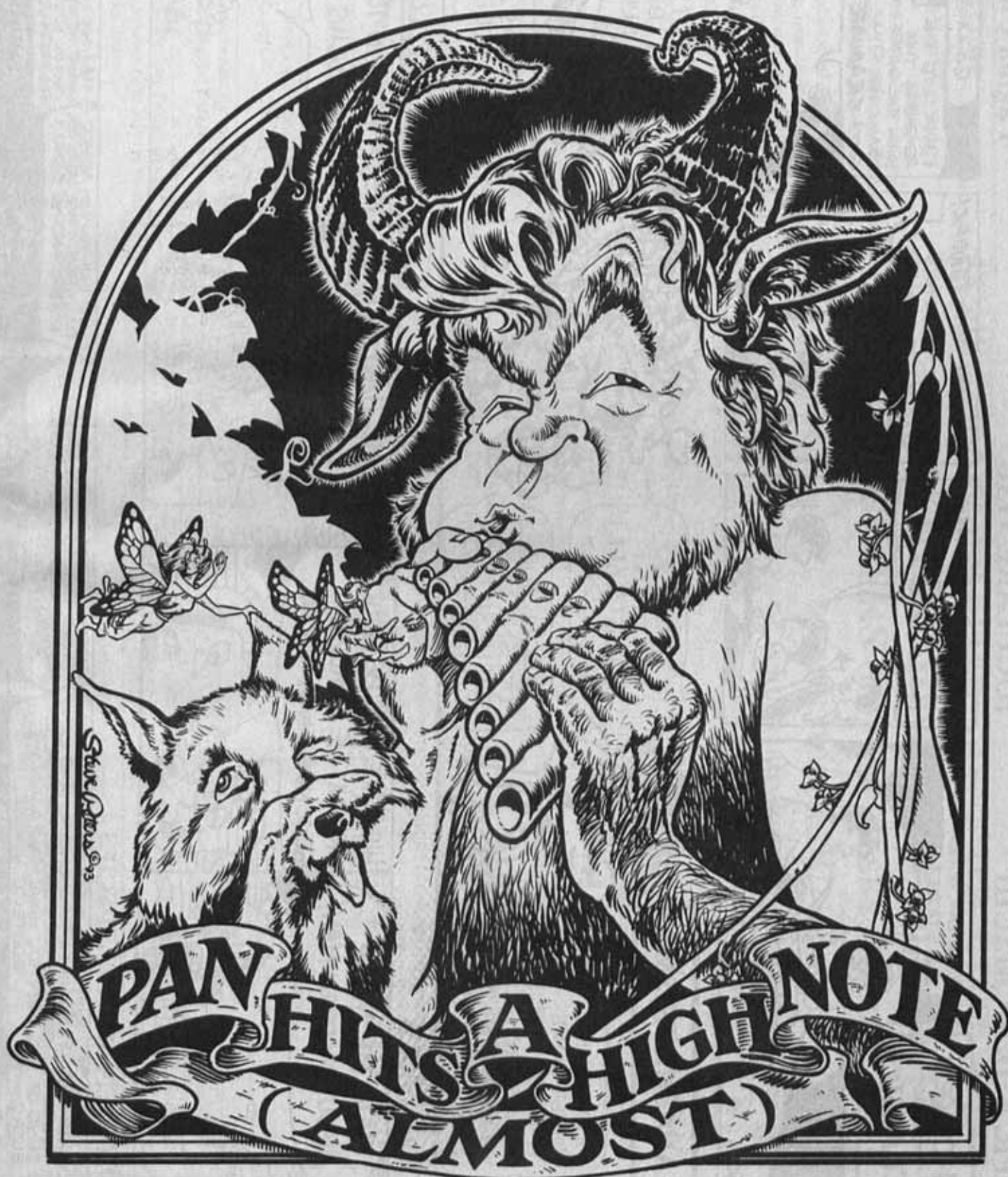


POMPEIANA

NEWSLETTER

VOL. XIX, NO. 8

APR. A. D. MCMXCIII



Quinquies Nominata ab Academia

Aladdin



Narra bonam fabulam antiquam novis auditoribus, et ab omnibus amabaris. Propter hanc veritatem pictura movens de Aladdino a multis spectatoribus nunc amatur.

Fabula de Aladdino simplex est—et antiquissima. Puer pauper, sed honestus, fraudatur ab viro malo. Puer autem adiuvatur a genio ingenti qui in lucerna habitat. Genius puero tres optationes dat. Post multos casus, puer geni auxilio fit fortunatus et pecuniosus, puellam pulchram in matrimonium ducit, et virum malum vincit.

Haec fabula de Aladdino tam antiqua est ut multi dicant Graecos antiquos narrasse fabulam similem huic fabulae.

"Aladdin" est una fabula in libro magno cui titulus est vel *Mille et Una Noctium* vel *Noctium Arabicarum Oblectamenta*.

Omnes huius libri fabulae pristinae sunt antiquissimae. Confectae sunt in Persia, in India et in Arabia. Circa A.D. M haec fabulae in lingua Arabica scriptae sunt.

A.D. MDCCIV scriptor Gallicus, Antonius Gallandus, invenit chirographum quod continebat has fabulas scriptas circa A.D. MDXLVIII in lingua Arabica, et incepit convertere has fabulas e lingua Arabica in linguam Gallicam.

A.D. MDCCCXI, E.W. Semita protulit librum in quo haec fabulae conversae erant e lingua Gallica in linguam Anglicam.

In hoc libro cui titulus est *Mille et Una Noctium* sunt

duo fratres qui reges sunt, uterque in regno suo. Uni regi nomen erat Schahze-vir, alteri regi nomen erat Schahriah. Postquam uterque frater necaverat uxorem suam propter infidelitatem, rex, cui nomen erat Schahriah, novam puellam in matrimonium ducere quaque nocte incepit. Proximae diei prima hora, quaque uxor nova interfecta est iussu regis.

Post multae puellae iussu regis interfectae erant, una puella, cui nomen erat Scheherazade, consilium cepit. Haec puella nuntiavit patri suo (qui erat unus de regis administratoribus) se in matrimonium a rege duci cupere.

Paulo ante primam horam, huius puellae soror (cui

nomen erat Dinarzade) venit ad sororem suam (nunc regis uxorem novissimam) et dixit: "Soror mea, quia haec est tua nox ultima in hac vita, narra mihi unam fabulam ultimam priusquam moreris."

Rex Schahriah permissionem dedit, et ipse fabulam audiebat. Fabula quam Scheherazade narrabat bona sed longissima erat. Quando Aurora venit, fabula non erat completa. Quia rex ipse cupiebat audire huius fabulae conclusionem, non necavit Scheherazadem. Uxor nova dixit se fabulae conclusionem proxima nocte narraturam esse. Nocte proxima, Scheherazade regi et sorori fabulae conclusionem narravit, et tunc incepit alteram bonam fabulam. Haec fabula quoque longissima erat, et quando Aurora iterum venit, neque haec fabula erat completa. Iterum, quia rex cupiebat audire huius fabulae novae conclusionem, non necavit Scheherazadem.

Hoc modo Scheherazade narravit mille et unam fabularum, et vidit mille et unam diem. Post has multas fabulas, Rex Schahriah uxorem suam amavit, et eam non necare voluit. Schahze-vir, regis frater, reginae Scheherazade sororem, Dinarzadem, in matrimonium duxit, et omnes beatissime vixerunt in aeternum.

Omnes fabulae, quae a Scheherazade narratae sunt, scriptae sunt in libro de quo supra diximus—*Mille et Una Noctium*.

Fabula de Aladdino est una de his fabulis. Pauci tituli aliarum fabularum quae sunt in hoc libro sunt "Ali-Baba et XL Fures," "Tapeta Magica," et "Peccatum-malum, Nauta Ille."

Students Fight To Keep Latin Alive

By Thomas Zambito
Glen Rock, New Jersey

Sarah Hessler's speech to the Glen Rock Board of Education might not have reminded anyone of the artful orator Cicero, whose language she had come to defend.

"My ears turned red," the Glen Rock High School senior said, remembering that December night. "I was kind of nervous."

But what she might have lacked in rhetoric, Sarah made up in determination.

"We made them listen, and they did listen," Sarah, 17, said this week.

The fifth-year Latin student, Sarah, wanted the school board to add Latin to a plan that called for offering French and Spanish to seventh-graders. Sarah believed that adding Latin to earlier grades would ensure the continued survival of Latin in the schools.

With the help of fellow members of the school paper staff—Randi Feigenbaum and Trupti Patel—and her Latin 5 classmates, Sarah went about organizing support for the Latin offering. The students called the parents of fifth and sixth grade pupils to explain the proposal, enlisted the help of a Ridgewood middle school Latin teacher, and filled a petition with 110 signatures of people supporting the addition of Latin.

At its meeting two weeks later on December 21, the school board added Latin, as well as French and Spanish, to the seventh-grade curriculum. A specific number of students must sign up for each course before it is offered, however.

Some board members said the students may have misread the board's plans. They said they never intended that Latin die.

"Our plan was never intended to hurt Latin in any way," said Robert Olsen, a trustee and the chairman of the school board's curriculum committee who studied Latin himself. "Our plan was not to kill it. That was a misconception."

One board member said language department administrators probably did not add Latin to the seventh-grade curriculum proposal because they figured the board might not fund it.

Latin has become popular in Glen Rock—where 78 students study the language—as it has in other school districts in New Jersey and across the country.

But in this era of cutbacks, school boards often will fund only the most popular modern languages, usually

Birthday of Rome Tied to Spring Cleaning Rites

According to tradition, Romulus took up his trusty plow and marked out a *sulcus* around "Shepherd's Hill" on the twelfth day before the Kalends of May, i.e. *a.d. XII Kal. Mai.*—a date which, give or take eleven or twelve days, roughly corresponds to what we call April 21st.

Conveniently, the date was also the festival of the shepherd goddess *Pales*, in whose honor the hill chosen by Romulus had been named the Palatine.

Now, anyone who has ever tried to keep a flock of sheep penned up all winter knows that when spring comes, it's really a good idea to do some serious pen cleaning. While you're at it, you might as well clean out your own house which, no doubt, suffered by association with the sheep pens. Better use some sulfur on those sheep, too, who couldn't help but turn a little "ripe" after being penned up all winter. In a final effort to clear the air, it's also a good idea to get a large quantity of incense and use it to fumigate the entire area.

Believe it or not, in ancient times these were the things that constituted the celebration of the feast of *Pales*, and, coincidentally, of the Birthday of Rome—the whole event seems to have been little more than a glorified Spring Cleaning party.

French and Spanish.

And when she was preparing her speech, Sarah and some of her classmates got together and discussed how Cicero, known for his public stands against injustice, would have structured his argument.

Joseph Rose, a Latin teacher for 20 years, the last 14 in Ridgewood schools, said Latin started coming back during the early 1980's as schools were being pressured by parents and educators to get "back to basics."

"Parents had either taken it, or they knew someone who hadn't and wished they had," Rose said. Rose is the father of a Glen Rock elementary school student and agreed to speak on the students' behalf after they called all parents to alert them to the plan.

Robert DaGiau, Sarah's Latin 5 teacher, said teachers have been working to make Latin relevant. Cicero's example was resurrected during the latest political season. "He was someone who stood up for what he believed in," DaGiau said.

Latin Is Making A Comeback

Teachers in Connecticut have been worried lately because of a state-wide budget crunch that is threatening the futures of their programs.

