

POMPEIANA

NEWSLETTER

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## NOVUM SPECTACULUM

IN  
TE  
LE  
VI  
SI  
O  
NE

Quis est animal recentissimum in televisione quod omnes liberi amant? Barneus est!

Quis est Barneus? Huius carminis verba tibi dicent:

*"Barneus est dinosaur imaginarius*

*Et quando altus est, vocamus eum dinosaurum mirificum.*

*Barneus vivit cum Michael et cum Amata, tunc mea videbis Tinam parvam subsequentem cum maiore sorore Lucia.*

*Iason est Barnei socius et Adam habet tesseram, sed mater Barneum numquam vidit quia ea non scit arcana nostra.*

*Barneus venit ut ludeat nobiscum quandocumque eum requiramus.*

*Barneus socius tuus erit si eum imaginaberis."*

In hoc spectaculo in televisione, cui nomen est Barneus et Socii Qui Post Casam Colludunt, duo liberi laeti (Michael et Amata) habitant cum parentibus suis in casa laeta. Omnes semper laetissimi sunt.

Michael et Amata habent IV socios qui secum colludunt. Omnes hi liberi semper bene colludunt et numquam inter se pugnant. Simul consilia capiunt, simul saltant et praesertim simul cantant.

Barneus, autem, non semper est dinosaur altus. Re vera, est pupa parva. Sed quando omnes liberi, oculis clausis, eum imaginantur, subito Barneus est dinosaur altus qui potest loqui, cantare, saltare et liberis auxilium dare.

Quando Barneus est altus, ei placet cantare unum

carmen peculiare una cum liberis qui eum imaginantur. Modus vel melos huius carminis similis est illi carmini cui nomen est "Hic Se-nex."

Hic sunt Barnei carminis versus:

I

*"Te amo, me amas, sumus beatissimi,  
Cum complexu magno et osculo tibi,  
Nonne dices 'Amo te'?"*

II

*"Te amo, me amas, in familia laeta,  
Cum complexu magno et osculo tibi,  
Nonne dices 'Amo te'?"*

Cum Barneo hi socii qui post casam colludunt, simpliciter saltant – saltationes quas liberi parvi qui hoc spectaculum spectant in televisione saltare possunt – et cantant multa carmina simplicia – carmina quae spectatores parvi cantare possunt.

Pauca carmina quae Barneus et socii cantant sunt:

*"Heu, Heu, Socii Adsunt!"*

*"Resilire Sursum et Deorsum in Meo Parvo Carro Rubro"*

*"VI Anates Parvae"*

*"Apis Bombitans Infans"*

*"Hic Parvus Porcellus"*

*"Si Lactaris et te sentis"*

*"Salve, Salve, Salve"*

*"Laborabam in Via Ferrea"*

*"Parvus Cuniculus Fufous"*

*"Est Enim Lactus Socias Bonus"*

Si tibi placet Barneus, tibi socius erit. Una actio tibi facienda est: Claude oculos tuos et validissime opta!

## A Valentine's Day Special

## A Flaming Love Affair

By Craig Moore, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert,  
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Throughout history there are many references to starcrossed lovers who were bound to be separated by the fates, but known only by a few people is the myth of Dedalus (not to be confused with Daedalus, the father of Icarus) and Dorthia, two lovers who were thrust into each others arms by fate and separated by foolishness.

One day while walking through the square of Nicosia on Cyprus the then young Dedalus happened to gaze upon the beauty of the innocent Dorthia. Dedalus, who was on Cyprus for only a very short time to purchase wood from a forester, asked his friend Crassus if he knew who the young maiden was. Since Crassus, however, had only recently come to Nicosia himself, he said that he did not. The down-hearted Dedalus expressed great interest in making the acquaintance of the young Dorthia, but since he would be leaving in just a month for Athens, he figured it would be better not to get too involved.

That night while sleeping in the home of Crassus Dedalus dreamed about Dorthia. Little did Dedalus know, but the elf of love, Cupid himself, was watching over him. Cupid noted that Dedalus, being of similar background to Dorthia, would actually be a very compatible suitor. He devised a great plan in which they were to meet accidentally and instantly fall in love. For insurance he struck Dedalus with the arrow of scorn so it would be nearly impossible for him to fall in love with anyone but Dorthia and he struck Dorthia with the arrow of indecision about love; an arrow that would make it impossible for her to decide to marry anyone except for Dedalus.

The next morning Dedalus and Crassus arrived early in the town square as the lumber auctions were to start at sunrise. They were bidding for several hours and had gained nothing when all of a sudden a man dressed in brown came to them and offered them 500 acs of trees for a third of the price of the others. Over-joyed they accepted and gave him the money.

When Dedalus asked the fellow's name, the fellow answered that it was Samuel, and that in his family it was tradition that if you do business with someone you

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

Greek Miracle Scheduled  
for New York City

It is generally accepted in classical circles that no one can be a serious student of the Latin language and the culture of the Romans without also becoming a student of the Greek language and the culture of the Greeks.

It is also generally accepted in classical circles that while the modern Greeks are very proud of their ancient classical heritage, they are, at the same time, very protective of it. They care not only for its security and preservation, but they also carefully regulate who may say what about it – at least in their museums. Not even recognized scholars of classical Greek art and archaeology can openly comment on displays in Greek museums – only official guides, trained and licensed by the Greek government enjoy this privilege. As a result non-licensed professors who take their students to visit Greek museums are forced to lecture outside the museum, take their students inside to view the objects being discussed and then return outdoors to continue the discussion.

With as much control as is exercised over discussing Greek works of art in Greek museums, one can imagine the turmoil that would be raised if ever a suggestion was made that these works be handled or, worse yet, transported out of the country. Even archaeologists themselves and art historians object strenuously to moving the somewhat fragile marbles

(Continued in Pagina Tertia)

## For Lovers Only

By Latin III Students of David Fonatine,  
Waterloo Collegiate, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

Aphrodite,

Goddess of love and beauty,

Daughter of Zeus,

Born from the foam of the Sea.

Undying goddess,

Throned in glory,

Bore a young child for all to see.

This chubby little boy,

Brought a lot of joy,

As he was the God of Valentine's Day,

He took all the sadness away.

## The Latin Resurrection

By Eric Seibert, Latin I Student of Nancy Tigert,  
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Though Latin is considered by some to be a dead language, in my opinion it is still very much alive.

It was once said that the sun never set on Rome. This was because Rome had control of most of the world. As a result of Rome's influence over many areas, these areas retained the Latin language of the Romans even after they became independent nations.

Over the centuries each of these countries changed the language they had inherited from the Romans in different ways. That is why most of the modern languages used in Spain, Italy, France, Portugal, Switzerland and Romania seem different although they can all be traced back to their common roots in the Latin language.

The Spanish language, of course, was brought to the new world by explorers from Spain, and, as a result, varieties of it (all, of course, ultimately derived from Latin) can be found throughout Central and South America and on many of the Caribbean Islands, along with languages brought to the new world by French and Portuguese explorers.

Add to this the fact that many of the Germanic languages (especially Anglo-Saxon from which English is derived) also borrowed thousands of vocabulary items from the Latin language, and it is easy to see that Latin is still very much alive today and probably always will be.





# Flaming Love (Continued a Pagina Prima)

must introduce them to his family and throw a celebration in their honor.

That night Dedalus, dressed in his best garments, came to the door of Samuel's house and was waiting with Crassus when, to his amazement, Dorthia answered the door - Cupid had arranged that morning for Dorthia's father to do business with Dedalus.

Dorthia stammered over her words as she asked them in. They exchanged glances as the arrows slowly took effect. The celebration had gone on for several hours, of drinking and merriment, when Dedalus finally said his first words to Dorthia: "Will you marry me?"

Dorthia burst out with a "Yes!" that could be heard over the bustle of the crowd. Her father inquired as to what the shouts were over, and with very little hesitation the party in honor of their contract became an engagement celebration.

The next morning Dedalus and Dorthia sat down with her father and discussed the arrangements of the wedding. They talked for several hours and came to the decision that the wedding would be held at four o'clock on a Saturday in the main temple of Nicosia. Because, however, Cupid had made the dosage of the arrow of indecision too strong, it was impossible for Dorthia to set a specific date for the wedding. Dedalus was kept away from Athens for many months until the spell wore off. Only then was Dorthia able to commit to a date for their marriage in early October.

Dorthia worked busily to prepare the temple with wreaths and garlands of laurel.

The morning of the wedding they both prepared themselves early and awaited the ceremony. Finally the moment arrived, when they were to be wed, so they both moved carefully towards one another into the center of the temple. Everyone marveled at the decorations. The ceremonies began a short time afterwards. As the slow process of marriage was started, a strange feeling of impending doom came over the two lovers.

Suddenly a warning was shouted, "Look out!" A large pillar had broken free and was falling near the wedding party. The room was filled with marble dust and with smoke, for it seems that one of the sacrificial fires had gotten out of control.

Dorthia reached out for Dedalus, but she couldn't see him through the smoke. She tried to call for him but choked on the smoke. When she finally made her way out of the temple, she could find no one who had seen Dedalus. Flames prevented her from re-entering the temple so she cried out, "Dedalus" and listened carefully. Nothing.

She tried again and this time she heard a faint response: "Dorthia." Then there was nothing and the flaming temple collapsed inward onto itself.

With tears streaming down her face, Dorthia ran into the woods to mourn. She happened upon a field in which there was a gentle stream, and she sat beside a small tree. She had been crying for a solid hour when she heard a voice say that everything would be alright. She looked up and, to her amazement, she saw Cupid before her. She sobbed that it was all her fault because if she had been able to make up her mind sooner, the column wouldn't have fallen and the temple wouldn't have caught on fire.

Cupid, with head bowed, explained to her that it had really all been his mistake because he had made the arrow of indecision too strong.

She sobbed, complaining that it just wasn't fair.

Cupid rationalized with her that now that Dedalus was a part of the earth, he could unite them both in a memorial of utter sanctity.

Dorthia asked him what it meant.

Cupid said that he could transform her into a sacred plant that would live in the same earth that contained the remains of her beloved.

