-tower of the Church of San Clemente

The interior of the upper basilica features all the aspects of a typical medieval church building, including a mosaic-adorned apse, a marble *baldacchino*, or canopy, over the main altar, a marble-enclosed *Schola Cantorum* or choir area. There are also two highly ornamental pulpits — one for the reading of the Epistle, the other for the Gospel. High upon the soaring triumphal archway framing the sanctuary are mosaics of Peter and his third successor as Bishop of Rome, Clement.

Even the very pavement of San Clemente is a masterpiece of art, and a perfect example of the *cosmatesque* marble floor, laid out in striking geometric patterns.

And so it is then, that in visiting the beautiful Basilica of San Clemente, on the *Via San Giovanni* in Rome, one can step out of a twentieth century vehicle and roll back eight centuries by stepping into the church built by Paschal, roll back eight more by descending a staircase into the church mentioned by St. Jerome, and yet four more by picking one's way down another set of stairs into Clement's house-church of Apostolic and Flavian times — and, while down there, stealing a glance into the dark, damp house of worship of Mithras, a cult that has long since entered oblivion.

Only in Eternal Rome is it possible to enjoy an experience so unique.





## Rambus (Continued a Pagina Secunda)

"Hey, look at that," Rambus said to his friend.

Thinking that Rambus was talking to him, the man leading the woman turned and looked at her. Upon his doing so the woman turned into a pillar of salt.

"Wow!" yelled Rambus. "That was awesome!"

The man, however, didn't seem to think it was very awesome; he had begun to cry.

A voice now came from down in the cavern saying, "Oh, good one. Now you've made him cry. You unfeeling pile of waste. You're not even dead. How am I supposed to take you across the River Styx when you're not dead? It's against my ethics; although, for double the price I might consider it."

Rambus' friend paid the man, and they were allowed to cross. Rambus wanted to kill him, but his friend seemed to think that was a bad idea. When they got to the other side of the river, they were met by Hades, Lord of Darkness. He told them that he knew why they were there, and that he would gladly give them his dog if they promised not to hurt it. They promised, and Hades went off to get Cerberus.

As they waited Rambus heard screams of pain in the distance so he went to check it out. He saw a man chained to a bench. Even though Rambus' friend could not break the man's chains, Rambus broke them easily. The freed man introduced himself as Theseus.

At about that time Hades came back to give Cerberus to them. The dog was thrashing about, and all three heads were howling. Rambus growled at the dog, and it promptly faint. His friend slung the dog on his back, and they left the Underworld.

As they were leaving the cavern, they saw a ship filled with men. The crew allowed Rambus, his friend, and Theseus to join them on board and they all set sail.

The captain of the ship talked to them saying, "O.K. now, I want everyone to put some of this wax in his ears."

Rambus didn't see the point in putting more wax in his ears. He already had a lot in them. He began to think really hard. He knew there was something he was supposed to remember. In the background he heard some music, but he was too busy thinking to pay any attention to it. Something about some person in some place who could do something. The music died down, and he was still thinking. The Oracle of Delphi? No, that wasn't it.

The captain of the ship interrupted his thoughts by yelling, "Steer left! The monster is upon us. Look out! Avoid the whirlpool!"

Rambus felt himself being lifted up and a slight twinge in his back. People were screaming everywhere, and he was about to tell them to cool it when he noticed that a six-headed monster had lifted him, his friend, Theseus and three others into a cave and was about to devour them. The monster's foolish attempt to eat them angered Rambus; he wrung all six of the monster's necks. Unfortunately, the monster was able to devour three of the other people before Rambus could stop it.

The three survivors were in a bad situation now. How could they get down? In the distance the third survivor, the man called Theseus whom they had set free in Hades, saw a large winged horse coming their way. When it approached, Theseus talked to it, and the horse agreed to take all three of them to Athens where Theseus was king.

Rambus and his friend stayed with Theseus in Athens for a while. One day the three of them were sitting out in the garden when a blind man came running towards them. He was being chased by three evil-looking monsters with whips.

The man being chased screamed, "Oh, Zeus, let me die, please! I didn't know that it was my dad I had killed. I didn't know that I had married my mom. It was all a big mistake. It was my unavoidable destiny given me by the Oracle of Delphi."

The man was obviously pleading for death so Rambus killed him. The man's mention of the Oracle of Delphi reminded Rambus of his quest to get back home. He missed his mom, his wife and his children; although, come to think of it, he seemed to recall having accidentally killed all of them, sort of like his

(Continued in Pagina Octava)

## Scimitar and the Silver Sword

By Jeremy Glatz, Grade 9 classics student of Ken Turnbull, Barrie North Collegiate, Barrie, Ontario

It was a particularly boring day on Mt. Olympus. Zeus had solved most of the problems of man so he decided to get Hephaestus to build him something with his forge. He called for Hermes, his messenger. "Hermes," he said, "take this message to Hephaestus. Tell him to make me the most lethal silver sword possible that I can use to destroy mankind should the need arise."

Hermes took off, and a few seconds later he was standing next to the forge of Hephaestus. Hephaestus listened closely to the message and set to work.

Five nights and six days later Hephaestus was finished. The sword was perfect. It had an elegant gleam of silver, but it was made of the strongest metal and was so sharp it could slice through a mountain with very little force having been applied. Hephaestus summoned Hermes to deliver the sword to Zeus.

"Take special care not to drop the sword for it's quite deadly and should not fall into the hands of mortal men." So Hermes sped off. As he flew along, however, he noticed the chariot of Apollo coming towards him. Something was not right. It was travelling too low and too erratically. Suddenly, Apollo's chariot seemed to speed up and to come straight towards him. Hermes quickly swerved to one side, but in so doing, he accidentally dropped the sword that Hephaestus had given him.

The sword whistled through the air as it fell to the earth. A poor farmer working in his field saw it stick in the ground just a few feet away from him. It's giant hilt stuck out from the ground and seemed to beckon the farmer to grasp it. The farmer, whose name was Scimitar, approached the hilt, carefully bent over and cautiously extended his hand. As soon as he grasped the hilt, he immediately sensed that he was touching something intended for a god and not a man.

Over the next few days Scimitar began to notice some very unusual changes. He was becoming bigger, stronger and smarter. His wife noticed, however, that Scimitar was no longer the kind, gentle and honest man she had married. He had turned into an evil monster. One thought now overpowered Scimitar's mind: He had to go into town and plunder.

## A New Land Is Born

By Alex Leara, Latin III Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Olim, there was a puella named Cecilia, who loved life. She loved life so much she would do anything for it. When she was twelve years old, there came about a great calamitas in all of Italy. The southwestern region of Italy began to have earthquakes and devastating volcanoes. Zeus and Vulcan were angry at the Italians because they became lazy and did not pay any respect to Zeus. Back in Italy people were terrified. Their crops and homes were being destroyed in front of their eyes. A poor fig grower named Pantu, the father of Cecilia, went to the great oracle and asked him, "What must I do to save my home?" The oracle responded, "One person can save Italy from this terror that is destroying our lives, a puella who is pure in heart and is willing to give herself up for the sake of the world. Pantu walked home sad because he knew his daughter, whom he loved very much was the only puella who could save Italy. Back at the oracle Cecilia followed Pantu and heard what the oracle had said. She asked him again, "What must I now do?" The oracle responded, "Climb the great volcano and throw yourself into the ignis, this will save all Italy from Zeus. So Cecilia began her journey up the volcano, and when she finally reached the top, Zeus sent a great earthquake through Italy and all the land began to shake with a great tremor. As a result of that the land began to break apart, tearing it from its foundation and separating it from the mainland. Just then Pantu saw what his daughter had done and yelled to her to please stop, but she could not hear her father's cries. Cecilia threw herself into the ignis. Just then Zeus was satisfied, and the horror stopped; but the damage was done, and the land drifted out to sea. Forever it shall stay.

