

POMPEIANA

NEWSLETTER

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APR. A. D. MCMXCIV



Tandem!

Daniel Iansen Aureum Nummum Olympicum Meret



Sine dubio audivisti hunc monitum: "Ne umquam te dedas!" Sed audivistine hunc monitum? "Cura id quod desideras. Probabiliter id capies."

Athletae Olympici sciunt quid cupiant, et numquam se dedunt priusquam id ceperunt. Athletae Olympici aureum cupiunt — Aureos Nummos Olympicos! Cupiunt se esse Olympionicas.

Daniel Iansen est athleta qui per glaciem calceis carinatis labitur. Quamquam Daniel est celerissimus in glacie, numquam fuit Olympionices ante hunc annum. Quandocumque Daniel non erat in certamine, quam celerissime per glaciem calceis carinatis labeatur. Sed quandocumque in certamine erat, praesertim in certaminibus Olympicis, Daniel semper malam fortunam habebat.

Anno Domini MCMLXXXVIII in Calgaria Daniel primum fortunam malam habuit. Dum D metra per glaciem labitur, cecidit in glacie. Tunc dum M metra per glaciem labitur, iterum cecidit in glacie. Daniel animum suum in certamen intendere non poterat quia soror sua pridie mortua est.

Daniel autem numquam se dedit. Proximos IV annos se in glacie exercuit. Iterum quam celerissime in glacie calceis carinatis labi potuit. Anno Domini MCMXCII factus est athleta Olympicus et Albertae Villae certavit. Daniel autem iterum malam fortunam habebat. In D metrorum certamine Daniel paene cecidit et fuit athleta quartus qui trans calcem transivit.

Neque in M metrorum certamine celerissime per glaciem labuit. In hoc certamine Daniel erat athleta vicesimus sextus qui trans calcem transivit.

Daniel autem scivit quid desideraverit — aureum nummum Olympicum.

Daniel se exercere in glacie cotidie continuavit — duos annos.

Tunc Anno Domini MCMXCIV iterum athleta Olympicus fuit — in Norvegia. Noniam miser erat de sororis morte. Nunc uxorem et filiam habebat. Erat pax in oculis eius. Si fortunam bonam habeat, Olympionices fiat.

In D metrorum certamine Daniel paene iterum cecidit. Glaciem manu sua tetigit, et, propter hunc tactum, erat athleta octavus qui trans calcem transivit.

Daniel autem adhuc se non dedit. Unum certamen manebat, et Danielo erat in animo fieri Olympionices in hoc certamine. Proximo die Daniel in M metrorum certamine quam celerissime per glaciem calceis carinatis labuit. Olympionices factus est! Uxor eius propter commotionem collapsa est. Daniel, autem, tenens filiam suam in brachio suo, per glaciem in circuitu lapsus est ut laudes a spectatoribus acciperet.

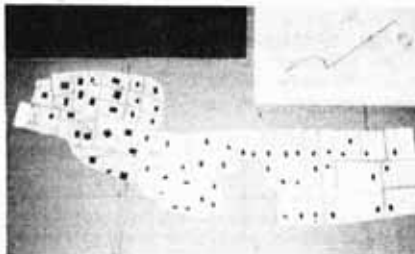
Daniel numquam se dedit. Tandem cepit quod desiderabat. Olympionices est!

Pompeii

Recreating The Ruins

Everyday when Latin students at Carmel High School, Carmel, Indiana, show up for class, they are surrounded by works of art created by their predecessors. The back of the room is decorated with an almost life sized reproduction of a fresco found in Herculaneum. On the left side of the room hangs a huge six-foot square reproduction of a Roman mosaic featuring equestrian students and their teacher found in Formiae in Italy.

It was natural, then, that this year's crop of students wanted to leave their mark in the classroom also; therefore, they agreed to help build a terra cotta model of the ruins of Pompeii.



The first step in the project was to find and enlarge a map of the excavated city. Then one half of the city had to be sectioned off for individual work projects.



Kelly Jarvis works on the House of Menander

Students were then given a chance to select the insula or public building on which they would work. They were given uniformly enlarged photocopies of the floor or site plans that they would be recreating.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

Polyphemus

By Brendan Sheridan, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Polyphemus, born son of Poseidon,
Lived on the Cyclops' island.

His home was a cave with a tremendous door,
Which with Herculean strength was pulled with a roar.

He was a giant of tremendous size,
A beast who was missing one of his eyes.

Then one day a man named Ulysses arrived,
Compared to Polyphemus, he was undersized.

When Ulysses came searching for food for his crew,
The Cyclops thought they would make tasty stew.

He ate a few men with one monstrous bite,
And left all the others hiding in fright.

Until Ulysses' mind thought up a plan
To trick this ghastly beast of a man.

Ulysses at night put drugs in his wine —
Polyphemus dozed off in almost no time.

Next while the monster slept through the night,
The crew of Ulysses robbed him of sight.

Polyphemus awoke cursing and screaming.
Ulysses' men hid to ward off a beating.

The next day the Cyclops let out his sheep,
Checking their backs, ignoring their feet.

While Ulysses and men hung from below,
The sheep were let out all in a row.

Escaping the beast and free once more,
They ran to their ships along the shore.

The beast threw some boulders into the sea,
But Ulysses enjoyed his victory.

Poseidon did see Polyphemus' pain
And punished Ulysses with ten years of rain.

Polyphemus, deprived of his only good eye,
Sat down and shouted since he couldn't cry.

Olympic Retrospect

By Jessica Nowak, Latin III student of Mrs. Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York.

Athleta
lacertosus, celer
credit, cupit, temptat
Est certus adipisci
Olympionices

Book Review

Silver Pigs

By Lindsey Davis

Reviewed by Liam McAllister, Latin II student of Mrs. Margaret M. Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York.

The protagonist of the story is Marcus Didius Falco, a private investigator who uncovers a plot to divert silver ingots being produced at a Roman mine to a group that would have used them to finance their opposition to the Emperor Vespasian.

Because the silver ingots, or "pigs," as they are called in the trade, are so essential to the plot, Davis gives a lot of attention to the whole mining process in Britain. She explains how the leaden ore was cut out of the hillside tunnels and then melted in a roaring furnace so the silver could be extracted. Once the furnaces had cooled, the slaves pulled out nuggets of silver which were then stamped into heavy ingots, or pigs. From the leaden ore, nuggets of pure lead were also produced, as well as those that contained both lead and silver. These would have to be re-heated to separate the lead from the silver. The entire plot of *Silver Pigs* centers around corruption and deception by a group that was smuggling lead/silver ingots to those who were opposed to the Emperor Vespasian.

Working with a wealthy senator, Decimus Camillus Verus, Falco zeros in on the plot and he and Decimus end up killing the leader of the conspirators, Publius Camillus Meto, the brother of the senator himself.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)



Ten Roman Emperors and Their Connections With Christianity*By Dr. Andrew Adams, Foreign Language Department, North Central College, Naperville, Illinois***9. JULIAN (Flavius Claudius Julianus), Emperor 361-363.**

This emperor has the distinction of being the last non-Christian ruler of the Roman Empire. A relative of Constantine the Great, Julian was brought up in that family after his father's death at Christian hands. His hatred of Christianity was lifelong, originating with his family's harsh treatment from some zealous converts in Constantine's now-Christian household. Rejecting Christianity, Julian studied the classics and Greek philosophy, and was secretly initiated into the cult of the sun-god Mithras, prudently keeping his religious sentiments private.