In desperation Dorthia agreed and looked on as her feet took root and her arms blossomed to a beautiful shade of maroon.

To this day the Summer Cypress, also known as the Burning Bush, commemorates a love that was lost due to hesitation.

Whoever sees the bush should be reminded not to put off 'til tomorrow what can be done today.

# Roga Me Aliquid



*Cara Matrona,*

I am writing at the request of my *mater*. The unspeakable has happened to our family, and we're not quite sure what to do or what to expect.

A couple of months ago, during *Saturnalia*, my *pater* caught a slave sliding down a rope into our *atrium* from the *compluvium*. Needless to say, the slave was less than cooperative and would not tell my *pater* his name or his master's name or what he was intending to steal when he entered our home. My *pater* became so irate that he ordered our household slaves to bind and torture the intruder until he decided to talk. The whole ordeal lasted several hours. None of us could get to sleep because of the sound of the whip, the screams and the incessant cursing, both by my *pater* and by the slave being tortured. Finally the slave broke down and admitted that he belonged to a rather influential patrician family. He said that he and a few of his friends had been celebrating and that he had entered our home on a dare to see what he could steal as a *Saturnalia* trophy. When my *pater* realized whose slave he had caught and tortured, he ordered him released and escorted back to his master's house.

Two days ago *vigiles* came to our house and arrested my *pater* on the charge that he had tortured another man's slave. We are trying to hire a lawyer to find out where they have taken my *pater*, but in the meanwhile we are just not sure what to expect. One of my friends told me that if they took my *pater* to the *Tullianum*, we would probably never see him again.

Can you tell us anything that will put our minds at ease?

*Accusati Fillus, Romae*

*Care Fill,*

Please express my sincerest condolences to your *mater*. This is indeed a tragic embarrassment for your family. Encourage your *mater* to speed up her hiring of a *iurisconsultus* or a *causidicus*. Tell her that money should be no object and that your *pater* will expect her to do this on his behalf. Time is of the essence. Not only is a detention center a very uncomfortable place to be, it is very dangerous also. The more time that passes, the more chance there is that your *pater* could become lost in the legal system only to become another innocent victim of a gross miscarriage of justice.

While the charge is serious, torturing another man's slave is usually only punishable with a fine, especially if the accused is a person of rank. I am assuming that your *pater* is a person of rank since he can afford a home with an *atrium* within the city of Rome.

If you wait too long, however, a lower magistrate might be bribed to rule that a punishment of Degradation from Rank should first be imposed on your *pater*. This could be very bad since the punishment for the same crime is much more severe for common or de-ranked people.

I doubt that your *pater* was taken to the *Tullianum*. He was probably taken to the *excubitorium* that serves your region of the city. In case you didn't know, the *Tullianum* is reserved specifically for those awaiting capital punishment. Unless your dad's accuser is very vindictive or has a very clever *iurisconsultus*, I don't think a death sentence will be levied for this crime.

I will, however, say it again. Tell your *mater* to double her efforts and hire the best *iurisconsultus* she can find as quickly as possible. If, for some strange reason, your *pater* should be subjected to a flogging, be assigned to a chain gang work crew or be sent into exile, he will, no doubt, divorce her as soon as he regains his freedom. Convince her that she is fighting for her own safety and security as well as for your father's.

# The First Snake

*By Cathy Morrison, Latin II Student of  
Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School,  
Tampa Florida*

Once upon a time there was a devastatingly handsome young man named Peter. Although he was just a peasant, Peter was followed by the most beautiful and richest women who came from far and wide to catch his eye. However, in spite of his father's pleas to marry a girl that could bring him wealth and bear him children, Peter refused the advances of all these women.

The reason was not that he didn't like women, as some said, but that the goddess Hera was keeping him company. At first Peter was very worried about his affair with Zeus's wife, but as time went on, he became very sure of himself and began to boast of his powerful lover. Soon everyone knew of Peter and Hera's actions, and, of course, someone told Zeus. Some say it was Peter's father who told Zeus for fear that, if he didn't, Zeus would punish him as well.

Zeus saw that he was angrier about this than he had ever been about Hera's other affairs. He could not believe that a mere mortal had taken his place with Hera.

Zeus knew that he had to get revenge, but he wanted it to be very sneaky.

One day when Hera thought Zeus was not watching, she slipped down to earth and met Peter in the usual spot. When Peter saw his beautiful lover, he leaned forward to kiss her, but just as their lips were about to touch, Zeus turned Peter into a snake. This new creature was the most hideous and slimy thing Hera had ever seen, and she immediately returned to Mt. Olympus knowing that only her husband could have done this to Peter.

When Zeus returned to his home, he was ready to punish Hera, but since she reminded him of all his affairs, he just scolded her. Peter, however, was not so lucky. Not only did Zeus make Peter so ugly that no woman would ever be attracted to him again, he also put a deadly poison in Peter's new mouth which would kill anything he kissed. Ever since then, the snake has served as a reminder of what can happen to you if you think you can deceive the gods.

# Deadly Acrostics

*By Michelle Dooley, Grade 8 Latin student of Denise  
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## I

Gladiators  
Lions  
Arena  
Death  
Ignavus  
Amphitheatre  
Thumbs  
On Hunts  
Retiarii  
Susprium Puellarum

## II

In the Arena  
the Retiarii  
Engage in combat with  
a gladiator Named  
Atticus

# Impossible You

*Martial XII. XLVI*

*Translated By Kaki Gordon, Latin III Student of  
Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio*

*Difficilis, facilis, iucundus, acerbus es idem:  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

You are intolerable, yet tolerable, and also pleasant and nasty.

However, it is you whom I cannot live with or without happily.

## Greek Miracle (Continued a Pagina Prima)

and bronzes or to exposing them to the pollution of non-controlled environments.

It is, therefore, a bit of a "miracle" in itself that the Greek government has agreed to loan twenty-two works of art to be a part of a thirty-four piece travelling exhibit called the Greek Miracle which is currently (through Feb. 7, 1993) at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

The same exhibit is scheduled to be displayed at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City from March 11 to May 23, 1993.

The twenty-two examples of marble and bronze were chosen to celebrate the birth of democracy, and the burst of the creative spirit (generally referred to as "The Greek Miracle"—the claims of Martin Bernal in *Black Athena* notwithstanding) that accompanied it 2,500 years ago in Athens.



The Kritios Boy, Acropolis Museum, Athens

The art treasures that the Greek government has deigned to part with include the 34" high marble statue of *The Kritios Boy* (also referred to as "The Standing Youth"), ca. 480 B.C., and the 42" high marble relief carving of *Nike Unbinding Her Sandal*, ca. 410 B.C.



Nike, Acropolis Museum, Athens

The 12 additional marbles and bronzes which fill out the exhibit are on loan from the Louvre and other European museums, with a few pieces having been provided by the Metropolitan Museum of Art itself.

If any American classicists have never had an opportunity to view the great marbles and bronzes of classical Greece, this exhibit does provide an economical alternative to a "muzzled" tour of Greek museums.

## Thirteenth Labor of Hercules

By Amy Addams, Latin Student of Donna Gerard, Dallas, Texas

With the twelve labors behind him  
And still not content,  
Hercules returned to the Oracle  
To try and repent.

He discovered that the labors he'd completed  
Were still not enough.  
Another task must be accomplished,  
This one twice as tough.

To a city of the future,  
Dallas was its name.  
Hercules must abolish  
The problems with gangs.

Through the years he traveled,  
To the city he finally arrived.  
He saw the filthy streets of  
A neighborhood that barely survived.

He heard the shots from the guns  
Ring out in the night,  
He saw the people's faces  
Turn white with fright.

The red bandanas on their heads  
Were the first things he saw,  
A whole group of tragic heroes  
Each with a fatal flaw.

As for a solution to the problem,  
He had but one:  
To get everyone together  
For an evening of fun.

To his dismay,  
No strength could he use,  
He had to rely on mental power  
The people to amuse.

So an assembly he arranged  
And the people he invited;  
The guests that he paged  
Were less than excited.

Their problem, they believed  
Was way beyond repair.  
Hercules understood  
And shared their despair.

When the day finally came  
He received a great surprise.  
For there before him were the neighbors  
Assembled before his eyes.

His speeches they heard  
And then they in turn spoke.  
They said they'd try to change  
To help this mighty bloke.

Hercules remained in Dallas  
For a few more days,  
To see if they would do what they said—  
And they did in many ways.

When it was finally time for Hercules  
To return to his ancient home,  
His departure was met  
With a very loud groan.

His thirteenth labor completed  
With the utmost success,  
Even Juno was impressed  
With his effective process.

Hercules soon realized  
Why this task he had to complete.  
All of the others tested physical strength.  
Not one a mental feat.

The last labor had been required  
As a chance to prove the ideal,  
That when power is needed to make things right,  
The mind has a force that is real!

## The Reflection of Beauty

By Dan Shore, Grade 7 student of Gayle Hightower, Mansfield Middle School, Storrs, Conn.

Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, was watching a small town on the island of Sicily. The people of this town were good-hearted and they worshipped the gods and goddesses well. They did, however, have one problem—they were all very plain and ugly. They were so ugly, in fact, that a beautiful woman in a nearby town, a woman called *Pulchra* laughingly referred to them as "slugs."

Aphrodite felt very sorry for these people and decided to give them a gift to help them. She went to the top of Mt. Aetna. There she looked around for some clay which she shaped into a beautiful *terra sigillata* bowl. She then placed the bowl into the mouth of Mt. Aetna and waited until the heat of the volcano had baked it solid.

Aphrodite now examined the fired bowl closely. It was brown and hard and still warm. It was not a highly decorated bowl like one might find in the houses of the rich or noble, but it was a handsome bowl that would be appreciated by working people.

Aphrodite then left the bowl near the town where someone would be sure to find it.

Aquafer, the town water boy, walked slowly along the path toward the well to get water for his friends. As the town water boy, his job was very important. Today, however, Aquafer was worried. In his hurry to get to the well, he had stumbled and broken the bowl that he used to scoop water from the well. His family was poor, and it had been the only bowl it owned. He wasn't sure how he would get the water he needed for his friends.