In memory of Cecilia's deed, the inhabitants of this new island named it Sicily, and forevermore called themselves Sicilians.

## This Crazy World

By Trina Ramos, Latin III student of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas.

This world  
mad  
falsely stands before joy,  
and flows away  
and runs down  
just as a field of lilies.

Worldly things,  
empty life  
raises true rewards:  
for influence  
and plunges  
souls in Hades.

## I Apollo

By Terrence Blackburne, Latin student of Larry Steele, Norman West Mid H.S., Norman, Oklahoma

Life.  
Without me you cannot have it.

I bring you the sun's warmth,  
Enlightenment and wisdom.

Come first light,  
I have awakened.

When I wake, the world wakes.  
When I sleep, the world sleeps.

I am everything.  
I am nothing.

All you are is what I am.  
All I am is what you are.

Life and light give afar,  
For your reverence in return.

Nothing more I'll ask of you  
While my sun forever burns.

## Close Encounter of the Roman Kind

By Elizabeth Sawyers, Latin II student of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

We are all familiar with the omnipotent Roman god Jupiter, known to the Greeks as Zeus. Well, it so happened that Jupiter got himself in a little bit of trouble recently, and I happened to be there!

Picture this. It's Friday, November 13th. As you and all your buddies are driving home after a wild night out, you see a tall man who appears to be holding a thunderbolt! Crazy? Well, that's exactly what happened to me! My first thought, as I am sure anyone's first thought would be if such an outrageous sight appeared, was "What is that man doing with a thunderbolt?"

As my friend brought the car to a halt, this tall man didn't appear to move at all. As I began to get out of the car, my friends were taunting me.

I ignored them and cautiously approached the tall man. "Uh, sir, are you lost?" I asked, which, as I think back on it, was a question that begged the obvious. There was no response. "Can I help you?" Silence.

Finally, the tall man moved his head toward me and said a single word: "Jupiter."

"Oh," I thought to myself, "you're a loquacious one now, aren't you?"

Then it all suddenly clicked. Jupiter! Thunderbolt! Of course he's lost! This was the Roman god Jupiter! I stood there in awe.

I don't exactly remember how we started talking after that or how the rest of that evening went. Somehow

Jupiter had warped into A.D. 1992! He explained it all to me, but I'm not sure I could ever make anyone else understand exactly what he said.

All I remember now is that the next couple of days were the best days of my life. My new friend and I toured all over. He was very impressed with our bathing facilities, but he was somewhat upset with our religion. Jupiter couldn't understand why he and the other gods were not still being worshipped. He kept wanting to know who his challenger, the one we call God, really was. I tried to explain it to him, but he just didn't seem to understand.

I'm embarrassed to say that I became rather attached to this tall man who said his name was Jupiter, and when he said he was going to return to his own time, I was upset. He thanked me for my hospitality and encouraged me not to be sad. As a going-away gift he actually gave me his thunderbolt! I think of Jupiter often, and to this day he remains my secret friend.

Of course you are wondering what I did with the thunderbolt. Well, quite a bit actually. In fact, I've documented that part of my life in a story called "The Gift of a Thunderbolt" which I just may publish one of these days.

I will, however, leave you with one last bit of advice: If you ever see a lost, strange-looking person, have no fear. It may only be a Roman god! [Or, of course, it could be a serial killer waiting to entice his next unsuspecting victim.]

## History Repeats Itself

Submitted by Jacob Bowman, Washington, D.C.

"The budget should be balanced.

"The treasury should be refilled.

"Public debt should be reduced.

"The arrogance of public officials should be controlled."

Marcus Tullius Cicero  
1st century B.C. Rome

## Phaëthon's Unrhymed Fatal Flight

By Sarah Mallette, Grade 9 classics student of Ken Turnbull, Barrie North Collegiate, Barrie, Ontario

Apollo drove the sun  
Every morning and every night  
His son Phaëthon had one wish  
The wish was one of magnitude  
That he knew would be a chore  
After one simple question  
There was not a simple answer  
Although Apollo agreed  
He tried to plead and beg  
Or persuade his beloved son Phaëthon  
To choose another wish  
Alas it was no use  
The boy's mind was made  
Next day the fine white steeds were prepared  
For Phaëthon not Apollo  
Since this was the boy's wish  
Apollo sent him with an important message  
"Hold the steeds with a tight hand  
If you do this it will be just grand"  
Finally the lad was off  
To prove himself to the world  
He felt pride and accomplishment  
The mighty Apollo was his father  
Suddenly a flash of light  
The reins were loose  
Phaëthon lost control  
The sun went to the heights of Olympus  
Until everything everywhere was on fire  
Phaëthon was thrown into the ocean  
A limp lifeless body  
Where the sea nymphs took pity  
Poor poor Phaëthon

## Ancient Advice

By Bart DeLaGarza, Latin III student of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

Girls that talk like walking encyclopedias  
Should always remember that  
Reference books rarely get taken out.

## The Golden Fleece Writing

By Paul Gelbard, Latin Student of Patricia Geraci, Pittsford Middle School, Pittsford, New York

When the king found out that his daughter Medea had helped Jason...

Jason and Medea returned to the island of Thessaly where Jason was king.

They had a son named Jason Junior, who was a bright lad, but somewhat loquacious.

Nobody in Jason's kingdom except Jason, Medea, and Jason Junior knew of how Medea had helped Jason to get the Golden Fleece, because both did not want Aeëtes to know.

However, one day, Jason Junior broke the highly confidential secret. The worst of it was that Jason Junior had told Aeëtes' son.

Aeëtes was absolutely furious. He made a plan to kill Medea in revenge.

So Aeëtes gathered his best generals, and his best soldiers, to go to the island Thessaly and kill Medea.

Meanwhile, Jason and Medea had no idea that their son had leaked the secret until Aeëtes, his best generals, and his best soldiers were outside Jason's castle. Finally Jason Junior told his father what he had done. Jason knew that Aeëtes would try to kill Medea. He hurried to protect her but unfortunately Jason was too late. Medea was dead because Aeëtes had stabbed her in the back.

Jason was heartbroken for this was the woman who had helped him gain the crown.

Jason didn't even want to talk to his son because he was too disappointed by his actions.

There was only one thing left to do, Jason would have to kill Aeëtes himself.

This time, Jason gathered his best generals and best soldiers. Jason Junior begged his father to let him come with him. Jason agreed.

Jason asked Argus to build him a warship. Jason's plan was that he would once again have to trick the Symplegades.

He couldn't go around the Symplegades for the current would carry Jason's boat in another direction. This time Jason shot an arrow from his bow. The Symplegades squashed the arrow and opened up. When Jason's boat passed through these moving rocks, the Symplegades were not quick enough even to touch Jason's boat.

