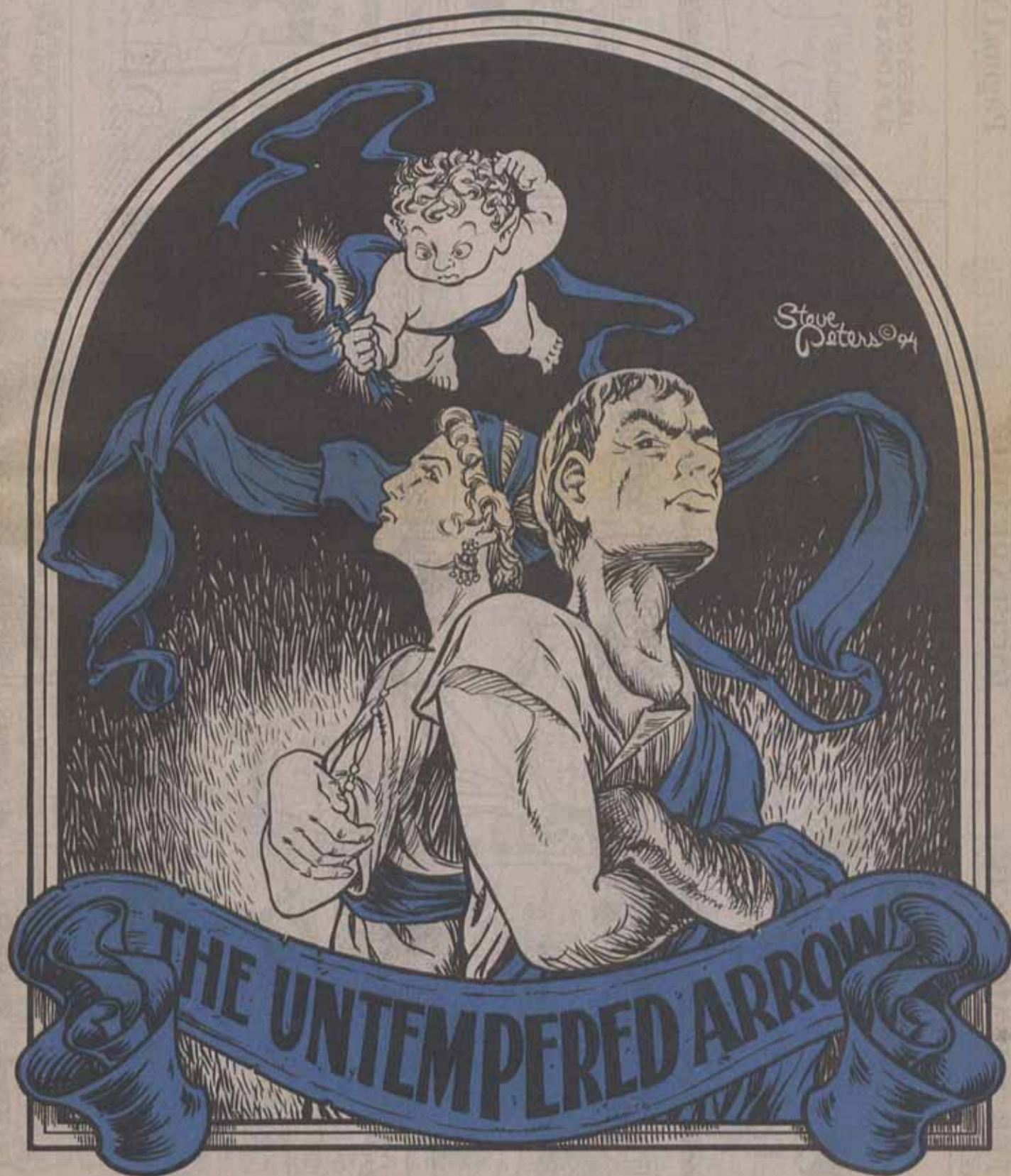


POMPEIANA

NEWSLETTER

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De Morte Lincolnensi

by Jennifer Macke and Angela Rudemiller, Elizabeth Daly Wagner scholars studying Latin IV under Sr. Mary Consolata Schmidt, Seton H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Erat dies Veneris, Dies Paschalis, a.d. xviii Kal. Mai., A.D. MDCCCLXV. Bellum longum denique gestum est, et Praeses et uxor sua consilium ceperunt ut cum amicis ad theatrum irent. Fabula erat comoedia popularis cui titulus erat "Noster Consobrinus Americanus."

In Fordensis Theatro Praeses et amici spectabant fabulam a sedibus in theatri podio vexillis ornato clausis. Paulo post primam vigiliam, qui quondam actor fuerat, Iohannes Vilces Booth, in podium tacite ingressus est. Ponens stlopetum minorem in Praesidis sedis postera parte, Praesidem in capite vulneravit. Tum Booth in proscenium insiluit exclamans: "Sic semper tyrannis! Respublica Meridiana vindicata est!"

Portaverunt Praesidem ad domum oppositum theatro quia tam grave vulneratus est ut Domum Album cum portare non possent. Ibi multas horas decubuit sine sensu. In cubiculo parvo cum eo congregaverunt



medici et illi quibus erat summa rerum administratio et uxor et filius eius Robertus.

Praeses per noctem et in proximi dici obscurum et tenebrosam tempus matutinum paulatim moriebatur. Circa horam primam vitam exhalavit.

Cum ad Edwin Stanton, qui rebus bellicis praeerat, Praesem mortuum esse relatum erat, tristis dixit, "Nunc actibus omnibus ille est!"

Sed quid de Booth? Ille erat fanaticus qui servituti favebat. Manifeste Praesidem occidere constituit post Praeses orationem a.d. III Id. Apr. habuit. In hac oratione Praeses suffragium circumscriptum pro genere nigro advocaverat. Booth, autem, cum in proscenium insiluit, crus laevum fregit. Ergo equo fugere necesse erat. Denique in horreo in Virginia se abscondit quo in loco a Militibus Consociatis inventus est. Utrum Booth a militibus occisus sit an sese occiderit nescimus, sed mortuus est a.d. V Kal. Mai.

It's Hard to Complete Herculean Labors in the Modern World

Based on a story submitted by Josh Hu, Latin II student of Marianthe Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

After years of living in bliss on Olympus, the great hero Hercules was experiencing a little mid-life crisis. He was beginning to doubt his many powers and secretly craved to get out there and see if he could still swing the ol' club as well as he used to. He wanted to do things right, however, so the first thing he did was dial 1-800-ORACLES to determine the correct way to enjoy this new adventure. Tiresias, who was still taking calls despite his advanced age, assigned Hercules the same twelve labors he had been given before, but this time he would have to do them in a new time frame: the dreaded 1990's. It would be up to Hercules to seek out and perform his twelve old tasks in this new setting.

Hercules dug his old club out of the closet and spent a few days limbering up and getting the feel of Old Thumper.

When he was ready, Hercules decided that his first task would be to kill the world's most famous lion, the MGM lion. Of course, a major part of the labor would be surviving in L.A.—no easy task since the street life alone was enough to do in the hero. Once he discovered that the MGM lion existed simply on celluloid, Hercules wasted no time in gathering up all the clips he could find of the lion and destroying them. One labor down!

For his second labor, Hercules did a little research in the library to see if he could locate a descendent of the Hydra that might serve as a suitable substitute. He finally decided that the Loch Ness Monster would have to do. When the media found out that Hercules was finally going to capture "Nessy," however, he was provided with so much help and equipment that Tiresias had to declare a foul and invalidate the labor, which, after all, was supposed to be a solo achievement.

Hercules caught a flight back to LaGuardia in time for New Year's Eve where he thought that he would have no trouble getting a lead on good ol' Labor Number Three, the boar. Hercules got into the spirit of the celebration and was pretty far gone by 11:59 p.m. He was so far gone, in fact, that when someone shouted, "There goes the ball," Hercules thought they said "There goes the boar!" In a flash he ran to the top of One Times Square and ripped the "boar" off its 77 foot flag pole before it reached the bottom—the crowd went wild!

The fourth labor was more difficult for it required stealth more than strength. Hercules left New York and headed south to Florida. To steal a stag with golden horns he had been told he would have to go to Busch Gardens. Getting into the gardens was easy enough, but finding a place to hide after the attraction closed was a little more difficult. Hercules hid in the bushes until dark. He then had to avoid a laser alarm

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

You May Not Know it, But You Suddenly Have Something That Everyone Wants

Now that the world is recoiling from the blitz of gift-giving holidays and the inevitable aftermath of charge card terror statements, people are beginning to sit back and realize that they really have too many belongings already. What's more, these belongings seem to fade somewhat once they leave the spotlight presentation areas of the department stores or the four-color glossy formats of the exclusive catalogs. As many others have observed, people wish their lives were simpler. They wish they had more time. They wish they could give and acquire things that might last forever, travel everywhere and expand to fit all sizes. They wish they could give and acquire things that never went out of style and didn't need to be stored and protected at some expense for years to come.

What people are seeking, of course, is the ultimate acquisition! The one that was perfectly described a couple of millennia ago: "It supports you when you're young, it gives you pleasure when you're old, it's perfect for when you're enjoying good times, and helps you out when the going gets rough. It gives you pleasure at home and certainly doesn't work against you when you're on the road. It's the perfect thing to have when you're spending quiet nights alone, when you're travelling, or when you're relaxing in the country."

O.K., so everyone's asking, "What is it? Who's got it? How do we get it?"

Ironically, it's something that is offered free to us when we least want it, and something which costs the most when we learn its true value.

The ultimate acquisition is knowledge!

Wait, don't gag and recoil. It's True! This is the ultimate and most "In" acquisition that materialistically over-burdened Yuppies are going for. And they're willing to travel great distances to acquire it as well as to shell out big bucks.

Some of them are learning how to build and make things, others are seeking skills and insights, and, it should come as no surprise, some want to learn Latin and Greek. Riding the crest of this wave, a New York classicist has discovered that he can charge up to \$75 per hour to introduce novices to classical studies. To quote from a recent ad:

"Within six to nine months, C. T. Bundy will have you reading the *Odyssey* in the original Greek. With a bit more time you'll be able to translate Xenophon, Catullus, Pliny and Ovid's light stuff." A classics teacher for thirty-five years in New York City private schools, Bundy produces such enthusiastic students that their parents take private lessons from him.

WHERE: New York City, your home or a mutually agreed-upon location. COST: \$75 an hour plus travel expenses. FOR MORE INFORMATION: (212) 988-9856 after 5 p.m.

Latin teacher, thy time has come! Promote thyself!

Venite ad Cenam Saturnalicam

by Sarah Zapf, Latin Poetry student of Mary Fran Horgan, Cor Jesu Academy, St. Louis, Missouri

On the surface, it seemed like an ordinary dinner/dance. Cor Jesu Academy's cafeteria glittered with majestic purple and gold. White lights twinkled on the walls. A large area stood cleared of tables and awaited the discjockey's arrival. The smell of steaming lasagna wafted from the kitchen, and punch bowls filled to the brim waited to be emptied.