As Aquafer approached the well, he noticed something unusual lying on the ground nearby. Could it be? Yes, it was a beautiful *terra sigillata* bowl that someone had forgotten. He would use the bowl and then attempt to return it to its owner. There would surely be a reward.

When Aquafer had filled the new bowl with water from the well, he glanced into it before emptying it into his *amphora*. He was amazed at the image he saw reflected from the bowl. Aquafer, the ugly water boy, was no longer ugly. He was beautiful. He quickly filled the

*amphora* and hurried home to tell his father, a good and wise man, what had happened.

When his father poured some water into the new bowl and looked at his own reflection in it, he too saw a beautiful image looking back at himself. His father said that the bowl was too wonderful to belong to any mortal being. It must surely be a gift from the gods and that it was, no doubt, meant for everyone in town to share.

One by one, the town's people each took turns looking at their beautiful reflections in the *terra sigillata* bowl. When all had had their turn to see themselves as beautiful people, they erected a temple to the goddess of beauty, Aphrodite. They then deposited the bowl inside the temple. Aphrodite was happy.

Soon, however, the very vain inhabitant of a nearby town, the woman called *Pulchra*, heard of the magical bowl of beauty and decided that she had to have it for herself. She decided to go the temple at night and steal the bowl.

(Continued in Pagina Quarta)



## Reflection (Continued a Pagina Tertia)

As *Pulchra* entered the temple, however, Aphrodite was watching. Aphrodite put a curse on the water in the bowl, and when *Pulchra* picked up the bowl to look at her image, the water spilled over her entire body. *Pulchra* screamed. She could feel herself shrinking where she stood. She was becoming smaller and smaller. The water had formed a slime over her skin. Soon she just lay in a glob on the floor. She found herself transformed.

The people of the town had heard *Pulchra's* cries from the temple and had rushed from their homes to see what was the matter. When they entered the temple, they saw the broken bowl lying on the floor next to a very slimy creature. The statue of Aphrodite spoke to them:

"As this woman was greedy and would have taken what was not hers to have, she has been transformed into a lowly, ugly creature. She and her descendants will forever be slugs. Behind them they will leave silvery trails of the water from my bowl to remind them of what this woman has done!"

"You, however, being unselfish and faithful worshippers of the gods, shall retain the beauty you saw reflected in the bowl and shall pass it on to your descendants for generations to come."



## Love's Unanswered Questions

By Robin Ruby, Latin III Student of  
Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Prep School,  
Tampa Florida

While waiting for Cupid  
To fall into deep sleep,  
Psyche forms a plan:  
Her promise not to keep.

Her sisters had warned her:  
"A monster" they lied;  
She'd kill it tonight  
And watch as it died.

She picked up a lamp  
As she slipped out of the bed  
Armed with a knife  
It soon would be dead.

But the nearer she got  
And the lamp cast its light,  
She looked down on Cupid  
And trembled with fright.

Stunned by his grace  
She let drop the knife  
To gaze at his beauty  
To whom she was wife.

Seeing his weapons,  
The quiver and bow  
She picks up an arrow  
And drops her hand low.

The point pricks her thumb  
And her love goes to him  
She drowns him with kisses,  
She loves every limb.

But then from her lamp  
Falls a hot drop of oil  
The god then jumps up  
His mind in turmoil.

Seeing that trust  
Meant nothing to her  
The god flew away  
Lest this should recur.

He rose in the air  
Leaving her on the ground  
If she had but trusted  
She would wear a crown.

He flew to a cypress,  
His mood as dark as ever  
He scolded her soundly  
And said he must leave her.

Aware of her error  
She burst into tears  
Would he ever come back?  
Would she wait there for years?

## Try It, You'll Like It



I recently went shopping at a grocery store and was pleasantly surprised to see that the meat market section had flooded one of its display cases to serve as a giant aquarium, so to speak. Swimming around, quite alive and healthy, was a wide selection of fish including some handsome trout.

"How Roman," I thought. "The store managers have created modern day *piscinae* such as can be seen in the House of Marcus Loricatus Tiburtinus in Pompeii."

The Romans, of course, were very fond of fish of all sorts. Fish were as much a staple of the Roman diet as were lamb, pork, fowl and vegetables.

If you are one of those young people who think that, somehow, fish come from the water pre-breaded and de-boned, hopefully this month's recipe will get you back a little closer to the natural world.

## Pisces Cum Rapis

(Fish with turnips)

Before you go shopping, be sure you have some black pepper, cumin, flour, honey, olive oil, white wine vinegar, and (get your folks' permission first) white wine. If you don't have any of these items, you'll need to get them.

Then buy 6 medium-sized turnips, some laurel berries (if you can find them) and some saffron (be forewarned: It's very expensive!). You also need to buy 2 lbs. of fish fillets, the unthreaded, raw variety. In fact, to help you fully appreciate the original state of fish, I would encourage you to find one of those stores that features the live-fish-in-a-tank section mentioned above. Pick out a live one that catches your eye, take it home and (yes, I know it'll be gross) clean it. This means you cut off its head, open up its ventral side and clean out the innards. If the fish has coarse scales, hold it by the tail and run a knife along the outside of the skin (you'll be going against the grain of the scales).

## Rhetorical Figures of Speech

Frowned on in Speech Class,  
Effective on the Campaign Trail

For years I have plagued my Third and Fourth Year Latin students with such terms as *Anaphora*, *Hyperbole*, *Metonymy*, *Litotes*, *Synecdoche*, *Tmesis* and *Zeugma*. "The effective use of these figures of speech," I have told them with confidence, "made the orators of old great."

I was much chagrined, therefore, when a few of my students, whom I had converted to the use of figures of speech in their own language, reported that they had received poor grades in speech class because they had stooped to use such verbal chicanery.

Of course, I began seriously to re-evaluate my purpose in life and the value of the classical ideals to which I had dedicated myself so long ago.

Then, just when Early Retirement was beginning to sound like a rational alternative, another student came to my rescue with an analysis of a "good speech" — not one that was awarded an "A" in speech class, but one which helped Bill Clinton become the next president of the United States of America. This was Clinton's Acceptance Speech delivered in July, 1992.

According to Robert Jeffries, University of Texas, Austin, (as reported by William H. Honan in the July 18, 1992, *New York Times*) Clinton would have made Aristotle, Cicero and Quintilian proud!

Finally, *Anaphora* in action: "That's why I'll fight," "That's why I'm so committed," and "That's what the New Covenant is all about" — repeated six times!

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

The scales should just pop right off into the sink. Try not to make too much of a mess or your Mom might make you drop Latin. When the fish is clean, cut off its tail and wash the fish carefully under the faucet. Now, take a knife and carefully split the fish into two halves. Then separate the meaty part of each half from the rib cage or bones of the fish. Be sure to get all the bones out without destroying the shape of the fish fillets you are creating.

Peel the turnips, wash them off and boil them until they are soft.

While they are boiling, crush together 1/4 tsp. black pepper, 1/2 tsp. cumin, and a few laurel berries. To these add 1/4 cup white wine, 1 tsp. honey, 3/4 cup of water and 1 tbs. olive oil. Bring this mixture to a boil and let it simmer for 25 minutes. Then add 1 tbs. of flour and stir it in well to thicken this sauce. Add a little saffron to give it some color.

Poach the fish fillets over a low heat in water to which a little olive oil has been added. Be careful that the fillets maintain their shape and don't break up in the water.

When the turnips are soft, mash them like you would mash potatoes (If no one in your house knows how to mash potatoes because all you ever make is instant potatoes using pre-dried flakes, call your grandmother and ask her how she used to do it. She'll be glad to tell you.)

Carefully remove the fish from the water in which you poached them and lay them on a bed of mashed turnips. Pour the sauce you made with the white wine and honey over the top of the fish fillets and the turnips. Just before you serve the dish, sprinkle a little white wine vinegar over the top of everything.

As I said initially, fish were a very basic part of the Roman diet. I hope your dish turns out great!

## Gladiator In the Arena

By Anthea Hetherington, Grade 8 Latin student of  
Denise Reading, Ravenswood School for Girls,  
Gordon, Australia

Grand and strong

Looking with

Anxiety stands the

Dominating gladiator.

In come the wild beasts

All fretting and rampaging

Through the arena

One, however, the

Roaring lion

Is knowing, skilled and in

Need of meat.

The fight begins and the gladiator

Hears a huge uproar of the crowd

Endlessly cheering, but this will be a short fight

As the warrior makes quick moves, never

Retreating, or allowing himself to be attacked by  
the ferocious

Enemy, who then falls helplessly to the ground,  
now knowing he shall

Never receive the flesh and bones he longed for as  
the gladiator

Anchors his sword straight into the lion's heart.



## The People's Emperor

By Frank J. Korn

He was, perhaps, the exception that proved the rule of Lord Acton: "Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely." For the awesome authority that came with the imperial throne spoiled him not one whit. Rather, it further humbled and ennobled this man of exceptional virtue. This exceptional man was Antoninus Pius, emperor of the far-flung Roman world from A.D. 138 to A.D. 161.

Born on September 19 in the year 86 to a family of bankers who two generations earlier had emigrated from Gaul to Rome, Antoninus had the finest education that *pecunia* could buy. The privileged but well-mannered lad grew into a tall, thin, handsome, soft-spoken, serious-minded young gentleman. His lofty intelligence and scholarly ways earned for him the admiration of all who knew him. His dignity and warmth gained their affection.

From boyhood, Antoninus was fervent in his practice of the Roman pagan religion, and he may have been one of the last of the educated Romans to believe sincerely in the existence of the gods. Ascetic and disciplined in his life-style, Antoninus had the emaciated face and frame of a Christian saint. This we learn from coins minted during his principate and from a marble effigy of him in the Vatican Museum.

By his mid-twenties, Antoninus had established himself as a first class legal mind. In his mid-forties he decided that the bachelor's life was no longer for him, and he married the beautiful, vivacious Annia Galeria Faustina, nineteen years his junior.

Early in the year 138, the gravely ill emperor Hadrian adopted Antoninus as his son and heir-apparent. Before the year was out, Hadrian had been laid to rest in his vast tomb on the left bank of the Tiber, and Antoninus had ascended to the throne of Rome. He wasted no time in demonstrating that he would be a populist ruler.