(Followers of the sun-god Mithras, a "mystery religion" which by far pre-dates Christianity, believed that their cult figure, Mithras, was born on December 25th, that he was worshipped by cowherds at birth, that he conducted a sacred communion meal, that baptism was necessary for spiritual rebirth, and that the central figure would return for a Judgment Day).

As one of only a handful of males in his extended family, Julian's treatment gradually improved as it became more and more likely that he someday might become the emperor. An enthusiastic workaholic, Julian spent a successful five years in the army, mostly in France, and was extremely popular with his men,

who proclaimed him emperor in 360. Yet another protracted war of succession might have occurred had not the legitimate emperor suddenly died, and Julian was peacefully installed in office, aged 30.

Julian immediately went public with his religious beliefs (Christians referred to him as "The Apostate," a designation still in use). He sacrificed to the old state gods and to Mithras, and initiated the final crackdown on Christianity. His goal may have been more to weaken Christianity than to destroy it. Old temples were ordered rebuilt, and once again Christians could neither teach nor hold civil-service jobs. Pagan priests received money to be used in charitable work in order to show that the Christians had no monopoly on compassion. There were scattered outbursts against the Christian community in some towns.

Julian's decrees against the Christians were probably only half-heartedly put into effect. Even non-Christians saw little point in his actions, criticizing especially his policy that Christian teachers could no longer teach the classics. Nor did his harassments last long — after only a year and a half in office, Julian was fatally wounded in a battle on the frontiers. With his dying breath he cursed Jests.

Cupid's Job*By Leah Van Gilte, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

*One puer and one puella ambulans in a park
they each don't know the other is there
Cupid, small, round, with boy-like maturity
has a big job to do with arrows of hearts*

*With his job he has to pull through
he draws back his arrow
with the target in sight*

*Perfect hit! Puer sees puella, puella sees puer
Cupid watches and giggles to himself*

*He's done his job
Cupid the Roman god of love*

Silver Pigs (Continued a Pagina Prima)

After the plot has been exposed and thwarted, Falco went to the Palatine Hill to be congratulated by Titus Caesar, the son of the Emperor Vespasian. At this meeting Falco refused to accept a reward of 400,000 sesterces for what he said were personal and moral reasons — reasons that remain unclear to this reviewer.

As it turns out, however, Falco could have used the 400,000 sesterces because it would have qualified him to be considered an *Eques*, and he would have been able to marry Helena Justina, who had been the wife of one of the conspirators. Because he had refused to accept Titus' reward, which was, no doubt, intended as a bribe for him to be quiet about the embarrassing conspiracy, Falco announces to Helena that it will take him a very long time to become an *Eques*. He then bids Helena farewell, and the book ends — an ending which this reviewer did not like. Despite the unpleasant ending, however, the book itself was very interesting, and Davis' sequels should make equally enjoyable reading.

This reviewer's favorite character, although seen only briefly, was the old Emperor Vespasian. Davis portrayed him as a jolly old fellow, disliking ceremony yet having a tremendously powerful personality. He came out to see Falco while dressed in a rumpled tunic and wearing slippers. In conversation he was frank, honest, clever and very intelligent. All of these characteristics made him appear as a likeable human being, not a pampered Emperor with an inflated ego.

Perhaps one of the most fascinating aspects of the book is its carefully researched attention to detail. The first and most mundane description involved a laundry. Launderers used a combination of distilled wood ash, carbonate of soda, fuller's earth and pipe clay. A furnace was used to heat well water in which the clothes were washed. When dry, clothes were scraped with teasels to bring up the nap of the cloth. Giant screw mechanisms pressed the clothes after they had been draped on wicker frames over burning sulfur to whiten the cloth still further. The very whitest of togas, though, were cleaned in water treated with urine. Since launderers had to pay a tax to collect urine from the public latrines, they often maintained urinals in and around their establishments so they could also have a free supply. In the story one of these private latrines became a repository for a wax tablet holding information which was vital to the case of the silver pigs.

Another well-researched description was of a victory parade through Rome after the capture of Jerusalem. An entire day was devoted to the event, and practically no one but burglars worked. The parade was called Vespasian's triumph, and it had been in preparation for six months. The triumph began with the march of the consuls and senators. Following them came three-story high floats on which were depicted scenes of the war: deserts, towns, rivers, burning villages, new siege engines, and armies marching. Some floats were made into ships complete with painted oars and canvas sails. The Emperor and his son Titus followed in huge chariots drawn by white horses while Vespasian's other son, Domitian Caesar, rode a white stallion. Endless columns of foot soldiers, archers, engineers and bronze-masked cavalry came behind seven hundred prisoners who were on their way to be hanged.

Such impressive descriptions make this book, and its sequels, well worth reading.

Pompeii (Continued a Pagina Prima)

Latin IV student Jeff Bobis works on Regio VIII, Insula 2

Seven class days were devoted to the project. At the end of each class, students would wrap their wet terra cotta reproductions in plastic trash bags to keep them from drying out over night.



When all the individual units were complete, they were put into a secure room to dry and then taken to the art department which had agreed to fire the finished products. The finished units are temporarily being displayed on a 12' x 17' layout board. Eventually a permanent display board will be constructed with a curtain around its base and a dioramic painting behind it showing Mount Vesuvius and the farm land leading down to the model of the excavated city.



Model, looking from the amphitheater toward the forum



Model, looking from the odeon and theater in the foreground toward the forum

The Slave Who Dared to Dream

By Maya Sevens, Sixth Grade Latin student of Leo V. Rea, Westfield Friends School, Cinnaminson, New Jersey.

My life used to be wonderful in Gaul. I used to work for myself as a carpenter, and I was about to be married to a beautiful and kindly young lady who came from a well-off family. Her father was a well known merchant who had agreed with my father to arrange the marriage. Then the Romans came.

They ransacked our tiny Gallic village and took many prisoners. I was one of those prisoners. The Romans not only stole all my belongings, they destroyed my home, and they destroyed life as I knew it. I was transported to Rome where I was auctioned off and purchased by a gladiator trainer. He was impressed with my strength and my fearlessness.

I soon learned that life as a gladiator wasn't all bad. I was well-cared for, carefully trained and admired and rewarded when I fought well. But then I've always been one for luck, even when I lived in Gaul. Things always seem to turn out right just when I think hope is gone. I guess you could say I carry a lucky hand.

One day as I was waiting to be called into the arena for my match with a lion, a middle-aged man was suddenly brought into the holding room. He walked around me slowly and then said that I was well worth the price. I was told to leave my weapons in the holding room and to leave with my new *Dominus*.

As we walked out into the open air, I was surprised that he had brought no guards with him. He just trusted that I would follow him.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked.

"Home," he answered.

"What job do you have for a gladiator at home?"

"Your job now will be to work for me and my family. Your fighting days are over."

"You mean I will be working as a domestic slave?"

"Yes," he replied, and I noticed an unusual twinkle in his bright blue eyes. "I think you'll adjust to the job quite nicely." He glanced at my short gladiator's tunic and added, "Of course, when we get home, we'll have to find you something a little more respectable to wear." A chuckle rumbled in his throat.

About a year later I had adjusted nicely to my new life, and I was walking through the Forum shopping for a list of items for my *Dominus*. Suddenly I spotted an old acquaintance from my village in Gaul. I gave him a startled glance and then walked over to him.