Yes, all appeared normal until the guests arrived wearing bedsheets! Welcome to St. Louis' 14th Annual *Saturnalia*!

Saturnalia, an ancient Roman holiday, is revived annually in St. Louis, Missouri, by high school Latin clubs of Cor Jesu Academy, St. Joseph's Academy, and St. Louis University High School. Hosted on a rotating basis, usually on the last Sunday of November, Cor Jesu was the site of *Saturnalia* 1993, "Christmas in Rome."

One hundred and eighty-two Latin scholars attended this year, wearing togas or stolas crafted from bedsheets. The students ate traditional Lasagna and Caesar salad before settling down to applaud skits and take-offs on Roman mythology—the popular theme this year was the kidnapping of Helen and the Trojan War—performed by students from the visiting schools. Then the togas and stolas came off as scholars boogied to music from Unlimited Sound Disc Jockeys.

"The teachers started this tradition fourteen years ago to explain the concept of *Saturnalia* as it coincides with Christmas," said Mary Fran Horgan, Latin teacher at Cor Jesu. "We hoped to create a social situation with other schools in the area. It is very inspiring to see 182 students having a great time with the bond of Latin as the means of bringing them together."

"I thought it went really well," said Cor Jesu junior Jamie Jabouri. "We had a lot of fun, and the punch was excellent!"

MATT COVAIN'S O TEMPORA, O MORES!

HERCULES LOSES
THE SMELLY
LION-SKIN AND
GOES FOR
THE YOUTHFUL
WITH-IT LOOK.



Herculean Labors (Cont. a Pagina Prima)

and decipher a six-number combination lock. He was able to escape by riding the stag out and being far enough away before anyone noticed that the stag was missing.

For his fifth labor Hercules just stayed in Florida and decided to destroy the Daytonian sea gulls that terrorized all the students on spring break. These birds would steal food from the students and make frequent "bombing runs" that ruined everyone's good time. To get rid of the birds Hercules borrowed a drum and cymbal set from a local rock band and hooked up along the shore all the speakers and amps he could find. He then sat down and played a set that sent the birds flying in all directions, never to return.

The sixth labor took Hercules back to New York again. His task this time was to rid the Big Apple of its smog in one day. Before undertaking the task Hercules met with the mayor of New York who agreed to give Hercules a lifetime subway pass if he successfully completed the task. Hercules accepted the offer and went to work redesigning the mountain ranges up north in such a way that the cold blasts of wind from the north would constantly blow New York's smog out over the Atlantic Ocean. Once again, however, Tiresias could not accept this as a genuine labor—this time because Hercules did it for his own profit.

Hercules' seventh labor involved fighting the world's meanest bull. This was a snap. Hercules caught a jet for Mexico where he arranged to do an exhibition bull fight for free provided that the promoters could guarantee him that he would be able to fight the meanest bull in the world. When the day of the fight arrived, the event was completely sold out. The crowd was disappointed that Hercules didn't kill the bull, but they were totally amazed to see him tame the bull to such an extent that he rode it out of the arena. Hercules decided to take a little burrito break for a few weeks and just lie in the sun and drink—but not the water, of course!

For his eighth labor Hercules had to kill the evil horses that could depress and kill men. He had to give this some thought because everyone he talked to said there were no horses like this left in the world. Hercules decided to tour the horse-raising state to find out for himself. Much to his surprise, once he arrived in Kentucky he did see people getting depressed and even losing their livelihoods because of horses—racing horses, that is. Hercules returned to New York where he found a scientist who was willing to create some gene splices that would, when injected into horses, deprive them of their competitive spirit. The scientist was willing to do this in exchange for Hercules' lifetime subway pass that had been given to him by the mayor during his sixth labor. Once Hercules had injected all the race horses with this gene-splice, it was just a matter of a few weeks before all the race courses had closed and people whose lives were previously being ruined by race horses began to return to normal.

For his ninth labor Hercules had to get the championship belt from the reigning queen of the American Gladiators. When he visited the set where the show was televised, he explained his mission to the head female American Gladiator. She understood his mission and was actually quite honored to meet Hercules himself. When Hercules was leaving the locker room with the championship belt under his arm, however, the other American Gladiators thought he was a thief and attacked him. Before it was over all the American Gladiators had been injured or maimed, and the set for the show, where the battle took place, was a total disaster.

Hercules next set out for Sweden to round up a flock of sheep and take them to Tiresias. Finding sheep was easy enough, but finding sheep that were guarded by a shepherd named Geryon who had a sheep dog named Orthrus was quite another matter. Quite by accident, Hercules finally did find a shepherd named Geryonson (close enough), but the shepherd had no dog. Hercules solved the situation by buying the best sheep dog he could find and naming it Orthrus before he gave it to the shepherd as a gift. The shepherd gladly accepted the dog. He couldn't believe how lucky he was until he woke up the next morning and discovered that his late benefactor had made off with all his sheep during the night.

Hercules was back in the United States when he called 1-800-ORACLE to get the go-ahead for his eleventh labor which turned out to be the simplest of all. He had to get a dozen golden apples from *Hesperia*, or, as it was now called, Italy. Hercules just whipped out the old Yellow Pages and found an ad for an Atlas Food Market which specialized in imported fruit. He ordered one dozen golden delicious apples which would have to be imported from Italy. Within 48 hours Hercules had his apples, and he was ready to begin thinking about his final labor.

As had been the case so many centuries earlier, Hercules' twelfth labor was to bring Cerberus up from the Underworld. Once Hercules had the word Underworld translated into modern English, he was shocked to learn that no one believed in "Hell" anymore, even though the word did seem to be used symbolically for situations that were totally intolerable here on earth. After some further research Hercules discovered that the closest he could come to a "Hell on earth" situation seemed to be watching a televised Masters golf tournament. Now that he had discovered where "Hell" was, Hercules had to figure out how to locate a suitable "Cerberus" that would fill the bill for his final labor. Hercules decided to descend into "Hell" by watching a televised Masters golf tournament for himself. It wasn't long before Hercules realized that the modern "Cerberus" had to be that person who constantly barked out, "You're the man!" Hercules made sure he attended the next Masters tournament in person. As soon as he heard someone bark out, "You're the man!" he grabbed that person and made him breath laughing gas that he had brought with him. In no time at all Hercules had brought "Cerberus" "up" from the Underworld. When Hercules brought this man to Tiresias, Tiresias couldn't stand the man's constant laughter and jumped into a giant jar to escape the noise.

Once again Hercules was free, and he had proved that he was definitely not over the hill yet. Hercules returned "Cerberus" to earth, but before going back up to Olympus, he bought himself a snappy Ford Mustang that had just been put out in limited edition and some really neat gold chains to wear around his neck. He was definitely going to show the other gods on Olympus that ol' Herc could still strut his stuff!

President's Day, MCMXCIV

Oratio de Quattuor Libertatibus
by Franklin D. Roosevelt

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the 32nd president of the United States. He was born in Hyde Park, New York on January 30, 1882. He has been the only president elected to four terms although he died before his last term was completed. In 1941 Roosevelt delivered a State-of-the-Union Message to congress which has become known as his "Four Freedoms" Speech. The excerpt that follows was translated into Latin by Jennifer Macke and Angela Rudemiller, Elizabeth Daly Wagner scholars studying Latin IV under Sr. Mary Consolata Schmidt, Seton H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"In diebus futuris, quas reddere tutas conamur, orbem terrarum in quattuor necessariis libertatibus humanis fundandum expectamus.

"Prima est libertas quae sentias dicere—ubique in orbe terrarum.

"Altera est libertas deum colere ut unicuique placeat—ubique in orbe terrarum.

"Tertia est vacatio a penuria, quae in verbis universalibus concepta significat consensus qui ad totam mundi oeconomiam pertinent—consensus qui omnium gentium incolam vitam salubrem in pace parant—ubique in orbe terrarum.

"Quarta est vacatio timoris, quae in verbis universalibus concepta significat tantam talemque reductionem armorum per orbem terrarum ut nulla gens possit oppugnare aliquem finitimum—ubique in orbe terrarum. ..."

Students Take Saturnalia
Cues From Aulus Gellius

As they recline on *triclinia* during their Saturnalia party, Latin II Students Lisa Duval and Effie Konduris at Carmel H.S., Carmel, Indiana, wear *pillei* that they crafted.



Latin IV student Emily Ryan tries to predict the exact number of "snow days" students will enjoy out of school this year as she plays the Greek game of dregs-tossing.



The toss of a giant *alea* determined which question Jessica Rabin was asked. Like several other lucky guests Jessica won a book by a Greek or Latin author and a wreath.

Man-Made Love

by Jared Bradshaw, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid High, Norman, Oklahoma

The days flew by—the chiseled-in-marble was my love, A shot by love's arrow, and no control could be felt. Weeks, months flew past, and I had fully

Lost my grasp. She was completed—a vision of beauty, A work of art.

Tears come to my eyes, this love felt In my very heart, imprisoned in marble, My love so close to be held so far away. Under the moon I prayed for a miracle, One that only the gods could produce. In the early morning I woke with a woman So radiant that the sun couldn't be seen. Yes, a woman—my love—as real as the gods On the mountain.

Glimpse of the End of a Life

By Annina Collier, Latin II student of Larry Steele,
West Mid High, Norman, Oklahoma

The Greek slave sat in a dingy cubicle, held in by rotting wooden bars, huddling in the corner for warmth, pleading with Zeus to free him from this hell cell. His chlamys was in tatters, and his body and delicately featured face were as filthy as the ship he was on. The vessel tossed and rocked nauseously on the choppy seas of that winter's night of A.D. 32. Bilge water sloshed and a rat scuttled along the moldy wall of his below-deck prison. Hypothermia set in, and the boy began to hallucinate. Images of his sickness haunted him. He saw bugs and leeches crawling on his limbs. He screamed and clawed frantically at his skin. He thought he saw the evil Medusa, snakes hissing viciously from her head, glaring at him just below the ceiling beyond the bars of his cell. This image gave way to Polyphemus, his single Odysseus-blinded eye oozing gray-green gel, clamoring towards him with arms outstretched. The boy screamed even louder and more hysterically.

Up on deck in the warm, candle-lit mess filled with the drunken laughter of off-duty sailors, the jolly old cook caught the faint strains of the boy's hysteria. Excusing himself from his intoxicated companions, the cook hauled his impressive bulk down the dark, slippery wooden steps into the hold. He looked pityingly on the miserable wretch of a human and squatted, hands on his knees, to try and comfort the wail.

"Son, *tempus fugit*, and our journey will be over shortly," soothed the cook.

The boy, seeing the horrid Cerberus squatting outside his cell, let out an ear-piercing wail.

"You can't blame anyone but yourself," continued the friendly cook. "You surely knew that if you were discovered as a stowaway you would be made a prisoner and sold as a slave."

A stinging sensation crept up the boy's esophagus as the flesh of the creature squatting outside his cell melted away exposing a decomposing skeleton.