His first act as emperor was to donate his immense private fortune to the state coffers. Antoninus immediately built a good rapport with the Senate by treating its members with respect, and by giving them a genuine role in imperial decision-making. He sought a consensus among them for all his programs. For every major expenditure of public monies, he asked the Senate's authorization. All this was a distinct departure from the practice of his predecessor.

Indeed, he was different also in temperament and taste from Hadrian, that restless, inquiring intellectual with a passion for travel and Greek culture. The serene Antoninus never left Italy and lived unostentatiously at Rome. He quickly did away with much of the pomp of the Imperial Court. He and his wife Faustina surrounded themselves with a small household staff and exemplified honest family virtues and the old values of early Rome. Unlike Hadrian who enjoyed extended vacations, Antoninus preferred an occasional two-day hiatus, fishing or hunting with a few close friends.

Devoted to the tasks of governing the empire and improving the quality of life for all his subjects,

Antoninus lowered taxes throughout Italy and ordered his provincial procurators to do likewise. He was willing to hear and to act on people's grievances against corrupt public officials. Toward this end, he often walked the streets among the jostling crowds, offering friendly greetings to even the humblest citizen among them. Antoninus put an end to government interference in the affairs of the city's Jewish and Christian communities. So benevolent was he that the people called him a "Second Numa." So virtuous was he that the Senate bestowed on him the honorary title of *Pius*.



Temple of Antoninus and Faustina  
with the church of San Lorenzo in  
Miranda built into its remains

Antoninus Pius, though instinctively softhearted, could be firm when the situation called for it. He was universally applauded for his *gravitas et aequanimitas*—seriousness and impartiality—qualities traditionally associated with enlightened leadership. The historian Julius Capitolinus wrote: "He looked after all things and all men as if they were his own." The Greek writer Pausanias suggested that Antoninus Pius should be called the "Father of Mankind." Another historian, Appianus, tells us that envoys of foreign states journeyed to Rome, begging in vain to have their governments placed under the control of Antoninus Pius. It is said that never had humankind been so happy as it was in the reign of Antoninus Pius.

## Figures of Speech (a Pagina Quarta)

Clinton proved he was not above using *Archaisms* when he quoted such famous old lines as "It's time for a change" (Dewey, 1944), and "We can do better" (Robt. Kennedy, 1968).

Just as Vergil and Homer Echoed various lines to hold their audience's attention, Clinton also Echoed President Kennedy with the line "based not simply on what each of us can take, but what all of us must give to our nation."

Clinton scored points by contrasting ideas (*Antithesis*): "We need a new approach to government...that offers more empowerment and less entitlement...a government that is leaner, not meaner, that expands opportunity, not bureaucracy..."

To bring his audience to its feet, Clinton highlighted his peroration with a combination of *Anaphora* and *Anadiplosis* while calling for "a country that's coming together and moving ahead, a country of boundless hopes and endless dreams, a country that once again lifts up its people and inspires the world."

So, to my loyal students of Third and Fourth Year Latin I offer this final *Chiasmus* of advice concerning Rhetorical Figures of Speech: Use them in the political arena, in speech class, don't use them!

In the third year of his rule, the beautiful empress Faustina passed away. The grieving emperor told friends, "I would rather live in the desert with her, than in the most luxurious palace without her."

A few months later, the Senate authorized the dedication of Faustina and raised a magnificent temple to her in the Forum Romanum. Much of the edifice stands still intact today, owing to the fact that, in the Middle Ages, a Christian church—San Lorenzo in Miranda—was incorporated into what was then left of the original structure.

Early in the year 161, Antoninus fell seriously ill. On the Nones of March he summoned Marcus Aurelius to the palace. Despite his pain, Antoninus insisted on getting out of bed to utter these solemn words to his successor: "Now, Son, it is your turn." He then returned to bed, and with the same serenity that had marked his entire life, this truly great man fell asleep for all time.

At his impressive state funeral, the Senate declared Antoninus Pius a god and reconsecrated the temple in the Forum Romanum to both the empress and the emperor. The dedicational inscriptions on the entablature are still legible:

DIVAE FAUSTINAE ET DIVO ANTONINO.

## The Last Sight

By Anthea Hetherington, Grade 8 Latin student of  
Denise Reading, Ravenswood School for Girls,  
Gordon, Australia

The fight to the death begins.

The Samnite dodges with all his might.

The *retarius*, however, swings his net, and is very clever.

Minutes pass with not one attack,  
Until suddenly the Samnite falls back  
Becoming a fish in a net.

The crowd gives the sign then hears the Samnite  
Whine, as he shall soon be killed.

The Samnite looks up through the net, and  
The three sharp points of the trident are his  
Last and final sight.

## Cicero the Spectator

By Paul Erickson, Latin III Student of  
Rowena Fenstermacher, Hackley School,  
Tarrytown, New York

Cicero gives his friend Marius greetings.

From the stones of the street,  
To the walls of the arena:

No one leaves here unchanged.

From the consuls to the commoners, all are moved  
As they watch the death inside.

Animals from Africa and gladiators from Gaul  
Kill each other in this space.

The trampled dust specked with blood  
Is the only sign they leave

And morbid smiles on the faces of the crowd.

Marius, you would find no pleasure here;  
The play isn't worth the price.

## The Flavian Boys

By Nadia Kashaujee, Latin III Student of  
David Fontaine, Waterloo Collegiate,  
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

As many a day  
I can recall,  
The Emperor Titus,  
Was the most famous of all.  
He battled and conquered,  
Won many wars,  
And on hunting trips  
He killed many hordes,  
But his reign was short,  
His years few,  
Because of his brother  
Who wanted kingship too.  
So Domitian built an arch  
To honor his brother,  
He wanted the citizens  
To love him and no other,  
So all is fair  
In love and war  
And in another moment  
We close the door.





## VI. SINE SPIRITU, Kennethalas G.

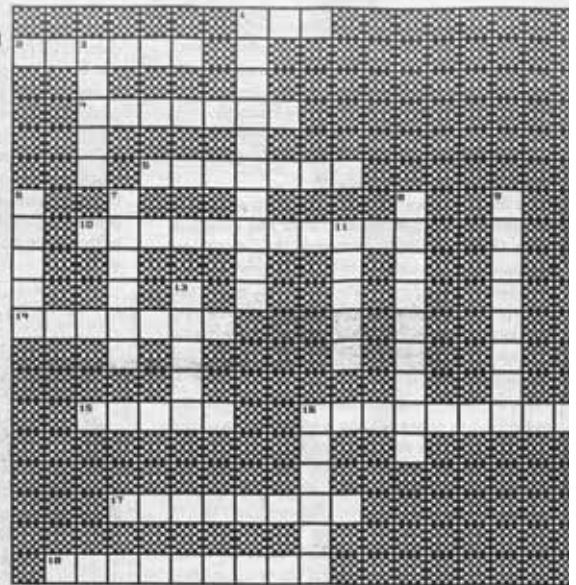
___ 1. Eboracum	a. Naples
	b. Milan
___ 2. Londinium	c. York
	d. Bath
___ 3. Lutetia	e. Toledo
	f. Paris
___ 4. Massilia	g. Marscilles
	h. Cologne
___ 5. Neapolis	i. Carthegena
	j. Istanbul
___ 6. Genua	k. London
	l. Genoa
___ 7. Byzantium	m. Jerusalem
	n. Trieste
___ 8. Hierosolyma	
___ 9. Carthago Nova	
___ 10. Toletum	___ 12. Colonia Agrippina
___ 11. Tergeste	___ 13. Aquae Solis

1. This Etruscan's wife was Tanaquil. \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_
2. This peaceful king often consulted the nymph Egeria. \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_
3. He was a twin whose surrogate mother was a wolf. \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_
4. This king added three of the seven hills of Rome. \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_
5. This king built the Curia (Senate House). \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_
6. This king built the Tullianum (prison). \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_
7. This king was exiled from Rome because of his son's crime against Lucretia. \_\_\_\_\_ # \_\_\_\_\_

## 74.

## DOWN

1. Decurians
3. An embankment of dirt
6. A ditch or defense trench
7. The 3rd watch: \_\_\_\_\_ *vigilia*
8. Prefects
9. The night was divided into \_\_\_\_\_ *quatuor* \_\_\_\_\_
11. Largest unit; about 3,600 men
12. Staff officers
13. A javelin
16. A tenth of a legion; about 360 men



## 75.

_____ 1. wrinkled	a. bonus
_____ 2. fat	b. novus
_____ 3. young	c. malus
_____ 4. late	d. brevis
_____ 5. short	e. pinguis
_____ 6. empty	f. difficilis
_____ 7. filthy	g. facilis
_____ 8. bad	h. hilaris
_____ 9. cold	i. procerus
_____ 10. sad	j. macer
_____ 11. new	k. tristis
_____ 12. old	l. foedus
_____ 13. good	m. tardus
	n. rugosus
	o. frigidus
	p. senex
	q. calidus
	r. pulcher
	s. mundus
	t. velox
	u. piger
	v. plenus
	w. iuvenis
	x. vacuus

1. speculum	10. amphora	a. elbow cushi
2. pupa	11. malleus	b. ladder
3. scala	12. sporta	c. chair
4. horologium	13. lectus	d. carpet
5. tapeta	14. lucerna	e. hand mirro
6. flabellum	15. mappa	f. doll
7. vestibulum	16. sella	g. clock
8. pecten	17. cubital	h. comb
9. mensa		i. two-handle
		j. lantern
		k. basket
		l. bed
		m. fan
		n. table napki
		o. hammer
		p. entry way
		q. table



## 76

1. shield           □

2. helmet          — □

3. weapon (off.) — □

4. soldier         — □

5. sword          — □

6. army           — □

7. breastplate   — □

8. war           — □

9. arrow         — □

10. armory       — □

11. navy, fleet   — □

12. knife         — □

13. bow           — □

14. battering ram — □

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## 78

## 10. HOVARADI TERMINUS



### 79. Latin Opposites

By Kelvin Link and Kaki Gordon, Latin III students of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