Many of these teachers are wondering if the future of Latin is equally threatened throughout the nation at this time.

By way of encouragement, the following information is offered.

The study of Latin is generally on the upswing in schools across the country. It has been reported that as many as 500 students take Latin in one New Jersey school district alone.

Students like Latin not only because of its tie to classical literature, but also because of its practicality. Students are saying that knowing Latin has given them an advantage on the verbal section of the Scholastic Aptitude Test because they sometimes can decipher unfamiliar words through their Latin roots.

It is also significant that more than 77,000 high school students took the National Latin Exam in 1992 compared with 9,000 in 1979.

In addition, the number of Junior Classical League Latin clubs is expanding: Last year there were more than 54,000 members of the Junior Classical League, up from 28,000 in 1975.

Latin teachers of Connecticut take heart. Not everyone is cutting down the tree of Latin to obtain the financial lumber needed to prop up economically strapped systems! Teachers who are geographically mobile and willing to adapt to the newly emerging markets for Latin instruction should have no trouble pursuing their careers for as long as they want.



Nomadic Hospitality In Lybia

Submitted by Adrienne Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, New Jersey

Sharing food and drink with strangers was a duty as well as a pleasure for the tribes that roamed the Sahara Desert in ancient times. Moving about with their camels, goats and sheep, it was a harsh struggle just to survive. It was unthinkable to refuse to give food and drink to a guest.

The animals that moved about with people provided meat, milk and cheese for them. Barley, millet and dates were the other staples of their diet.

Noli Cavere Hunc Canem!

By Diana Zimmerman, Latin Student of
Judy Campbell, Central Jr. High School,
Findlay, Ohio

Canis
Strenuus, bonus.
Latrat, dormit, amat.
Canis est bonus amicus.
Canis.

Fires of Destruction

By Rebecca F. Greene, Latin II Student of
Mrs. Carolyn White, Columbus School for Girls,
Columbus, Ohio

Late on the morning of August 24th, 79 A.D., Pliny the Elder, a Senior Roman magistrate, awoke to a strangely silent dawn. Outside, Misenum's morning air lay heavy and undisturbed. The sky was a somber shade of deep blue; the sun was concealed behind a massive cloud. Pliny studied theories from his natural history book all morning, but was interrupted around noon by a thunderous explosion. He hurried out of his home to discover the source of the deafening noise. The sky had turned a funeral ebony, and the dark mushroom cloud rising from the top of Mount Vesuvius was illuminated against the grey sky. As Pliny watched in awe, he heard someone frantically calling his name. A young messenger hurried over to him, bringing word that a friend, who lived across the bay at Stabiae, needed help.

Pliny was markedly curious about the explosion and wanted to investigate. He also knew it was his duty to rescue his friend. Subsequently, he gathered some tablets and writing utensils and hurried to the bay to board a boat.

Sailing through the tumultuous waves, Pliny had only occasional glimpses of the eruption. As the volcano loomed nearer, ash and debris began to float down from the sky. Pliny had to cover his mouth and nose with a scarf to avoid choking on the dust and smoke. Pliny headed for Stabiae, and stayed at the home of his friend.

Later that night, Pliny was awakened by his distraught companions as piles of stone and ashes were filling up the courtyard near his bedroom. The top of Mount Vesuvius had blasted off, and the volcano's walls had collapsed inwards. A new series of explosions sent more dust and debris into the sky, blocking the sunlight with a thick cloud of dust. Hundreds of people were attempting to escape from their villas, and many were being trampled by the frenzied masses. Once away from the house, Pliny and his friends hurried to the shore, planning to escape by sea. The rough waves and the absence of a favorable wind, however, prevented their embarkment. Ere long, Pliny died on the shore, overcome by the noxious fumes.

Magnus Terror

By Meredith McCauley, Latin student of Betty
Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Indiana

V iolens
E xanimis
S pectaculum
U rbs
V chemens
I ncendo
U mbra
S ubito

Roga
Me
Aliquid

Cara Matrōna,

I am a young girl living at Aricia, a small town near Lacus Albanus. I am very fortunate that my parents hired a *litterarius* to teach me to read and write when I was little. My parents are very wealthy, and I have a lot of free time to read every day—when I'm not spinning wool with my mother, that is. My mother tends to be a little old fashioned that way. She believes that a *mater et filia* who spin together, stay together. At any rate, I read a lot. I have a whole collection of scrolls neatly stored in their proper *scrinia*. I take great pride in knowing what each scroll is about by just looking at its little leather *pittacium*.

I was, however, sent a *volumen* the other day that is causing me a lot of trouble, and I'm wondering if you can help. I'm sure it's a *volumen* that contains a poem of some sort, but I can't even begin to read it. Its first line looks like this: *Rm virumque cano Troie qui primus ab oris*. The rest of the *volumen* looks pretty much the same. Can you offer any help?

Salve Aricia,

You remind me of myself when I was a young girl. I, too, had an old fashioned *mater* who insisted that we spin wool together every day. We often wore the *tunicas* for my *pater* and *frater* to wear. I didn't have my own *litterarius*, but my *mater* herself taught me how to read. Later on, when I was older and my *pater* had some money to spare, he hired a *grammaticus* to teach me the Greek language and Greek and Latin literature. Believe me, I was a *rara avis*. Very few girls in my neighborhood ever got to work with a *grammaticus*.

What you have stumbled across is a real novelty. I believe it's called a *λεπτογράμμα* in Greek. This is a trick way of writing that has been around for hundreds of years. What the *scriptor* has done is very carefully omit a single letter from his writing every time it occurs. The *volumen* you have come across obviously has the letter "a" omitted. The line you quoted to me should read *Anna virumque cano Troiae qui primus ab oris*.

If you ever get a chance to work with a *grammaticus*, you will be exposed to some of the finer writers and writings in our language. Any *discipulus* or *discipula* who has worked with a *grammaticus* would quickly recognize your *volumen* as *Liber Primus* of the *Aeneis* that was written by *Publius Vergilius Maro*. My guess is that if you could find the *scrinium* from which your *volumen* was removed, you would discover that in *Liber Alter* of this same work, every letter "b" is missing; likewise, in *Liber Tertius* every letter "c" will be missing, and so on through all twelve *volumina* in the *scrinium*.

I have seen these *λεπτογράμματα* in both Greek and Latin. They are just a literary tease that some people like to commission. After learned folk become very familiar with certain writings, they like to have fun with them by producing scrolls such as the one that you have obtained.

Good luck with your studies. I commend your curiosity.

Bes the Dwarf God

Submitted by students of Adrienne Preteroti-Nilsen,
St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, New Jersey

Bes Bes, oh what a mess,
Your various images might impress.
Patron of art, music and birth
There is no one quite like you on the earth.
A god of war and stranger of the wild,
Sometimes you seem little more than a child.

Pandora's Box

By Laurie Zug, Crystal Mummia, Latin II Students of
Mrs. Diane McCullough, Lincoln Jr. High School,
Lancaster, Penn.

Scene I

(Jupiter and Mercury, a room in the Olympian Palace.)

Jupiter: Mercury, my son.

Mercury: Yes, father.

Jupiter: I have several messages for you to deliver. First of all, you are to go to Vulcan and tell him to create a woman.

Mercury: A what?

Jupiter: A woman. It is a punishment for mankind. Vulcan will know what it means.

Mercury: As you wish, father; but you mentioned several messages.

Jupiter: Oh, yes. You are to inform every Olympian of your message to Vulcan and tell them that each must give a gift to this woman. Then you are to present her to the brother of Prometheus. Go swiftly, my boy.

Mercury: It will be done. (Exits)

Scene II

(A room in the home of Epimetheus)

Epimetheus: Alas, no goddess will have me as a husband.

Mercury: (Walks by as Epimetheus says preceding line, then enters with Pandora.) Maybe not, my friend, but this is not a goddess.

Epimetheus: She's not? What is she, then?

Mercury: She is a new creation. Jupiter calls her a woman.

Epimetheus: A woman?

Mercury: Yes, a woman. She is a mortal female, and as of yet she lacks a husband.

Epimetheus: Then I shall be her husband, if she will have me.

Mercury: She is already yours, as a gift from Mt. Olympus.

Epimetheus: A gift from Mt. Olympus? How wonderful! I accept gladly!

Mercury (smiling): Excellent. She is yours. I shall go now, and return later with her divine gifts. (Exits)

Epimetheus (to Pandora): Come with me, my love; for you are now mine.

(Pandora walks ahead, and Epimetheus suddenly turns, remembering)

Epimetheus: Oh, no! My brother, Prometheus, warned me never to accept gifts from Mount Olympus, for they may be dangerous. (Gazes towards the door through which Pandora has exited.) But what harm could this gentle creature, this woman, bring to me? Prometheus knew not what he spoke.

Scene III

(Pandora, a room in Epimetheus' house. Moments after the scene begins, Mercury enters with a large box.)

Mercury: Woman, I have brought you gifts as I promised. The first gift I shall give you is a name. You are Pandora, for this means "all-gifted."

Pandora: I am honored by the name.

Mercury: Some gifts have already been given to you without your knowledge. Your thoughts, nature, personality, appearance, and senses were already given to you during your creation. I have yet a few more to give you.

Pandora: The gods are generous, for they have already given me life, and yet they still bestow countless gifts upon me.

Mercury: It is no trouble to the gods.

Pandora: Still, I am honored.

Mercury: First of all, Venus sends you the gift of grace and charm. (Lifts hand and blows the "grace and charm" off onto Pandora.)

Pandora: Oh, oh!

Mercury: Apollo sends you music. (Lifts hand and a melody plays. Pandora takes the "melody" from Mercury's hand.)

Pandora: What a lovely melody!

(Continued in Pagina Tertia)

Advances In Writing

By Moira Connolly, student of Adrienne Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, New Jersey

Writing is no longer just for the scholars. Yesterday, at a school district meeting, the scholars themselves have agreed to teach our system of writing, hieroglyphics, to the old, the young and to anyone eager to learn.

Hieroglyphics will not just be used to write on the tombs of the Pharaohs or for religious purposes. The committee feels that everyone should be educated, not just those with respectful pasts.

The recent discovery of papyrus will help in the teaching of hieroglyphics. Even more so now with the help of sharpened reeds and a new ink made of soot.

The teachers have also agreed to explain the use of phonograms to record different sounds.

The teachers will also explain the new system of hieratic writing which makes it easier to write quickly on papyrus. As soon as it is perfected by the scribes currently experimenting with it, a new form of writing which may be even faster than hieratic writing will also be taught. This experimental writing system is now being referred to as demotic writing.

In a conference yesterday Cleopatra made a comment on this issue. "I can't wait to get involved with the program. I think this is a great way to educate our people, both young and old alike. We stand on the threshold of a new age of communication."

On the other hand, Nefertiti had a totally different opinion on the subject. "I don't understand why the scribes are letting hieroglyphics become a system of writing for everyone. Can nothing remain sacred?"

Those in attendance at the meeting were assured that some writings would still be considered sacred and be preserved for use by the royalty. That brought a sigh of relief.

There is going to be another district meeting next week. The public is welcome. The main issue will be to discuss a new structure for the scribes to teach in. Already there are those who are demanding that athletic facilities be built in conjunction with the new space being provided for the teachers of writing.

Tarquinius Superbus

By Katie Heyman, Latin II Student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

Tarquinius Superbus, also Tarquin The Proud, was very outspoken and really loud.