"Fancy seeing you here," I said.

"Is it really you, my carpenter friend?"

"Yes, it is."

"What happened to you after our village was attacked?"

I told him my story, all about my gladiator days and how I was finally bought by my kindly new master. Instead of being impressed with what I thought was my good luck, he said, "Looks like the Fates have been on my side, not yours. I was sold into slavery too, but when I asked my *Dominus* for my freedom, he granted my wish. Look at me now, I'm a free man. You ought to ask your *Dominus* for your freedom. You might get it. Good-bye, old friend."

I wished him good luck, but I could not forget what he had said. A few minutes ago I thought that my life was going along quite nicely, now I wasn't so sure.

I tried to forget my encounter with my old friend, but every so often I found myself dreaming of being free. Finally, one day I decided to ask for my freedom. I walked into the office of my *Dominus* and asked to speak with him.

"Of course, *serve*. What's on your mind?"

"*Dominus*, before I became a prisoner of Rome, I had a wonderful life in Gaul. I ran an honest carpentry business and was about to be married. I'd like to return to my former life. I'd like to obtain my freedom."

"*Serve*, every man is entitled to his dreams, but he should be able to separate dreams from reality. You are not keeping the two separate."

"But, *Dominus*, my life in Gaul was real. It wasn't just a meaningless dream."

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

ROGA ME ALIQUID



Cara Matrona,

After spending most of our married life working a small farm in Gallia Cisalpina by ourselves, my *uxor* and I have recently come into a large inheritance. We decided to sell our small farm and move to the big city. We would like to establish a respectable household complete with quality *servi* so that we can begin to blend in with higher society.

The problem I am having, however, is that after attending several sales conducted by less than reputable *mangones*, I am beginning to think that there are no quality slaves available in this town.

My *uxor* heard of your good advice from a new friend of hers, and she has persuaded me to see if you can give us some inside trading advice on how to acquire quality *servi*.

Advena, Romae

Care Advena,

Congratulations on your fine inheritance. Let me be the first to welcome you into the exciting world of high society in Rome.

I share your enthusiasm in wanting to get started correctly and to set up a respectable residence that will help you blend into the good life in town. My first advice, however, is to proceed slowly—*festina lente*, as they say. Take things one step at a time. Don't just start flashing *pecunia* around thinking that this will ingratiate you with the right people. The only people you will attract by doing this are those who are all too willing to separate you from your fortune.

It sounds like the first *servi* you should acquire are a good *cellarius* to help manage your household accounts, and a good *dispensator* to control your money flow. Before you rush out and purchase such slaves, however, I would advise that you borrow the services of such qualified *servi* from a trusted acquaintance. Such experts-on-loan can help you get started and protect you from shysters and cheats who will be all over you the minute you hit the *Forum Romanum*.

These borrowed experts should also be able to advise you that quality *servi* are not purchased from *castatae* or obtained from *mangones*. If you staff your *domus* with *servi* who arrive with gypsum stained feet and *tituli* hanging around their necks, you'll never get the kind of respect you are seeking in Rome.

Servi distinguished for their beauty, their efficiency, their intelligence and their reliability are not traded on public *castatae*. They are only shown privately by special dealers to whom you will have to be introduced by the "right people." Be prepared, however; the general rule when buying such quality *servi* is, "If you have to ask how much they cost, you can't afford them!"

Your *uxor* will want to acquire *vernae* who were born into quality households. Such *servae* are traded by private agreement only.

Remember, if you want quality, work through introductions only and know the families with whom you are dealing. The honor of a respectable family rides on the dependability of the *servi* which it sells privately. Such a family will not sell you a less than reliable *servus* or *verna*.

Once you make friends in town and get reliable advice from those you can trust, you should have no trouble in staffing your new residence. Remember, in Rome the motto is *manus manum lavat*. Friends that respect you will help you get established with respectable *servi*,

and these *servi* will have connections themselves with *servi* of other respectable households. By such careful staffing techniques you will soon have the "in's" to the social life in Rome that both you and your *uxor* desire. Once again, let me be the first to say, "*Vos benigno vultu excipio*!"

A Seasonable Warning

By Maya Sevens, Sixth Grade Latin student of Leo V. Rea, Westfield Friends School, Cinnaminson, New Jersey.

Beware, Proserpina, you do not know what the future holds.

If you eat those six pomegranate seeds,
You will never be completely freed.

So I send you off to weave your own tale
Of a sorrow whose grip will never fail.

Since you did not listen to me,
You made yourself the Underground Queen.
Now on your way to Pluto you make
A season in which almost nothing partakes.

When you come home to Mother Dear,
You bring a season that blossoms with cheer.
A string of flowers tags behind,
A beautiful girl with a blossoming mind.

How Winter Came To Be

By Gus Marks-Hamilton, 7th Grade Latin student of Gayle R. Hightower, Mansfield Middle School, Storrs, Connecticut.

A long time ago it was possible to plant crops throughout the whole year. The goddess of agriculture, Ceres, was always eager to expand her domain. She cleared forests and irrigated deserts for large fields for farming. However, as time went on, space became crowded and farming space became limited. But Ceres was not discouraged.

Neptune, the god of the sea, had a favorite resting place under a cliff shaded by overhanging trees. He loved to sit and relax in this cool place. In order to create more farmland, Ceres decided to clear the trees on this very spot and to plant more crops. When Neptune came for his usual afternoon rest, he found himself sitting in the hot sun. Spotting Ceres busily clearing trees, Neptune knew she had destroyed his resting place. To get revenge, he sent a huge wave that destroyed the crops on the cliff. Nearby farmers saw this and prayed to Jupiter, king of the gods and controller of the weather. He heard their prayers and ordered Neptune and Ceres to stop fighting or suffer the consequences.

Ceres was still mad, but pretending to forgive and forget, she replanted many trees on Neptune's cliff. Just before Neptune swam beneath the cliff to enjoy his cool resting place, the weight of the trees that Ceres had planted caused the cliff to come crashing down. Neptune cursed Ceres. She cursed him, and they began to fight.

Jupiter, who was lounging on a nearby cloud, heard the fighting. He had had enough! To punish the quarreling gods, he made a time in the year when the waters would freeze, and the land would harden. Neptune could not swim, and Ceres could not plant her crops. Jupiter created winter.

Just like little children, however, Ceres and Neptune continue to fight with each other when Jupiter isn't watching. Neptune floods Ceres' crops, and Ceres puts dirt into the sea through erosion.



Pompeii

A series by Latin Students of Dr. Marianne Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida.

Foreshadowings

By Ted Afield, A.P. Latin V

"So, Augur, what do the gods demand of us today? Or is it that some great disaster awaits us if we don't kill an entire herd of bulls?"

"I read the signs this morning as usual, *Domine*, and discovered something that you and the town must be made aware of."

"Naturally. Please, enlighten me."

"*Domine*, Mt. Vesuvius, in a week's time, will destroy Pompeii."

The Augur had expected that Pansa would not initially believe him, but he had not been prepared for laughter.

"That's the most creative thing you've ever come up with. And what do you propose we do about this?" roared Pansa in hysterics, scarcely able to stay on his couch.

"Isn't there only one choice, *Domine*? Evacuate the city."

Pansa's mood sharply changed.