- |            |                 |
|------------|-----------------|
| 1. puella  | a. aqua         |
| 2. terra   | b. transalpinus |
| 3. mors    | c. frater       |
| 4. nox     | d. caelum       |
| 5. cania   | e. stultus      |
| 6. ignis   | f. plebs        |
| 7. magnus  | g. pater        |
| 8. totus   | h. puer         |
| 9. nobilis | i. dies         |
|            | j. parvus       |
|            | k. vita         |
|            | l. servus       |
|            | m. felix        |
|            | n. laetus       |
|            | o. dea          |
|            | p. pars         |
- 
- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| 10. cisalpinus |              |
| 11. mater      | 14. dominus  |
| 12. soror      | 15. callidus |
| 13. deus       | 16. miser    |

### 80. Help the Gods

By Jeff Holstege, Latin II student of Mr. Hulstien, Covenant Christian H.S., Grandville, Michigan

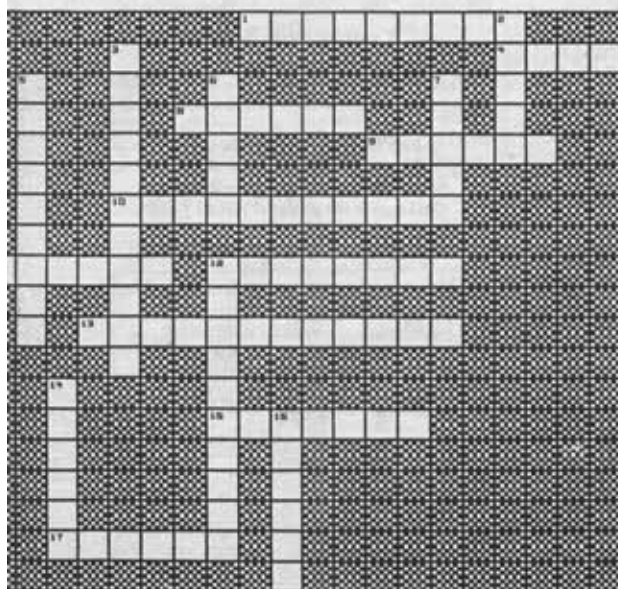
Unscramble the names and then match their qualities.

- |     | Name    | Letter |
|-----|---------|--------|
| 1.  | RETPUJI |        |
| 2.  | RMEYRUC |        |
| 3.  | APLOLO  |        |
| 4.  | TSARNU  |        |
| 5.  | TULPO   |        |
| 6.  | NTUENPE |        |
| 7.  | NSUEV   |        |
| 8.  | SNUMSO  |        |
| 9.  | UJON    |        |
| 10. | SATEV   |        |

- |                                |    |                       |
|--------------------------------|----|-----------------------|
| God of light, medicine, poetry | f. | Queen of the gods     |
| God of sleep                   | g. | Messenger of the gods |
| Goddess of love                | h. | God of the Underworld |
| God of agriculture             | i. | Goddess of the hearth |
| God of sea                     | j. | Ruler of the gods     |

### Vestes Villaeque

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



#### ACROSS

- A "Party Toga"
- Formal garment of a Roman citizen
- The kitchen
- Country homes
- Worn by a Roman seeking office
- A broach
- An office or study in a Roman home
- Underwear
- Apartment houses
- Main central room in a Roman house

#### DOWN

- Main garment worn by Roman matrons
- Formal garden in a Roman house
- Pool under the *comphuvium*
- A locket worn by under-age Roman children
- A shawl-like wrap worn over the *stola*
- The dining room
- Usual garment worn by all Romans
- Sandals

### 82. Livy's History Quiz

By Brent Reeb and James Balmert, Students of Denise Davis, Bishop Watterson H.S., Columbus, Ohio

Fill in the spaces to each question and then enter the numbered letters on the lines at the end of the puzzle to find out what group of people embarrassed Rome at the Caudine Forks by sending them under the yoke.

- I am one of the first two consuls of Rome and I am husband of Lucretia. *Quis sum?*  
(4) (1)
- I am the leader of the Etruscans who helped Tarquinius wage war against the Romans. *Quis sum?*  
(5)
- I put my right hand over a flame. I also tried to kill a king, but I killed his scribe instead (oops!). *Quis sum?*  
(12)
- I am a farmer who was called to be a dictator 52 years after the expulsion of the last king of Rome. *Quis sum?*  
(8)
- The ten of us wrote the laws for Rome but began to abuse our power after a short time. *Qui sumus?*  
(11) (9)
- I am one of the first two consuls and I am not the husband of Lucretia. *Quis sum?*  
(2)
- I was killed by my father because of a matter with Appius Claudius. *Quis sum?*  
(6)
- I killed the answer to #7. *Quis sum?*  
(3)
- I captured the town of Veii, and I am called the second founder of Rome. *Quis sum?*  
(7)
- My father is Herennius. I regretfully did not follow his advice on how to show mercy to a vanquished foe. *Quis sum?*  
(10)

**PUZZLE ANSWER:** This group of people defeated the Romans at the Caudine Forks and send them under the yoke. *Qui sunt?*

(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12)



- COMITATUS MADISONENSIS  
PONTES, Robertus Iacobus Munitor
- VERUSVIR, Davidus McCulloughensis
- ME ILLUD DIXISSE NON CREDERE  
POSSUM, Catharina Lea Giffordensis cum Iacobo Hieronymo
- SENTENTIAE IMPARES: CAUSAE DE ILLA QUAE IN HORTIS IN MEDIA URBE CURREBAT, Timotheus Sullivanensis
- MEA PACTIO DIFFICILIS, Waltharius Kimensis
- MUHAMMADI ALIENSIS  
MEMORIAE, Neilus Lelifer
- HEROES ET ANTIHEROES, Magnum, Constitutum
- EXPOSITIO, Collectanea Extrinseca
- NGORONGORUS, Ricardus Kunkelensis
- EA ME REQUISIVIT, Waltharius Kimensis

### 84. Synonymous Search

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

Find the English meanings of these Latin synonyms.

- |                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| timeo, vercor     | cum, ubi         |
| patior, permitto  | igitur, itaque   |
| appello, voco     | aut, vel         |
| ago, pello        | enim, nam        |
| litus, ripa       | aequus, par      |
| ludus, schola     | omnis, totus     |
| impedio, prohibeo | infelix, miser   |
| do, dono          | homo, vir        |
| cupio, volo       | collis, mons     |
| modo, solum       | arma, tela       |
| iterea, interim   | novus, recens    |
| ante, pro         | cura, diligentia |
| apud, inter       |                  |

ORWOPREVENTSYSB  
EAKOZFIGHTHOLWE  
TLRWHEHOWUESNAL  
SLOQUAKATBRIOP  
MANHLRAMSEEDSRH  
NCQRWHNOULFFLOW  
SGLOWESNEWOMOEN  
BILFCUHGKARNWRA  
WLOLZAONITEWPUE  
AIVIPXRGHVTEICM  
NGEPOLEEPEEARAD  
THYRTMSQWILPARR  
ATNIATNUOMOOTDI  
KBONAFIAYOPNESV  
LOOHCSCLOWESSIE



## How the Pelican Got His Bill

By Helix Kirk, Grade 7 student of Gayle Hightower, Mansfield Middle School, Storrs, Conn.

Once upon a time the pelican was the most beautiful, smartest, and most praised of all the birds that lived on earth. He was, however, very arrogant.

One day Vulcan decided to take a walk on earth. He walked for a while and then stopped to rest, for he was somewhat lame. While he was resting, the pelican came to him, landing on a nearby tree branch.

"Who are you, my good fellow?" said the pelican. "I don't remember seeing you in this part of the woods before."

"I am the mighty Vulcan," the god bellowed, quite taken back by the bird's arrogance.

"But, alas, I would have thought you too ugly to be a god," laughed the pelican.

Vulcan was enraged at the pelican and considered killing it on the spot; but, as most gods do, he thought it would be much better to punish the pelican in such a way that he would suffer eternally. He considered what the bird might prize most highly.

"I've heard much about you, great pelican; but tell me, what do you think it is that makes you so great?"

"My beauty," the pelican answered without hesitation.

"And what do you consider to be the greatest aspect of your beauty?"

"Why, it's obvious to anyone with eyes. My bill. Everyone just loves my short, thin, handsome bill. It is the crowning point of my beauty."

With his reply the pelican brought his own misery on himself as do most who make fun of the gods.

Vulcan left the pelican without saying another word and made his way back to his workshop where he crafted a small, fish-like object made of solid iron. He then went to Minerva and asked her to decorate it so that it would look like a real fish. When this was completed, he returned to earth to find the pelican.

When Vulcan once again caught sight of the pelican, he called for him to join him at the water's edge. He then quickly tossed his creation into the sea.

"What have you called me for? I have places to go and people who are anxious to admire my beauty," cried the pelican.

"I have come to test your skills and to teach you a very important lesson. Do you see that fish down there, the glittering one?" asked Vulcan.

"Yes, I do," said the pelican.

"To prove your skill and learn a very important lesson," said Vulcan, "you must dive down and get it and bring it back to me."

The pelican, in all of its arrogance, dived down and picked up the fish in his slender bill. The iron fish, however, was so heavy that the pelican's bill began to stretch. Too arrogant to admit defeat in this simple task, the pelican persisted in attempting to bring the iron fish to the surface. The more he tugged, the longer and saggier his bill became. By the time he had succeeded in bringing the fish to the surface, he had stretched out his bill so far that it almost equalled the length of his body.

The pelican looked so ridiculous that Vulcan broke out laughing, as did all the other creatures who had been watching the pelican's struggle.

"Through your own arrogance," Vulcan proclaimed, "you have brought this punishment on yourself. This was the lesson you needed to learn. Instead of living on arrogance, you will now live on fish, which, as you can see, you are now very ably equipped to catch."

Vulcan continued to laugh at the ridiculous pelican as he slowly retraced his steps to his workshop below the earth.

Hercules was late. He had fallen asleep on the sofa watching reruns of the Three Stooges, and had missed his bus. He was supposed to meet with Eurystheus at 9:30 on the 15th floor of the City Hall for an important message.