"Listen to me, boy! You had better stop this screaming right now before the captain hears you and comes down here. Remember, *Dubito deus hinc quoque finem!*"

But the captain had already been disturbed by the hysterical screams, and now his footsteps could be heard descending the stairs. Soon he filled the doorway with his muscular form. The boy's screams crescendoed at the sight of this new horror, and then he silently slumped back against the wall with his eyes bulging toward the unspeakable horrors just beyond the bars of his cell.

"What's going on here?" growled the captain through clenched teeth.

"Sorry, Captain, Sir," stammered the cook, "but the prisoner was afraid of something, and I just came down to see what was going on, but..."

"Get back above deck, fool," grunted the captain. As he watched the cook climb the slippery stairs, the captain reached behind himself without even looking and grabbed a ring of keys from a nail on which Medusa and Polyphemus had perched before the cook entered the hold. With much rattling as he searched through them, the captain finally selected a key and unlocked the boy's cell. Mercilessly, he yanked the boy up by his iron collar. The boy's huge eyes stared at the captain, but his body hung limp in the collar's iron grasp. The captain shook the boy, but he remained limp, and his gaze remained fixed on the captain.

The boy was now circling, winding upwards far above the captain's head. He was surprised that, as he looked down, he could see through the ship. As he watched he realized that it wasn't a hideous monster but the ship's captain that shook his lifeless body. He saw the captain unlock the chains that had held him in his cell. He saw the captain grab his body by one foot and drag it carelessly up the stairs that the cook had recently climbed. He saw his head bounce sharply on each step, but he felt nothing. No one but the boy watched as the captain heaved the body overboard to be engulfed by the black sea with only a faint splash. Still spiraling upward, the boy watched the ship until it dwindled into a minute speck on the endless sea. The stars reflected on the sea, and the sea melted into the stars. All infinity became one as the boy entered his timeless state of total oblivion, under the watchful gaze of Hades.

From My Side of the Desk



Salvete,

A new semester once again—I wonder how quickly the *discipuli* will catch on to the passive voice. Will they understand the concept at all? So few of them are even aware of the passive in English. I suppose I'll hear, "How many more endings do we need to learn? English doesn't have all these endings."

I'll just calmly answer, "Why are you still studying your own language after at least nine years in school if it's so simple?" The lesson, of course, will continue: "The subject must be acted upon by someone or something else..."

Classroom resistance is, of course, anticipated by teachers, most of whom have developed thick enough skin to deal with it. What's harder to deal with, however, is community resistance. Recently the local newspaper highlighted a new school being built in one of the nearby townships. It will be an elementary school, and the students will be exposed to foreign language study from the second grade. The languages listed in the article were French, Spanish, German and Japanese. My heart was ecstatic and disappointed at the same time. Yes, this is what is needed, but where is the most basic of all languages in that list? It has been proven time and again in cities such as Philadelphia and Indianapolis that elementary students are quite capable of understanding Latin. They are also quite receptive to the study of ancient civilizations. In many novels Ray Bradbury continues to remind the readers not to forget history. Why is it then that the study of Latin is always made to feel like the unwanted ugly stepsister?

On a more positive note, *Catullina's Riddle* is the latest in the Steven Saylor series of novels about Gordianus the Finder. Set in 63 B.C. outside of Rome in the Etruscan countryside, Gordianus is asked to let Catullina be a regular visitor so Gordianus can inform Rome of the radical senator's conspiracy. It's a great read.

Fabius the Tribune visited my school again. To any teacher out there who hasn't experienced this phenomenon, I say put it on the school calendar as soon as possible. We invited seventh grade Social Studies students and sixth grade classes right along with my first year Latin students. It was even at 8:00 a.m., and still everyone stayed awake. It is a fascinating way to experience the daily life in the Roman army. With computerized technology now running modern warfare, students really experience "hands on" learning about the ancient world. If possible, schedule the lecture for more than one class period to allow sufficient time for questions which are a very valuable part of the talk for students and teachers alike. Some of the very young teachers are hearing this material for the first time—but that's another column.

N.B. If you are trying to keep Latin alive in the curriculum, this lecture is one sure way to turn on many students and teachers in many disciplines.

Cum amicitia,
Magistra

Studying Latin Is...

by Dan Saxby, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

L actum
A rs
B onum
O mnia
R egium

Persona Day in Holland

Many teachers have their students go by Latin names in the classroom. It's an old tradition that helps students get into the mood for Latin class as soon as they enter the room.

Jane Osman, teacher of Latin at Holland H.S. in Holland, Michigan, however, has taken the idea one step further. She has initiated Persona Day in her Latin classroom. On this day each student in Latin III and IV must dress in accordance with their chosen Latin names. Many photos are taken to commemorate the event, and then the students go on a Latin scavenger hunt to have a little fun while in costume.

The photos below show some of the students as they appeared on Persona Day during the first semester of this school year.



"Catullus" Breese shares the joy of his *Vivamus, Mea Lesbia* days.



Matronae "Paulina" Roush and "Calpurnia" Mezeske have donned their finest finery before departing to one of Rome's many grand social events.



"Fortuna" Mason has engulfed her slave, "Demetrius" Bell in her Boa before sending him off to complete a servile task.

THE ROMAN WAY



Cupid Attempts to Modernize

The Demeaning of the World's Architectural Wonders

Students of archaeology, history and architecture develop an appreciation, and, yes, even a love for the world's great buildings. Buildings, of course, are most impressive when they can be seen in their full glory, with all their decorations in place and well maintained. When the building still functions in accordance with its original design, the visitor is often overwhelmed by a feeling of reverence and ecstasy.

To such students the misuse of the world's great buildings borders on criminality. Of course, these students usually have neither the money nor the political pull to insure that great buildings are maintained and continue to fulfill their original functions. All they can do is bemoan the demise of misused or neglected buildings or appreciate the ones that happen to end up as high priority items by those with the power and the resources to maintain and preserve.

Thus to visit an historical home that is maintained as it appeared in the 1700's is an aesthetic experience. To visit a similar home that has been converted into a bar or restaurant is still interesting—it beats having the building torn down to make way for a parking garage—but it is definitely a demeaning experience for the building.

It would, of course, be a totally ecstatic experience to be able to visit the Parthenon in Athens if it were still in tact and decorated with all its original art. To be able to attend a religious service there would, of course, be a mystical experience even if the student did not believe in the divinity of Athene. Even though it is in ruins, the Parthenon is still impressive because the Greek government has gone to a great deal of expense to remove all the distracting remnants of buildings that had been built in and around the remains of the Parthenon over the ages.

The Pantheon in Rome is one of those rare buildings that basically remains in tact from ancient times—in fact, it is the only building remaining from Roman times with its original concrete roof. Of course, the building has been stripped over the years and doesn't look quite as glorious as it did in Roman times (all the bronze for the four spiral altar pillars in St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome was stripped from this Roman building). The Pantheon still functions as a religious structure, but it has been reconsecrated from a pagan temple for all the gods to the Christian Church of *Santa Maria Rotonda*, Round St. Mary's.

It's a nice visit, but there's no ecstasy that comes from experiencing the originally intended use of an old or ancient structure.

In A.D. 537 the last Roman emperor whose native language was Latin, Justinian, used the accumulated wisdom of Roman architects to construct in Constantinople what many still consider to be the greatest building of the world. Since Justinian followed in the Christian footsteps of Constantine, the building was a church, not a temple. The church, dedicated to St. Sophia, or *Hagia Sophia*, became the model for Christian Orthodox cathedrals throughout the world. The building has survived for over 1,400 years and can still be visited today. Unfortunately, although Christianity is still going strong in some parts of the world, it has not enjoyed constant acceptance in Istanbul. *Hagia Sophia* did enjoy 900 years as a Christian church, but in 1453 the city was taken over by Sultan Mohammed the Conqueror. The building was obviously too impressive to be destroyed, but the Sultan and his Ottoman Turk successors had no qualms about stripping the building of its silver and gold decorations. The building is preserved as a museum and has been rededicated, via huge disks suspended from interior pillars, to Allah, Mohammed and the first caliphs and imams. Just as the Christian Popes had taken over Roman temples and rededicated them for Christian activities, the Turks rededicated a Christian building for their own purposes. There is some historical irony here, but it does detract from the ecstasy that could be experienced by a student of history and architecture.

It may be that some day *Hagia Sophia* will once again be used for Christian Orthodox services. The Greeks, who have felt all along that the city rightfully belongs to them, believe that some day the liturgy originally

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

De Re Coquinaria



There is no better way to become familiar with Roman tastes and the food they enjoyed than to prepare and serve some of the recipes that were recorded in the only authentic cookbook to have survived from ancient times. The recipes were either recorded by or for a gastronome whose cognomen was definitely *Apicius*—there are conflicting opinions about his *praenomen* and his *nomen* and even about the century in which he lived. Most people, however, even ancient authors, believe that the *Apicius* of *De Re Coquinaria* lived in the 1st century A.D.

The majority of the recipes recorded by or for *Apicius* deal with nine major categories of foods. Each issue of the 1993-1994 Pompeiana NEWSLETTER features two different Apician recipes for the food category highlighted each month.

Readers are encouraged to try at least one of the recipes each month in order to get an authentic taste of Roman living.

Nine Major Categories of Roman Foods

- I. Eggs (*ova*)
- II. Vegetables (*holera*)
- III. Legumes (*legumina*)
- IV. Inland Water Fish (*pisces*)
- V. Seafood Dishes (*fercula marina*)
- VI. Quadrupeds (*quadrupedes*)
- VII. Domestic and Wild Fowl (*aves feri et domestici*)
- VIII. Cheese (*caseus*)
- IX. Fruit (*fructus arboreus*)

ROMAN PORK ROAST

Buy a four pound pork roast.

Before placing the roast in the oven, marinate the pork for four hours in the following sauce, turning the meat every half hour so it all gets flavored: Using a cube of chicken bouillon, make one cup of bouillon. Add 1/2 cup of red wine, 1/2 teaspoon of black pepper,

two tablespoons of celery seed and one teaspoon of coriander.

After the pork has been turned in the marinade for four hours, place it on a wire rack in a covered roaster and roast it at 350° for four hours. Pour some of the left over marinade and water over the roast every hour to keep it from drying out.

While the pork is roasting prepare the following sauce to serve with the completed roast: Once again take a cube of chicken bouillon and make one cup of bouillon. add 1/4 cup of red wine, two tablespoons of chopped chives and a pinch of aniseed to give it a sweet flavor. Simmer this mixture for about 20 minutes. Just before it is done, stir in some flour to thicken the sauce.

ROMAN LAMB ROAST

Buy a four pound lamb roast. Rub the roast with olive oil, place it on a wire rack and roast it in an open roaster pan at 325° for one hour.

While the lamb is roasting, mix the following sauce in a small sauce pan: Mix two cubes of beef bouillon in two cups of hot water. To this add 1/2 teaspoon of black pepper, two small crushed bay leaves, one tablespoon of parsley, one teaspoon of ginger and one tablespoon of olive oil. Bring this mixture to a low boil and simmer for 20 minutes. Remove from the heat.