Jason arrived at Colchis Island. A great battle began. Jason was killed in the battle but lived long enough to see his son kill Aeëtes.

## Why Cows Have Black Spots

By Nicole Pasquino, Grade 9 classics student of Ken Turnbull, Barrie North Collegiate, Barrie, Ontario

In the beginning cows were the most respected and purest of animals. Each and every cow was born with the purest, cleanest, whitest coat of fur. Cows were also, by far, the smartest of all the animals.

Only the richest families could afford such precious animals which cost a great deal.

Many people even worshipped cows, and everyone respected cows and treated them only in the very best ways.

During the day time the cows would graze in lush green meadows filled with beautiful flowers. The pond from which they drank contained water so fresh and crystal clear that humans felt privileged if they could drink straight from it. While the cows were in the meadows, people would scrub their marble stables from top to bottom. When the cows returned to their stables in the evening, people would groom them so that they always looked their finest.

There was, however, one problem in this beautiful world in which the cows lived: a bull named Demetri. Demetri was a very bright bull. Although he always had plenty of food, he took great pleasure in always trying to trick people into giving him whatever food they might have at the moment.

One bright morning Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, was walking through the pasture. She had just finished gathering an arm load of the most beautiful fruits and vegetables that Demetri had ever seen. Little did Demetri know that Ceres was taking these fruits and vegetables back to Mt. Olympus for the other gods and goddesses.

Demetri approached Ceres with great cunning and said, "Why, that's such a heavy load for such a beautiful lady. Here, let me carry those for you."

"Oh," the goddess replied, "such a wonderful creature you are to help me."

As they walked along through the meadow, they came to the crystal clear pond, and Ceres sat down to drink some of the water. At that moment Demetri galloped off stealing all the fruits and vegetables from the goddess.

Enraged that she had been tricked by the bull, Ceres quickly returned to Olympus where she complained directly to Father Jupiter. "Oh Father, I have been tricked by a selfish bull. He took all of the fruits and vegetables that I had gathered for our own tables this evening."

In a furious uproar Jupiter rose from his throne on which he had been sitting and proclaimed his punishment which he intended not only for Demetri the bull but also for the entire bovine race: "These animals are no longer worthy of their beauty, intelligence, respect and luxurious life style. As punishment I shall tarnish their fur with black mud and take their intelligence away. People shall no longer respect them and shall no longer provide a luxurious life style for them."

With that Jupiter threw down a mighty thunderbolt which instantly put all his punishments into effect and changed the lives of cows forever.







- 58.
- I. SEMPER TE AMABO, Whinea Houstonis
  - II. RHYTHMUS SALTATOR EST, Crepitus
  - III. AMOR VERUS, Maria I. Bligea
  - IV. QUID DE AMICIS TUIS? T.L.C.
  - V. SATIATE BONUS, Robertulus Spadix
  - VI. LEILA, Ericus Claptonensis
  - VII. IN NOCTIS SILENTIO, Pueri II Viri
  - VIII. AMBULARE IN VITRO FRACTO, Annea Lennox
  - IX. NOBISNE CREDITIS? Iohannes Secada
  - X. ALIQUEM AMARE, Michael Boltonensis

### 59. Word Search

By Elizabeth McElravy Latin II student of Miss Reinitz, Boonville H.S., Boonville, Ind.

Search for the Latin word for the following English words/phrases:

I prepare	friend	street
field	goddess	man
life	help	queen
town	I live in	word
I praise	I call	I watch
not	I love	

MSPECTOQIROA  
TPESPOPTGDP  
VECUAPPNFEE  
ECTWRPIMAAXI  
REGAFIDDPRL  
BRKBCDUAETI  
UVADOAMODGV  
MWCPIMAEAIWM  
ZOENCIUHENG  
VOCOUCXAHIE  
ACGNSUIBAIIV  
XCIWNSLIBTMU  
KKKIDUVOILNA  
RIVJTMHTTAGM  
EJIALAUDODOQ  
GOANATIOTDED  
IPHAUKETVITO  
NAOODQOVIIQG  
AAQTDXVILVTA  
TIPAROWTHAVA



### A Girl's Point of View

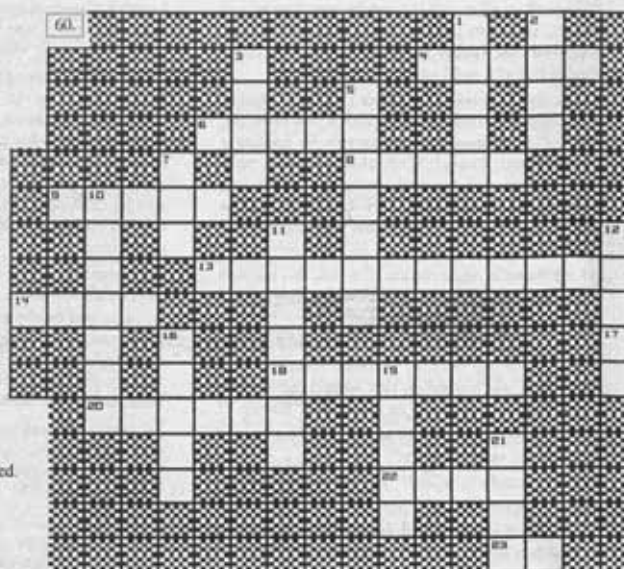
By Jeff Steen, 7th grade Latin student of Jane Ebersole, Glenwood Jr. H.S., Findlay, Ohio

#### ACROSS CLUES

4. "Home"
6. Garment worn over stola
8. Theresa
9. Evergreen, sycamore, or oak
13. Short time
14. See you
17. or no?
18. "The \_\_\_\_\_ is still alive"
20. Worker on a plantation
22. out!
23. And

#### DOWN CLUES

1. How are you \_\_\_\_\_?
2. Opposite of girl
3. \_\_\_\_\_ is this?
5. "\_\_\_\_\_ Feud"
7. Day and \_\_\_\_\_
10. A Roman
11. I am \_\_\_\_\_ I'm going to bed
12. Garfield is one
15. "Right here, right \_\_\_\_\_"
16. Food grows in a \_\_\_\_\_
19. What is your \_\_\_\_\_?
21. I don't feel \_\_\_\_\_



### 61. Translation Matchup

By Kelly Wenske, Matt Stevenson, and John Cano, Latin II students of Mrs. B. Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

Match the following Latin phrases with the English translations.

- |                                |                       |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| — Cogito ergo sum.             | — Ad hoc              |
| — In re                        | — Docendo discimus.   |
| — Cedant arma togae.           | — De facto            |
| — Sine die                     | — Persona non grata   |
| — Ex libris                    | — Ad astra per aspero |
| — Damnum quod non intelligunt. |                       |
| — Carpe diem                   | — Ne plus ultra       |
| — In toto                      | — Dum spiro spero     |
| — Semper paratus               | — Viva voce           |
| — Ab urbe condita.             | — In medias res       |
| — Caveat emptor.               | — Cum grano salis     |
| — Festina lente.               | — Ad nauseam          |
| — De gustibus non disputandum. |                       |

- a. In the matter of
- b. To the stars through difficulties
- c. A person who is not accepted
- d. In fact
- e. Make haste slowly
- f. Entirely
- g. Into the midst of things
- h. From the founding of the city
- i. With a grain of salt
- j. From the library of
- k. Let the arms yield to the toga
- l. Let the buyer beware
- m. For this reason
- n. Without a date
- o. Always prepared
- p. Seize the day
- q. By word of mouth
- r. There is no arguing about taste
- s. I think, therefore I am
- t. To the degree of disgust
- u. They condemn what they do not understand
- v. Perfection
- w. We learn by teaching
- x. While I breathe, I hope

### 62. Twisted Meanings

By Mari Meulenberg, Latin student of Mr. D. Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Write the antonym and the translation of each of the following Latin adjectives:

Antonym	Adjective	Meaning
	novus	
	angustus	
	parvus	
	paucus	
	tristis	
	malus	
	levis	
	superbus	
	dissimilis	
	iniquus	



63.