"Are you mad? I have a mind to have you killed just for suggesting that! What I need from you is proof of divine support for my upcoming election as Aedile. I don't need stupidity! Evacuate the city? Didn't it occur to you that there's no chance of me becoming Aedile if there is no one here to vote for me?"

"*Domine*, the city will be gone, regardless. Here's your chance to become a hero. You can be the man who saved the inhabitants of Pompeii. You'll be able to be elected to any office in the republic."

"On what basis? Rumors? I have no reputation outside of this town. I need to be Aedile to continue building my career. No one in Rome would pay any attention to the fact that I saved Pompeii. People only care about what you do for them. No, the only way I'll have a career is if I start here and start now."

"You're being blinded by your ambition, *Domine*!" screamed the Augur.

"And you're being blinded by your lack thereof! Don't think I don't remember what happened seventeen years ago. Oh, yes. *Domine*, we must evacuate the city. The mountain's going to explode! What happened? The ground shook a little. A few buildings fell..."

The Augur, however, interrupted before Pansa could finish his assault.

"I was young then. I over-reacted to a sign that predicted minor disasters. But now I'm sure. In a week's time, Pompeii will not be standing. You're running a campaign to be the Aedile of a dead city, and if you are too blinded to save this city by your all-important quest for public office, then I'll do it myself." The Augur turned to leave, but Pansa was quick to reply.

"Don't even think about worrying the public with your preaching. If anyone outside this room comes to me with this story, I will, within the hour, drum up some charge of political conspiracy to discredit you. You know I can do it too. And if you try to show that something's wrong by packing up and leaving the city, you'll be dead before you're ten miles away. I won't let you make the people think that I have lost the support of the gods."

"May you live your last week more wisely than the whole of your life," warned the Augur with an air of resignation. He then plodded out of the room.

In the street he couldn't really think of anything he needed to do or anyplace he wanted to go. In fact, he couldn't really think about anything. His mind was blank. Nothing seemed to matter anymore. He began to walk down the street. Slowly, thoughts began to come back to him.

He couldn't believe the stubbornness he had encountered. He knew that Pansa didn't believe in omens at all and only used him as a figurehead; however, he still couldn't understand how any sane man could risk the lives of a whole town just for a political campaign.

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

August 24, A.D. 79

By Seetal Cheema, Honors Latin II

"Why, hello, Julia. How are you?"

"Oh, just fine. Although I must say it is awfully strange how all the well water has disappeared lately."

"I've heard that all the streams have dried up too. Early this morning we felt the earth shaking again just as Marcus was leaving to go fishing along the bay. For four days this has been going on."

"Don't worry. Today is your dinner party, and you surely have other things to be concerned with. We're planning to be at your house around *hora decima*."

"You're right. Vesonius will finally be coming home from Nuceria this evening. He's been gone for six weeks, and I really miss him. I must go now and make sure our slaves are keeping busy."

"*Vale, Julia*." The two women separated and went opposite ways along the *Via Abundantiae*.

In another part of the city, just outside the *Porta Nuceria*, Vesonius had returned earlier than expected.

"Stay here, *Lei*," Vesonius said to his slave. "I want to buy my wife a gift before we go any further." He left *Leius* with the small herd of goats he had bought and the donkey-drawn cart. He still had to get the goats delivered to his *villa rustica*, but it would be good to be back in a real city for a little while. He made his way through the crowd at the gate and began to browse among the *tabernae* that lined the roads. "How much is this?" he asked the vendor, pointing to some golden earrings decorated with tiny pearls.

"*Octaginta quattuor sesterii*," the vendor answered.

"What about this gold ring with the coiled snake?"

"*Sexaginta quinque sesterii*."

"All right, I'll take it." He paid the vendor and started to make his way back through the *Porta Nuceria* to find *Leius*.

Later in the day *Tullia*'s voice broke the peaceful quiet of the atrium. "*Marce*, is that you?"

"Yes, *mater*," called a boy. He came into the atrium and greeted his mother.

"How was your fishing adventure?"

"Just fine. Will it be all right if I go to the Stabian Baths with *Sextus* this afternoon?"

"Yes, just be sure to be home by *hora decima*. Your *pater* is returning from Nuceria today, and we are planning a special dinner party for him. Now, find your brother and meet me at the peristyle triclinium for a little *prandium*."

"I saw him going into the peristyle with his boat."

Marcus and his mother walked to the peristyle together and saw *Julius* sailing his boat in a pond. *Tullia* called him over and the boys reclined to eat while *Tullia* sat in a proper wicker chair.

"Will father be home in time for the party?" *Julius* asked his mother.

"I hope so. His last letter said that if everything went as planned, he should be home by *hora octava* or *nona*."

Suddenly they heard a loud, rumbling noise. The boys ran out into the clearing of the peristyle and began pointing at a large mushroom-shaped cloud in the north. Fire and smoke seemed to be coming from Mt. Vesuvius. Almost immediately, the air filled with dust and it got very dark.

"What's going on?" cried *Julius* who had burst into tears.

"Don't worry," said *Tullia* trying to remain calm in front of her sons. Marcus, however, was aware of a tremble in her voice. Then the ground shook. "Let's go inside, boys. Hurry!" They ran into the kitchen which was already crowded with their household slaves. Everyone huddled together in a pack. When the shaking stopped, *Tullia* ordered the slaves to put some food into baskets. "Come. We must quickly run next door to the house of *Jucundus*. *Marce*, hold your brother's hand and follow me."

(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

The Aftermath

By Fred Carlson, Honors Latin II

As the sun set on the horizon of the Italian seacoast, *Lucius* scanned the area which was now covered in white and black ash. After being appointed to lead a party back to look for any survivors, *Lucius* was wary of seeing his city enveloped by disaster. When the search party arrived where a city had once stood, they were struck with dismay. Their city was completely buried under volcanic ash. Here and there could be seen the top of a buried tree, the peak of a building or the top edge of a city wall. *Lucius* was a strong broad-shouldered soldier, and he had been appointed as first in command. He ordered a small group of five men to search the area for any corpses that might be visible on the surface. Providing proper funeral rites for these would be the first order of business. *Pegonius* was put in charge of this unit of men. Other officers were put in charge of other units and given specific tasks, such as recovering any weaponry that might be of use to the military.

Although *Pegonius* showed strength and courage toward his men, he actually was having a hard time believing that something so inconceivable had occurred. *Lucius* could see through *Pegonius*' facade. He knew he was upset. The two men had known each other since childhood. Their two families had lived side by side in this city since they were 15 years of age. *Pegonius* was not concerned for his parents for he knew that they were visiting relatives in *Formiae*. What he was concerned about was the loss of income he was counting on from his eventual inheritance of his folks' house. Now all that was lost.

Once *Pegonius* had given his men their orders and sent them on their gruesome mission, he returned to walk alongside his friend *Lucius*. Every now and then they came across a roof top. They began to get oriented and pretty soon they set out to see if they could find the top of *Lucius*' house. When they found it, *Lucius* began to clear away the debris from one corner of his house. He was looking for an engraving on one of the roofing tiles—an engraving he had made there years ago. Finally he found it and called *Pegonius* over to see. "*Pater meus est omnium fortissimus, est omnium intelligentissimus*."

A tear came to *Lucius*' eye as he thought about the pain his father must have suffered when their house was buried. *Lucius* and *Pegonius* had been stationed at *Capua* and both had intended to get back to *Pompeii* to visit their parents "one of these days," but they had never quite gotten around to it.