After the lamb has roasted for an hour, take a knife and score its surface. Then pour one cup of the sauce over the scored lamb. Cover the roasting pan and continue roasting the lamb for another hour.

After the lamb has roasted for the second hour, serve it with the balance of the sauce.

Remember: It's not the meat but the appetite that makes eating Roman food a delight!

Fortune Hunter Destroys Three Families

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

(In *Pro Cluentio* Cicero recounts the ten-year efforts of Statius Albius Oppianicus to eliminate heirs in the three richest families in his home town of Larinum so that he and his child could inherit all three fortunes. What follows is a fictional confession of Oppianicus to his fifth wife Sussia.)

My Dear Sussia,

I am ashamed to tell you of my greed and dishonor. In my insatiable quest for wealth, I have sought all possible advantages. As I reflect upon my deeds, I cringe at the thought of the wrath of the gods, of my reputation when I am dead, and of the name my surviving son must bear and pass on to his own children.

I know, however, that you will understand since we are two of a kind. Years ago when we both married into the Cluentii family, I knew that you appreciated a good fortune when you saw one too. There we were, two in-laws just biding our time—I married to Cluentia and you married to my wife's brother, Aulus Cluentius Habitus, the father of your obnoxious son who has caused my ruin. I guess the main difference between us was that I was willing to move on a little faster by doing away with Cluentia and going after my next quest, the Aurii family fortune. You, on the other hand, were content to wait for your husband to die of natural causes.

In my eagerness to make Oppianicus the Younger, the only son I produced with my second wife Magia of the Aurii family, the primary heir of the Aurii fortune, I murdered Aulus Aurius, Aulus Aurius Melinus, and my brother's wife Auria. When I discovered that

another potential heir, my brother-in-law Marcus Aurius, was alive in a distant slave prison, I hired an assassin to have him killed also. Since all the wealth of the Aurii would now be bequeathed via the will of my mother-in-law Dinacia, I altered her will to be sure that the entire fortune would be left my son, and then I poisoned Dinacia. Since all the Aurii wealth bequeathed to my son was now under my control, I left Larinum for a while before anyone could begin to ask embarrassing questions.

I then turned my attention to my own family with the intention of establishing myself as its sole heir. I hang my head for my lack of remorse for my brother and his wife, both of whom I poisoned.

In order to win your hand in marriage you know that I willingly eliminated the two sons I produced with my third and fourth wives. I understood that you did not want to risk diluting the Cluentii wealth, which you controlled, by having unnecessary heirs of mine hanging around.

Yes, Sussia, I even had members of your own family killed to eliminate potential heirs to your Cluentii family fortune. It was for this reason that your second husband had to be killed. I needed to have a clear path

(Continued in Pagina Nona)

Ten Roman Emperors and Their Connections With Christianity*By Dr. Andrew Adams, Foreign Language Department, North Central College, Naperville, Illinois***7. DIOCLETIAN (Gaius Valerius Jovius Diocletianus), Emperor 284-305.**

A career soldier who was promoted into the ranks of the imperial bodyguards, Diocletian became joint emperor in 284 and sole ruler the next year. He brought an end to the purposeless military anarchy and the constant quarreling over the throne, serving longer as emperor than had anyone in well over a century. Furthermore, he lived to tell about it, retiring in 305 to his native land (Yugoslavia), where he played gardener and elder statesman for his final decade, dying at about the age of 70.

Diocletian was the best emperor Rome had seen in living memory. He reformed many institutions, especially the monetary system. His foreign policy was aggressive and generally successful. In Rome, where he spent almost no time, there were major building projects, including a huge bathing establishment which now houses the National Museum as well as a church, Santa Maria degli Angeli, remodeled by Michelangelo.

Diocletian might have gone down as a remarkable success if it were not for his anti-Christian activities

late in his career. He seems to have been convinced that he was the agent of Jupiter and the protector of the old state religion, and in 303 he launched the most savage persecutions on record. A series of decrees ordered churches destroyed, religious books burned, and all Christians fired from civil or military jobs. Thousands perished or recanted, while others fled or resorted to bribery to keep their status quo.

It is not known why Diocletian undertook this effort, or why he waited so far into his career to begin it. His wife is said to have been a Christian. It seems likely that some specific event enraged him; his friend and successor Galerius, no friend of the Christians, may have had some influence.

Diocletian's crackdown was the longest and bloodiest of any, particularly in the Eastern Empire. The persecutions ceased in the West with Diocletian's retirement but were continued in the East by Galerius for another six years. Shortly before his death in 311, Galerius is said to have repeated and to have asked Christians to pray for him.

Architectural Wonders*(Continued a Pagina Quarta)*

intended for this building will once again grace its interior and that those who wish to experience that rare feeling of architectural ecstasy will have that opportunity. The Greeks feel that the city's roots run too Greek for anything else to be possible. It had, after all, been founded in the 7th century B.C. by the Greek Byzas. The Byzantine Empire was Greek in language and religion. The Greek tradition continued when Constantine renamed the city *Konstantinou polis*, or, Constantine's city. Even the name *Istanbul* is a degeneration of the Greek words *stin poli* which mean "to the city."

So if you are one of those students who is still waiting to experience that ultimate architectural link with antiquity, keep your eye on *Hagia Sophia*. If it is ever returned to the Greek Orthodox Church and the huge Turkish disks are removed from its interior walls, you may be able to experience the liturgical glory for which this building was designed both visually and acoustically. It is a treat worth waiting for, and it may be one of the few available in your lifetime.

Santi Giovanni e Paolo...Masterpiece in Stone*by Frank J. Korn*

Rare is the building that is architecturally more beautiful from the rear, especially in Rome where the great builders have always toiled their hardest on magnificent facades. Just little more than a good discus throw from the Colosseum, however, is to be found such an edifice: the ancient church of Saints John and Paul.

The visitor in search of this jewel—which somehow remains one of Rome's best kept secrets—needs to climb the western flank of the Caelian Hill by way of the *Clivo di Scauro*, past the little farm plots of the monks of the nearby monastery and church of St. Gregory, past rows of lettuce and beans, and beneath overhanging vines to the summit. At this point one beholds the towering apsidal end of *La Chiesa dei Santi Giovanni e Paolo*.

The red-brick, gracefully curving apse is unique in Rome, showing the influence of the Lombard Romanesque style in the marble-columned arcade just below the roof. The visitor stands here in the midst of a medieval and romantic scene. Looking to the right of the church one sees a series of sturdy travertine flying buttresses, arching over a narrow lane and slamming into the high stone walls of the *Villa Celimontana*.

Whether viewed up against a slate-gray morning sky scribbled with rain, or all suffused in the ochre light of a mid-summer evening, the effect on the eye and on the heart is always thrillingly the same—something right out of an artist's most cherished dream. A far more than ample reward for the somewhat arduous trek up the hill.

A legion of authors on Rome—among them Goethe, Hawthorne, Stendhal, Chesterton and H. V. Morton have sung the praises of this scene. And the most renowned travel writer of them all, Henry James, had this to say in his *Italian Hours*: "No spot in Rome can show a cluster of more charming accidents. The ancient brick apse of the church peeps down into the trees of the little wooded walk. The place always seems to me the perfection of an out-of-the-way corner, a

place you would think twice before telling people about, lest you should find them there the next time you were to go."

The church is named for a pair of wealthy brothers who had served as officials in Constantine's court. Converted to the new faith by the emperor's daughter Constantia, John and Paul hosted Christian rites in their handsome home on the Caelian Hill. When Flavius Claudius Julianus came to power in 360, he sought at once to restore the old pagan religion. Known to history as Julian the Apostate because he abjured Christianity, the new ruler ordered the brothers to cease and desist in their "Christianism" and to embrace the pagan deities.

When John and Paul refused to comply, he had them executed in their very house on the night of January 26, 361. Friends claimed the victims' remains and interred them in the garden of the brothers' property. A short time afterwards, Julian had three more devout Christians decapitated for praying at the grave of John and Paul. These were Crispin, Crispianus and Benedicta. Thus it can be said that this *titulus*, i.e. house-church, was truly bathed in the blood of martyrs.

In 398 a wealthy and influential senator, Pammachius—a close friend of St. Jerome, transformed the slain brothers' dwelling into a three-aisled church, giving it the name of the Basilica of Saints John and Paul. The fame of the two men was further perpetuated by the inclusion of their names among the very few that were written into the Mass. In the late Middle Ages, under orders of Pope Adrian IV, the church was enlarged in the Romanesque fashion and given a new entrance portico of eight marble and granite columns. Adrian, the only Englishman to ascend the Chair of Peter, also erected an elegantly slender campanile over the nearby remains of a temple to the ill-fated Emperor Claudius.

Over the subsequent centuries, the church underwent many alterations and took on numerous accretions. In the 1700's the church was assigned to the care of the

Passionist Fathers, founded by St. Paul of the Cross, who lies entombed within the edifice.

In 1887 along came a Passionist priest, Father Germano, who had a deep interest and considerable expertise in archaeology. The more he poked into every nook and cranny of the building, the more persuaded he became that there was much antiquity to be uncovered.

With a meager budget and a handful of volunteers he began excavations which ultimately proved his surmises uncannily accurate. Digging revealed the walls of a large apartment house built in the second century A.D. Further probing brought Father Germano into a series of painted rooms that afford a vivid idea of how well-to-do Romans of that era would typically adorn their domestic interiors. The cellar, ground floor, and second floor of the original dwelling were discovered in a remarkable state of preservation. A small oratory with some of the earliest Christian paintings in Rome was also brought to light.

With the high cost of living and the housing shortage in the imperial capital, it was common practice—as it remains to this day—for the owners of a *palazzo* to use the top floor as their residence and penthouse, and to rent out rooms on the lower floors.

Standing in this old and venerable structure it is easy for a struggling 20th century American writer with a fertile imagination to envision the fine dinner parties that took place here, and the post-meal promenades along the eminence of the hill which afforded sweeping vistas out over *Roma Immortals*.

As one of Rome's house-churches, *S.S. Giovanni e Paolo* is always entrusted to the stewardship of a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals. This was the titular church of Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, who in 1939 became Pope Pius XII. Since then, the church has been under the care of the Archbishop of New York, from Cardinals Spellman to Cooke to O'Connor.

So then, when in Rome, do as the Romans do, of course, but also be sure to do as the writers do, and spend one day climbing the *Clivo di Scauro*. You shall be more than amply rewarded by the beauty that awaits you at the summit.



Apse of S.S. Giovanni e Paolo seen from the *Clivo di Scauro*





71.

A.

Carmina Quae Iuvenibus Praecipue Placent

Titles and authors suggested by students of Phyllis Dunn, Norwell H.S., Norwell, Mass.