1. DOLORES EX ARGILLA LATA, Stephanus Rex
2. BENEFICIA MIXTA, Daniela Chalybs
3. HISPANIA NOVA, Iacobus A. Michener
4. DUCIS FILIA, Neleides De Mille
5. SEXUS, Domina Mea
6. VITA MEA, Earvinus "Magicus" Iohannides cum Guillelmus Novacus
7. HARVICI PENICI PARVUS LIBER RUBER, Harvicus Penicus cum Germine Shracio
8. PECUNIA TUA VITAVE TUA, Iosephus Dominicus et Victoria Robertula
9. SUCCESSUS NOSTRI MENSURA, Mariana Faber Edelvir

64.

## Hercules

By Tim Brouillette and Trey Reichert,  
Latin students of Mrs. B. Laurence,  
St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

Unscramble the words below and use them to answer the questions that follow.

\*N.B. - *Mythology and You* was used as a reference.

(menae)

(ryhad fo alnre)

(cyanirec ndah)

(dciaana)

(uegasia)

(chanat)

(toanairm)

(misecodid)

(nzasmiao)

(tactel fo roeygn)

(rpeludesc)

(brenesc)

(shytrenesu)

1. Who commanded Hercules to do the twelve labors?

2. The Cretan bull was the father of the famous \_\_\_\_\_ (7th labor)

3. What had nine long heads extending from its enormous body? \_\_\_\_\_ (2nd labor)

4. What monster had three dogs' heads, the tail of a dragon, and snakes' heads growing from its back? \_\_\_\_\_ (12th labor)

5. In what land did the Erymanthian boar live? \_\_\_\_\_ (4th labor)

6. What was Hercules told to bring from a three-headed king in Erythia? \_\_\_\_\_ (10th labor)

7. Which goddess helped Hercules remove the Stympthalian birds from the lake? \_\_\_\_\_ (6th labor)

8. Hercules was commanded to slay the lion of \_\_\_\_\_ (1st labor)

9. King Eurystheus instructed Hercules to clean the great stables of King \_\_\_\_\_ of Elis in one day with no help. (5th labor)

10. What was the name of the sacred deer of Artemis? \_\_\_\_\_ (3rd labor)

11. What was the name of the Thracian king who had flesh eating mares? \_\_\_\_\_ (8th labor)

12. Hercules was ordered to bring to Tiryns the golden apples of the \_\_\_\_\_ (11th labor)

13. Who were a warlike, female-dominated society who lived near the southern shores of the Black Sea? \_\_\_\_\_ (9th labor)

66.

## Mythology Matchup

By Ann Goldman, Sarah Scott, David Housston,  
and Jennifer Wallis Latin II students of  
Mrs. Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

Match each god's name to his/her area of responsibility (some names may be used more than once).

- |                              |            |
|------------------------------|------------|
| _____ Ruler of the gods      | a. Cupid   |
| _____ God of sleep           | b. Diana   |
| _____ Lord of the sky        | c. Mercury |
| _____ Ruler of the sea       | d. Minerva |
| _____ Protector of marriage  | e. Jupiter |
| _____ God of the underworld  | f. Vesta   |
| _____ Goddess of wisdom      | g. Neptune |
| _____ God of light           | h. Apollo  |
| _____ Goddess of the hunt    | i. Mars    |
| _____ Goddess of love/beauty | j. Juno    |
| _____ God of commerce        | k. Venus   |
| _____ God of war             | l. Pluto   |
| _____ Goddess of the hearth  | m. Somnus  |
| _____ Messenger for the gods |            |
| _____ God of love            |            |
| _____ Wife of Jupiter        |            |

67.

## Who? What? Where?

By Ryan Yoder, Latin III student of Denise Davis,  
Bishop Watterson H.S., Columbus, Ohio

Match the city to its NFL football team's nickname.

- |                     |                          |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| _____ Indianapolis  | A. Dolphins              |
| _____ New York      | B. Amantes Patriam       |
| _____ Miami         | C. Praedatores           |
| _____ Cincinnati    | D. Rubrae Cutes          |
| _____ Phoenix       | E. Ursi                  |
| _____ Cleveland     | F. Eculei                |
| _____ New England   | G. Falcones              |
| _____ Dallas        | H. Marini Accipitres     |
| _____ Philadelphia  | I. Viri Sancti           |
| _____ San Diego     | J. Scatebrae             |
| _____ Washington    | K. Viri Undequinquaginta |
| _____ Chicago       | L. Pueri Vaccarum        |
| _____ Detroit       | M. Fulvi Viri            |
| _____ Kansas City   | N. Cardinales            |
| _____ New Orleans   | O. Aquilae               |
| _____ Atlanta       | P. Feles                 |
| _____ Seattle       | Q. Piratae               |
| _____ San Francisco | R. Equi Bellatores       |
| _____ Los Angeles   | S. Leones                |
| _____ Tampa Bay     | T. Principes             |



T L B S O N A R C I S S U S X E G  
P H R F T Y J U H W B D M C Z H L  
Y V I Q U D N P C U P I D H B C S  
R G D S C B T L W E R D N K A Y I  
A C G N B H T F V K O O R I U S L  
M D S E A E N E A S P S Y C C P T  
U L T H I B Y F R T M K D I I Y E  
S T O M G I P H I L E M O N S B J



65.

## Cupid's Arrow

By Laura Jacob, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert,  
Anderson, H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Identify the lovers by using the clues listed below. Then find their names in the word search.

- These star-crossed lovers were separated by their parents and a wall.
- This pair was visited by two gods and rewarded for their hospitality.
- While her son was sailing to Italy, Venus forced this queen to fall madly in love with him.
- This god of love was forced to leave his wife because of a lack of trust.
- When this man found he could not leave his true love, the nymphs changed him into a flower.



68.

- DOMI SOLUS II
- ALADDINUS
- CORPORIS STIPATOR
- BRAMI QUI IGNES CURAT DRACULA
- MALCOLUMBUS X
- VECTOR LVII
- IACTATIO IMMODERATA
- INSIGNIS HOMO GENEROSUS
- PAUCI VIRI BONI
- IOHANNICULUS SUECICUS

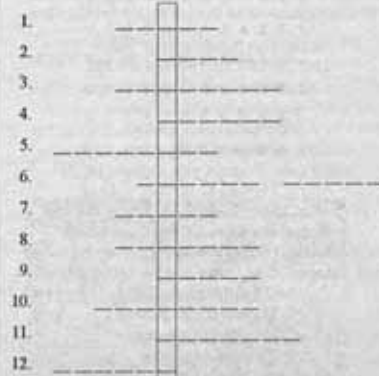
69.