He bought three books, now the treasures of Rome, Tarquin thought he was best sitting on the throne.

He was a tyrant and hated by all,
Not very surprising that he took a fall.

His son made Lucretia take her own life,
By stabbing herself to death with a knife.

The people of Rome were mad and had clout,
They decided to have the ol' Tarquin thrown out!

An Oily Insight

Submitted by Adrienne Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, New Jersey

Olive Oil is the third largest production of Greece, making some 30,000 tons of oil per year, roughly a third of which is consumed locally. Exports to the United States account for about 700 tons, encompassing many brands, the best of which come from Kalamata and Crete.

Greek olive oil is heavy, deep-scented and rich. Like all olive oil, it is graded by the method of extraction and by its acidity. The best oils come from olives that are hand-picked and unbruised, and that are then stone-ground into a thick paste. The paste is spread onto hemp or straw mats, which in turn are pressed, either by hand or hydraulically, to extract the liquid. It takes 1,300 to 2,000 olives to make one quart of oil.

Olive oil is made from about 50 varieties of olives, and like wine, its quality depends on where the olives are grown and how the oil is extracted. The ancient Greeks thought the best oil was extracted from slightly unripe olives. Next in quality was the oil from the green olive; last was the oil from the ripe olives that had already fallen off the vine.

The types and quality of olive oil are generally divided into three categories: Extravirgin, Virgin and Pure.

Pandora's Box (continued a Pagina Secunda)

Mercury: Minerva, goddess of wisdom, sends you this silver clothing and this veil.

Pandora: (Holding clothing up against her): Oh, they're beautiful!

Mercury: Here are blooming flowers and a golden necklace. They are the gifts of the three Graces, Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia.

Pandora: You must give them my gratitude.

Mercury: Yes, of course. Here, Vulcan, your creator, sends you this crown of gold.

Pandora: With such heavenly gifts, I feel like a goddess.

Mercury: There is one remaining gift. It is of a different character than the others. (Takes out box.) This is from Jupiter. Before I give it to you, you must promise never to open it, or to allow another to open it.

Pandora: Never?

Mercury: Never.

Pandora: Why, then, would Jupiter sent it to me?

Mercury: I don't know. Jupiter has his reasons. Do you promise?

Pandora: I promise. I will never open the box, nor will anyone else, until Jupiter himself might bid me.

Mercury: Very good. (Hands Pandora the box.) I will take my leave of you now. Farewell. (Exits)

(Pandora turns to watch him go, then studies the ornate box she is holding. She speaks to herself.)

Pandora: Oh, why must the gods tantalize me so? What could be in the box? Gold? Jewels? (With an uneasy glance at the box) Serpents? Well, I have given my solemn word that I will not look in the box. And so I will not. I will put it here. It is rather pretty.

(Starts to exit, then looks back at the box.) But what could be in there that I may keep but not see? Something keeps telling me to open the box. But I have sworn not to. (Starts to exit once more.) I swear to the gods that the box calls me! Evil, cursed thing! It must certainly be cursed! Probably any mortal who looks upon it is doomed to try to open it! Cursed thing!

(Picks up box and throws it to the floor. Then, after staring at it for several moments, she checks her temper and calms down, and picks it up.)

Oh, I am making excuses for my own curiosity. I am too curious. Oh, such must be the nature given me. The box has not been cursed - I have!

(Now she begins to inspect the box. She looks at it on all sides, studying it, weighing it in her hands, shaking it. She cannot imagine what could be in it. She knocks on it, sniffs it, puts her ear to it. She can still tell nothing. She finally puts it down.)

Oh, I must not open it! I must not, I must not! But it teases me, dares me to open it and view its contents. What can be the harm? Just one little peek? How do you open this thing?

(Pulls latch. She opens the box just a little, but the plagues which are inside force the box open and all the evils and plagues swarm out. Among them are Hatred, Fear, Anger, Death, and all other plagues which work against mankind. Pandora runs, screaming, to the corner of the room.)

Demons! Spirits!

(Epimetheus hears and enters the room at a run.)

Epimetheus: What is the matter? What comes forth from that box? For the sake of all that is good, Woman, close that evil box!

(Pandora tries to close the box. Hope is almost out of the box. Pandora finally succeeds in closing the lid, and Hope is trapped inside. The demons fly out the window to descend upon mankind.)

Epimetheus: Alas, wretched woman, you have released plagues upon mankind.

Pandora: I did not mean it. The gods have cursed me with curiosity.

Epimetheus: Oh, how true ring the words of my brother! For this woman is a wonderful creature, but she has brought me trouble greater than I could have imagined. (Looks at Pandora.) Yet - I know not why I think it - I believe there is some hope for mankind, even with so many plagues and ills set upon them: Anger, Fear, Death - and Woman.

CURTAIN!

Vespasian's Spirit Has Not Left The Modern World

By Katie Hanna, Latin II Student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

Vespasian, the Emperor of Rome from A.D. 69 to A.D. 79 was a ruler whose humanitarian beliefs are still practiced in the world today. He believed in helping the people. He helped give them work, and helped them have rights. Today, we have lawyers, laws, and a judicial system to ensure these rights.

Vespasian also helped those who didn't have a lot of money. Today, we have the Salvation Army, food drives, homes for the poor, soup kitchens, and shelters. There are people who own factories who won't let robots come in and take the jobs away from people - all in the spirit of Vespasian. Even such programs as the Peace Corps which give aid to other countries in need reflect this spirit.

Although there are many people who have the spirit of Vespasian, there are still many who don't. There is a need for people like Vespasian everywhere - in the third world countries where there are people starving, in countries like Russia where the people are just beginning to rediscover their rights, or even among some of America's politicians who care only about making themselves rich and not about helping others. Hopefully, these people will learn from those who already share the beliefs of Vespasian.

Seasons,
The Consequences for Love

By Ryea Dawn Jordan, Latin Student of Mr. Callahan, Centennial Jr. High School, Casper, Wyoming

One day long ago
In the corner of his mind's eye,
A delicate, yet, intriguing sparkle
Lighted up the night sky.
An idea quickly blossomed,
A twinkle in the night,
Yet vanished with the dawn,
The sight of first light.
The conquest of love
Was the cause of his need,
In his dark and lonely world
He contemplated his deed.
The charm of black bells
And dainty black lace,
He saw in his future
Once he had conquered the chase.
Dark versus light,
Different yet the same,
United by this love
Some would call insane,
Summer versus winter,
Spring versus fall,
For her child's capture
She would punish all.
She despised his lust,
For her child was of the light,
Everyone would know his deed
From the long and wintry night.
Eternal was his deed,
Forever was their love,
The seasons are our proof
That there are gods above.

MATT COVANE

TEMPORA, OMNES!





This month you will be preparing a dish whose main ingredient can trace its importance to the very founding of Rome: lamb.

According to legend, Romulus plowed his historical furrow around his hill of choice on the feast of *Pales*, a goddess of shepherds and thereby founded *Romam Aeternam*. The date? Why, April 21st, 753 B.C., of course. This also explains why Romulus' hill took on the Goddess' name and was called the *Collis Palatinus* by the Romans.

Because shepherding was a part of Roman nostalgia, mutton, or lamb, remained a staple of the Roman diet.

Now, don't go visualizing those woolly little lambs that you fell in love with at the petting zoo when you were a child. If it helps, think of the meat as mutton. This will help depersonalize the menu.

Morituri Te Salutamus

By Elizabeth Thorovsky, Latin Student of Mary D. Wilson, Niskayuna High School, Schenectady, New York

There is something different in the air this morning—I can feel it. I woke up at the same time, and the man with whom I share my room in the barracks, also a gladiator, is still sleeping as usual despite the awakening bell. I look around me. There is absolutely nothing out of the ordinary. My mind is playing tricks on me. I try to dismiss the vague feeling of unrest that clutches at my breast, but, commencing with my usual morning routine, I find that I still cannot shake the feeling that something is amiss.

I go to breakfast with the other hundred or so gladiators in my barracks, and then suit up in my visored helmet, left-leg greave, special toga with a large volume of material on the right arm to protect it when I thrust with my short sword, and a long shield. To the accompaniment of the reassuring clinking noise my gear makes, I go from the armory into the *exedra* to await my turn in the exercise court in the center of the barracks.

Today as I sit here, I cannot help but marvel at how naturally this whole routine comes to me—a man who had been free up to two weeks ago when I was arrested and made a gladiator for the horrendous crime of not donating to the city fund. Remarkably, I really don't feel any bitterness, even though I have been forced into this position. I am comforted by the thought that gladiators who win become heroes of the public and retire comfortably with money donated to them by their wealthy supporters. I have always been a nobody, and now I have a chance to make a name for myself—a chance surely given to me by Mars. But my reverie is broken by my partner's gesticulations; I must go to the practice ground.

This afternoon, instead of the normal noon meal, I am taken to a special room in the barracks with 49 other men and treated to a feast. The *magister* makes a moving speech about what great fighters we are, and he speaks of a great privilege about to be bestowed upon us. My head throbs when I hear this—can it be time already? Can I be fighting so soon? I have heard that gladiators are always given banquets before they fight. My chest is tight with excitement and anticipation as the veteran gladiators amongst us confirm my belief—they speak of the festival to be given by Emperor Domitian tomorrow.

In less than 24 hours I will be a true gladiator, and my name will be known! My name WILL be known! I scarcely hear the toast proposed by the friends and admirers of some of my fellow gladiators—the throbbing in my ears is too loud; I can hear the crowd

Caro Ovella in Iure

(Lamb chops with sauce)

Buy 2 lbs. of lamb chops and 2 leeks. Be sure that you have some black pepper, coriander, mint and olive oil on hand. Ask your mom or dad if you can use 1/4 cup of their red wine. Assume that the alcohol tends to dissipate when it's used for cooking.

Put a little olive oil in a frying pan and brown the lamb chops over a low heat. While they are browning, slice up the heads of the 2 leeks.

When the chops are brown, add 1/2 cup of water to the frying pan, 1/4 cup of red wine, the sliced leeks, 1 1/2 tps. coriander and 1 tsp. of mint. Stir well and cook the lamb chops in this sauce over a low heat for about 30 minutes. Serve them in the sauce.

Be historical. Bring it to school on April 21st and sing "Beata Dies, Cara Roma, Beata Dies tibi!"

chanting my name in the celebration of my victory. My spirit flies in anticipation and joy. I walk from the banquet and go back to the practice fields, but my mind is not on the exercises. My mind is in the Colosseum imagining the glory that will come to me when I put on armor and fight as a true Roman gladiator.

The next thing I know, I am suiting up for battle and marching in a huge crowd of proud gladiators both from my own barracks and from other larger barracks in the city. The Colosseum soon looms above me and I stop, gaping in awe and wonder. The massive structure now represents my ticket to glory; it no longer is just a place to go and be entertained as in the days when I was just a faceless citizen amongst a throng of other citizens. I am now an actual participant in games that I previously only watched.

Today the Colosseum is a place of new beginnings, no longer a place of forgotten yesterdays as thoroughly unremarkable as my old life.

We file into a compartment beneath the arena to await the time when Emperor Domitian takes his place and we can march out of the compartment and parade around the arena. My skin breaks into a sweat both from the heat of the day and from nervousness.