- I. SONITUS, ILLIC ID EST! Caterva Tangens
- II. MAGISTER CORRUGATUS, Primus
- III. VIR EGREGIUS, Maria Curiosa
- IV. SOLUM UNA REFECTIONE, Sacerdotium
- V. VIA AD INFEROS, A.C.D.C.
- VI. QUID EST NOMEN MIHI? Canis Rimans et Canium Carcer
- VII. CLAVICHORDI VIR, Guilielmulus Ioel
- VIII. MATER, Danzigus
- IX. TEMPUS LONGISSIMUM, Guilielmulus Ioel
- X. AGRI AUREI, Aculeus

72.

B.

Carmina Rustica

Titles and authors suggested by students of Patricia M. Gable, Cumberland Regional H.S., Seabrook, N.J., and by Jarin Tadych, Latin III student of Mrs. Buehner, Divine Savior Holy Angels School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

- I. EA MEA ERAT, Rivi et Actum
- II. PAENE VALE, Marcus Castanea
- III. ILLUD ERAT FLUMEN, Collinus Radius
- IV. NEGLEGENS, Alabamensis
- V. IN VIA, Regius Parnellus
- VI. MERCURI CAERULEA, Alanus Iacobides
- VII. SEMISAT, Laura Morganus
- VIII. CECIDI IN AQUAM, Iohannes Andrides
- IX. DELICIUM MEUM AMAT ME, Martina Nuptides
- X. MOX, Tania Succinctor
- XI. NULLUM TEMPUS INTERFICIENDUM, Clintus Ater
- XII. TENERE CAELUM, Circumscriptrix Avis
- XIII. TAM FACILE VENIT QUAM FACILE DISCEDIT, Georgius Fretum
- XIV. CIMEX, Maria Chapina Tignarius
- XV. COMMUTARIS IDEM AC TEMPESTAS, Susanna Paludosus
- XVI. CONFER CULPAM IN COR TUUM, Patriciola Inamabilis

Musical Terms

Submitted by Shari Faber, Latin II student of Darrell Huiskens, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Give the musical terms that come from the following Latin words

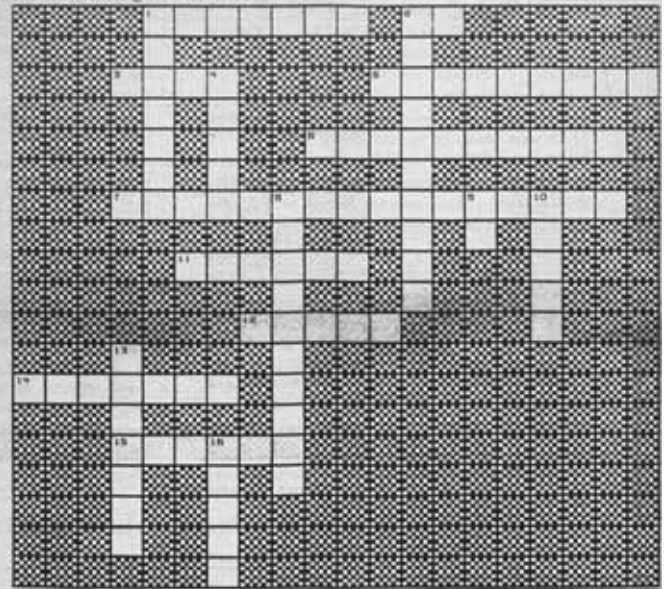
73.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Cum amore
2. Abbrev. for fortissimum
3. Clavis
5. Crescere
6. Diminuere
7. Cum multo expresse
11. Vivax
12. Plenus
14. Cadere
15. Rhythmus

DOWN CLUES

1. Alacer
2. Fortissimum
4. Fortis
8. Planissimum
9. Abbrev. for medius planus
10. Lentus
13. Abbrev. for decrescere
16. Tempus



74.

Latin Idioms

Submitted by Elizabeth Peterson, Latin I student of Darrell Huiskens, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Match a correct English translation with each common Latin idiom.

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. bellum gerere | A. to suffer punishment |
| 2. castra movere | B. to build a road |
| 3. castra ponere | C. to wage war |
| 4. consilium capere | D. to marry |
| 5. gratias agere | E. to make a speech |
| 6. gratiam habere | F. to adopt a plan |
| 7. in fugam dare | G. to flee |
| 8. in fugam se dare | H. to break camp |
| 9. in matrimonium ducere | I. to march |
| 10. inter se dare | J. to exchange |
| 11. iter dare | K. to begin battle |
| 12. iter facere | L. to thank |
| 13. memoria tenere | M. to yield the right of way |
| 14. orationem habere | N. to put to flight |
| 15. poemam dare | O. to remember |
| 16. proelium committere | P. to pitch camp |
| 17. viam munire | Q. to feel grateful |

75.

Constellation Word Search

Submitted by Peggy Boettcher, Latin III student of Mrs. Barbara Buehner, Divine Savior Holy Angels, Milwaukee, Wis.

Find the names of the constellations in the word search by using the descriptions listed below.

1. The seven daughters of Atlas
2. The dragon in the sky
3. The chair of whom?
4. Supposedly stung and killed by Scorpio
5. Zodiac of the months of February - March
6. Hero with twelve labors
7. Zodiac of the months June - July
8. Ram
9. Cassiopeia's husband
10. A maiden
11. Nine-headed water monster
12. Constellation that looks like a harp

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

76.

Cartoons And Comic Strips

Submitted by Elizabeth Reilly, Becky Delena, and Sara Fitzgerald, Latin 8 students of Michael P. McCormack, Pawling Jr.-Sr. H.S., Pawling, New York

Match Column B with Column A.

- | Column A | Column B |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. The Little Mermaid | a. Pro meliore - vel pro peiore |
| 2. Peanuts | b. Scarabaei Sucus |
| 3. Family Circus | c. Circus Familiaris |
| 4. Tiny Toons | d. Parva Nympha Marina |
| 5. Batman | e. Noces Instar Pisis |
| 6. Dog City | f. Femina Sufflavus Comis |
| 7. Beetlejuice | g. Mater Anser et Torvus |
| 8. For better or for worse | h. Urbs Canina |
| 9. Mother Goose and Grim | i. Vespertilio-Vir |
| 10. Blondie | j. Parvae Picturae |



77.

1. TERRAE VANAE
2. BEETHOVENI ALTERA
3. AETHER
4. PUER NAUTICUS
5. LAPIS ULTIMUS
6. ACTUS SORORIS II
7. VOLUNTAS FERREA
8. CAELUM TERRAQUE
9. SENES STOMACHOSI
10. VESPERTILIO-VIR: SIMULACRI PERSONA

The Romans Had A Way To Say It

Submitted by Tim Wigger, Latin I student of Darrell Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Mich.

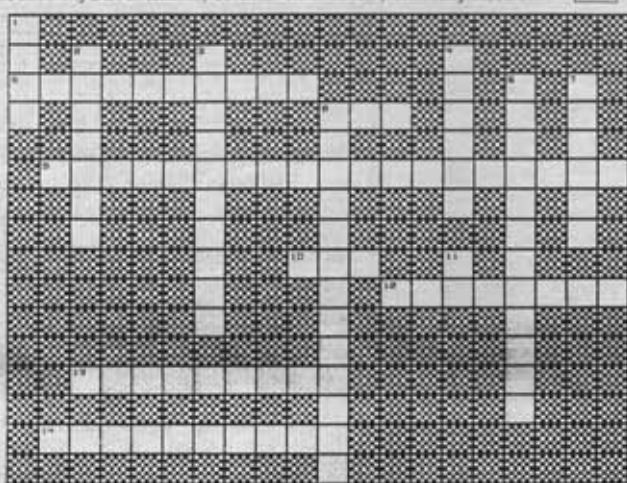
78.

ACROSS CLUES

5. Something given in return for something of equal value
8. Abbrev. From the founding of the city
9. Three Latin words that supposedly described the Titanic when it was built
10. Abbrev. Which was to be done
12. Honorary title for a retired staff member
13. Shakespeare's version of Caesar's final words
14. "The Lord Willing" usually abbreviated D.V.

DOWN CLUES

1. Abbrev. The senate and the Roman people
2. Let there be light
3. The horn of plenty
4. "To place"
6. Caesar's terse report of his victory over Pharnaces, king of Pontus
7. Stage direction meaning "They leave"



8. Latin for "O, come all ye faithful"

11. Abbrev. That is

79.

Plus Titulorum Negotialium

Submitted by Latin 2, 3-4 classes of Pauline Demetri, Cambridge Rindge and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

Match the slogan with the product.

1. Id est quod est cena.
2. Ius cibus bonus est.
3. Tolle tuam manum si es certus.
4. Viri redierunt.
5. Suaviter dicis.
6. Quod vis est quod acquiris.
7. Ego hunc locum amo.
8. Sempet.
9. Est optimum quod vir acquirere potest.
10. Pullum recte facimus.
11. Optimi hic ludunt.
12. It et it et it et it ...
13. Bona ad vitam ferimus.
14. Mandite hoc.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| A. General Electric | H. Coca Cola |
| B. Trident | I. The beef industry |
| C. Gillette | J. MacDonald's |
| D. Kentucky Fried Chicken | K. Campbell Soup |
| E. Energizers | L. Betty Crocker |
| F. Brut | M. Burger King |
| G. Super Nintendo | N. Sure |

80.

The Romans and Their State

Submitted by Heather Brainooge, Latin II student of Darrell Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Match the parts of Roman government with their function.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| 1. Rex | 7. censors |
| 2. tribunes | 8. patricians |
| 3. plebeians | 9. dictator |
| 4. comitia centuriata | 10. praetors |
| 5. decemvirs | 11. quaestors |
| 6. Mons Sacer | |

A. magistrates who took over the judicial functions of consuls

B. king

C. the upper class of people

D. one man given supreme power

E. officials who managed the state finances

F. 10 officials elected to frame the laws

G. common people

H. a small hill where plebeians marched, intending to secede and form a government of their own

I. an assembly of citizens originally intended to bear arms

J. officials to watch over interests of the common people

K. magistrates who served as guardians of public morals

81.

Greek Alphabet/Roman Numeral Match

Based on a game submitted by Rebecca Hall, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid High, Norman, Okla.

Column A

- I. The Latin name for apartment houses.
- II. The Latin name for the Senate House.
- III. The spot given to the guest of honor at cena.
- IV. Main meal or dinner.
- V. The person who turned Ulysses' men into swine.
- VI. The son of Germanicus and Agrippina.
- VII. The god of health and medicine.
- VIII. The mother of Romulus and Remus.
- IX. The dessert course of the cena.
- X. Were located on either side of the entrance to the Atrium of the house.
- XI. A man's third name.
- XII. The square basin located in a house where rainwater fell into it from a skylight.
- XIII. A man's first name.
- XIV. The person who built the first permanent Roman theater in 55 B.C.
- XV. The father of Romulus and Remus.
- XVI. The main port of Italy after Claudius' reign.
- XVII. One moon of Saturn named for the nymph who kept Ulysses prisoner.
- XVIII. The first course of a meal, appetizers.
- XIX. The name given to the chief priest.
- XX. The blacksmith for the gods.
- XXI. The holiday celebrated by the Romans beginning on our December 17.
- XXII. The cold bathing room at the public baths.
- XXIII. The light breakfast.
- XXIV. Those responsible for keeping the sacred fire of Rome burning constantly.