## Dic quid???

By Oren Seherman, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid High, Norman, Okla.

Fill in the blanks provided with the Latin word or phrase indicated from the corresponding English clues below to uncover the hidden Latin phrase!

- God of the underworld
- The thirteenth or fifteenth day of each month.
- Father of Aeneas.
- Country in which Rome is located.
- The eighth month of the year is derived from his name.
- "Time Flies."
- You will find Pan in one of these.
- Odysseus' home country.
- The city conquered in the Trojan War.
- A Greek hero who fought in the Trojan War.
- Roman god of the seas.
- Apollo's first love.





## Rambus (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

companion who had befriended him so long ago. He did, however, have a dog named Butch that he missed and wanted to see again.

He mentioned his quest to Theseus who immediately gave him directions to Delphi. When Rambus got there, he saw a huge temple of Apollo. He went inside to talk to the Oracle.

In a mist-covered room he heard a voice saying, "I'm sorry, but the Oracle cannot help you now. If you will leave your name and question at the beep, she will get back to you as soon as possible." Rambus left his name and his question and waited for a long time. At last the Oracle was ready to deal with his question.

"So you want to know how to get home. The answer is easy," said the voice, for Rambus couldn't actually see the Oracle who was talking—too much mist. "You've had the ability to go home all along. Just wear the magic helmet that Mars gave you and repeat, 'There's no place like home' over and over again. Of course you'll have to make the usual small sacrifice to Apollo, and I wouldn't mind a little offering either."

"No," screamed Rambus, "this is already too much like The Clash of the Titans." Rambus drew his last grenade from his pocket and blew up the entire temple.

As punishment for this great insult to the gods Rambus is now in Hades where he spends eternity being trampled by an endless herd of stampeding yaks.

## "War Was A Must"

By Jenny Jardine, Latin Student of Nancy Tigert, Cincinnati, Ohio

What a beauty  
She must have been,  
Style and fairness  
Outside and in.

Suitors came from  
Far and near,

Each desiring her hand—  
She was quite a dear.

So precious to her father,  
The men all agreed.  
To protect the one  
Whose hand she'd deed.

A shepherd was promised  
The most beautiful one.  
By the Goddess of Love,  
For her he would run.

Paris visited the home  
As a trusted guest.  
Menelaus left for Crete  
Returned to a mess.

Paris stole Helen away,  
Menelaus sent out the word.  
The oath was remembered  
Soon fighting would be heard

Because of this fairest gem,  
An oath of trust,  
And man stealing a wife,  
War was a must.

## Medusa

By Richard Shelton and Kevin Kusak, Latin students of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

In the days before ancient Rome  
There lived a lady without a home  
Medusa was her name  
And stoning was her game  
She had snakes for hair  
And a real stony stare

Along came Perseus with a mirror shield  
And to Medusa he refused to yield  
He looked to the shield to see where she was  
Indeed, that's what this smart hero does  
He sneaked up behind her and raised up his sword  
He chopped off her head and her blood poured  
And finally she was dead  
So Perseus took her head  
He brought it home  
To claim his throne  
Although Medusa did not condone  
And her head turned the king to stone

## A Day in Thebes

By John Wm. P. Sarantos, Grade 7 Latin student of Elaine Elliot, Doherty Middle School, Andover, Mass.

At the break of dawn, a piercing cry  
Slowly reached into the sky  
The guard is startled and to his delight  
The criminal is there in plain sight

As Antigone is brought slowly in  
King Creon is put in a crazy spin  
And in a rash maddening rage  
He imprisons her in a hellish earth-grave

She is named the wicked bride of death  
And so she takes her last strangled breath  
With her linen bridal noose

Haemon furious goes for the kill  
But in the end his own blood to spill  
As Creon staggers onward home  
His entire life is totally blown

When his wife lay stabbed completely gone  
With her last words crashing like a gong  
On Creon's head  
So he may suffer until he's dead

What comes next I cannot say  
But Creon shall suffer until his body lay  
And Charon come his soul to loose

## Why Artemis Dislikes Men

By Leah Savage, Grade 9 classics student of Ken Turnbull, Barrie North Collegiate, Barrie, Ontario

It was a beautiful, warm and sunny morning. Artemis was out for one of her early morning jogs around Olympus.

She was looking forward to her day. She had planned to hunt all day and to catch five of the best deer she could find. Dionysus had offered a very high price for some deer to keep as pets just the other day, and Artemis wasn't about to miss this opportunity.

Artemis returned to her home, ate her breakfast, gathered all her hunting equipment, and set out for earth to hunt for her deer.

Artemis was so quiet and graceful as she slipped through the forest that a group of hunters didn't hear her approaching. As Artemis got closer and closer to them, she was finally able to see what they were doing to her sacred animals. The sight disgusted her and she ran away.

Back on Olympus Artemis made two vows: One that she would kill the next man that made a pass at her, and the second that she wouldn't tell anyone what she had seen for fear that Zeus would find out and wipe out the human race. She hated men, but did not necessarily want the whole human race destroyed.

## A Sound Mind In A Sound Body

An article by Jo Anna Natale, which appeared in *The Executive Educator*/August 1992

Many of the nation's so-called innovative schools focus on the future, but Central High School in Kansas City, Mo., has found its identity in the past. Central High School, the controversial centerpiece in the school system's efforts to desegregate, offers its students a classical Greek program that, like the ancient civilization, calls for as much attention to body as to mind.

"We are a balance of athletics and academics, a college preparatory program balanced with an Olympic athletic program," explains Brenda Gray, curriculum coordinator for the year-old program, which shares its facilities with another magnet program emphasizing computer use.

Sound body, sound mind. The much-touted concept seems solid, yet controversy sticks to the school like snakes to the Medusa's head. In its short existence as a standout school, Central has attracted a number of unflattering sobriquets, including "jock school" and "Taj Mahal."

The "jock school" label comes because Central—in keeping with its classical Greek themes—requires sports participation and offers its students stellar athletic facilities: an Olympic-size swimming pool, a 42,000-square-foot field house, racquetball courts, and a state-of-the-art weight room. Programs include standard high school athletic fare and such Olympic-type activities as fencing and synchronized swimming. The "Taj Mahal" designation—offered up, most notably, by Missouri Gov. John Ashcroft—comes from the school's price tag: \$32 million to raze the old Central High School and build the new one. The cost is being paid in part by taxpayers around the state, as stipulated by a federal court judge, who in 1986 ordered sweeping reform—including school renovations and heightened integration efforts—to erase discrimination in Kansas City schools. Opponents have mounted court challenges, arguing taxpayer support of the city's schools drains money from other schools in the state, but none of the challenges has been successful.

People at Central say the criticism is a slur on inner-city schools in general. "The way we look at it, had the school been built in the suburbs, it would've been [viewed as] an educational breakthrough. But it was built in the inner city, and that brought about the criticism," says Gray, an alumna of the old Central High School who remembers falling-down ceilings and used books handed down from white, suburban schools.