When *Pegonius* saw that *Lucius* was having a hard time dealing with his losses, he comforted him saying, "Your father was a noble man. It is the gods' will that he be sent to the underworld so soon. He was special in this life and I'm sure he remains so in the underworld. Our lives will be different now, but we must remember that it is the will of the gods that we go through this agony and pain. Everything is for a reason."

"I thank you for your concern, my dear friend, *Pegoni*," *Lucius* said. "No man has ever been blessed with a finer comrade than I. But you are lucky...you have lost nothing but a house and belongings."

"True, my friend, *Luci*," said *Pegonius*, "but we must thank the gods for our health rather than curse them because of our unhappiness."

As the two friends moved on, they recognized the top of the *scena* of the theater in which they had sat as children. In the distance a detachment of men from one of the other units was busy digging. As *Lucius* and *Pegonius* began to reminisce about plays they had seen in the theater, they were interrupted by a runner from the unit that had been digging in the distance. A hoard of swords and shields had been discovered in the barracks of the gladiators in the *palaestra* behind the theater.

"Take all the weapons and supplies you can. They'll be needed as the refugees begin to organize new colonies in the area," stated *Lucius*.

(Continued in Pagina Octava)

Foreshadowings (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

He also knew that it was beyond his power to save himself or the town. He knew that Pansa didn't issue empty threats. Without Pansa's support he would never be believed. Pansa was loved. People would believe him if he claimed to be Jupiter.

The Augur tried to empty his mind again. He paused and looked up towards the mountain. Vesuvius. He smiled. He knew that Vulcan would make Pansa pay for his lack of piety. Vesuvius. It stood there alone and stoic. It was biding its time. Soon it would wage war on the town and on Pansa with all his stubbornness. The Augur averted his eyes from the mountain's majesty and resumed his walk along the shop-cluttered street.

As he turned off the main thoroughfare and into a small alleyway, he felt two hands on his shoulders and then a pain in his side. In the distance someone screamed. His legs gave way and he fell. So, Pansa would not take any chances with him after all. A street urchin came running over to him, but instead of helping, he felt around the Augur's waist to find his small money pouch which he jerked loose and took with him as he ran away.

The Augur was surprised at how cold the paving stones were. Perhaps it was because night was coming on. After all, it was getting darker. But how could that be? The sun was still high in the sky. He tried once again to focus on his surroundings. A few people had gathered cautiously around him. He could see a campaign slogan painted on a wall behind them. It said something about Pansa being good for the government. He closed his eyes and preceded Pompeii into the underworld.

Dream (Continued a Pagina Tertia)

"Serve, I appreciate your candor and admire your courage. Let me think your request over. I suggest that you do the same. You know it's a hard thing that you ask of me. I'll let you know when I'm ready to talk about this again. Until then, this discussion is over."

I left the office with a sinking feeling. My *Dominus* was a good man, but would he grant me my freedom? It was a question that continued to burn in my mind, but it was a question that would not be answered until my master decided to open the discussion again.

Many weeks passed before I had the courage to request permission to speak to my master again in his office. When I was admitted, I was surprised at what he had to say.

"So, *serve*, it finally became important enough for you to risk punishment by bringing up the topic of your freedom before I said that I was ready to talk about it again. I was waiting for this proof of your sincere interest in your dream. I assume you are here to request my answer. Well, my answer is this. I will free you under one condition. You must work for me until I get a new business venture off the ground and in good hands."

"Gladly, *Domine*. What is this new business you speak of with such enthusiasm?"

"I have decided to open a carpentry business. I know very little about carpentry so I will have to depend on you to help get the business set up correctly. When I was very young, I wanted to be a carpenter's apprentice, but my father felt this was beneath our family's dignity. My father preferred that I learn to handle his accounts and become a sound financial investor so I could handle the family fortune when he passed it on to me. Do we have a deal?"

"Yes, *Domine*!"

I left the office of my *Dominus* and breathed air that I knew I would soon be breathing as a free man. I smiled with my new found spirit and couldn't wait to assume my new duties. They say, "All roads lead to Rome." I was finally glad that I had found one of them. I was even more glad that I had had the courage to dream. As it turns out, even a slave's dreams can come true!

Hoop Wars

By Adam Smith, Latin III student of Mrs. Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York.

Pila ludere
lividus, lippus
conterere, micare, superare
nullo modo molle
bellum

From My Side of the Desk



Salvete,

David Letterman has given us lists for just about everything. There is one list I'm sure that he has forgotten in his quest to be the Number One Late Night Host. Also, it's that time of the year when students are being bombarded with new curriculum guides. So, to kill two birds with one column (as the old cliché sort of says), here are the

Top 20 Reasons

To Sign Up For the Nearest Latin Class

- XX. You will be able to communicate with a long-dead civilization.
- XIX. You will be able to communicate with any of the major gods and goddesses that you happen to meet.
- XVIII. You will be able to develop your vocabulary so that someday in another life you might be able to understand lawyers and politicians.
- XVII. You need an elective to fill up the empty space in your schedule.
- XVI. It is always beneficial to be able to speak a dead language that no one else speaks.
- XV. It is impressive to carry around another heavy textbook.
- XIV. You will be able to read the Roman numerals on all watches and clocks.
- XIII. You will be able to speak to the Pope in one of his many tongues.
- XII. You will learn new words and phrases to say to others that they won't understand, and you'll make them feel silly.
- XI. You may have the opportunity to sell candy for Latin Club, thereby making many new friends.
- X. You can learn a language that you won't have to speak like your friends taking Spanish.
- IX. There will be more homework to keep you from getting bored.
- VIII. Jeopardy questions will be so easy.
- VII. Snappy comebacks are always snappier in Latin.
- VI. It will definitely help with understanding derivatives.
- V. It will look good on your transcripts.
- IV. Biology tests will be easier.
- III. It is a known fact that your SAT scores will be higher.
- II. English skills will definitely improve – both in grammar and writing.

NOW, FOR THE DRUM ROLL... FOR ONE OF THE MAJOR REASONS TO SIGN UP FOR THE NEAREST LATIN CLASS...

- I. Classes are small, the teachers love their subject, and they are available each and every class period to help every student individually.

Cum Amicitia,
Magistra

You Can Take This to The Bank!

If you've ever wondered how the Romans managed to handle large sums of money – which consisted entirely of metal coins, you may be interested in learning that they could, and did, write checks!

When a serious shopper headed for the forum, he could load a large quantity of *sestertii*, *denarii* and *aurei* in a large back-pack which a trusted slave would carry, walking directly in front of his master. These coins would then be deposited with an *argentarius* for the day. The shopper would, of course, receive a receipt for his deposit.

To draw funds from this temporary account, all the

August 24 (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

Tullia ordered the slaves to stay behind and lock the door after they left. She then led her sons along the dark sidewalk to the house of the auctioneer, Lucius Caecilius Jucundus. The sky had become very dark, making it difficult to see. The cloud the boys had spotted earlier had engulfed the city releasing a storm of ash and tiny stones which clattered on the roofing tile and burned when they fell inside the openings of their clothing. Finally they made it to the house of Jucundus and were admitted immediately.

"We all have to go to the cellar," said Julia, the wife of Lucius Caecilius Jucundus. "The ashes and stones are piling up on the top of the roof, and Lucius says that it could crash under the weight."