Column B

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| A. Aesculapius | N. Locus consularis |
| B. Caligula | Ξ. Mars |
| Γ. Calypso | O. Ostia |
| Δ. Cena | Π. Pompey |
| E. Circe | P. Pontifex Maximus |
| Z. Cognomen | Σ. Praenomen |
| H. Curia | T. Rhea Silvia |
| Θ. Frigidarium | Υ. Saturnalia |
| I. Gustatio | Φ. Secunda Mensa |
| K. Ientaculum | X. Tabernae |
| A. Impluvium | Ψ. Vestal Virgins |
| M. Insulae | Ω. Vulcanus |



82.

1. NUNC NON VENDAM ITER MEUM NIHILO, Maia Angelus
2. VENEFICARUM VENENUM, Susanna V. Albertus
3. QUANDO PUERTORICANA ERAM, Esmeralda Santiago
4. OCAVANGUS, Franciscus Lantere
5. IMAGINES HIBERNICAE, Bernardus Cabides et Helena ille Garsmeurus
6. TERRAM SPECTATE, Alexander Leanides et Guilielmus Kibbenides
7. TEMPUS METERE, Francinus Halverides
8. VITA RELIQUA, Maria Gordonus
9. CATILINAE AENIGMA, Stephanus Nauta
10. SOLUTIO ULTIMA, Maria Gordonus

83.

Famous Roman Lovers

Submitted by Stephanie Troyer, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid High, Norman, Okla.

Match the lovers with their description.

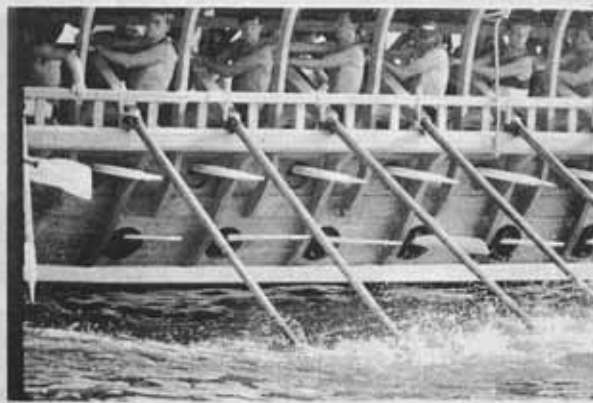
- | |
|------------------------------|
| A. Echo and Narcissus |
| B. Cleopatra and Mark Antony |
| C. Orpheus and Eurydice |
| D. Hera and Zeus |
| E. Pyramus and Thisbe |
| F. Baucis and Philemon |
| G. Cupid and Psyche |
| H. Cleopatra and Caesar |
| I. Helen and Paris |
| J. Perseus and Andromeda |
| K. Pluto and Persephone |
| L. Jason and Medea |

1. They were hospitable to Zeus and Hermes and were saved from a great flood. They died at the same instant and turned into trees.
2. He was cold and couldn't love, but she worshipped him. She was cursed to repeat what is spoken. He rejected her. He was turned into a flower.
3. This brother married his sister.
4. They talked through a crack and decided to meet. He thought a lion ate her, so he killed himself; then she killed herself.
5. Aphrodite promised him the most beautiful woman on earth. She caused the Trojan war.
6. She saved him, killed her brother, ran off with him, and then killed their children.
7. She died. He went to the underworld to retrieve her and made a deal that he wouldn't look back. He did, and she had to return to the underworld.
8. After killing Medusa, he found her chained to a rock.
9. She was taken by him to the underworld where she ate pomegranate seeds. She had to stay there many months.
10. She was carried into his room. They fell in love. She bore him his only son.
11. They needed each other for political power. She abandoned him at Actium, and she took her own life.
12. She was a beautiful mortal, but this god fell in love with her. She couldn't see him.

Never Judge a Greek Until You Have Rowed a Mile in His Trireme



Ancient carving depicting the rowers of a Greek trireme



Side view of the rowers on the Olympias

After spending more than fifteen years trying to get inside the minds of Roman engineers by successfully building and firing a variety of Roman *ballistae* and *catapultae*, I had developed a definite respect for the far-from-simple minds of antiquity. I also found myself with a set of experiences and insights that really could not be understood by others. This gave me a sort of quiet, mystical pedestal on which only I could stand as I considered other ancient achievements and began to calculate in my mind the horrendous amount of research, time and energy that it would take to re-create and successfully duplicate almost any other aspect of ancient society.

When I read the first account of a group that had decided to rebuild and learn how to operate a Greek trireme, I was standing in a hallway of a university building waiting to change into one of my uniforms and "become" a Roman for an audience anxious to have an up close and personal contact with the past. I stood mesmerized before the the dimly lit bulletin board as I read and re-read the article about the recreated trireme which had been christened *Olympias*. I felt that I was communicating—via the print media—with soulsmates with whom I could finally share some space on my pedestal.

Several years passed, and I found myself chatting with other Latin teachers during the fall meetings of a classical conference. Imagine my amazement when one of the young men standing nearby casually mentioned that he had spent the summer as a rower on the *Olympias*. The rower-teacher was Ron Meade, and I realized immediately that here was someone who had a unique opportunity to share in the adventure of rediscovery.

Meade had first become aware of the *Olympias* project when his Latin professor at Ball State University mentioned it in class. The idea of serving as a rower who would help unravel the secrets of trireme operation fascinated Meade, and he contacted one of the organizers of the *Olympias* project, Ford Weiskittel. Unfortunately, the rowing trials of the next season had to be cancelled due to the Persian Gulf War. In 1991, however, Weiskittel got back in touch with Meade and asked if he was still interested. As it turned out, the first couple of seasons' practice with the *Olympias* indicated that short athletes (preferably wrestlers) made the most ideal rowers. Meade was an ex-wrestler who fit the bill exactly.

Before Meade was ever allowed to handle one of the oars on the *Olympias*, however, he and his fellow prospective rowers were put through an intensive

training camp at the State University of New York Maritime College at Fort Schuyler in Bronx, New York. Meade and the others trained with a Concept II rowing ergometer, eight oared Monomoy pulling boats and a trireme mock up model. Staff from the Sports Physiology Lab at Western Maryland College tested all the rowers for volume oxygen uptake, a procedure called VO_2 testing. For two minute intervals, rowing at maximum output, each rower was fitted with a mouthpiece, had his nose clipped shut and had a wireless pulse monitor strapped to his body.

Once Meade was flown to Greece and got over the initial excitement of touring the *Olympias*, he was assigned to his rower's bench, and the harsh realities of the project—as well as some serious design flaws of the reconstruction—soon became painfully obvious.

As I had discovered in my catapulting adventures, ancient sources don't always provide exact and absolutely reliable information when it comes to reconstructing the past. The major problem with the reconstructed trireme was the ancient unit of measurement with which the modern designers had to work: the cubit. As it turns out the ancient world used several different cubits which varied significantly in size. The Attic cubit (which was used to design the *Olympias*) measures 0.444 meters. In retrospect the designers now realize they should have used the archaic cubit which measures 0.491 meters.

Because the *Olympias* was thus incorrectly built slightly under scale, Meade quickly discovered that rowing it would be no easy task. First of all, the ship's crossbeams were in the way and the rowers hit their heads on them when they leaned forward. Taping styrofoam to the beams helped to stem the flow of blood. The only advice the designers could offer the rowers at this point was that they should turn their faces to the left or right at the beginning of each stroke to protect their foreheads. Meade also discovered that the smaller cubit dimensions caused the rowers to be positioned too close to each other. At every stroke of the oar they ended up punching each other in the kidneys with both fists. Meade found he could avoid some of these blows by unnaturally arching his back with each thrust of the oar, but it was a contrived contortion, and it hindered his rowing effectiveness. This problem was especially uncomfortable for the bottom row of oarsmen because they were positioned in the hull of the ship with no air and no view. To make matters worse they were constantly showered by the perspiration of the two upper rows of oarsmen.

To salvage the project with this boat that was built slightly under scale, the project managers constantly recruited smaller and smaller oarsmen and women. Meade himself does not stand much over five feet tall, and he still found the rowing space cramped.

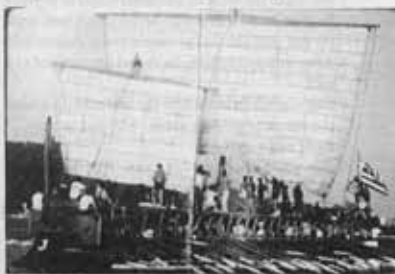
Despite all these problems, Meade and his fellow rowers were able, during the 1992 season, to help prove that Greek triremes really were engineering marvels and no doubt could do all the things that ancient historians bragged about. Starting at Poros, Meade and the rest of the crew were able to propel the *Olympias* to a speed of 6.9 knots. The crew then took the *Olympias* on a 111.85 nautical mile trip. They discovered that for longer stretches at sea it was best just to use the top two levels of oars. They covered

about 68 miles of the trip in this way. Rowers pulled shifts of 40 minutes on and 20 minutes off. For about eight miles of the trip they tried sailing and rowing simultaneously. For 25 miles of the trip the rowers got to rest, and they let the sails do the work. As with all experiments, however, things do not always go perfectly. The *Olympias* needed to be towed for 12 miles of the trip. As the crew reached the end of the 1992 rowing season, they were in great shape. Not only could they hold a top speed of 7.2 knots after 45 minutes of rowing, but during special speed trials they managed to get the *Olympias* moving as fast as 8.2 knots.

When the season was over, Meade knew he had been part of something special. He knew he had earned his spot on the pedestal. He had been part of the crew of the first oared ship of more than 50 oars to have been taken to sea for nearly two centuries. If Meade thought he was buying into a vacation in Greece when he signed on, he was, of course, drastically mistaken. Rowing the *Olympias* required discipline, endurance, cooperation and tolerance. Arising every morning at six o'clock to take his place in a cramped rower's bench with no breakfast was definitely not a vacation in Greece. Rowing up to nine hours at a stretch took a great amount of self-determination. Tolerating the Spartan living conditions on a naval base was above and beyond.

Although Meade, along with all of the other rowers, complained at least once while he was on his adventure in Greece, he has few regrets now. As one of his fellow rowers, Charles MacLachlan, observed afterwards, all the discomforts of the venture became "titanic struggles overcome in an heroic fashion."

(Continued in Pagina Nona)



Olympias at rest with sails unfurled



Interior view of the Olympias while all three tiers of rowers are at work

Fortune Hunter (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

at winning your love and bringing the wealth of the three families together through one final marriage.

My problems came when I attempted to do away with your clever son Cluentius. Since neither he nor his sister were mentioned in a Cluentii family will, you and I stood to have a clear access to total control of the Cluentii fortune. Unfortunately, my plan to have your son's doctor give him a little fatal cough syrup was discovered, and my agents were taken to court. Your son had such an easy time convicting my agents that he brought similar charges against me. I was further betrayed by close associates who reported my efforts to bribe the jury on my behalf.