## 'It's no sop school'

Central is one of more than 50 magnet schools in Kansas City. School officials pursued broad use of the

magnet school concept as a way of desegregating the inner-city schools and complying with the court order. The idea: Make the schools so attractive that white students who long ago moved to the suburbs would want to venture into the city's core to attend.

That's how the Greek concept was born. "The model was really the Greek citizen—trying to build a well-rounded person, someone who is comfortable in any environment," says Art Rainwater, Kansas City's associate superintendent for instruction and the man who designed the school's classical Greek program.

The program has a goal of 600 students and currently enrolls 280 students. The academic offerings—aside from the usual English, math, history, and science—include the study of classical Greek culture and the history of language, including Greek and Latin derivatives and word origins. In addition, students study debate and Greek drama, with seniors required to participate in a play translated from the classical Greek.

Also, all students take courses in physical development and in athletic skills and are required to participate in both a team sport and an individual sport. Each student has physical development goals—whether it's learning proper nutrition and pursuing a "life sport" or shooting for the Olympic gold.

"It's no sop school," says Willie Mahone, who coordinates Central's classical Greek program. Mahone, who has degrees in physical education and administration, justifies the focus on athletics and says its effects shouldn't be underestimated.

## The Battling Brothers

By Gautam Gandhi, Latin III Student of Rowena Fersternmacher, Hackley School, Tarrytown, New York

Two brothers began to quarrel over the throne;  
The one which was younger soon drove out the grown.

The twins were thrown into the river;  
In the water they began to shiver.  
Rescued and suckled by a she-wolf,  
The boys seemed very aloof.  
Found and raised by a shepherd,  
As they grew, so did their temper:

They must avenge and restore the crown to Numitor.  
Thus they killed Amulius with furor.  
The brothers resolved to build a city,  
But could not decide which name was pretty.  
Each wanted to name it after himself.  
Remus saw the omen first,  
But six vultures were not enough.  
Remus was soon killed by his brother.  
Thus the city was named after the other.

## Troy has fallen

By Rebecca Moore, Latin II student of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

As I stand here, bewildered at the sight before my eyes, I think to myself that this cannot be the same place of my youth. It's hard to believe that these blood stained walls once symbolized the power and strength of my home. Everywhere I look I see vivid reminders of that horrid night. The screams of women and children still ring in my ears as I search the city looking for my home. We all fled in terror; some ran to their roofs and some ran to the temple; but even the gods could not save them from the merciless Greeks. Was it because we had wronged the gods with impure sacrifices or not devoted enough time to them?

I've heard a rumor that a small band of Trojans did escape the battle and are planning to search for a new home. I hope they find it. May Zeus be with them.

## Arithmetic Lessons

By John Coyle, second-year honors Latin student of Jacquelyn Carr-Loniam, Holland Hall School, Tulsa, Oklahoma

Julius looked out into the *peristylum* cautiously, searching for any slave who might catch a glimpse of him. Seeing no one, he slipped out into the gardens and willed the thick, green foliage to conceal him from prying eyes. He said a quick prayer to Mercury, the god of winged feet, as well, just to be fair. No sense in offending the gods.

"Now," he thought with satisfaction, "let Father try and find me. So what if I failed my arithmetic test? I won't ever need it. I'm going to be a warrior! Who ever heard of a warrior needing to know arithmetic? I'm going to fight epic battles, do great deeds!" His thoughts drifted, and he saw himself leading the great Roman armies, rallying his men in battle, defeating the terrible northern Germanic tribes...

"JULIUS!"

The shout broke the twelve-year-old from his daydream. It was Father, coming to look for him. Velerius must have told him about the arithmetic test.

Father reached Julius' room and looked in, but Julius was safely hidden in the garden. "Ha!" he thought triumphantly. "Now he'll go back to the *tablinum* and forget all about the stupid arithmetic test." But when Father turned around, Julius could see his already angry face turn red.

"Julius!" he bellowed again. And Julius almost found the courage to remain hidden in the garden. Almost...

"Yes, Father?" he asked, timidly rising out of the bushes.

Father turned to see his son standing in the middle of the garden, leaves and twigs sticking to his clothes and his tousled hair. "Come here, Julius," he said, making an obvious effort to control his temper. "Come here and talk to me about your schoolwork."

Julius came forward slowly, head down. "Why doesn't he understand?" he thought in anguish. "I want to be a warrior! Warriors have no need to know that  $III + II = V$ ! It's crazy to waste Velerius' time teaching me when I'm never going to put that knowledge to use. Have him teach Hannal! She's much..." he considered using "smarter," but his sister could not possibly be "SMARTER" than he "... harder working than I."

Julius followed Father into his small bedroom. There Father sat down on the *lectus* and motioned for Julius to join him. Julius sat down, feeling very small.

"Now, Julius," he began. "Why don't you tell me why you have been ignoring your schoolwork?"

"I'm sorry, Father." He really was.

"I know you are. I am, too. But you didn't answer my question. Why have you been neglecting your schoolwork?"

Julius looked up at Father and saw compassion and caring there. Greatly daring, he decided to tell the truth.

"Because I want to be a warrior!"

"A what?"

"A warrior."

"Oh, is that all?"

## Try It, You'll Like It



While most people tend to feel excited about a new year (a feeling that supported the worship of Janus among the Romans), some people do get slightly depressed. You can hear them mumbling things like, "So it's another year! So what? Same ol', same ol', as far as I'm concerned."

Don't be taken in by their foul mood. In fact, fight back! Out-fowl them (pun intended!) at their own game (slipped another one in on you!)

That's right! The recipe for January will feature our fine feathered fellow fauna—birds.

While the noble turkey (once suggested as the symbol for the U.S.A. before the Roman eagle took its place) is usually the only bird—besides those bird parts offered by the colonel—to grace American tables, readers should be aware that the Roman menu was much more varied and much closer to nature. To a Roman almost anything was fair game.

Chicken (*gallus et gallinae*) and geese (*anser*) were frequently found in Roman pots, but just as frequently coqui would offer quail (*coturnices*), guinea hens (*gallinae Africanae* or, for the mythologically inclined, *meleagrides*), pheasant (*Phasianae*), grouse (*lagoides*), partridge (*perdices*) and—to the wealthy—flamingo (*phoenicopteri*). Some emperors, in fact, feasted on dishes comprised solely of flamingo tongues!

For our recipe this month, we're suggesting something a little exotic, but still available, if you shop around. We're going to try the guinea hens, those little birds into which the sisters of Meleager were changed when they wouldn't stop crying for him after his death.

Julius looked at him, confused, but then nodded readily.

Father chuckled. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

Julius could only stare. He wasn't sure what was going on.

Father caught his look and laughed. "Did you ever consider that I might have wanted to be a warrior, too, when I was your age?"

Julius shook his head dumbly. Father laughed again.

"Now I see what the problem is..." Father said, staring absently out into the garden. Then he looked back at Julius seriously. "Well, do you want to be an officer or a soldier?"

"A what or a what?"

"An officer or a soldier. Which do you want to be?"

Julius thought about it. "What's the difference?"

"A soldier is a regular footman, usually a person of low birth and standing, who fights in the front line and usually lives a brief, violent life. Soldiers are expendable, and very few of them are ever promoted."

"What do officers do?"

"Well, officers are in charge of the soldiers. They give orders, send messages and usually handle whatever their superiors ask of them. But officers live much longer than soldiers, because they do little hand-to-hand fighting and are usually promoted often if they perform admirably in their superiors' eyes."