Instead of waiting for the next bus, Hercules decided to run. It was only 20 miles, and he had a lot of energy

Created by Latin I students of Jane M. Smith, KET, The Kentucky Network, Franklin County H.S., Meadville, Miss.

## Canisius Horribilis



Description: Part bull, part dog, part man.

Symbols: Football helmet and football

The *Canisius* is a monster of incredible strength and ferocity. He demands the weekly sacrifice of eleven young men on a game field. He has a cult following who, through wild revelry, work themselves into a frenzy of blood lust. The games, held in his honor, are played with equal fervor. One way or the other *Canisius* always exacts his tribute.

## Matrum Consilium

By Jennifer Weaver, Latin III student of Dorothy Canter, Conestoga Valley H.S., Lancaster, Penn.

"Amor omnia vincit,"

Mater mea mihi dixit;

"Si vere amas virum,

Clama ei affectus tuos amoris."

"Tempus fugit," "Carpe diem,"

Mater mea mihi dixit;

"Age vitam cum cura;

Est brevior impeditu."

"Nosce te ipsam," filia mea,"

Mater mea mihi dixit;

"Noli facere eadem quae aliae faciunt,"

"Pro te res statue."

"Tene memoria," "Facta, non verba,"

Mater mea mihi dixit.

"Facta, non verba facilia,

faciunt hominem nobilem."

Nunc magni sunt anni mei,

Et filia mea, me spectans, rogat:

"Habeasne mihi consilium?"

Haec ei dico:

"Amor omnia vincit,"

"Tempus fugit," "Carpe diem,"

"Nosce te ipsam," et

"Facta, non verba," filia mea."

## Modern Mythology

## The Goddess Megaphonia Pomponia



Description: Has the appearance of a seemingly beautiful and harmless maiden; able to incite frenzy in young girls.

Symbols: Pompon and Megaphone

Although Pomponia is a female goddess, the unusual circumstances of her origin enable her to be very athletic and have the strength of two young men. On the day that Pomponia came into existence, two young players were running sprints and practicing tackles on a football field. It was a bright, sunny day. Suddenly, there was a cracking sound as the two players collided with a bone-crunching impact. When the dust cleared, there stood Pomponia, a fully grown, very athletic young lady, complete with pompon and megaphone. Her appearance so inspired the team and some young girls watching the game that the team won and the girls vowed to begin a secret society of priestesses who would work themselves into a frenzy at all athletic events and inspire team members to victory.

Her work on earth done, Pomponia did a quick handspring and, with a flick of her pompon, she was off to Olympus. Today stadium-temples are still built in her honor, and her priestesses can still be seen working themselves into a frenzy to inspire their teams to victory.

## Courting the Sickly

Martial I. X

Translated By Kaki Gordon, Latin III Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Petit Gemellus nuptias Maronillae  
et cupit et instat et precatur et donat.  
Adeone pulchra est? Immo foedius nil est.  
Quid ergo in illa petitur et placet? Tussit.

Gemellus is courting an ugly and old, but rich woman. Why? Greedy Gemellus seeks Maronilla to be his bride; And to her, he gives gifts and has never lied. However, this maiden, is she pretty? Oh no, she's actually old and gritty. Why then does he pursue this lady? Because soon, he believes, she'll be found dead in Hades.

## An Easy Task for Hercules

By Kathy Spaulding, Latin III Student of Margaret Curran, Orchard Park High School, Orchard Park, New York

since it had been a few months since he had completed the cleaning of the Augean Stables, his 5th labor. Besides, he wanted to try out his new running shoes. After a light snack of Spaghetti O's (one of the few things that he could make), he turned off the T.V., patted his dog, Paul (named after his hero, Paul Bunyan), and was off faster than lint in a tornado.

It was a Wednesday, so traffic was light, and Hercules was able to take some of the main roads, cutting down on the travel time. When traffic was busier, he generally had to take the less travelled routes, as commuters had a tendency to shout or honk their horns at him—amazed at his quick pace. Also, a  
(Continued in Pagina Nona)

## Studyin' the "OI' Dead Language" Ain't What She Used To Be

If there was a Golden Age of the Study of Latin during this century, it probably lasted for one or two decades during the 50's and 60's.

That's when "typical Latin classrooms" flourished in high schools offering college preparatory curricula across the nation.

Those were the days when most colleges required, yes, required, high school Latin, as part of their standard admissions package. Latin was, thus, very important — especially if a young man was hoping to use college attendance to apply for a draft deferment in order to avoid the uncertainties of the Korean Police Action.

During this century's Golden Age of the Study of Latin, NJCL and state JCL's flourished. Membership categories were neat and clean cut. All students were either in Latin I, II, III or IV. Each class, which met daily as part of the standard school schedule, had its own teacher.

Texts were generally limited to sets published by Allyn and Bacon (the legendary Jenny texts), Macmillan (Latin for Americans), or Scott, Foresman and Company (Using Latin).

That was then, however, and this is now.

When college enrollments began to fall sometime during the late 60's and early 70's, one of the first requirements for admission that was dropped was high school Latin. To stay financially solvent, colleges and universities decided to throw their doors open to those students who wouldn't have had a chance of surviving a high school Latin class. Sure these would be the weaker students, but the colleges and universities calculated that with the additional tuition income they could afford to pay graduate students to teach whatever remedial courses might be needed to bring weak freshmen up to the level of competence required to take and pass the more standard college- and university-level courses.

Suddenly, Latin in the secondary schools was either dropped from the curriculum or made an elective — that meant that Latin teachers destined to hold on to their enrollments, and their jobs, had to entice and keep students that not too long ago were begging for permission to take this *sine qua non* college preparatory class. This phenomenon led to the production of whole bookstores full of new Latin texts which claimed to present the "Mother Tongue" via new, natural, linguistically sound, painless, and, yes, even fun approaches.

We in the 90's, of course, are standing on the threshold of totally computerized Latin instruction — leading to the antiquation of the standard Latin classroom and of the role of the typical Latin teacher.

Even in these early stages of our decade, however, it's hard to find two different Latin classes that are using the same set of Latin texts or even the same approach. It is, in fact, becoming more difficult to identify or define a "typical Latin classroom."

Some schools, of course, have managed to continue such traditional offerings as Latin I and II in standard classroom settings with innovative and aggressively appealing Latin teachers. A few *Aves Rari* even offer Latin III, IV and V.

A growing number of students in the U.S.A., however,

do not study their Latin in such typical classroom settings.

First of all, thousands upon thousands of students studying Latin aren't even in high school — they're in elementary school FLES programs. This realm of Latin instruction has grown so rapidly over the past few years that the American Classical League now publishes *Prima*, a Journal of the Elementary Teachers of Classics. The market is so vast that the journal can afford to concentrate on issues and materials of special interest to teachers of elementary school Latin.

Thousands more study Latin in exploratory courses offered at the junior high school or middle school level. As with many of the thousands who study Latin at the elementary school level, such courses may prove to be the only exposure these students will have to the "Mother Tongue."

Hundreds more Latin students do not attend formal school at all. There is a growing army of young people whose parents allow them to take advantage of an alternative to this country's mandatory school attendance laws and to participate in a program called *Home Schooling*.

If parents feel that they are qualified to plan and oversee the studies of their children at home, using their own approaches, texts, and curricula (or approaches, texts and curricula that have been recognized and adopted by public and private schools), they may oversee the education of their own children at home.

According to Russell Pulliam, an Indianapolis parent who, together with his wife, is currently *Home Schooling* his own children, this "tutorial" educational setting is proving very successful, and *Home School* students generally perform very well on standardized tests, have little trouble gaining college and university admission, and share a genuine interest in the entire educational process with their parents — who, in turn, enjoy the perfect setting for continuing their own adult education by sharing the excitement of sincere study and learning with their own children. Pulliam, by the way, did study Latin in a typical Latin classroom during the Sixties.

Many *Home School* students are using the *Artes Latinae* texts that were developed for the independent study of Latin by the late Waldo Sweet at the University of Michigan. These materials are currently made available through Bolchazy-Carducci Publishers in Illinois.

An even more exciting alternative to the typical Latin classroom is one that has arisen in response to the demand for Latin by students who are in schools that can't afford, or find, their own Latin teachers. The solution to this problem has been the introduction of electronic classrooms.

Each day during the regular school year hundreds of Latin I and Latin II students convene in small groups in schools located across the nation to "tune in" to their Latin teacher, Cindy Pope, who teaches class from a Ti-In Network Educational Television studio in San Antonio, Texas. Class lasts for 50 minutes, and the students have the ability to maintain simultaneous phone contact with their *Magistra* or respond *en masse* to questions via electronic "pads" which are coded to record both daily attendance and simple responses to questions — responses which can be graphed and shown on the TV screen as they are being reported.

There are also Educational Television Latin classes being generated on Kentucky Educational Television (Jane M. Smith, teacher) and on an educational network based in Virginia. All these electronic classrooms tend to share a similar *Modus operandi*.

A school that wishes to subscribe to an electronic class needs to provide a space in which the students can meet. It must then hire a lay facilitator to supervise the viewing routine and to administer tests which are mailed out occasionally by the master teacher from the television studio. Schools are required to purchase or lease a hardware package which includes a television receiver and VCR, a phone line with a speaker phone, and a number of individual student response "pads"

which can be used by several different electronic classes by simply substituting different cardboard templates over the tops of the pads.

These are the new tools of electronic education.

The San Antonio Ti-In Network provides live, interactive programming to school districts, educational agencies and homeviewers across the nation. Programs are broadcast via satellite (Ku-or C-band) and through Mind Extension University (ME/U) — an educational cable channel based in Denver, Colorado. Ti-In Network Latin students can "call-in" to interact with their *Magistra*, Cindy Pope, on a one-to-one basis. Up to four different sites may be on-line at one time. In this way, participants may interact with *Magistra* Pope and fellow Latin students regardless of the state in which they may be located.

It is interesting that Ti-In Network Latin teacher Cindy Pope has elected to use the legendary, albeit recently revised, Jenny Latin text as the basis of her Latin instruction (*Nil novi sub sole!*).

The study of Latin is definitely proving its adaptability to the needs of the Nineties.