"Yes, we should go then," agreed Tullia. She held her little son who was shaking with fear. Marcus followed behind as they all descended the dark stairway into the cellar.

Vesunius and Leius were still lingering outside the *Porta Nuceria* when they saw the mushroom-shaped cloud and felt the earth shake. Leius was trying to keep all the goats together while Vesunius attempted to keep the donkey from panicking. When the earth stopped shaking, Vesunius said, "*Lei*, I think we better go and find some shelter. Bring the goats and I'll lead the donkey." They tried to make their way along the outside of the wall of the city, but by now people were running everywhere. It was difficult to see and almost impossible to breathe. People were screaming that Mt. Vesuvius had blown up and that the gods had gone mad. The piercing cries of lost children reminded Vesunius of his own family, and he hoped that they were safe at home.

"*Domine*, I believe that I see a little shed over there," said Leius. "We may be able to get inside."

When they reached the hut, they found that other people had already taken shelter there. There would be no room for their animals. Vesunius and Leius went in and left their goats and their donkey to manage on their own.

As the group huddled in the shed and waited for the storm to stop, they could hear the debris piling up on the old roof. Light no longer came through the cracks in the walls. It was now pitch black, and everyone sat with a piece of clothing covering their mouths to strain out the dust that filled the air. The smell of rotten eggs filled their noses. Just then the roof at one end of the shed creaked and sagged. Everyone on that side of the shed tumbled on top of those huddled at the other side of the shed. Then the sagging roof caved in dumping rocks and ash into the side that had just been abandoned.

For a moment or two muffled prayers filled the side of the shed that was left standing. Then the rest of the roof gave way and came crashing down. Leius managed to pull himself out of the debris and went stumbling off in the darkness to seek other shelter. Vesunius, however, was trapped and could not move. He could not pull his tunic up over his face. The ash-filled air clogged his lungs, and slowly life left him. Once again Tullia's voice broke the silence. "Julia, I wonder how Vesunius is." Although she didn't want to frighten the children, Tullia couldn't stop worrying.

"Hopefully he has been able to find shelter with one of our friends. In fact, I'm sure that is what has happened," said Julia reassuringly.

Tullia began, "I hope..." but then Julius started to cough severely, and she moved over to help him. "Are you all right, *Julii*?"

Julius couldn't talk. He was having trouble enough breathing. Tullia picked him up in her arms. In the dim light of the *lucerna* in the room she noticed that Julius had become very pale. Soon Marcus and a few of the servants started coughing too as more poisonous gases seeped under the doorway and into the room. In a little while the room was silent again. Mt. Vesuvius' destructive power had reached them all.

shopper had to do was write a *chirographum argentarium* to each merchant from whom he made a purchase. The merchant would then present these "checks" to the *argentarius* and collect the money he had coming to him. When all *chirographa argentaria* had been honored, the shopper could withdraw the balance of his funds, minus, of course, the banker's fee.



1. TANTUM IN AMORE, Omnes-IV-Unus
- II. QUALIS VIR, Sal et Piper efferens "In More"
- III. SIGNUM, Basis As
- IV. SPIRITUS IUNIPERO INFECTUS ET SUCUS, Snoopius Canis Caninus
- V. NUNC ET IN AETERNUM, Ricardus Notae
- VI. MARIAE IOANNAE SALTATIO ULTIMA, Thomas Minutus et Qui Corda Frangunt
- VII. EGREGIUS SUM, Shaquilla De Nealo
- VIII. ME MITTIS FLUITANTEM, Conditio Recentis Percussa
- IX. LICETNE NOBIS LOQUI? Tevinus Tintinnabulum Castrense
- X. IN ANIMO PARATUS SUM, C. C. Penistonis

The Pros

Submitted by Seth Griep, Latin III student of Miss Nancy Benn, Hollidaysburg Area H.S., Hollidaysburg, Penn.

Match these football teams with their specific city:

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Leones | A. New England |
| 2. Ursi | B. Philadelphia |
| 3. Principes | C. New York |
| 4. Gigantes | D. Denver |
| 5. Falcones | E. Chicago |
| 6. Equi Feri | F. Tampa Bay |
| 7. Amatores Patriae | G. Los Angeles |
| 8. Piratae | H. Detroit |
| 9. Aquilae | I. Atlanta |
| 10. Praedatores | J. Kansas City |

First King of Rome

Submitted by Geoff Volpe, Latin II student of Nancy Mazur, Marion L. Steel H.S., Lorain, Ohio

Fill in the blanks below and the letters in the squares will tell who was the first king of Rome.

- The name of Romulus when he was brought to the heavens and worshipped as a god.
- It rescued Romulus and his brother from the Tiber River and nurtured them.
- The twin brother of Romulus.
- The shepherd who raised Romulus and his brother to manhood.
- The mother of Romulus and his brother who was also a Vestal Virgin.
- Ruler of Alba Longa who had Romulus and his brother thrown into the Tiber River.
- The father of Romulus and his brother.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____

Cicero's World

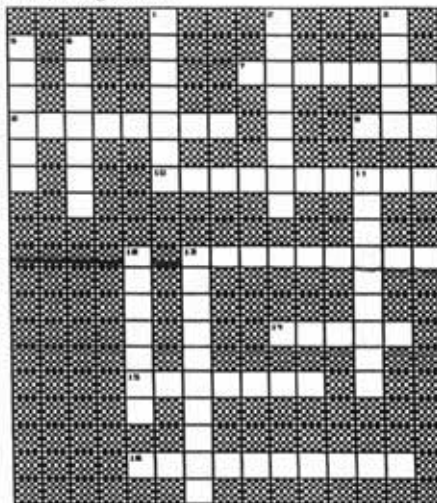
Submitted by James Im, Latin III student of Virginia Anderson, Barrington H.S., Barrington, Illinois

ACROSS CLUES

- Accepting the _____ marked a boy's entrance into manhood.
- In 45 B.C. Cicero spent much of his time in this town.
- Cicero's teacher on Rhodes
- At a young age, Cicero was noted for his defense of _____, a son of a man killed by Sulla.
- Friend of Cicero, better known as Atticus.
- Color of a candidate's toga
- Town near which Cicero was born
- Cicero is said to have discovered this inventor's tomb in Syracuse.

DOWN CLUES

- Commissioners of public works were known as _____
- _____ the Stoic was one of Cicero's philosophy teachers.
- One of Cicero's boyhood teachers
- Cicero's brother
- Cicero's head and hands were displayed on the _____
- The two chief executives of Cicero's Rome were called _____
- The ruling nobility or the "Best People"
- Cicero was killed outside his villa near this town.
- These speeches against Antony cost Cicero his life.



Searching For An "A" In Latin

Submitted by Sara Laird, Latin student of Mrs. Buchner, Divine Savior-Holy Angels, Milwaukee, Wis.