"Well," Julius said, pondering what he had just been told. "I guess I would like to be an officer."

"Good choice!" congratulated Father. "Now, do you know what an officer's main job is?"

Julius shook his head.

"Officers are usually in charge of making sure the army has enough food to feed all the men and calculating how far the army has traveled that day. That's why officers are usually high-born citizens because only we

Luckily, you probably don't believe that myth so you won't have any qualms about shopping for guinea hens.

## Meleagrides in Iure Cum Amigdalis

(Guinea Hens served with an almond sauce)

Buy a 3 lb. guinea hen, some dates and some almonds. Check your cupboard to be sure you have black pepper, coriander, cumin, fennel seed, ginger, olive oil, rosemary and some wine vinegar.

Clean up the guinea hen (removing anything that might be packed in the body cavity) and put it in a roasting pan with a wire roasting rack under it (so it won't stick to the bottom of the pan). Sprinkle some black pepper and ginger over the hen, and then cover it and roast it at 375° for an hour or so. Check it occasionally so you don't burn it. If it seems to be getting too dry, sprinkle some water on it as it's roasting.

While the guinea hen is roasting, mash together 1/4 tsp. black pepper, 1/2 tsp. coriander, 1/2 tsp. cumin, a little fennel seed and some rosemary. Add 1 tsp. wine vinegar, 1 cup of water and 1 tsp. of olive oil. Add 1/4 cup of chopped dates (be sure you have removed the pits!) and 1/4 cup of grated almonds. Put this mixture into a sauce pan, and bring it to a boil. After it boils, remove it from the heat and just keep it warm until the hen is done.

When you serve the guinea hen, pour the sauce you made over it.

It's not flamingo tongues, but I'm sure you'll find it quite tasty.

know enough arithmetic to be able to calculate those distances and food rations."

Julius smiled sheepishly. "I knew arithmetic would come in there somewhere."

Father laughed. "Now do you see why you have to learn arithmetic?"

Julius' brow furrowed. "I need to know arithmetic so that I can calculate how much food the army has and how far they have traveled and ... I need to know reading and writing so I can send messages!" He said that last part triumphantly, but then the impact of what he was saying hit him. "But that means..."

"That's right," Father said cheerfully, "you need to know those too. Did you really think you could get away with just arithmetic?"

Julius shook his head again.

"That's my boy. Now, keep up with your lessons, you'll need them to become an officer."

Father stood and started to leave, but Julius called after him.

"Why didn't you ever join the army, Father?"

Father stopped and turned. "Who's to say that I didn't?" he asked. Then he was gone.

Julius stayed a while longer, thinking about all that he had been told. It didn't seem so onerous a burden, doing schoolwork, now that he knew the reasons behind it. And if he wanted to be an officer instead of a soldier...

But Father in the army? Surely not! Impossible. No chance. But maybe...

I'll ask him about it later, Julius decided. Later.

But for now... Julius pulled out his slate and began to do arithmetic problems. He was soon writing, erasing and rewriting at a furious pace, but his mind was elsewhere. Elsewhere watching himself lead his men into battle, decimating the Germanics to the north...



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A special course entitled *Archetypes of Women in Greek Myth & Legend* will be offered in Comparative Literature & Cross Cultural Issues through Nicholls State University (Louisiana), Summer '93, for up to 6 hours credit. Readings will be made available through the mail before departure and will be coordinated with visits to Athens, the classical sites, Mykonos, Greek Islands during a 4-day cruise, and Turkey, from June 4 to June 18, with optional 4-day stopover in Rome on return.

Total cost (air, transfers, hotels, most meals, land/sea transport, tuition, insurance) is \$2,725.

For more information FAX your request to (504) 448-4927, or call Dr. Mary Morton (504) 448-4860 or Sue Anne Toms (504) 448-0949. Address written enquiries to: GREECE '93, Department of English, Nicholls State University, Thibodaux, LA 70310-2023.

#### 70. How Well Did You Read?

1. Who was the Roman Emperor when Linus, the second Bishop of Rome, died?
2. Which city recently built a new high school that features a Classical Greek curriculum?
3. According to Nicole Pasquino, which Roman god gave cows their spots?
4. According to this month's *Cookin' Roman*, whose sisters were turned into guinea hens?
5. What life goal finally motivated little Julius to study in *Arithmetic Lessons*?
6. Which classical hero besides Theseus helped Rampus find his way to Delphi?
7. To which Roman poet did Denis Dufour address an open letter in this issue?
8. What are the Latin words for "bumble bee" that were used in the story *Ferdinandus Taurus*?
9. Which early Roman seems to have been among the first to claim that "The budget should be balanced" and "Public debt should be reduced"?

### Athenian Limerick

By Sarah Dibel, Kelly Moore, and Patricia Saddler,  
Latin Students of David Fontaine,  
Waterloo Collegiate, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

There once was a rich man from Athens,  
Where nothing of note ever happens.  
Except one fine day  
His slaves ran away  
For which they deserved many slappin's.

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### Ode to Mighty Heracles

By Stuart Ehrle, Latin Student of Donna Gerard,  
Dallas, Texas

Hail brave Heracles, might's sole champion,  
Whose vast fame spans the wide eons.  
You who held the whole world aloft;  
You who stooped to clean the cattle's troughs,  
You who slew the feared Lion of Nemea  
You who dodged bronze beaks' gleam  
Twelve labors fulfilled to ease the pain  
Of murderous rage and godly disdain.

Yet, bold hero, we know you now  
For wise learning and brilliance of thought.  
Did you ponder to conquer each foe?  
Did wisdom guide each resounding blow?  
Some would dub you a stupid brute.  
I, myself, see little to call astute.  
Your victories were won by strength alone;  
You never sought your mind to hone.

Yet in spite of discredit upon your name,  
You light the sky with all your fame,  
And bathe the earth in your glow,  
Spelled out above for all to know.  
Your name will each student peer upon  
And revel in your glory gone,  
Then return to a world of bleaker prospects  
And work you into Latin projects.

### This Grey Marble Slab

A poem inspired by Catullus  
"At His Brother's Tomb"

By Kristin Riggs and Nathan Pekar, Latin III students  
of Mrs. Bo Lawrence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Texas

The sun mocks me;  
The blue sky laughs at me.  
This pale grey marble slab marks your grave,  
And nature mocks my pain.  
My eyes see that you are gone,  
And I feel the blunt absence of your presence,  
But I shed no tears...  
Memories still burn in my mind,  
And the pain is so stark  
That I am numb to it.  
Life is cruel to go on while you can not experience it.  
Life is cruel to smile while you can not smile with it.  
How can life continue if the souls of wisdom,  
Sincerity, and love can not live on with it?  
Eternal peace...or eternal sorrow?  
Now I bid you farewell,  
And I leave you to rest at this grey marble slab  
For the rest of eternity.

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Technology in the Ancient World, #1796028 \$12.95  
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A special Conference on Democracy Ancient and Modern (partially funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities) is planned for April 16-18, 1993, in Washington D.C.

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Phone registration via charge card: (800) 672-KSU2

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Whatever your needs are for January *feriae*, you can find them here at the *Taberna Feriata*. We have *nummas bifrontes* for *Ianua*, we have garlic, poppy heads and honey cakes for *Compitalia*, and we even have a pen full of *sues gravidas* for *Paganalia*.