What will have to change, however, is our definition of what constitutes "a typical Latin classroom."

## Hercules (continued a Pagina Octava)

couple of times people had actually called the police, assuming that he was being chased by a robber or something.

When he arrived at City Hall, he decided to take the elevator and catch his breath, as Eurystheus had a pet peeve against people panting in his office. Soon his floor arrived, and Hercules stepped off. Immediately he was pelted by a voice from down the hall.

"Hercules, you're late!"

He glanced at his watch. It was 9:32.

"Great," he muttered under his breath. He contemplated giving an excuse, but before he could, Eurystheus started talking.

"Hercules you have a big day ahead of you."

"I hope it's nothing that involves tonight," said Hercules. "Tyson's been released from prison and I have tickets for his 9 p.m. fight with Hulk Hogan at the Arena. I've been looking forward to this fight for months."

"You piece of hair from the nostril of the Nemean lion!" boomed Eurystheus (he was good at classical put-downs). "By the will of the gods on Mt. Olympus, sometimes you are unbelievable. I don't care whether you have an appointment with Zeus, this task comes first."

"What is it?" he said rather resentfully.

"Haven't you watched the news at all? What — do you live in a closet? Fires have started again in Northern California, and this time no one has been able to stop them. They're out of control. You, Hercules, are our only chance! You must catch the next plane to San Francisco and stop the fires before they spread any

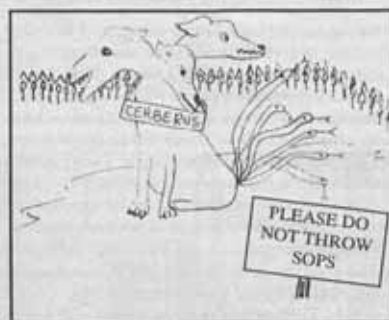
(Continued in Pagina Decima)

## The Arena

By Anthea Hetherington, Grade 8 Latin student of  
Denise Reading, Ravenswood School for Girls,  
Gordon, Australia

The arena, placed centre of the  
Huge Colosseum, contains many  
Enemies fighting bravely.

After the spectacle the floor  
Remains blood stained. At the conclusion of  
Each fight the signs of death are  
Neatly covered over by sand, whilst the  
Arena waits to be filled with gladiators and beasts  
again.



Contributed by Denise Seiler, student of  
Barbara Buehner, Divine Savior Holy Angels  
School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



## Hercules (Continued a Pagina Nonna)

more." (There was a short silence.) "Do you understand?"

"I guess so," mumbled Hercules, still a bit miffed.

"Well, good luck then. I hope to hear from you soon. Now, GET GOING!"

Hercules made his way to the airport, after, of course, calling his neighbor, Serena, to ask her to feed Paul if he was away for more than a day.

Luckily, planes were still moving on time into San Francisco International Airport, unaffected as of yet by the great inferno burning a few miles to the northeast. Hercules enjoyed the plane ride immensely, mostly because the movie they showed, *The Terminator*, was one of his favorites and also because of the extra friendly attendant who reminded him of his first wife, Megara.

After the plane had landed, and Hercules had taken his lion cloak from the overhead compartment, he chanced to glance out the window. He had never seen so much smoke. The landscape was totally covered. It

was at this time that Hercules began to devise a plan that would save the state from further fire damage.

He stopped at a cluster of pay phones next to the gift shop and dialed a number he knew well—Neptune's. A few years ago this wouldn't have been possible, but after AT&T's new "Reach Out" program, they had been able to install a phone in Neptune's lair.

The phone rang twice, then a small voice answered the line on the other end.

"Hello, Neptune's answering service," squeaked the voice.

"Hi, this is Hercules. I need to get a hold of Neptune right away. This is an emergency."

"O.K. I'll try to get him, but it might take a while. You see, he's on the other line with Flipper."

"Please hurry! You know how I get when I'm angry. Remember my music teacher?" threatened Hercules.

"Oh, yes sir, just a minute, sir" she replied rather shakily.

Neptune was on the phone quicker than the sacred stag of Artemis.

"Hello?"

"Yes, Neptune, this is Hercules. I was wondering whether there was any way that you could stir up a large enough tidal wave to put out a giant fire."

"Well, I suppose I could. Where do you want this giant wave to hit?"

"Northern California—the San Francisco, Berkeley area."

"Are you crazy!" yelled Neptune, "There are way too many people in that area. You'd end up drowning more people than you'd save."

## Apollo

By Lisa Gibson, Latin I student of Grace de Majewski, North Cobb H.S., Kennesaw, Georgia

Apollo was the god of song and sun  
To Zeus he was a rebellious one  
He was very protective of his twin  
In his eyes she could never win

He fell in love with a huntress named Cyrene  
And in her own country he made her the queen  
He then chased a girl who had to be free  
Who to escape him turned into a tree

Apollo killed a giant to save a friend  
And made his sister's boyfriend's life end  
Apollo was sometimes very nice  
But just as often was cold as ice

"Don't you worry about that. I have a plan. Have the wave hit at 5:30 western standard time."

Hercules hung up the phone, and then grabbed a phone book. He began to page through it furiously, looking for the names and telephone numbers of all the television and radio stations in the area.

"This is Hercules. Please, make this announcement on the air. Everyone must evacuate their homes immediately, go to the San Francisco Bay and wait for a ferry to take them to the Island of Alcatraz."

Although Hercules wasn't very bright, he had recently seen a T.V. special on how the Island of Alcatraz was not a jail anymore, but was now a museum. He figured that the island would be a perfect spot for the people of the area to stay until the tidal wave had hit and extinguished the fire. Soon the highways were clogged with people going to ride the ferry to Alcatraz.

After he made sure that no one was left in the vicinity where the tidal wave would hit, Hercules decided that he had better join the others on the island. Although he was strong, he knew that the tidal wave would probably hit him with the same intensity as a bug being blasted by a pressurized garden hose.

To his dismay, when he got to the shoreline, he found out that the man working the ferry had quit making runs, and had sought the safety of the island himself. Hercules had no other option but to windsurf across. Yes, windsurf, for although Hercules was strong, he wasn't crazy. He knew that the waters surrounding Alcatraz were infested with sharks and were also quite turbulent. Besides, he wasn't that great of a swimmer. Luckily, he had packed his poison-tipped arrows, and could use them against any shark that dared to attack.

When Hercules arrived at the island he noticed many people standing on the edge, looking nervously toward the direction of their homes, hoping that they would be saved before the fire consumed them. Then, as if from out of the blue, a giant wave started to rise out of the ocean. People watched in awe as it approached the coast and began to splash against the angry flames which had begun to devour the city. The flames were quickly extinguished. Only a cloud of steam remained. Hercules had saved the people. He was a hero again.

As Hercules flagged down a taxi to take him to the airport, he glanced at his watch. It was 6:00 p.m.

"Eugepae," he gulped. "If the winds are with us, I might still be able to make the fight at the Arena."

As soon as they were in the air, Hercules grabbed the phone mounted on the seat in front of him. "Hello, Aeolus?"

## 85. How Well Did You Read?

1. What were members of a Roman family supposed to do on the feast of *Caristia*?
2. How tall is *The Kritios Boy*?
3. Which god turned Dorthia into a Summer Cypress or Burning Bush?
4. According to Hylis Kirk, which god gave the pelican its over-sized bill?
5. To what tune is the Barney theme song, *Te amo, me amas, sumus beatissimi*, sung?
6. List the three parts of *Canisius Horribilis*.
7. How old was the emperor Antoninus Pius when he married Faustina?
8. What sort of people could be found in an *excubitorium* in Rome?
9. Which politician relied heavily on the use of rhetorical figures of speech in a speech delivered in July, 1992?
10. What is the English name of the vegetable used in the recipe, *Pisces cum Rapis*?

## CAVEANT

## EMPTOR

## VENDORQUE

Tibi Pecuniam Dabunt ut Studeas  
Plutarcho et Athenis

The National Endowment for the Humanities will pay \$3,200 each to K-12 teachers willing to spend June 28-August 6, 1993, attending a seminar on Plutarch and Athens to be held next summer at the University of Kentucky, Lexington.

All readings will be in English.

Applications must be received by March 1, 1993.

Request forms from:

Hubert M. Martin, Jr. Dept. of Classical Languages  
1015 Patterson Office Tower  
University of Kentucky  
Lexington, KY 40506-0027

(606) 257-3387

(606) 257-3386

## Surrogati Pro Lupercalibus

By special arrangement with the *Flamen Dialis*, it is now possible for ladies of discretion to receive the same protection against barrenness through a surrogate that they would receive if they held out their own hands to be struck by the *februa* of the *Luperci*.

Fees must be paid either at the offices of the *Luperci Fabiani* or the *Luperci Quintiliani* prior to the Nones to have your surrogate in place on the Ides.

Why subject yourself to the pushing crowds, the vulgar comments and the embarrassment of *Luperci* clad only in their leather aprons? If you are still of child-bearing age, but want to preserve your *dignitas*, a surrogate will provide a humane alternative.

## Vestes Romanae Certissimae

The Pompeian clothier, Diana Paulina, is now making classical costumes to order. Prices quoted below are for costumes in cotton. Other materials are available on request. When ordering, it is advisable to plan on normal material shrinkage and personal body growth over the years you will own and use the costume, i.e. order something a little larger than needed.

## Tunics

(off-white; one size fits all, but X's and XL's available)

Men's (short), undecorated \$10.00

decorated \$15.00

Women's (long) undecorated \$15.00

decorated \$20.00

## Women's Stolas

(Choice of colors, styles, lengths, decorations)

Undecorated, w/o buttons or pins \$20.00

Decorated, with buttons or pins \$25.00-\$50.00

## Men's Togas

[Measure the distance from top of left shoulder diagonally down across back to right waistline and diagonally up across chest to same point on left shoulder. Then add twice the distance from shoulder to mid-calf.]

It is usual for a toga to measure 15'-17" long and 7'-9" wide. Usual fabrics run \$7.00-\$10.00/sq. yd.

Also Available: Belts & Wreaths

(Prices determined by material, size and style)

Prices do not include shipping fees.