Find the Latin words for the following:

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| I am absent | justly |
| I approach | calm-masc. |
| I happen upon | summer |
| I receive | age |
| I accuse | field |
| sharp-masc. | farmer |
| sharply | wing |
| I influence | white-masc. |
| I am near | foreign-masc. |
| sick-masc. | highly |
| friendship | I love |
| year | I call |
| among | bow |
| another-masc. | tall-masc. |
| I lose | mind |
| before | suitable-masc. |
| water | arena |



ABSUMARCUSAA
CNBASCDEUNES
EFTGUUHUTISU
RQVSTKQELMTT
AUNUPEOAQUAL
PRIIACCEDOSA
PEPLQRS GTUGL
EGAAAVWEYRXA
LACCIDORI ZLL
LNCOCWICKBNT
OUIOWUOMUYAE
BCPSNLSSERAA
SIXATTTOEMIR
UOUEIMETIATE
MHWUONITMNN
IETQYRTUANCA
NIOECOSUMUIS
ALIADDUCOSMN
SATEAAPUDGAW

Military Madness

Based on a puzzle submitted by David Swanson, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West Mid-High, Norman, Oklahoma

Match each military term with its Latin name.

- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 1. a soldier's pack | a. cassis |
| 2. soldier | b. pilum |
| 3. weapons | c. galea |
| 4. officer's brightly colored cloak | d. sagum |
| 5. thrusting spear | e. arma |
| 6. shoulder belt supporting a sheath | f. scalprum |
| 7. armor | g. caligae |
| 8. short sword | h. arcus |
| 9. commander | i. miles |
| 10. rectangular shield | j. classis |
| 11. belt on the waist supporting a dagger | k. legio |
| 12. legion | l. verutum |
| 13. leather covered helmet | m. armatura |
| 14. knife | n. sagitta |
| 15. leather flaps on an outfit | o. gladius |
| 16. knight | p. paludamentum |
| 17. dagger | q. scutum |
| 18. fleet | r. pugio |
| 19. third of a cohort | s. praefectus |
| 20. bow | t. eques |
| 21. arrow | u. clipeus |
| 22. iron or bronze helmet | v. balteus |
| 23. round shield | w. cingulum |
| 24. throwing spear | x. pteruges |
| 25. military boots | y. sarcina |
| 26. non-commissioned soldier's cloak | z. manipulus |



- IN TERRA MORTIFERA
- SACCHARI COLLIS
- ASSULAE CAERULEAE
- RES VERA MORDIT
- VIII PARTES MINUTAE SECUNDAE HORAE
- PATER MEUS, HEROS
- QUID GILBERTUM UVAM EDIT?
- AVARUS
- ANGELINA
- SEPARATIONIS VI GRADUS

104.

Gods and Goddesses

108.

Submitted by Philip, Latin II student of Larry Steele, West
Mid High, Norman, Oklahoma

Fill in the blanks below with the names of the gods and
find a message.

1. Roman God of War
2. Roman God of the Sea
3. Roman Queen of the Gods
4. Roman God of the Underworld
5. Roman Messenger of the Gods
6. Roman God of the Sun and Youth
7. Roman Goddess of Love and Beauty
8. Roman Goddess of Grain
9. Roman God of Wine
10. Greek God of Wine
11. Roman Goddess of Wisdom
12. Roman God of the Hearth
13. Roman Goddess of the Underworld
14. Roman God of the Woods and Shepherds
15. Greek Goddess of the Moon and Hunting
16. Greek Blacksmith of the Gods
17. Roman King of the Gods
18. Roman name of the Three Graces
19. Greek God of Misrule, Father of Zeus
20. Roman God of Love
21. Roman God of Health and Medicine

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____
13. _____
14. _____
15. _____
16. _____
17. _____
18. _____
19. _____
20. _____
21. _____



FIRE!

109.

Submitted by Stephanie Yeary and Christian Shenouda,
Latin II students of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph H.S.,
Victoria, Texas

Place the letters in the squares, in the order they appear,
in the blanks below to answer:

How do you get out of a burning building?

1. I follow _____
2. departure _____
3. I throw _____
4. river _____
5. head _____
6. building _____
7. useful _____
8. hope _____
9. I urge _____
10. teacher _____
11. short _____
12. however _____
13. nation _____

Television — Latin Style

110.

Submitted by Phillip Ross and Ryan Strohm, Latin III
students of Miss Nancy Benn, Hollidaysburg Area H.S.,
Hollidaysburg, Penn.

Match Column B with Column A.

Column A

1. Ad Stellas Iter: Proxima Generatio
2. Ad Stellas Iter: Altum Spatium Novem
3. Murfca Spadix
4. Mysteria Non Explicata
5. Liberatio CMXI
6. Americae Exquisitissimi
7. Caesaris Regia
8. Fortunae Rota
9. N.E.M.V. Caenuleum
10. XLVIII Horae
11. Scientiae Arcanae Theatrum MMM
12. Inquisitio In Mari
13. Pretium Est Correctum
14. Horae LX Partes Minutae Primae
15. Vipera

Column B

- A. Wheel of Fortune
- B. Rescue 911
- C. 48 Hours
- D. Star Trek: Deep Space Nine
- E. Caesar's Palace
- F. Mystery Science Theatre 3000
- G. Viper
- H. Star Trek: Next Generation
- I. The Price is Right
- J. Unsolved Mysteries
- K. 60 Minutes
- L. N.Y.P.D. Blue
- M. Murphy Brown
- N. Sea Quest
- O. America's Most Wanted

Trojan War

Submitted by Amy Sun and Lisa Webster, 8th Grade Latin students of Miss Diggins, Tower Hill School, Wilmington, Del.

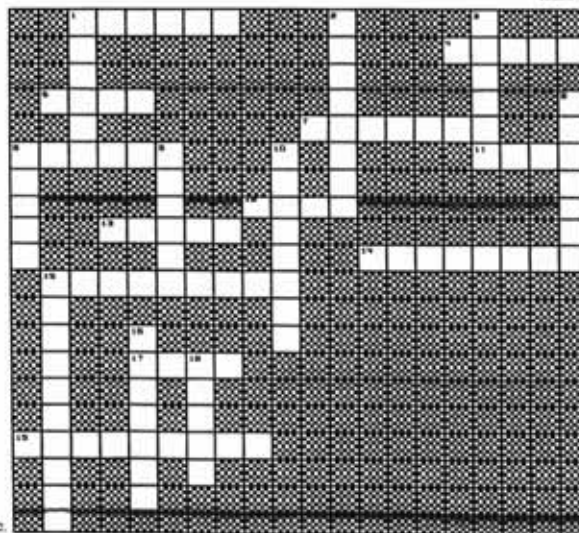
111.

ACROSS CLUES

1. I killed Patroclus
4. I was the king of Troy
5. I also wanted the Golden Apple
7. Mountain home of the gods
8. Home of Helen
11. Agamemnon led the expedition against _____
12. I was not invited to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis
13. I was Paris' prize
14. I am known as The Hero of The Iliad
15. I got the golden apple
17. I was a Greek warrior after whom a scouring powder was named.
19. The best friend of Achilles

DOWN CLUES

1. I was the queen of Troy
2. I was married to the woman whose face launched a thousand ships
3. Chryseis' father was a _____
6. I was the most crafty and wise Greek warrior.
8. I stayed behind when the rest of the Greeks left Troy.
9. I sent the plague on the Greeks
10. I was the daughter of a priest of Apollo
12. I was Hector's wife.
16. I threw a spear into the side of the wooden horse.
18. The golden fruit that caused the war.