Please remember that what I have done I did for our welfare and for our happiness together. Try to dispel any rumors of my lack of integrity. Speak well of me to my child, Oppianicus the Younger, who shall not see me again as I have been condemned to death. Please forgive me for my attacks on your own family, and see to it that my son is betrothed to a worthy bride, perhaps even to little Sasia of the Cluentii family, just to make sure we hang on to the wealth that we have worked so hard to amass. I hope to see you in the next realm.

Oppianicus.

Ode to Cleopatra

by Mark Antony

by Courtney Fitzgerald, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid High, Norman, Oklahoma

Like a snake
You wounded me,
You bit into my conscience.
Poisoning my every thought,
Like a predator upon its prey.
You swallowed me whole.
Digesting my Romanticism.
My love,
My pride,
My soul.

Greek Trireme (Continued a Pagina Octava)

Having rowed Olympias, Meade would not advise it for everyone. In fact, while sitting in the hull of the ship in 90 degree heat, being sweated upon and shouted at, he could not believe that he had advised it for himself. When, however, he was leaving the ship for the last time after their only night outing, he was overcome with a strange feeling of sadness that he might not ever row her again, and that his active role in this unique historical experiment might have just come to a sudden end.

Although Meade has returned to Indiana and has exchanged his rower's bench for a seat at the front of a Latin classroom at Central High School in Muncie, he still keeps tabs on the Olympias. He was proud to note that "his" ship took a journey down the Thames river during the summer of 1993 as part of England's celebration of 2,500 years of democracy. In honor of the event, the mayor of Athens, Greece, presented the Lord Mayor of London with a 4th century scroll. Now Meade, too, can enjoy a quiet, mystical feeling when he realizes that his role in this unique venture has helped the world appreciate the importance of the Greek trireme in the history of Western Civilization.

If any young person is interested in applying for a seat as an Olympias rower for a future season, and perhaps even on a new trireme which the **Trireme Trust USA** plans to build (in the proper proportions next time), they should contact Ford Weiskittel at 803 S. Main St., Geneva, New York 14456. Tel. 315/584-3124.

Julius Caesar

by Dave Atteberry, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Julius Caesar, the ruler of Rome,
Spent many years away from home
Fighting wars in far off places,
Killing men of many faces.
When he returned, he was made Dictator,
But that couldn't quench his thirst for power.
Day by day his reign grew old
Until a group of men grew bold.
Caesar did not die of a heart attack,
He was stabbed by his friends in the back!

ROGA ME ALIQUID

Cara Matrona.

My name is Symphorus. I am the son of a *libertus*. I live with my family in Pompeii where we try to blend in and be accepted by our neighbors. Because we don't follow all the customs of our neighbors, I often feel that people are talking about us behind our backs.

For example, one of my friends visited me at my house the other day, and noticed a bare niche in our garden wall. He laughed and said, "Where are your *lares et penates*? Did they abandon you, or are you too poor to own any?"

After my friend left, I asked my *mater* about the bare niche in the wall. She said that while my *pater* did want to appear to fit in with our neighbors at Pompeii, he really didn't accept all their religious practices. This is why we do not have any statuettes in our little garden niche.

Matrona, I plan to live my life as Roman as possible. To do this I feel I should learn why it's so important to have *lares et penates* in a garden niche. Can you help?

Symphorus, Pompeii.

Cara Symphore,

You are absolutely right in realizing that you will never be fully accepted into Roman society unless you understand and observe its religious practices.

Every Roman house has a small niche or shrine called a *Lararium*. Here are kept the *Lares Familiares* which protect the *genius* of the *pater familias*. A *Lar* looks like a young man dancing carrying a drinking horn. The *Penates* are also worshipped at the *Lararium*. These divine spirits are the protective *numina* of the *penus* or food pantry of the house.

If you want to be a devout Roman when you grow up, you will have to acquire your own statuettes which you will then pass on to succeeding generations. If you can't afford bronze ones, wooden ones will do for starts. Place them in your household shrine and then honor them by making daily offerings of incense and wine. Decorate the *Lararium* with a fresh garland of flowers every so often. If you can't afford a large garland, at least place tiny rosemary and myrtle wreaths on the heads of the statuettes.

There are many occasions when the *Lares et Penates* deserve special ceremonies. For example, on the Kalends of each month the head of the house, after crowning the statuettes with their little wreaths, should cover his head with his toga, hold his open palms upwards and pray for the welfare of the family enterprises. He should then make an offering of sacred grain and salt in the holy fire. The ceremony should conclude with an offering of wine poured out for the gods.

During the month of February, you should be sure to celebrate *Caristia* before the *Lararium*. This is a feast day on which all members of the family are invited to return home. If any members are not getting along with other members of the family, they should be ready to make up or they should not be invited.

Special prayers should be made before the *Lararium* when a child is about to be born into the household, and, again, after the child is born in thanksgiving for a successful delivery. When a young boy of the house receives his *toga virilis*, he should dedicate his *bulla* at the *Lararium*, and when a new bride enters the home of her husband, she should offer a coin to the *Lares* under whose protection she will now be living. When a household member dies, a special offering should be made to the *Lares* nine days after the funeral.

While Romans don't celebrate birthdays, it is a practice to make special offerings at the *Lararium* to the *genius* of the *pater familias* on the day of his birth. This ceremony calls for an offering of incense and spices and the sacrifice of a two month old suckling pig. The ceremony must be conducted by the *pater familias* himself, although the family is encouraged to witness and even participate. On special birthdays, some Roman families engage a *ribicen*, a *camillus* and even a *papa* to lead the sacrificial victim to the altar. Such blood sacrifices, of course, should be held before the garden *Lararium* where an altar can be maintained for such worship.

When you have your own home and you begin to follow some of the practices I have suggested, you will quickly learn how to do them right. Invite some close friends over the first few times you perform each ceremony, and you will surely be given much advice on how to do things correctly. If you're willing to learn, there are always those who are anxious to teach.

Bonam fortunam, Symphore. May you find favor in the eyes of your *Lares* and acceptance in the eyes of your Roman neighbors!

Zeus' Anger

by Jamin Herold, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid High, Norman, Oklahoma

Powerful angry Zeus
Sitting on his mighty throne
Anger flowing through him
Sounding like a baritone

Wanting to get revenge
Mighty Zeus uses lightning
Taking lives of puny men
Making the world frightening

Now it's over
The anger turns to rain
But beware
And don't anger him again

On the Banks of the Wabash

While most classicists are familiar with such great *flumina* of the world as the *Tiber*, *Rhenus*, *Scamander*, *Rubico* and the *Rhodanus*, they may not have heard of the *Wabashense*. In Indiana, however, the river is legendary and has been celebrated in song. The Wabash, which starts in Grand Lake in western Ohio, flows westward across Indiana and flows south, forming a boundary between Indiana and Illinois. During the 1700's the French used the river as a trading route between Louisiana and Quebec. After the War of 1812 the area surrounding the river, which contains some of the richest farmland in the Midwest, became a very popular choice of early settlers. Eventually, so many warm associations were made with the river that an Indiana college located in Crawfordsville, Indiana, was even named after it.

Those who are familiar with the Wabash will appreciate the following Latin rendition of the song entitled "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away" by William Gilmartin of Ben Davis H.S. and Butler University in Indianapolis.

Procul in Ripis Wabashensis
Circum meam domum Indianensem segetes undant,
procul videntur silvae clarae et frigidae.
Saepe memoria visiones pueritiae repeto
ubi meas praecipuas accepi, in ludo Naturae.
Una autem haec pictura caret.
Sine facie illius tam imperfecta videtur:
matrem meam in limine videre desidero,
sicut ibi iamdudum stabat, natum suum salutatura.

O, luna est serena apud Wabashensem
ex agris venit aura faeni recenter messi.
Per sycamoras candelae lucent,
procul in ripis Wabashensis.

Multi anni lapsi sunt ex eo tempore quo prope
flumen deambulabam
bracchiis inter se iunctis cum meis deliciis Maria.
Ibi erat ubi temptavi dicere me eam amare.
Ibi erat ubi oravi ut ea mihi nubere.
Longi anni lapsi sunt ex eo tempore quo apud
sepulchra spatibam
quo in loco etiam nunc mea cara Maria dormit.
Amavi eam, sed putavi me insincerum esse.
Sed posterum tamen tempus meum cederem si ea
mecum esset.

One with Lightning

by Mary Osborne, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Jupiter is the one with lightning,
Mars is in charge of all the fighting.
Dis keeps track of all the dead,
Somnus keeps us in our bed.
Venus keeps our hearts alive,
Diana lets all nature thrive.
Aurora gives us our morning fire,
Apollo pleases with his lyre.
These gods are listening
So please take care,
For you wouldn't like lightning
On your hair.

84. How Well Did You Read?

1. *Quam comocediam spectans Lincoln obtruncabatur?*
2. According to Virginia Veach, what natural event commemorates the deaths of Marcus and Anna?
3. What two monsters did the slave think that the cell keys were when he was hallucinating?
4. In his modern day labors what did Hercules capture instead of boar?
5. Which Roman emperor retired to his native land of what used to be Yugoslavia?
6. How much does C. T. Bundy charge for tutoring people in Latin or Greek?
7. Which emperor had *Hagia Sophia* built?
8. What's the basic problem with the reconstructed Greek trireme *Olympias*?
9. What did the Emperor F. C. Julianus do that caused the deaths of John and Paul?
10. How were Oppianicus and Sasia related when each entered into their first marriages?

And You Thought You Knew Why the Leaves Fall

By Virginia Veach, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid High, Norman, Oklahoma

Have you ever wondered why leaves turn color and then fall? It all started a long time ago, before people even knew that the earth was round. Here's the story.

Once upon a time, in a small, little-known corner of Rome, lived a beautiful girl named Anna who lived with her blind, dying father. Anna was really a good girl. She loved her father and was one of the prettiest things that Zeus had ever put on earth. She had beautiful red hair and green eyes. She was smart, but yet she was naive and inexperienced. Anna knew that when her father died, she would have to take care of herself, so she thought that she should have some plans to get married. Her father, however, would not let her marry while he was still alive, for he wanted her around to cook and clean for him in his dying days.

Did she have men who loved her? Yes. Her beauty caused many men to want her. All of the neighborhood did, and even a powerful Roman senator named Asuvius had seen her and fallen in love with her beauty. But was anyone really interested in her, or were they just attracted by her appearance? Marcus, the family's only slave, loved Anna too, but not just for her beauty. He loved her for what she really was. But Anna never thought of Marcus as a real person. He was just a slave. Anna herself was in love with Lucius, a rich store owner who was handsome but witless. She thought that he was her dream come true. Lucius liked her well enough, but he felt that if she liked him, great, but if she didn't, no big deal.