Diane P. Werblo, 1200 Timberlake Circle,  
Edmond, OK, 73034 (405) 341-2935

## Placator Sollers

*Caristia* is coming, and you know you are bound by custom to end all family quarrels and resolve all misunderstandings. But you remember last year, and you are determined not to spend the day feeling awkward only to have everyone in tears before *cena* can be enjoyed.

Let me help. I am a trained and experienced *Placator*. I can help everyone resolve all their disagreements in a sane and satisfying manner—before *hora sexta*. Price negotiable. Ask for *Pomptina* on the *Clivus Orbilius*.

## Magnum Malum Te Digito Innuat

Once again, the Latin/Greek Institute of the City University of New York will offer basic programs in Latin and Greek June 7th-August 17th. These courses are intended for people with no (or very little) knowledge of the language. Two and a half to three years of college Latin or Greek will be taught in ten weeks of intensive, concentrated study. Twelve undergraduate credits will be awarded through Brooklyn College. Programs team-taught by six experienced faculty members who remain on 24 hour call. Students are trained in morphology and syntax and read representative ancient texts (through the Renaissance in Latin; Attic, Ionic and Koine texts in Greek).

For Application forms contact:

Latin/Greek Institute, Box AK

City University Graduate School North

25 West 43rd St., Suite 300, New York, N. Y. 10036

(212) 642-2912 10:00 a.m. - 5 p.m. weekdays



## ORIGEN AND HIS SPECIES



## ANACRONISMS



## Latin Learning Be Get



## Joe Vadis



## Dan Ferrulli

OH YEAH, IT'S 1993.



## TYMTH CONCEPTIONS





## Pompeiiiana, Inc.

Pompeiiiana was incorporated under the laws of the State of Indiana in June 1974 as a National 501-(c)(3) not-for-profit Center for the Promotion of Classical Studies at the Secondary School Level.

Pompeiiiana, 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.

## The Pompeiiiana Newsletter

I.S.S. # 08925941

The Pompeiiiana Newsletter is the only international newsletter devoted exclusively to the promotion of the study of Latin at the secondary school level which is published monthly during the school year.

Each month, September through May, 15,000 copies of the Pompeiiiana Newsletter are printed and mailed to members and Latin classes throughout the U.S.A. and Canada, and to schools in Australia, Europe, and Africa.

The Pompeiiiana Newsletter is a membership benefit for Adult and Contributing Members. Teachers who are members of Pompeiiiana may purchase classroom orders of the newsletter for their students.

### Membership Enrollment Form, 1992-1993

The cost of memberships varies because of the expense involved in mailing the Pompeiiiana Newsletter as a monthly membership benefit. All Prices are in U.S. dollars. Memberships run for one year, July 1 thru June 30.

U.S.A. — \$15

Australia — \$35; Canada — \$17;

England & Europe — \$26; South Africa — \$35.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

School: \_\_\_\_\_

Country: \_\_\_\_\_

### Classroom Subscription Order Form 1992-1993

All classroom orders must be sent c/o of a current teacher-member of Pompeiiiana, Inc. at a school address. A minimum classroom order of 6 copies is required.

Per student rates in U.S. Dollars:

U.S.A.: 1—50 = @ \$3.75; 51 or more = @ \$3.50

Australia: Air = @ \$23, Surface = @ \$10; Canada: @ \$5;

England/Europe: Air = @ \$6.50, Surface = @ \$5;

South Africa: Air = @ \$23, Surface = @ \$10.

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ copies @ \$ \_\_\_\_\_ c/o the teacher member listed on the enrollment form above.

Pompeiiiana, Inc.  
6026 Indianola Ave.  
Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014

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Items submitted for publication in the Pompeiiiana Newsletter should be typed or computer set and sent to:

*The Editor*

*Pompeiiiana Newsletter*

*6026 Indianola Ave.*

*Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014*

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

### What may be submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or Latin (+ Eng. trans.)
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.
5. Learning games and puzzles, complete with solutions.
6. 300—400 word, cleverly written essays about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies.

*Pompeiiiana attempts to publish as much submitted work as possible. It does not pay spontaneous contributors.*

Latin . . . Your Best Educational Investment

## AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

(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.)

## 71. Carmina Optima

## Singles

- I. SAVING FOREVER FOR YOU, Shanice
- II. GANGSTA, Bell Biv DeVoe
- III. LITTLE MISS CAN'T BE WRONG, Spin Doctors
- IV. WHOLE NEW WORLD, Bryson/Belle

## Albums

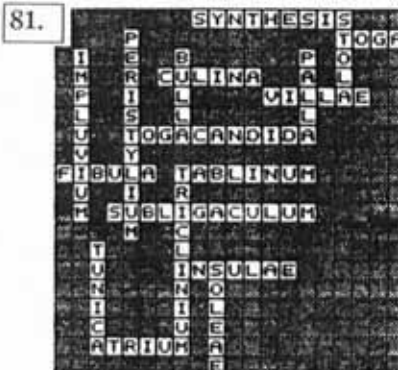
- I. THE BODYGUARD, Soundtrack
- II. UNPLUGGED, Eric Clapton
- III. THE CHASE, Garth Brooks
- IV. TIMELESS, Michael Bolton
- V. SOME GAVE ALL, Billy Ray Cyrus
- VI. BREATHLESS, Kenny G.

77. Things Found  
in a Roman House

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

## 78. Picturae Moventes

1. THE CRYING GAME
2. FOREVER YOUNG
3. LEAP OF FAITH
4. THE MUPPET CHRISTMAS CAROL
5. TRESPASS
6. SCENT OF A WOMAN
7. TOYS
8. HAPPY NEW YEAR
9. HOFFA
10. HOWARD'S END



## 83. Libri Optimi

1. THE BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY, Robert James Waller
2. TRUMAN, David McCullough
3. I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAID THAT, Kathie Lee Gifford with Jim Jerome
4. UNEQUAL VERDICTS: THE CENTRAL PARK JOGGER TRIALS, Timothy Sullivan
5. MY HARD BARGAIN, Walter Kim
6. MUHAMMAD ALI MEMORIES, Neil Leifer
7. HEROES AND ANTI-HEROES, Magnum, Inc.
8. EXPOSURE, Outside Magazine
9. NGORONGORO, Richard Kunkel
10. SHE NEEDED ME, Walter Kim

## 72. Urbes

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

## 73. Name That King

1. TARQUINIUS PRISCUS, #5
2. NUMA, #2
3. ROMULUS, #1
4. SERVIUS TULLIUS, #6
5. TULLUS HOSTILIUS, #3
6. ANCUS MARCIUS, #4
7. TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS, #7



## 79. Latin Opposites

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

## 85. How Well Did You Read?

1. Resolve all family quarrels and misunderstandings
2. 34 inches
3. Cupid
4. Vulcan
5. To the tune of "This Old Man."
6. part bull, part dog, part man
7. He was in his mid-forties
8. People being detained because they had been charged with some crime.
9. Bill Clinton
10. Turnips

## 82. Livy's History Quiz

1. COLLATINUS
2. PORSENA
3. SCAEVOLA
4. CINCINNATUS
5. DECEMVIRI
6. BRUTUS
7. VERGINIA
8. VERGINIUS
9. CAMILLUS
10. PONTIUS

PUZZLE ANSWER: SUNT SAMNITES



together with the children who imagine him. The tune or melody of this song is the same as the song called "This Old Man."

Here are the verses of Barney's song:

I.  
I love you, you love me, we're as happy as can be,  
With a great big hug and a kiss from me to you,  
Won't you say you love me too?

II.  
I love you, you love me, we're a happy family,  
With a great big hug and a kiss from me to you,  
Won't you say you love me too?

The backyard gang dances simple dances with Barney--dances that the little children who watch the show on television can do--and it sings a lot of simple songs that little viewers can sing.

A few of the songs which Barney and the gang sing are:

- "Hey, Hey, the Gang's All Here"
- "Bumpin' Up and Down in My Little Red Wagon"
- "Six Little Ducks"
- "Baby Bumble Bee"
- "This Little Piggy"
- "If You're Happy and You Know It"
- "Hello, Hello, Hello"
- "I've Been Working on the Railroad"
- "Little Bunny Foo Foo"
- "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"

If you like Barney, he will be your playmate. All you have to do is close your eyes and wish real hard!

## 75. Basic Latin Adjectives

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

## 80. Help the Gods

1. Jupiter J.
2. Mercury G.
3. Apollo A.
4. Saturn D.
5. Pluto H.
6. Neptune E.
7. Venus C.
8. Somnus B.
9. Juno F.
10. Vesta I.

## 76. Princeps

1. shield S E U T V H
2. helmet G A L E A
3. weapon (off.) T E L U M
4. soldier M I L I T A
5. sword G L A D I U S
6. army E X E R C I T U S
7. breastplate C O R A M
8. war G R A D I U M
9. arrow S A C C U T A
10. annony A F F A M E N T A R I U M
11. navy, fleet C L A S S I S
12. knife C U T F E R
13. bow A R C U S
14. battering ram A R I E S

A F F A M E N T A R I U M C U T F E R A R C U S A R I E S

Who is the latest animal on television that all children love? It's Barney!

Who's Barney? The words of this song will tell you:

"Barney is a dinosaur from our imagination  
And when he's tall, he's what we call a dinosaur  
sensation.  
Barney lives with Michael and with Amy, then you'll  
soon see little Tina tags along with her big sister Luci.  
Jason is in Barney's club and Adam has a ticket, but  
Mom has never seen him 'cuz she doesn't know our  
secret.

Barney comes to play with us whenever we may need  
him.

Barney can be your friend too if you just make believe  
him."

On this television show, called Barney and the Backyard Gang, two happy children (Michael and Amy) live with their parents in a happy house. Everyone is always happy.

Michael and Amy have four playmates who play with them. All these children always play nicely together, and they never fight with each other. They make plans together, they dance together and, most especially, they sing together.

Barney, however, is not always a tall dinosaur. In reality he's a small stuffed toy. But when all the children close their eyes and imagine him, Barney suddenly becomes a tall dinosaur who can talk, sing, dance and help the children.

When Barney is tall, he likes to sing one special song