Finally, the word is given. I take a deep breath, and, holding my head up high, I follow my fellows onto the sands of the Colosseum and around its perimeter until we stand right beneath Domitian's seat. The Emperor peers down at us with a scrutinizing eye that seems to look right through each of us individually. He seems to stare at me for the longest time—so long that my knees begin to tremble behind my shield and droplets of sweat begin to run down my temples. I think he will never look away, but then the men around me begin to chant the customary words "*Morituri te salutamus*," and his gaze finally leaves me to finish his tour.

I turn my eyes to the ground until we begin to march back to the underground compartment, and only then do I risk a quick glance back up at him—to find that he is again staring at my retreating figure. Hurriedly looking down at my feet, I quicken my pace back to the safety of the waiting area. That gaze has unnerved me, but I am still determined to get out there and win.

The sounds of preliminary fighting with blunt weapons rage above me. Soon it will be my turn, for the pair of men ahead of me has gone up to watch the battle and await their turn. Ah, here is the guard to take my partner and me up to the waiting room above ground. Today I will be a heavily-armed gladiator going against a light-armed gladiator, and hence I am termed a *hoplomachus*. One other pair, a *secutor* and his opponent, a *retarius*, also wait with us, and a third pair lurk outside on the sand just out of my view, waiting until those who have just fought vacate the sands.

Tullus Hostilius

By Shelby Mitter, Latin II Student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

Tullus Hostilius was of royal descent, for he was the son of Jupiter. Jupiter had great plans for Tullus. First, he made him the third king of Rome. This was a test of Tullus' compassion and leadership qualities. Before Jupiter made Tullus God of the Battlefield, he wanted Tullus to prove he could reign peacefully; but Tullus had other plans. Tullus Hostilius, true to his name, started quarrels with his neighbors in Alba Longa and with the Sabines. He deliberately started wars because he liked to see men die.

Jupiter was watching Tullus from Mount Olympus and was becoming angered by his actions. Tullus finally neglected Jupiter all together, and Jupiter did not like this. While Tullus was planning to start another battle with a city, Jupiter threw down a lightning bolt and destroyed his hostile son. That was the end of Rome's third king.

All at once, the trumpet sounds—the preliminary fighting is over and the real fighting, with real weapons, must begin to appease the restless crowd. The pair upon the sands is forced out by guards cracking whips and wielding bars of iron heated to a glowing red color. I chuckle to myself—the wimps must have lost their courage. They must not look on the competition as a blessing as I do. They must fear it. Snorting derisively, I look out again at the pair and then I see that only one is being forced, a Thracian it seems. Wait, not just a Thracian, but a woman. A woman? What is she doing out there? I jump out of my seat and run to the door to get a closer look.

They are now readying their weapons, and the signal is given to start the fight. The woman tries to defend herself, but the massive *hoplomachus* strikes the curved sword out of her grasp as easily as a Roman soldier conquers a barbarian boy. The woman is thrown upon the ground by the blow, but she gets up and begins to run toward Domitian, holding up her finger to him, signaling for mercy; but he doesn't seem to see her, or he doesn't want to. The jeers of the crowd fill my ears as they react to the fright of the woman, like beasts reacting to the smell of their prey's blood.

She reaches the wall and tries to climb it to get out of the arena, but citizens sitting in the stands smash her hands and pelt her with anything they have. She ducks and tries to reach the top where she would probably be no safer than in the arena, but the *hoplomachus* finally reaches the wall, pulls her off, and throws her to the ground. The crowd rises, demanding her death.

She staggers to her feet and thrusts her small shield at the *hoplomachus*, but he side-steps her and rips the shield from her grasp. The poor, unarmed woman, sobbing in terror and pain, now runs toward the room where I stand. Several citizens try to climb into the arena to facilitate her destruction, but then the guards intercept her and the citizens stop to cheer. The kicking and thrashing woman is turned roughly by the guards to face the *hoplomachus* bearing down on her, sword first. He slays her where she stands. All is silent. Her body crumples over the sword and falls to the sand. A tumultuous cheer erupts from the crowd. Two guards using the dreaded *ancus* drag her body through "Death Gate" while others rake the sand to cover the blood, wiping the slate clean for the next kill.

I stand frozen in shock until I, too, am prodded to go and stand at the edge of the arena as two others take their places in the center, and the starting signal is given. This time it's the *secutor* and the *retarius*. The match begins as the *retarius* valiantly tries to net his opponent but misses. The *secutor* picks the net up and throws it out of the way, ominously advancing toward his partially disarmed opponent.

The *retarius* wields his heavy trident and begins to thrust and parry the *secutor's* sword blows. Finally the two are at a standstill, much to the dismay of the crowd; but that doesn't last long, for all at once the mighty *secutor* draws back his heavy sword and brings it down on the trident with all his force. A loud crack stuns the crowd into silence as the handle of the trident splinters into a thousand pieces. The force of the blow throws the *retarius* to the ground, his right arm, sliced by the tip of the sword, hanging uselessly at his side. A bright crimson stream drips from his finger tips. Still he

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

The Truth Behind the Latin Language

By Erin Richards, Latin III Student of Larry Steele,
West Mid-High, Norman Okla.

The date is late in the history of Rome. The language spoken known as Latin is very different than what is being written. This fact is unknown by the majority of the citizens as they conduct their daily lives in the relatively simple language that they learned as *liberi*. Little do they know it, but when a scribe writes something down, it in no way resembles the language that is being spoken.

Somehow this simple, beautiful language had been changed; before anything could be written down, different rules had to be used, confusing meanings of words had to be built in, and many exceptions had to be invoked. All unbeknownst to the average citizen.

This sad state of affairs can all be traced back to a single one day when two slaves were talking in the garden of a well-known grammarian.

"Our master is so cruel, he thinks nothing of us. He treats us as if we were *boves*."

"Well, *Flavi*, we are his *servi*, but I know what you mean. He is entirely too free with the whip and too stingy with the food."

"*Ectori*, I have a wonderful idea. Why don't we kill him!"

"What, and get thrown to the *liones*? I don't think so."

"Well, we could poison him. Surely no one would suspect two lowly *servi*."

"And just how are we supposed to buy any poison? We don't have any *pecunia*, and all the really good poisons are expensive."

The two slaves mulled this over for a long time, when *Flavius* suddenly poked *Ectorius* in the side with a sharp *baculum*.

"How about some *mali fungi*? They're always telling us which mushrooms not to eat so that we don't die. That would work; besides, mushrooms are free."

Ectorius agreed with *Flavius*, and they carefully planned out their actions.

Meanwhile *Marcus Maximus Superfluous* (their master) had invited a fellow grammarian, *Caius Aurelius Ignobilis*, over for *cena*. He and his friend were meeting to see if any small additions needed to be made to the written language after all the recent conquests.

That evening *Flavius* and *Ectorius* made their *dominus* his favorite dish of stuffed mushrooms. Instead of regular mushrooms, however, the dish was made with poisonous ones.

The mushrooms were to be part of the *prima mensa*, or main course. As the slaves brought out this course, *Marcus Maximus Superfluous* and *Caius Aurelius Ignobilis* were discussing the written Latin language (what, you were expecting something else?).

(In case you who have forgotten, all *cives Romani* went by their *cognomina* which were given to them to describe some physical characteristic or to commemorate some famous deed.)

"You know, *Superflue*, the only things that will reach future generations will be our buildings and our written language."

Tres Amici

By John Seman, Shad Parker, and Nathan Springer,
Latin Students of Judy Campbell,
Central Junior High School, Findlay, Ohio

Edoardus
Dolor, Magnificus
Curro, Dormio, Ascendo
Edoardus est Magnificus Puer.
Edoardus

Titus
Humanus, Utilis
Curro, Rideo, Lego
Titus Amat Omnes Ludos.

Titus
Tullus
Impiger, Litteratus
Laboro, Ludo, Scribo
Ego Habeo Delicatam Familiam.
Tullus

Moderation—Even In Rhyme

An adaptation of Horace "Moderation" (III.I) by the
Latin IV Class of Carmel High School, Carmel, Ind.

I hate great big crowds
For the young I perform
Even movers and shakers
Are often forlorn
Every farmer's unique
Like big politicians
Whose cures for their worries
Can't come from their kitchens
Neither music nor birds
Lull rich men to sleep
'Cuz all that it takes
Is a drink that's "inexpensive"
It's easy for poor men
To sleep near the waves
As easy for rich men
To buy some new "household servants"
It's always bad weather
For those with much wealth
A poor man is glad
If he just has his "physical well being"
Even building a fort
For the stuff that they keep
The wealthy still worry
And toss in their sleep
But poor men are free
To sleep where they choose
They live very simply
Have nothing to lose
So why should I build
And spend like the rest
When here in the country
My life is the best

"You're right, *Ignobilis*. That shows how important our jobs are. It is our duty to see that our written language accurately reflects our spoken one so that future generations can know the *veritatem* of our language and culture."

Unfortunately, right about this time in the conversation, the mushrooms were served. Both grammarians ate heartily of them, but, alas, the slaves had, in their ignorance, chosen the wrong mushrooms. Instead of killing *Superfluous* and *Ignobilis*, the species of poison mushrooms they had selected simply sent the two grammarians over the brink of sanity into the pit of malevolent sadism. (And right when they were discussing the written language, wouldn't ya know.)

After a few semi-violent twitches the grammarians smiled evilly at each other.

"Now just wait a second, *Superflue*. Why should future generations know of our simple, all-encompassing language? What right do they have to this masterpiece we have spent generations perfecting? I say let them take care of themselves."

"Wait, better yet, *Ignobilis*, let's confuse them. Let's make a written language so twisted and senseless that it would take forever to translate and be impossible to speak."

"I have an idea, let's make something called the subjunctive. We'll fix it so that it can't easily be translated in any way, but we'll make sure that there is a correct and specific answer. Only no one will know how to get it."

"That's wonderful. How about this? Let's make an ablative case, and we'll have about one hundred different ways to translate it."

"That'll mess with their minds. Hey, listen to this—impersonal verbs. They either won't have a subject or their subjects will be clauses, or something. There will be millions of ways to translate them, but it will be practically impossible to do it right."

Flavius and *Ectorius* listened with horror as they heard the evil plan of their master and his friend, but, alas, there was nothing they could do.

Superfluous and *Ignobilis* wasted no time, but began immediately warping their beautiful, simply written language. They changed and added thousands more

Morituri (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

refuses to give up and bravely tries to roll out of the way of the *secutor's* angry blows. The game cannot go on forever, though, and he begins to weaken, his strength leeched by the loss of blood.

Growing derisive, the crowd shouts for some action and is rewarded by another mighty stroke from the *secutor* that severs the *retarius'* left arm at the shoulder. The *retarius'* entire left side is bathed in blood. He can not even hold up a finger to Domitian for mercy.

Domitian realizes the match is over, and turns to the public to get their verdict. To the horror of the *retarius*, every thumb in the Colosseum slowly points downward—he is to die. A low cheer begins as the *secutor* raises his stained sword. The cheer crescendoes as he brings the sword down on the *retarius*, severing his skull and leaving him for the guards who insert the *ancus* in his chest and drag his carcass to "Death Gate."

I find myself sickened by the sight. As a spectator, I too had cheered for death because death was far away, impersonal and unreal; but now death is very real. Suddenly I am not so sure of my own life. The lure of glory has faded. I feel a terror such as I have never felt before. I can't do this. I cannot become a butcher just to please the crowd.

Nevertheless, I find myself walking like a zombie out into the arena, and I hear the muffled starting signal. One part of my mind tells me to raise my weapon. I can win. My opponent is only a Thracian. That part of my brain that actually moves my muscles, however, is numb.