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A reading program called **Tutrix** is available for IBM and

a game called **Escape from Pompeii** uses Apple II.

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For more information write: Centaur Systems, Ltd., 407 N. Brearly St., Madison, Wisconsin 53703-1603.



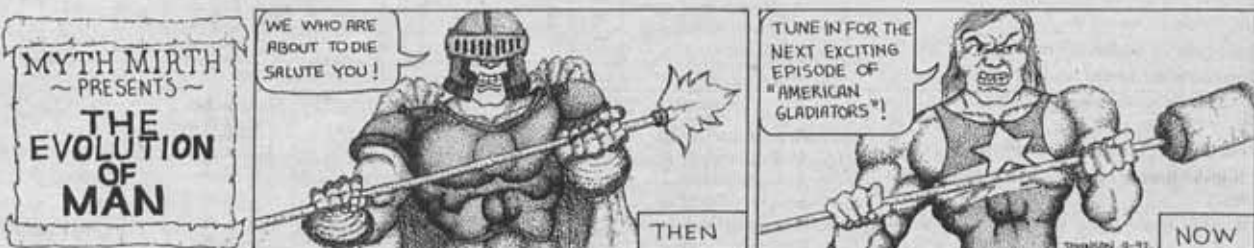
## ORIGEN AND HIS SPECIES



## Latin Learning



## Anachronisms



## MYTH CONCEPTIONS





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I.S.S. # 08925941

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Students submitting work should include the name of their Latin teacher and the name and address of the school they attend.

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2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
3. Latin reviews of Movies or Movie Stars, Musical, Sports, or Political Figures. (English translations required for proofing.)
4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date, and page numbers.
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(These solutions 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 students.)

58.

## CARMINA OPTIMA

1. I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, Whitney Houston
2. RHYTHM IS A DANCER, Snap
3. REAL LOVE, Mary J. Blige
4. WHAT ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS? T.L.C.
5. GOOD ENOUGH, Bobby Brown
6. LAYLA, Eric Clapton
7. IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, Boyz II Men
8. WALKING ON BROKEN GLASS, Annie Lennox
9. DO YOU BELIEVE IN US? Jon Secada
10. TO LOVE SOMEBODY, Michael Bolton

59.



60.



61.

## Translation Matchup

- |                                |                        |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| A Cognito ergo sum.            | M Ad hoc               |
| A In re                        | M Docendo discimus     |
| K Cedant arma togae.           | D De facio             |
| N Sine die                     | C Persona non grata    |
| J Ex libris                    | B Ad astra per asperum |
| U Damnum quod non intelligunt. |                        |
| P Carpe diem                   | V Ne plus ultra        |
| F In toto                      | X Dum spiro spero      |
| O Semper paratus               | Q Viva voce            |
| H Ab urbe condita.             | G In medias res        |
| I Caveat emptor.               | I Cum grano salis      |
| E Festina lente.               | T Ad nauseam           |
| R De gustibus non disputandum. |                        |

62.

## Twisted Meanings

Antonym	Adjective	Meaning
ANTIQUUS	novus	NEW
LATUS	angustus	NARROW
MAGNUS	parvus	SMALL
MULTA	pauca	FEW
LÆTUS	tristis	SAD
BONUS	malus	BAD
GRAVIS	levis	LIGHT
HUMILIS	superbus	PROUD
SIMILIS	dissimilis	UNLIKE
ARQVUS	iniquus	UNJUST

63.

## Libri Optimi

1. DOLORES CLAIBORNE, Stephen King
2. MIXED BLESSINGS, Daniella Steel
3. MEXICO, James A. Michener
4. THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER, Nelson DeMille
5. SEX, Madonna \*
6. MY LIFE, Earvin "Magic" Johnson with William Novak
7. HARVEY PENICK'S LITTLE RED BOOK, Harvey Penick with Bud Shrake
8. YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE, Joe Dominguez et Vicki Robin
9. THE MEASURE OF OUR SUCCESS, Marian Wright Edelman

64.

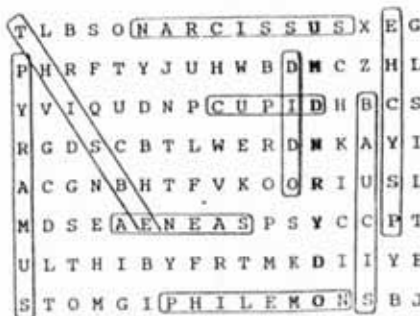
## Hercules

8. NEMEA
3. HYDRA OF LERNA
10. CYRENIAN HIND
5. ARCADIA
9. AUGEIAS
7. ATHENA
2. MINOTAUR
11. DIOMEDES
13. AMAZONS
6. CATTLE OF GERYON
12. HESPERIDES
4. CERBERUS
1. EURYSTHEUS

## Cupid's Arrow

1. Pyramus & Thisbe
2. Philemon & Baucis
3. Dido & Aeneas
4. Cupid & Psyche
5. Narcissus

65.



66.

## Mythology Matchup

- |   |                        |
|---|------------------------|
| E | Ruler of the gods      |
| M | God of sleep           |
| E | Lord of the sky        |
| G | Ruler of the sea       |
| J | Protector of marriage  |
| L | God of the underworld  |
| D | Goddess of wisdom      |
| H | God of light           |
| B | Goddess of the hunt    |
| K | Goddess of love/beauty |
| C | God of commerce        |
| I | God of war             |
| F | Goddess of the hearth  |
| C | Messenger for the gods |
| A | God of love            |
| J | Wife of Jupiter        |

67.

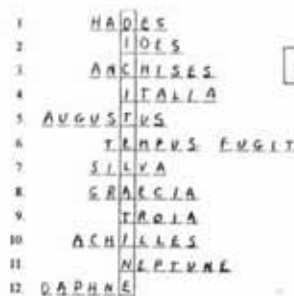
## Who? What? Where?

- |   |               |
|---|---------------|
| F | Indianapolis  |
| J | New York      |
| A | Miami         |
| P | Cincinnati    |
| N | Phoenix       |
| M | Cleveland     |
| B | New England   |
| L | Dallas        |
| Q | Philadelphia  |
| R | San Diego     |
| D | Washington    |
| E | Chicago       |
| S | Detroit       |
| T | Kansas City   |
| I | New Orleans   |
| G | Atlanta       |
| H | Seattle       |
| K | San Francisco |
| C | Los Angeles   |
| Q | Tampa Bay     |

## Picturae Moventes

1. Home Alone II
2. Aladdin
3. The Bodyguard
4. Bram Stoker's Dracula
5. Malcolm X
6. Passenger 57
7. Rampage
8. Distinguished Gentleman
9. A Few Good Men
10. Johnny Suede

68.



69.

70.

## How Well Did You Read?

1. Vespasian
2. Kansas City, Missouri
3. Jupiter
4. Meleager's
5. He wanted to become an officer in the army.
6. Hercules
7. Catullus
8. Apis Bombitans
9. Cicero

## Ferdinandus Taurus

Because of the popularity and general availability of the story of Ferdinand the Bull, the editors did not think it necessary to reproduce an English version on this answer sheet.