Marcus quietly watched all this happening, never telling Anna how he felt. Marcus was smart and capable, and even a tad bit handsome. Nothing he could do, however, could get Anna's attention.

It came to pass that Anna's father finally died, and she was free to marry. Since Asuvius the Senator wanted her, he challenged Lucius and his friends to fight for Anna. Anna was thrilled. Lucius and one hundred of his friends would fight Asuvius and one hundred trained soldiers that he had hired. All this seemed so romantic to Anna that she thought she should have a seat near the center of the battle to cheer the warriors on, and nothing Lucius or Asuvius could say would change her mind. Marcus could only watch sorrowfully as Anna made preparations for the battle. For he knew that Anna thought the battle would be like a big game. No one would die, and she would be treated like a queen watching men at play.

Well, the day of battle came. Lucius and his friends who were poorly armed and unprepared were on one

side, while Asuvius and one hundred armed and trained soldiers were on the other side. Anna, happy as a lark, was in the middle of the field. Faithful Marcus stood on the sidelines watching over Anna's safety.

The battle began. Arrows were flying, spears were hurled, and the shouts of angry men filled the air. Men were falling on both sides. Lucius was struck with an arrow, and Asuvius' arm was cut off. Suddenly, all Anna could do was sit and scream as the reality of the situation slowly dawned on her. She had had no idea that people would actually be getting hurt or dying like this. Then, without warning, an arrow came from nowhere and struck Anna in the chest. Marcus let out a scream that came from the depths of his soul. He screamed Anna's name as he rushed onto the battle field. Picking up a short sword that had been dropped by one of the fallen warriors, he began to fight like a man possessed. He killed everyone that offered him any opposition as he fought his way to where Lucius lay wounded. With a mad plunge, he took Lucius' life. Then he went searching for Asuvius. Even though Asuvius was being guarded by two of his hired soldiers, Marcus managed to kill Asuvius and his guards.

With their leaders dead, the fighters slowly began to leave the field of battle. Marcus limped over to where Anna lay for he had been wounded by one of Asuvius' guards. Anna was still alive when he reached her and with her dying looks she indicated that she had seen what he had done for her, and that she realized he was the only one who truly loved her. She rested her head on Marcus' chest and whispered, "Forgive me" before she breathed her last. Marcus continued to hold her. He knew that she had become aware of his true feelings. He knew she realized that he had been the only one who really loved her. He also realized that with his master dead and his true love dead, he had no reasons for continuing to live himself. So he gave his sword one more task before letting it slip from his bloody hand to the ground.

The battle had not gone unnoticed by the gods above. Zeus himself was touched by the tragic deaths of these two young people. He decided that such an event would have to be commemorated in some spectacular way. It was for this reason that he has made the leaves on the trees turn red each year to commemorate the blood that was shed for the red-haired beauty Anna. The leaves fall to the ground to commemorate the lives that Marcus took in revenge for the death of his loved one and to commemorate his love for Anna. And that, my friends, is why the leaves fall. True story!

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Paeonitides Hic Sunt
Non iam Dolores Tibi Erunt

Have you wanted to experience the joys of motherhood, but your prayers have not yet been heard by *Luna* or *Maia*? Have you had too much shame to take part in the blatant exhibitionism of *Lupercalia* to increase your chances of having children?

If you haven't heard of *paeonitides* yet, you are in for the most pleasant news of your life. These precious stones, found only in rare sites in Macedonia, can help you conceive the child you have been wanting and can even abate the pain normally associated with childbirth. Pliny the Elder himself has attested: "*Qui habent paeonitides praegnantibus fieri et parere dicuntur medietate parturitibus.*" Stones vary in size as well as in beauty and can be purchased for as little as *V denarii* each or for as much as *XX denarii* each. See *Gemini Gemmarum* in the *Basilica Aemilia*.

In Graecia Te Iuvare Possum

One of my real pleasures in teaching Latin at Evanston H.S. was the chance to take groups of students to Greece nearly every spring. Now that I have retired, I would like to help other teachers design student or adult study trips to Greece.

If you would like to talk to me about trips I've led or would like me to send you information about how to design your own trip to Greece, write: Mary Jane Crotty, 2615 Park Place, Evanston, IL 60201. You may also FAX 708/866-7638 or call me at 708/866-7633.

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JOE VADIS

DAN FERRULLI



ROUTE AROUND THE WORLD

By Ian Smith



ORIGEN AND HIS SPECIES



IT'S END OF THE YEAR SALE TIME DOWN HERE AT OLD MAD MARC'S NEW AND USED CHARIOTS AND LITTERS!

TAKE A SPIN IN THIS LIL' MODEL! IT BELONGED TO A MAD EMPEROR WHO ONLY RODE IN IT WHEN HE DIDN'T THINK HE WAS A HORSE!

WHAT DO YA THINK? SHOULD WE KICK THE BEARERS?

I HEAR YA HAVE TO ROTATE THE BEARERS EVERY 1000 MILES!

ANACHRONISMS



LATIN LEARNING

BY G. MCNEIL



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

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

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I.S.S. # 08925941

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AUXILIA MAGISTRIS

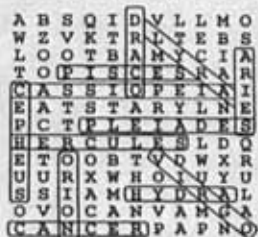
(These solutions are mailed with each bulk Classroom Order sent in care of a teacher member. Copies are also sent to all Adult and Contributing members.)

71. CARMINA OPTIMA

A.

1. WHOMP, THERE IT IS! Tag Team
2. MR. KRINKLE, Primus
3. HERO, Mariah Carey
4. JUST ONE FIX, Ministry
5. HIGHWAY TO HELL, AC/DC
6. WHAT'S MY NAME? Snoop Dog & the Dog Pound
7. PIANO MAN, Billy Joel
8. MOTHER, Danzig
9. FOR THE LONGEST TIME, Billy Joel
10. FIELDS OF GOLD, Sting

75.



76.

Cartoons and Comic Strips

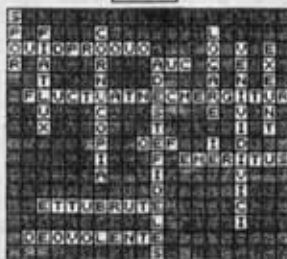
1. D
2. E
3. C
4. J
5. I
6. H
7. B
8. A
9. G
10. F

77.

Picturae Moventes

1. SHADOWLANDS
2. BEETHOVEN'S 2ND
3. THE AIR UP THERE
4. CABIN BOY
5. TOMBSTONE
6. SISTER ACT II
7. IRON WILL
8. HEAVEN AND EARTH
9. GRUMPY OLD MEN
10. BAT MAN: MASK OF THE PHANTOM

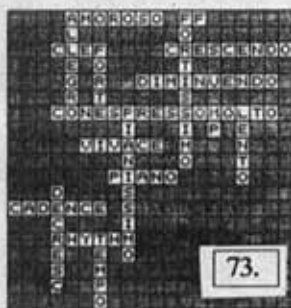
78.



72.

B.

1. SHE USED TO BE MINE, Brooks & Dunn
2. ALMOST GOODBYE, Mark Chestnut
3. THAT WAS A RIVER, Colin Ray
4. RECKLESS, Alabama
5. ON THE ROAD, Leroy Parnell
6. MERCURY BLUES, Alan Jackson
7. HALF ENOUGH, Lori Morgan
8. I FELL IN THE WATER, John Anderson
9. MY BABY LOVES ME, Martina McBride
10. SOON, Tonya Tucker
11. NO TIME TO KILL, Clint Black
12. HOLDING HEAVEN, Tracy Byrd
13. EASY COME EASY GO, George Strait
14. THE BUG, Mary Chapin Carpenter
15. YOU CHANGE LIKE THE WEATHER, Suzy Boggus
16. BLAME IT ON YOUR HEART, Patty Loveless



73.

74. Latin Idioms

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

The Death of Lincoln

It was Friday, Good Friday, April 14, 1865. The long war was finally over, and President and Mrs. Lincoln had arranged to go to the theater with friends. The play was a popular comedy called "Our American Cousin."

At Ford's Theater the Lincoln party watch the performance from a special box that had been draped with flags. Shortly after ten o'clock, a former actor named John Wilkes Booth slipped quietly into the President's box. Resting his pistol on the back of Lincoln's chair, he shot the President in the head. Then, shouting, "Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!" Booth jumped to the stage.

They carried Lincoln to a house across from the theater for he was too badly wounded to be taken back to the White House. There he lay unconscious for hours. Physicians, cabinet officers, Mrs. Lincoln and

his son Robert all gathered in the small room.

Lincoln lingered on through the night of April 14 and into the dark and gloomy morning of the next day. About seven o'clock he breathed his last. When told of Lincoln's death, Secretary of War Edwin Stanton said sadly, "Now he belongs to the ages."

But what of Booth? He was a pro-slavery fanatic who apparently had decided to kill Lincoln after the President's speech of April 11, in which he advocated limited suffrage for blacks. Booth broke his left leg as he leaped to the stage and so he had to escape by horse. He ended up hiding in a Virginia barn where he was found by Union soldiers. Whether Booth was killed by the soldiers or committed suicide is unknown, but his end came on April 26.

79.

Plus Titulorum Negotialium

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

80.

The Romans and Their State

1. B
2. J
3. G
4. I
5. F
6. H
7. K
8. C
9. D
10. A
11. E

81.

Greek Alphabet/Roman Numeral Match

I. M	XIII. Σ
II. H	XIV. Π
III. N	XV. Ξ
IV. Δ	XVI. O
V. E	XVII. Γ
VI. B	XVIII. Ι
VII. A	XIX. Ρ
VIII. T	XX. Ω
IX. Φ	XXI. Υ
X. X	XXII. Θ
XI. Z	XXIII. Κ
XII. Λ	XXIV. Ψ

82.

Libri Optimi

1. WOULDNT TAKE NOTHING FOR MY JOURNEY NOW, Maya Angelou
2. WITCHES' BANE, Susan W. Albert
3. WHEN I WAS PUERTO RICAN, Esmeralda Santiago
4. OKAVANGO, Frans Lanting
5. REFLECTIONS OF IRELAND, Bernard McCabe and Alain le Garsmeur
6. LOOK AT THE LAND, Alex MacLean & Bill McKibben
7. A TIME TO HARVEST, Franklin Halverson
8. THE REST OF LIFE, Mary Gordon
9. CATILINE'S RIDDLE, Stephan Saylor
10. FINAL PAYMENT, Mary Gordon

83.

Famous Roman Lovers

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

84.

How Well Did You Read?

1. *Noster Consobrinus Americanus*
2. The falling of the leaves
3. Medusa and Polyphemus
4. The ball in Times Square
5. Domitian
6. \$75 per hour plus travel
7. Constantine
8. It is too small because they used the wrong cubit in designing it.
9. He reinstated the pagan religion in Rome and had those executed who refused to participate.
10. Brother and sister-in-law



Four Freedoms Speech

"In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want—which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants—everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear—which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor—everywhere in the world. ..."