I stand rooted to the spot and seem to watch from the stands as the Thracian raises his weapon and brings it down on my skull in slow motion. As I feel myself crumple to the damp sand, I hear a tortured scream coming from my own throat, a scream that shatters my goal of becoming a member of the cruel and heartless class of gladiators; a scream that bears my soul to the suddenly dark shores of the Underworld.

rules (with plenty of exceptions, of course) and added extra meanings to many of their words, confusing them so much that one word could mean such different things as "funeral," "gladiatorial combat," and "gift."

The grammarians lived extremely long lives (a side effect of the poisonous mushrooms), and before they died, they wielded such incredible power that the written language was kept as they had changed it. No documentation of the written language before this time is known. We only know this much because of a *scriptum* left by *Flavius* as a *sener*. Unfortunately, even this had to be written according to the new grammatical laws. Now we, the future generations, have nothing by which to remember or reconstruct the original Latin language, and we are left with the warped product of two twisted minds.

This so ends the tale of truth and tragedy which sadly explains the anomalies of the language with which we wrestle *cotidie*.

Filia

By Cheryl Schunke Latin II student of Margaret
Curran, Orchard Park H. S., Orchard Park, N.Y.

Infans
Parva, mollis
Dormit, subridet, lacrimat
Est pretiosa
Filia



WHEN FAUNS AND CENTAURS MEET



101.

1. NIHIL SED RES G-ENSIS, Medicus Drus
2. DELATOR, Nix
3. DICTATUM, Puer Cartaceus
4. LECTUS ROSEUS, Bonus Iuppiter
5. FELIS IN CUNABULIS EST, Haedus Deformis Iosepus
6. SUM OMNIS FEMINA, Whitnea Houstonis
7. ABI, Robertulus Spudix
8. CONSOLATOR, Shac
9. NOCTIS SILENTIO, Pueri II Viri
10. NOLI ABAMBULARE, Lapis Viridis

102.

Who Am I?

Submitted by B. Price and Jake Andreadis, Latin II students of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Match the numbered letters with the numbers below to discover who I am.

1. I am a gladiator known as "Two-Dagger Man."

2. I am the son of Evander with a special belt.

3. I am chief of the Rutulians.

4. I am a gladiator known as the "Charioteer."

5. I am the daughter of Numitor Silvius and mother of Romulus and Remus.

6. I am the Roman goddess of the dawn.

7. I am god of beginnings and endings with two faces.

8. I am a type of gladiator known as "Net-Man."

9. I am a three-bodied giant killed by Hercules.

10. I am a type of gladiator equipped with a full suit of heavy armor.

11. I am a Volscian maiden warrior and ally of Turnus.

Answer:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22
 P D
 23 24 25 26

Montage Crossword

Submitted by Amy Smith, Brenda Laratonda and Renny Deremer, Latin III students of Ms. Nancy Benn, Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Penn.

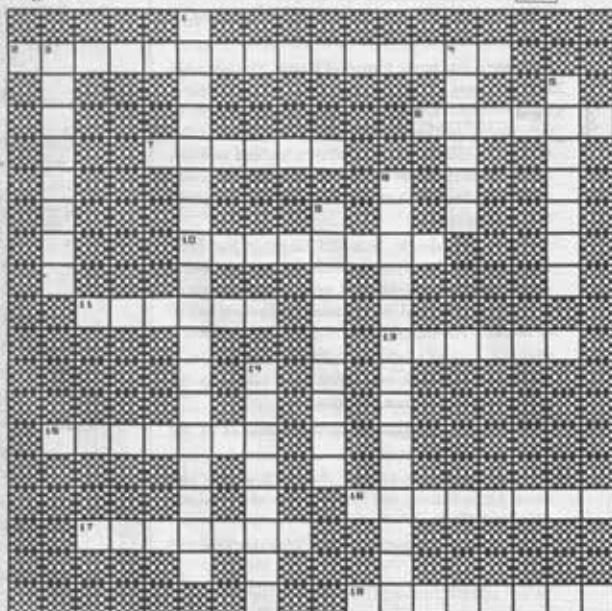
103.

ACROSS

2. Three Latin words meaning "unwelcome person"
6. Pliny's official profession
7. The masculine comparative of BONUS
10. Deponent verb meaning "I think"
11. Meaning of the prefix ANTE
13. Roman emperor to whom Pliny wrote letters
15. Reflexives must always refer back to the
16. Another name for the future passive participle
17. Impersonal Latin verb meaning "it is necessary"
18. Latin idiom meaning "the state"

DOWN

1. English translation for A.D.
3. Latin masculine adjective meaning "excellent" or "outstanding"
4. English translation of i.e.
5. The perfect active infinitive of the Latin verb DO
8. English translation of the Latin participle FALSURUS
9. Caesar's dying words (according to Shakespeare)



12. English meaning of the Latin prefix used on the word "extraterrestrial"

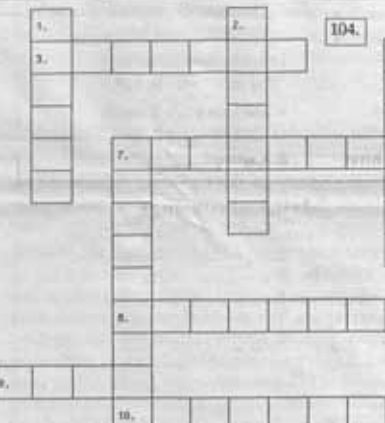
14. Latin phrase meaning "Note Well!"

Indicative Active Verb Challenge

Submitted by Eric Kovach, Latin I student of Judy C. Central Jr. H.S., Findlay, Ohio

ACROSS

3. volo, velle, imperfect, *tertia persona*, sing.
6. adsum, adesse, present, *tertia persona*, pl.
7. sodeo, sedere, future, *prima persona*, pl.
8. ambulo, ambulare, pluperfect, *secunda persona*, pl.
9. facio, facere, perfect, *prima persona*, sing.
10. traho, trahere, present, *tertia persona*, pl.



DOWN

1. eo, ire, perfect, *secunda persona*, sing.
2. iacio, iacere, future, *tertia persona*, pl.
4. habeo, habere, future perfect, *prima persona*, sing.
5. fero, ferre, future perfect, *secunda persona*, sing.
7. subtraho, subtrahere, present, *tertia persona*, sing.

105.

The Not-So-Famous Gods and Legends

Submitted by Vini Adhiksha, Latin III student, Carmel H.S., Carmel, Ind.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| ___ Achates | a. wife of Proteus |
| ___ Ate | b. 50 daughters of Danaus |
| ___ Chiron | c. god of mockery |
| ___ Danaides | d. one of the Centaurs |
| ___ Europa | e. mother of Dionysus by Zeus |
| ___ Ganymede | f. daughter of Uranus and wife of Oceanus |
| ___ Hymen | g. faithful companion to Aeneas |
| ___ Laodameia | h. river god near Troy |
| ___ Lynceus | i. god of marriage |
| ___ Momus | j. father of sea nymphs |
| ___ Nereus | k. goddess of criminal folly |
| ___ Semle | l. one of the Argonauts |
| ___ Tethys | m. princess taken by Zeus in the shape of a white bull |
| ___ Xanthus | n. carried to heaven by an eagle |



106.

1. COR INDOMITUM
2. TENEBRARUM EXERCITUS
3. MARMOTAE DIES [alias CANDELARUM MISSAE DIES]
4. CORPUS PARVUM
5. DECIDERE
6. TELUM PARATUM I
7. CUPIDITATIS PISCES
8. DOMUM TENDENS
9. PETRI AMICI
10. CANIS FURIOSUS ET GLORIA

107. Search For The Meaning

Submitted by Brian Baldwin, Latin I student of D. Hutsken,
Covenant Christian H.S., Walker, Mich.

First translate the following words into Latin. Then
find the translation in the word search.

- farmer
- people
- god
- move
- build
- goddess
- yesterday
- long
- sword
- son
- narrow
- captive
- evil
- hut
- food
- man

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

ge
npell,

ra, pl.

108.

Submitted by Abby Swalick, Latin III student,
Carmel H.S., Carmel, Ind.

Seventeen (17) deities are hidden in this puzzle. From
the word bank below, find their names—horizontally,
vertically, diagonally, or backwards. When the word,
such as Aphrodite, is found, circle each individual letter
of the word. When all 17 words are found, 9 letters will
remain uncircled. Unscramble these letters to spell the
title of this puzzle.

A	N	E	H	T	A	L
P	M		G	O	R	H
H		F	A	T	E	S
R	A		E	R	S	U
O	T	D	A	Y	I	N
D	L		E		T	A
I	E	L	P	S	E	R
T	T		O		M	U
E	O	O	S	P		C
H	R	H	E	A	A	H
	E	R	I	S		A
		G	D	R		O
			O	Y	I	S
C	R	O	N	U	S	S

Aphrodite	Iris	Cronus	Eris
Athena	Ares	Hades	Chaos
Apollo	Faith	Leto	Hera
Poseidon	Metis	Gaea	Uranus
Rhea			

109. Hannibal Facts

Submitted by Josh Geyer, Latin IV student of Joyce
Cupertino, North H.S., Waukegan, Wis.

Fill in the blanks with the appropriate letter.

- Hannibal's area of achievement
- Year of Hannibal's birth
- Year of Hannibal's death
- Place of Hannibal's birth
- Broke treaty with Carthage
- 20,000 soldiers perished on march to this valley
- Caught malaria in marshes of this river
- Killed 2/3 of Scipio's and Longus' men at this river
- Defeated Hannibal
- Wintered here in 218-217
- Outnumbered Hannibal greatly but still lost
- Place where Hannibal was defeated
- First town Hannibal laid siege on
- Almost entire army of Gaius Flaminius crushed here
- Appointed as Dictator
- Animals that Hannibal used
- Hannibal apprenticed under him
- Age when he took command of army
- Age when he laid siege on first town
- Age when he vowed he would never befriend Rome

A. Scipio	J. 232 B.C.	S. Zama
B. Longus	K. Trebia River	T. 26
C. Flaminius	L. 182 B.C.	U. 9
D. Maximus	M. 28	V. elephants
E. Paulus	N. Arno River	W. horses
F. Rome	O. 247 B.C.	X. father
G. Italy	P. Saguntum	Y. uncle
H. warfare	Q. Bythynia	Z. Lake Trasimene
I. Po River	R. Carthage	

110. Mythical Musings

Submitted by Kelley Nearhood, student of B. Buehner,
Divine Savior-Holy Angels H.S., Milwaukee, Wis.

- God of the Sun
- Goddess of Grain and Harvest
- Goddess of the Dawn
- God of Love
- God of Sleep
- God of Strength
- God of Winds
- King of the Gods
- Queen of the Gods
- God of War
- God of Speed
- God of Fire
- A Sea God who could change his shape
- Goddess of Health
- Goddess of the Rainbow
- Two-headed God
- Goddess of Love and Beauty
- God of West Wind
- Goddess of Hunting and the Moon

111.

Roman Authors Search

Submitted by Clint Scott and Kevin Chan, Latin III students
of Mrs. Bo Lawrence, St. Joseph H.S., Victoria, Tex.

- He wrote *Art of Love*.
- He wrote *Satires*.
- He wrote *Parallel Lives*.
- He wrote *On the Orator*.
- He wrote *The Aeneid*.
- He wrote *The Gallic Wars*.
- He wrote *History of Rome From Its Foundation*.
- He wrote *The Jugurthine War*.
- He wrote *Hercules on Oetaea*.
- He wrote *Meditations*.



112.

- MAXIMAM PARTEM INNOCENS, Duglasius Adami
- J.F.K.- IUVENTUS INCAUTA, Nigelus Hamiltoniensis
- PROTINUS VENIT ARANEA, Iacobus Patterides
- DIABOLI SALTATIO IN GYRUM, Ionathas Kellervir
- EINSTEINI SOMNIA, Alanus Virlevis
- SANATIO ET MENS, Guillelmus Moier
- COGERE HOMINES MORTUOS ARTE MEDICATOS SALTARE, Thomas Hovens
- ANIMAE CURATIO, Thomas Maurus
- CIRCUM COLLEM SCOPULOSUM, Georgus F. Kennanus
- TRIUMPUS, Benjamin Bova

113.

The Attraction of Opposites

Submitted by John Ulics, Kristen Nancy, and
Lydia Weyandt, Latin III students of Ms. Nancy Benn,
Hollidaysburg Area Sr. H.S., Hollidaysburg, Penn.

Unscramble the following Latin antonyms:

- qpruisuma
- dasneecule
- saseta
- abtsue
- usbon
- fiilsidfic
- itmuini
- dio
- ungatssu
- utals

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

In Memoriam Aegyptiam

Submitted by Gregory Banocki, student of Adrienne Preteroti-Nilsen, St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, New Jersey

Do you know the physician of the city?
He is the first and only one known by name.
Do you know the prime minister, vizier, to King Zoser?
He is this same physician.
Do you know a man who is an architect, engineer, and statesman, who built a step-pyramid at Saqqarah?
Do you know a man who was elevated to the status of a god?
Do you know a man who is worshiped for his healing powers?
Do you know a man for whom temples and statues were built?
Do you know the man for whom I speak?
He is Imhotep, and he is dead.

Sports Review

Ursi Win Superbowl

By Nick Saenger, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Roman Ursi defeated the Delphini of Ostia 23 to 21 on kicker Marcus Iulius' 33 yard field goal as time expired. The Delphini led most of the game. They scored first on Tiberius Fabricius' 5 yard touchdown run. After an Ursi turnover, the Delphini scored a second touchdown when quarterback Horatius Maximus ran it from the Ursi 17. An extra point was good and the Delphini led 14 to zero. The Ursi finally got moving. They drove down the field and scored on a 9 yard pass from quarterback Salustius Magnus to tight end Quintus Antonius. Right before halftime, the Ursi kicked a field goal and entered the locker room trailing the Delphini 14 to 10.

The Ursi received the ball to start the second half. They drove all the way to the Delphini 11 before their drive stalled. They were forced to settle for a field goal. Iulius kicked the ball through the goal posts and the Ursi now trailed the Delphini 14 to 13. The Delphini responded with an 80 yard drive that ended when Tiberius scored his second touchdown of the day on a 3 yard run. The Delphini stretched their lead to 21-13. The two teams traded punts and the third quarter ended with the score still Delphini 21, Ursi 13.

The situation looked bleak for the Ursi. The Delphini had the ball on their own 37 yard line with 6 minutes left in the game. Tiberius carried the ball up the middle. He was hit hard and he fumbled. The ball was scooped up by Ursi linebacker Cornelius Rufus, who ran the ball back into the end zone for a touchdown. The point after cut the Delphini lead to 21-20. The Ursi would need another defensive stop if they wanted to win. They got exactly that. On third and 7, Cornelius Rufus sacked Horatius Maximus for a 10 yard loss. The Delphini were forced to punt. It was a good punt. The Ursi had the ball on their own 6 with 2 minutes and 22 seconds left. Salustius Magnus drove them to the Ursi 45 where they faced fourth and 6 with 40 seconds left. He scrambled to the left and completed a pass to Quintus Magnus, who dragged Delphini defenders all the way to the Delphini 22. Two plays later, Marcus Iulius kicked his third field goal of the game, and the Ursi won.

Latina Lingua

By Susan Crawford, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Latin is a complex tongue
At times it's reverently sung.
To learn it is a difficult task.
It gives you more than one could ask.
Now it helps a lot in many classes,
A language that's ignored by the masses.
Learning Latin makes one wise,
It helps if your teacher's a Roman in disguise!
Not every lesson makes much sense—
Gender, number, case and tense.
Unreal how Latin I went so fast,
Although in Latin II they say we'll have a blast!

Luck, Latin and a Surrealistic Encounter with the S.A.T.

By Gregory Lett, Latin IV Student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Nervous...Some anonymous speaker droned on about the rules of and hints for the upcoming big test. A tense hum from a crowd of nervous test-takers permeated the room. My mind began to somersault and my fingers contorted as the S.A.T. test was distributed. The time was upon me...only luck could save me now...

Panic...the words upon the page before me seemed to shift chaotically and frantically about. Impossibly obscure words danced to and fro within my mind. My mind locked upon the first word, "Cogitative," I had never heard the word before...panic...

...a faint, smooth voice spoke from out of nowhere...wispy tendrils drew me in amidst a forest of marble columns...blocks of soldiers led by a standard bearer dressed in wolfskin marched in intricate formation about columns.

...a booming, commanding voice drowned out the fainter one...the still youthful bust of Julius Caesar animated from the mists directly in front of me. Images of an unkempt, bright-eyed Vercingetorix swirled together beside Caesar; each began to issue orders to the marching blocks of soldiers. The unreal sound of metal upon wood poured forth and each of the wispy soldiers began to battle with equally imaginary foes. The young Julius Caesar and Vercingetorix continued to bark forth their respective orders; Julius' orders steadily grew in volume until they drowned out Vercingetorix, and his image faded slowly from my sight. Julius Caesar's features hardened and the soldiers resumed their unthinking march.

Suddenly, Caesar's aging features, hair replaced by a laurel crown, became drawn with worry. The nebulous image of a river, the Rubicon, wound its way around Caesar's image and around the perimeter softly whispering. After long thought, Caesar's face hardened again into an ambitious smile. His mouth murmured *Alea iacta Est*, and the Roman soldiers fell back into their timeless march as the river faded from view. Suddenly, his face contorted in agony and his eyes locked upon me. I stood, rooted to the spot as Julius Caesar's features writhed and he sorrowfully uttered *Et tu, Brute*, a friend's dagger protruding from his back...the voice undulated and imperceptibly began to change...the pained bust of Julius Caesar wavered and altered, becoming more youthful, calmer, stronger...

...the voice began to issue orders again as the features became those of young Octavian Caesar of the hastily created Second Triumvirate. The Roman soldiers divided into two factions that began to struggle between themselves. Young Octavian's eyes seemed pained, due, I knew, to an adopted father's death and then the later struggle against his friend, Marcus Antonius, for supreme power. The soldiers struggled for what seemed an eternity...

...another bust appeared, next to and facing Octavian's...on this bust Cicero's slightly heavy features exuded an aura of confidence only barely matched by young Octavian's. Eloquently and vehemently, Cicero began to speak. Cicero's simple but venomous rhetoric attacked an incredible variety of subjects, all to save the Roman Republic. Catiline withered under the words of Cicero, young Octavian's face recoiled in pain as Cicero verbally struck him also. *O tempora, O mores* Cicero cried in defiance of the growing sounds of an angry crowd of Rome's commoners, the plebians. Suddenly, Cicero's noble stone bust shattered and faded away, replaced by the intense, ambitious features of his slayers' commander, Marcus Antonius...from somewhere the original faint voice whispered again, only to be drowned out by the clash of arms...

...the struggle between the soldiers grew to a feverish pitch...Marcus Antonius' forehead lost its ambitious quality and furrowed with worry. An Egyptian river barge bearing the queen Cleopatra threaded its way amidst the columns to Antonius' aid...to no avail. Antonius' eyes fluttered shut, and he and the barge dissipated into the mists...

...the Roman soldiers ceased struggling and faded from view, their services no longer needed in this new onset of peace, this *Pax Romana*. Images warped and

Cantemus Anglice de Romanis!

The Misenum Secundi (Beverly Hillbillies)

By Doug Schmitt, Latin IV Student of Barbara Hardin, Germantown High School, Germantown, Tenn.

Now here's a little story, 'bout a man named Pliny,
When it came to wits he didn't have many,
And when one day he was tannin' on his porch
A mountain called Vesuvius went up like a torch.
Volcano that is,
Hot Lava, falling rocks.

The next thing you know, old Pliny's on a boat,
Couldn't get to Rectina, 'cause the lava made a moat.
He said "Pomponianus, you've got to calm down."
Then he gave him a bath and took him into town.
Stabiae that is
Hot baths, good food.

The moral of the story is when the lava starts to flow
Pack up your things and in the other direction go.
But if, like Pliny, you can't remember that,
Just remember this, curiosity killed the cat.
(Banjo music)

fell into place. Octavian was replaced by Augustus...The wooden buildings in the suspended vision of the city of Rome took on the marble quality of the surrounding pillars. The angry roar of the populace became a resounding cheer...a feeling of contentedness washed over my intangible body...

...a ghostly, bearded figure painstakingly approached the benevolently smiling bust of Augustus...the figure lowered his head in deference to divine Caesar...and turned to face me. His misty eyes seemed to draw me in...the rest of the dubious quasi-reality was forgotten and became nothing.

...in his deep eyes I saw visions of pastures, of flowers and bumblebees...in his eyes I saw him, Vergil, accept a golden writing stylus from divine Augustus...I saw images of three beautiful women, goddesses, angered over the judgement of Paris. Paris fled...one of the women, Juno, queen of the gods, glaring at his back, another, Venus, goddess of love spurring him onward. The image shifted to that of a great wooden horse...a sea of faceless men dragging it into the great city Troy...then sudden violence under the cover of darkness...fires lit the cloudy night sky...

...overwhelming despair washed over me...Aeneas, founder of Rome was forced from Troy into exile by the Greeks. More images rushed forth: a beautiful African queen named Dido, her heartbroken agony and suicide, fate driving on toward Rome, and images of specters of Pluto's domain, less real even than the ghosts about me now...

...Vergil's shy, melancholy eyes blinked, freeing me from their spell. His sad face turned to watch something to my left. My head, seemingly of its own volition, turned to follow his knowing eyes. Before me was a faint incorporeal manlike image...it silently and apparently effortlessly glided toward my paralyzed frame...the faint, seamless voice seemed to speak...urging me to recognize the man before me...

...the faint, smooth voice spoke again, this time more insistently. The image of Rene Descartes pointing to several lines of Latin text drew closer; he was chiding me for my poor memory and murmuring something about philosophy. Three small words blazed in crimson within the Latin text: *Cogito Ergo Sum*.
(Continued in Pagina Nona)

Our Poems

By Moe Jauert, Arria Sommer, Anna Turner, Latin II Students of Ms. Judy Campbell, Central Jr. High School, Findlay, Ohio

I
Catella
Parva, pulchra.
Currcbat, edebat, dormiebat.
Canis

II
Puer
Magnus, crudelis
Conabatur, surripiebat, violabat.
Puer amat puellam nomine Corneliā.
Adulescens

Luck, Latin (Continued a Pagina Octava)

Automatically their translation fought its way to the front of my frozen mind: 'I think, therefore I am.' My mind began, haltingly, to attempt to make connections: *Cogito* and "*Cogitative*" seemed similar...one Latin the other English...the latter probably derived from the former. "*Cogitative*" had to be an adjective force involving thought...as my mind began to successfully draw itself from the molasses caused by my panic and think, I returned to my former state of existence.

...Marble columns dissolved as quickly as they had come. Descartes was now only a passing specter of my mind.

The test still loomed up before me...the esoteric English remained still upon the page.

Only luck, and Latin, could save me now.

The Price of Wisdom

By Tamara Melnick, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Of the two chaste goddesses, Minerva and Diana, it is Diana who seems to be chased by men most often, for Minerva, although her wisdom surpasses all, is seen to be even more cold and unfeeling than her hot-headed half-sister; however, her colleagues upon Mount Olympus know that this is not true.

Once, in a time so long ago that the Muse of History had not yet made herself known to mankind, a man by the name of Bubo was the wisest among his people. His wisdom had been given to him by Minerva, who for reasons of her own had taken a liking to the man. There was, however, one problem. Jupiter, out of concern that his beloved daughter was becoming far too fond of Bubo, added the stipulation that Bubo's wisdom must always be unknown to all.

And so it came to pass that Bubo, an ethical and responsible young man, was forced to sit and watch as bad decisions were made time and time again. His sense of powerlessness grew, and nothing would relieve his mental anguish. One day, not knowing why he should be so cursed, Bubo fled to the temple of Minerva and asked for help. Slowly the votive statue to which he prayed began to move. He looked up, and saw Minerva looking down on him with a more kindly look in her gray eyes than had ever been mentioned in all the legends. The goddess sighed, regretting more than ever the vows which prevented her from ever giving her love to any man. Bubo was suddenly flooded in a blaze of light and saw the perspective of the room changing. After a while Minerva stooped down and gently picked him up.

He had been mysteriously turned into an owl, and although he could never share his wisdom with mankind, he could now whisper his advice into his beloved's ear, advice which was always heeded.

The Life of a Typical Roman Praeco

By Bob Goldwin, Latin III-IV Student of Jim Stebbins, Riley High School, South Bend, Ind.

Publius Rufus awoke early in the morning, for today was a his big day. Publius was to start his new occupation as a *praeco*, that is, an auctioneer and public crier.

He considered himself quite lucky, because he would be working for the governor of his small city, a man that he knew was kind and gentle. Some other *praeco*s that he had known were stationed in larger cities and assigned to magistrates, counsels, praetors, censors, or governors who were not as kind as the man for whom he would be working.

When he got the job, Publius realized that being a *praeco* was pretty lucrative even though it was not very respectable. People employed by the state were ranked as the most insignificant of paid servants.

After Publius got dressed, he looked over his list of duties for the day. His first duty would be to call to order a meeting of the people and the local senate. He would have to use his loud, deep voice to command silence. He would then read aloud all of the proposals that were under consideration at that meeting. After the votes were taken, he would read the results.

His next job of the day would be in the *basilica*. There he would announce the beginning and the end of legal proceedings. He would also announce who the

The Roman army consisted of two groups: the infantry, which consisted foot soldiers, and the cavalry, which consisted of fighters on horseback. Foot soldiers were usually assigned to legions. Under the rule of Trajan, there were 30 legions of 5,300 men each. The emperor had 10,000 guards of his own while the auxiliary cavalry contained 80,000 soldiers. The infantry had 140,000, and there were 20,000 others which did not have any specific role, but were simply extras.

The soldiers, called *milites*, were often poor young men recruited from the Roman provinces with the lure of citizenship and the promise of land holdings upon retirement. Enrollment ages ranged from 14 to 22 and each enrollee was required to take an oath of allegiance called a *sacramentum*.

Although a soldier pledged to serve in the military for a minimum of 25 years, he could occasionally be granted leave. In addition to being a practiced fighter, each soldier had many jobs to perform which ranged from digging ditches, and repairing boots to cleaning barracks. Military discipline required that a soldier keep himself, his gear and his camp very clean. Years of experience had taught the Romans that dirt led to disease. To stay fit, soldiers were required to make an 18 mile run carrying 60 pounds of equipment once a month.

The Roman's equipment consisted of the helmet, *cassis*, which was made of bronze with an iron inner plate. Officers' helmets, *galeae*, were covered with leather as a means of insulation against the heat of the sun. The sword, *gladius*, was two edged, and the Romans were taught to stab rather than chop. All members of the Roman army were expert sword fighters. A soldier's boots, *caligae*, were three-fourths of an inch thick and had heavy hob nails on the bottom to provide traction in mud.

Minotaur

By Dan Meier, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Deep in the Labyrinth you can hear cries,
of children who go in to meet their demise.

The maze is complex with many a turn,
And the luckier they are the faster they learn.

Left could be life and right could be death.
Or is it vice-versa, it's anyone's guess.

Their lives are put in the hands of Zeus,
But even he can't stop the Minotaur's noose.

For when they go before a creature so great,
None can decide his own fate.

Perhaps when each child's time has come
Its death will be a fast and easy one.

The Roman Soldier

By Chad Ferris, Latin Student of Jim Stebbins, Riley High School, South Bend, Ind.

To protect their chests, soldiers wore different kinds of *loricae*, depending on their specific branch of service. Some wore thick shoulder armor which resembled today's modern day football pads. Officers wore light weight *loricae scorteae* which were made from formed leather. Most *pedites* wore *loricae segmentatae* made from overlapping layers of metal. *Sagittarii* wore *loricae hamatae* which were made of chain mail, and the cavalry sometimes wore *loricae squamatae* which were light weight leather jackets onto which overlapping bronze scales had been sewn. In warm weather these *loricae* were, no doubt, very uncomfortable for the Roman soldiers to wear.

When the soldiers were off duty, they would often drink and talk about home. They were not allowed to marry, but sometimes, when a legion was stationed in one place for a long period of time, some men were allowed to live off base in little houses with local women who would then be called *focariae*. Male children born to such arrangements would be granted citizenship if they joined the legion with their fathers. A newly enlisted soldier earned 66 *denarii* (silver coins) for every four months of service. Continued service and promotions led to larger salaries.

In addition to constant training and camp upkeep assignments, each soldier was trained in one of the many skills needed to run the mini-town in which they lived. Soldiers were also bakers, leather-workers, carpenters, engineers, cooks, health-care specialists, surveyors, masons, mechanics, record keepers, menders, hunters, blacksmiths and so on.

In many ways the Roman army was very different from today's army, but its principles of loyalty, discipline, physical training, industriousness, and career development closely resemble the goals and principles of our modern day military.

Phaethon's Unlicensed Driving

By Stephen Dirksen, Latin II Student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Divinity Helios, Greek god of the sun,
Once met with Phaethon, his most cherished son.

That day, with his dad a promise was set:
Whatever he wanted is what he would get.

And Phaethon's biggest and burning desire
Was just once to drive his dad's chariot of fire.

"The one thing I have most wanted to do
Is one day to drive the sun's chariot for you."

Helios' reaction was fear and concern
That his son's first excursion would take a bad turn.

He cautioned his son with instructions galore,
With warnings that could make his pleasure a bore.

"Now don't go straight up, and don't go too high,
Don't make sharp turns on your trip through the sky."

"Don't go too fast, and don't go too slow,
The earth will get singed if you go down too low."

"Each of the horses you need to restrain,
Whatever you do, don't give them free rein."

So many more things the old man did say,
But the youth was too eager to get on his way.

So off to the heavens, the coursers they flew
With their cargo, the sun and Phaethon too.

And Phaethon called as he flew out of sight,
"I'm on my way, Dad. See you later tonight."

His journey was grand and pleasurable, too,
Until of his youth the horses soon knew.

They flew through the sky, ran into a star,
Then dropped back to Earth its surface to char.

The Earth and her peoples all cried out in pain,
And Zeus' attention they soon did obtain.

To end this adventure right on the spot,
With mighty thunder Phaethon was shot.

The boy was struck down by Zeus' great bolts,
Instantly killed by thousands of volts.

The horses then fell into Neptune's domain:
Dropped into the sea, to forever remain.

And Helios observed this and suffered much grief
That Phaethon's life had been, oh, so brief.

The moral of Phaethon that one can derive:
Don't go too fast when you learn how to drive!

Death of Vesuvius

By Jonathan Jackson, Latin II Student of
Barbara Hardin, Germantown High School,
Germantown, Tenn.

The mushroom of death rises high
Threatening doom upon all in the villages.
Pillows run around in fright
As all flee through darkened streets.
Ash and pumice fall throughout
Raining death on every home.
The sky is black though it is day
For the ash is thick and mixed with rain.
Surges come and kill at once
Now that fate has had its say—
Mt. Vesuvius has blown.
Harken not to hear the voices
Scream as they may
For death shall come to you too
If you fall behind to help a friend.
The dead are buried beneath the ash
Hidden from those who cared,
Forgotten 'til ages yet to come
When the world will learn from the way they died.

114. How Well Did You Read?

1. Approximately how many quarts of olive oil can be produced from 1,300–2,000 olives?
2. What was strange about books called *ἀποτροπαίοντα*?
3. What's another name for the book called *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*?
4. In the story "*Moritur Te Salutamus*," why didn't the *retiarus* raise his arm to ask the emperor for mercy?
5. What were the duties of a Roman *Præco*?
6. How many students took the National Latin Exam in 1992?
7. Name four things for which the Egyptian god Bes was a patron.
8. What three Roman festivals held in April featured theatrical performances?
9. According to Katie Hanna, which Roman emperor may well have inspired soup kitchens and the Peace Corps?
10. How would April 21 be expressed in Latin?

TEACHERS: Have your Pompeiiana NEWSLETTERS on your desks when school opens next fall!

Turn in your school purchase orders now!

Published especially for Latin students, this twelve-page tabloid-size newspaper features current articles about the study of Latin, the classical world, archaeology, art, mythology, Latin authors, new discoveries and all those things that spice up Latin classrooms but for which there is never enough time.

Two entire pages of brain-teaser games, puzzles, and current song, movie and book titles challenge students to use their Latin knowledge in fun ways. An entire page of especially contracted cartoons helps keep the paper light and lively.

The majority of the articles (most of which are submitted by student and teacher subscribers) are in English but some Latin articles are included for more able students. The lead story (always in Latin) features the "hottest" rock music and movie stars, sports heroes or public figures, or popular stories or tales rendered in Latin.

The Pompeiiana Newsletter cleverly blends the humorous and the serious while bringing the ancient world of Rome to life for your students—right down to cooking with authentic Roman recipes and an advice column which teaches culture subliminally while responding to fictional letters from Roman youth.

ACT NOW TO HAVE THE POMPEIIANA NEWSLETTER ADDED TO YOUR SCHOOL'S LIST OF SUPPLEMENTARY CLASSROOM MATERIAL FOR THE 1993-1994 SCHOOL YEAR.

Order a classroom copy for each of your students (it is compatible with all levels of Latin from elementary school to senior high school) and let them enjoy Latin news and activities while they expand their knowledge and increase their skills.

U.S.A. Subscription Rates Order Form for the 1993–1994 School Year

(Orders not submitted with a school Purchase Order must be prepaid)

Bill To:	Ship Attn:	Mail to: Pompeiiana, Inc. 93-94 Subscriptions 6026 Indiana Avenue Indianapolis, IN 46220 (317) 255-0589 Classroom orders of student subscriptions must be mailed attention of a specific teacher-member. Teacher Membership Status (One check mark required below) Current (diapies <input type="checkbox"/> / <input type="checkbox"/> Now being purchased <input type="checkbox"/>
Attn:	Teacher:	
Street:	Street:	
City:	City:	
State/Zip:	State/Zip:	

Quantity	Item	Description	Unit Price	Subtotal
	Teacher/adult Membership(s)	Basic membership/subscription. Answer sheet sent monthly even without Classroom order.	15.00	
	Contributing Membership(s)	Supporting membership for those who wish to contribute more. Also includes monthly answer sheet.	20.00 or more.	
To place a Classroom Order below, the teacher must hold one of the above Pompeiiana memberships.				
	Classroom Order	6 (minimum)–50 student subscriptions	3.75	
		51 or more student subscriptions	3.50	
One answer sheet is sent with each classroom order. Subscriptions run Sept. thru May and copies of back issues for the year are sent when subscriptions are begun after the school year has started.				
Orders to be invoiced may be FAXed to (317) 254-1380.				TOTAL

Rates for CANADA and other FOREIGN COUNTRIES must be requested separately from Pompeiiana, Inc.

CAVEANT EMPTOR VENDORQUE

Ludamus Latine!

A New Game of Classical Trivia

Just completed: A trivia game for Latin classes, Level II and up.

Six categories of questions covering virtually all aspects of classical antiquity: Greek History, Roman History, Mythology, Etymology, Literature and Miscellaneous. Over 1200 questions (and answers), printed in 6 colors on flashcard stock.

Mailed first-class on 78 sheets, 16 questions per sheet; paper/cutter needed.

Send \$26.00 to Dr. Andrew Adams, Foreign Language Department, North Central College, P.O. Box 3063, Naperville, IL 60566-7063.

Loquamur Latine!

Fr. Suibertus Siedel, O.C.D., an Austrian Carmelite monk, has written a text entitled *Conversational Latin, Cursus Linguae Latinae Vivae*. The text appears to be an outcome of his week-long workshops in conversational Latin which he has been conducting lately under the auspices of *Latinitas* at the Vatican.

The 207 page text and 13 cassettes are available for \$62.70 which includes P/H.

Copies should be ordered directly from:

Editiones Familiae Sancti Hieronymi
507 S. Prospect Ave.
Clearwater, FL 34616

Isis Romae et in Campania

June 29–July 10, 1993

Summer Session at the Villa Vergiliana and in Rome, sponsored by the Classics Department of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio

The newly discovered temple of Isis at the Greco-Roman city of Cumae and the cults of Isis and other Egyptian and Middle Eastern deities will be the focus of a twelve day study tour of the Naples area.

Visits to all the principal sites will be combined with an examination of the literary, religio-mythical, artistic, and historical/archaeological evidence for the importance of this oriental influence among the Romans.

From a base at the Villa Vergiliana at Cumae, visits to Pompeii, Herculaneum, Oplontis, Paestum, Capua, Sperlonga, Capri, and in Vergil's Phlegraean Fields, Baiae, Putcoli, Lake Avernus, Misenum, and Cumae itself, will highlight the influence of foreign cults.

Stops in Rome will include visits to the temple of Isis and Sarapis, its obelisks, and its treasures in the Capitoline Museum; the Pantheon; the Mithraeum in the Basilica of San Clemente; the Egyptian collection in the Vatican Museum; and a visit to the Sarapeum at Hadrian's Imperial Villa at Tivoli.

\$1,585 fee includes 3 graduate credit hours, all entrance fees, travel in Italy, meals, lodging and gratuities. Airfare not included.

Call (513) 529-1486 for application forms and info.

Tesseras Theatrales Habeo

If you are a theater buff, I have the tickets you need for the special performances to be given this month in connection with the celebrations of *Megalenses Ludi*, *Cerealia* and *Floralia*. Remember, even though *tesseræ* are given out free, it's not always possible to get the better seats. By paying a little, you can have the best seats in the house. Whether you prefer the more refined performances sponsored by the *Prætor* (*Megalenses Ludi*), the more plebeian presentations sponsored by the *Aediles* (*Cerealia*) or the bawdy performances of *Floralia*, I'll sell you the *tesseræ* you want. Ask for *Avanis* near the *Basilica Julia*.

Si Vis Emere Videocassetas

If you are looking to add to your collection of classical video cassettes, you may want to check these titles available from PACIFIC ARTS, 11858 La Grange Ave., Los Angeles, CA, 1-800-538-5856 (FAX Orders: 1-310-826-9351):

The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, 60 mins.	
PAV9910	\$29.95
I Claudius, 7 video cassettes, 13 hours	
PBS303	\$149.95
Venice, Queen of the Adriatic (Museum City Videos), 30 minutes. PAV9914	\$19.98
Florence, Cradle of the Renaissance (Museum City Videos), 30 minutes. PAV9913	\$19.98
The Life of Leonardo Da Vinci, 3 video cassettes, 270 minutes. Dubbed in English. PAV9906	\$79.95



ANACHRONISMS



JOE VADIS

DAN FERRULLI



ORIGEN AND HIS SPECIES



Latin Learning ENGLAND



MYTH CONCEPTIONS BANISTER, AINO



Pompeiana, Inc.

Pompeiana 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.

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

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

The Pompeiana Newsletter

I.S.S. # 08925941

The Pompeiana 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 Pompeiana Newsletter are printed and mailed to members and Latin classes throughout the world.

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

Plan Now to Renew Your Membership & Classroom Order

Membership Enrollment Form, 1993-1994

The cost of memberships varies because of the expense involved in mailing the Pompeiana 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 1993-1994

All classroom orders must be sent c/o of a current teacher-member of Pompeiana, 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.

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

Let Pompeiana Put Your Name in Print

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

The Editor

Pompeiana 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.

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

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.)

101. Carmina Optima

1. NOTHIN' BUT A "G" THANG, Dr. Dre
2. INFORMER, Snow
3. DITTY, Paperboy
4. BED OF ROSES, Bon Jovi
5. CAT'S IN THE CRADLE, Ugly Kid Joe
6. I'M EVERY WOMAN, Whitney Houston
7. GET AWAY, Bobby Brown
8. COMFORTER, Shai
9. IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT, Boys II Men
10. DON'T WALK AWAY, Jade

108.



112.

Libri Optimi

1. MOSTLY INNOCENT, Douglas Adams
2. JFK: RECKLESS YOUTH, Nigel Hamilton
3. ALONG CAME A SPIDER, James Patterson
4. DEVIL'S WALTZ, Jonathan Kellerman
5. EINSTEIN'S DREAMS, Alan Lightman
6. HEALING AND THE MIND, Bill Moyers
7. MAKING THE MUMMIES DANCE, Thomas Hoving
8. CARE OF THE SOUL, Thomas Moore
9. AROUND THE CRAGGED HILL, George F. Kennan
10. TRIUMPH, Ben Bova

113. The Attraction of Opposites

1. priusquam post
2. adolescent senex
3. anus kiema
4. beatus pauper
5. bonus malus
6. difficilis facilis
7. mitium finis
8. edis atio
9. angustus latus

102.

Who Am I?

1. DIMACHAERUS
2. PALLAS
3. TURNUS
4. ESSDARIUS
5. RHEA SILVIA
6. AURORA
7. JANUS
8. RETIARIUS
9. GERON
10. HOPLOMACHUS
11. CAMILLA

Answer: YOUR DEADLIEST ENEMY OR YOUR FRIEND

107.

Search for Meaning

1. agricola
2. populus
3. deus
4. moveo
5. aedifico
6. dea
7. heri
8. longus
9. gladius
10. filius
11. angustus
12. captivus
13. malus
14. casa
15. citius
16. vir

109.

Hannibal Facts

H
O
L
R
F
I
N
K
A
G
E
S
P
Z
D
V
X
T
M
U

110.

Mythical Musings

F
C
A
K
L
H
E
G
B
O
R
S
J
I
P
M
D
Q
N

114.

How Well Did You Read?

1. One
2. Words have letters deliberately omitted from them.
3. A Thousand and One Nights
4. Because of his wounds, he could use neither arm.
5. Auctioneer and public announcer
6. 77,000
7. Art, music, birth and war
8. Megalotus Ludi, Cerealis and Floralis
9. Vespasian
10. a.d. XII Kal. Mai.



Roman Authors

Search

1. Ovid
2. Horace
3. Plutarch
4. Cicero
5. Vergil
6. Caesar
7. Livy
8. Sallust
9. Seneca
10. Marcus Aurelius

Nominated for Five Academy Awards

Aladdin

Tell a good old story to new listeners, and you'll be loved by all. Because of this truism the movie Aladdin is now loved by many spectators.

The story of Aladdin is a simple one — and very old. A poor but honest boy is taken advantage of by an evil man. The boy, however, is helped by a huge genie who lives in a lamp. The genie grants the boy three wishes. After many hardships, with the help of the genie the boy becomes successful and wealthy, marries a beautiful girl, and conquers the evil man.

The story of Aladdin is so old that many say that the ancient Greeks told a story similar to this one.

"Aladdin" is one story in a large book entitled either *A Thousand and One Nights* or *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

All the original stories in this book are very old. They were collected in Persia, in India and in Arabia. About A.D. 1000 they were written down in Arabic.

In 1704, a French writer, Antoine Galland, found a manuscript containing the stories which had been written about 1548, and he began to translate these stories from Arabic to French.

In 1840, E. W. Lane published a book in which these stories had been translated from French into English.

In this book titled *A Thousand and One Nights* there are two brothers who are kings, each in his own kingdom. One of the kings was named Schahzeman, the other was named Schahriah. After each king had killed his own wife for infidelity, the king named Schahriah began to marry a new girl every night. At dawn of the next day, each new wife was killed by the order of the king.

After many girls had been killed by order of the king,

one girl, named Scheherazade, had a plan. This girl told her father (who was one of the king's viziers) that she wanted to be led into marriage by the king.

A little before dawn, this girl's sister (whose name was Dinarzade) came to her sister (now the most recent wife of the king) and said: "My sister, because this is your last night alive, tell me one last story before you die."

King Schahriah gave his permission, and listened to the story himself. The story that Scheherazade told was good but very long. When Dawn arrived, the story was not done. Because the king wanted to hear the end of this story, he didn't kill Scheherazade. The new wife said she would tell the end of the story on the next night. On the next night, Scheherazade told the king and her sister the end of the story, and then she began another good story. This story also was very long, and when Dawn came a second time, this story had not been completed either. Again, because the king wanted to hear the end of this new story, he didn't kill Scheherazade.

In this way Scheherazade told a thousand and one stories, and she lived a thousand and one days. After these many stories, King Schahriah was in love with his wife, and he didn't want to kill her. Schahzeman, the king's brother, married Queen Scheherazade's sister, Dinarzade, and they all lived happily ever after.

All the stories told by Scheherazade were written in the book we mentioned above — *A Thousand and One Nights*.

The story about Aladdin is one of these stories. A few of the titles of the other stories in this book are "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," "The Magic Carpet," and "Sinbad the Sailor."

The Not-So-Famous Gods and Legends

105.

G
K
D
B
M
N
I
A
L
C
J
E
H

106.

Picturae Moventes

1. UNTAMED HEART
2. ARMY OF DARKNESS
3. GROUNDHOG DAY (alias CANDLEMAS DAY)
4. LEFEBRECHAUN
5. FALLING DOWN
6. LOADED WEAPON I
7. PASSION FISH
8. HOMEWARD BOUND
9. PETER'S FRIENDS
10. MAD DOG AND GLORY