1. CASUS, Daniella Chalybs
2. PRAEDICTIO CAELESTINA, Iacobus Ager-Ruber
3. FELES QUAE AD IENTACULUM VENIT, Limiana Iacobides Bratlis
4. BENEDICTIONES FAMILIARES, La Vyrilis Spencer
5. GUILLELMUS WALTONIS: NIHIL PRAETER RETE
6. QUID HOMINIBUS ATRIS NUNC AGENDUM EST: NUNTIA AB AGMINE PRIMO, Radulphus Vileus
7. OCULUS MAGICUS, Aliquae Incepta
8. VITA EBRIOSA, Petrus Hamillus
9. MIAMIENSIS, CAEDES EST, Edna Bucanarus

Roman Government — Scramble

Submitted by Eric Lundin, Latin III student of Virgin
Anderson, Barrington H.S., Barrington, Illinois

Unscramble the answers to the following sentences:
Then find them in the word search.

1. Assembly of the whole people in which voting was done by the people. MCOAITI ATBUR1
2. The established succession of offices in Rome SURCUS MRUONHO
3. The two chiefs of state elected annually in the comitia centuriata. SNCOSLU
4. These officials administered the courts of just EASRPOTR
5. The senate house in Rome. RAICU
6. Garment worn by adult males in Rome. GOAT
7. They supervised public places and were in ch of public entertainment. DELAIES
8. They protected plebians from the exercise of arbitrary power by magistrates. SENURBIT
9. They were the 20 financial officials of the sta SEAQSROUT
10. He led a conspiracy in October of 63 B.C. to control of the government. ILENTAI

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

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 gastronophile 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 Pompeiiana 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 feræ et domestici*)
- VIII. Cheese (*caseus*)
- IX. Fruit (*fructus arboræus*)

These Are Still the Times That Try Men's Souls

The Crisis, Number I

By Thomas Palne

Translated into Latin by Jennifer Macke and Angela Rudemiller, Senior Elizabeth Dady Wagner Scholars, students of Sr. Mary Consolata Schmidt, SC, Seton H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Haec sunt tempora quae hominum animos pertemptant. Miles inconstans et civis incertus, in hoc discrimine, sese a ministerio patriae suae recedet; sed is, qui nunc stat, virorum feminarumque amorem et gratias commendet. Tyrannus, sicut Tartarus, facile non vincitur, tamen ipsi nos consolamur hoc modo: quanto difficilior dissensio sit, tanto praeclarior victoria sit. Id quod vilius obtinemus, hoc levius aestimamus. Solum caritas dignitatem omnibus dat. Caelum scit pretium proprium rebus suis constituere; et enimvero incredibile sit nisi res tam caelestis quam libertas magnopere aestimetur.

"...Perseverantia et fortitudine consequentiam praeclaram sperare possumus; ignavia et obsequio miseri possumus eligere varia mala—patriam vastam, urbem sine populo, domicilia periculosa, et servitutem sine spe; domus in castra commutatas, lupanaria pro Hessionibus, genus futurum quod nobis providendum est, cuius patres in dubio sunt. "Spectate hanc picturam et eam deplorate! Sed si unus homo tam improbus vivit qui eam non credat, ea excruciat non deploratus."

ROMAN CHEESE SPREAD

Buy 1/2 pint of goat's milk cheese (*ricotta*). Mix in one cup of coarsely grated mild white farmer's cheese. Add 1/4 teaspoon salt, two tablespoons olive oil, two teaspoons coriander and four tablespoons honey. Blend this all together and chill for 1/2 hour.

While the cheese spread is chilling, take one loaf of very slender French bread and slice thin round circles. Spread these circles out on a cookie sheet and place them in an oven that has been pre-heated to 250°. Toast the slices for 20 minutes or until they are crisp.

Remove the toasted slices, and, after they are cool, spread them with the cheese dip. Serve as appetizers.

ROMAN GUSTATIO CHEESE PLATE

Take a large round serving dish. Arrange the following items like spokes of a wheel, alternating rows and repeating the pattern if there is room: A) a row of narrow slices of provolone cheese, B) a row of tiny sweet pickles, C) a row of narrow slices of romano cheese, D) a row of green olives, E) a row of narrow slices of mozzarella cheese, F) a row of tiny bunches of green grapes, G) a row of tiny chunks of feta cheese, H) a row of black olives. Repeat the pattern as space allows. Garnish the hub of the wheel with a small bunch of fresh parsley.

Remember: He who has a good Roman kitchen staff will never lack friends at his table!

Vita

By Carl Parker, Latin I student of Kevin Gushman, Yorktown H.S., Arlington, Virginia.

Iuventus

Ego tuum per hortum curro,
In tuo horto me vide.
Ego tuo in horto clamo,
Audisne me?
Mecum curre,
Mecum sede,
Mecum canta,
Dum ego cogito de te.

Senectus

Ecce! Quae est quoque defessa—
Tu! Defessa vitae, satur
vitae.
Lente vis, lente mors,
Senesce et gemo.
Intege me cum obscuris
angelis mortis.
Intege me cum amore ne
ego cum nesciam.

Looking Ahead to Summer

By Sarah Iacono, Latin III student of Mrs. Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York.

Amo litus
Amo videre solem in litore
Amo videre aves trans litus
Maxime amo dormire sub stellis
et spectare solem ascendere in litore

Aftermath (Continued a Pagina Quarta)

As all essential supplies were packed away for the return trip to Capua in the morning, the smoke from funeral pyres began to rise. *Pegonius'* men had found a number of bodies and they were being given their last rites. Soon tents were rising and small camp fires were lit over the 150 acres where Pompeii had once stood. Men were assigned to keep watch to stop any nighttime looting that might be attempted by sightseers and the soldiers themselves.

At the end of the first watch, *Pegonius* called *Lucius* out of their large tent and told him to look around. "Imagine the sights and sounds of the night-life that would be going on right now. When I look out on the camp fires and the tents, I can almost believe that the city is still here. How about you?"

"Oh, but now it's you that's getting emotional. Our city is buried and destroyed. The dead are dead, and the survivors will find a place to settle once again and make new homes. We must not dwell on the past," explained *Lucius*.

By the time the sun came out, the *cornu* had already sounded reveille and the soldiers were already organized for their return trip to Capua. A small contingent of men was left behind to make sure that only those people were allowed to dig in the area who could prove that they were recovering their own belongings and not looting other houses. The rest of the soldier moved out under the command of *Lucius*.

On the road back to Capua, *Lucius* came upon a settlement of survivors from Pompeii. They asked if it was safe to return to their homes.

"My friends, there is barely anything left to be seen of our city. You will do better to keep your memories of the city before it was destroyed. If you are looking for a sign about what you should do next, accept this one. This morning as I looked to the sky during our morning offering to Jupiter I alone, as leader of the camp, saw an incredibly bright light fly across the sky to the north. Let it be a sign to you from Jupiter himself that you must resettle to the north of your old city. You must once again build a prosperous city that will be a bright light in the republic of Rome."

The survivors seemed impressed with the advice that *Lucius* offered them and wished him luck as he led his men back to Capua.

Several years later *Lucius* was pleasantly surprised to learn that a new settlement had been started north of Pompeii by those who had survived the disaster. The name of the city was *Luca*. The residents claim their city was named for the *lux* that had appeared in the sky and for the commander of the Roman forces named *Lucius* who told them about the sign he had received from Jupiter himself.

Cave Lector

Playful Myths Often Contain Very Adult Aspects

There's an old saying that goes, "Scratch a myth, find a fact." What people are often shocked by, however, is that the fact found may often be very adult-rated.

As it turns out, this may be exactly the case with the playful myth about Persephone and the changing of the seasons. Most people, no doubt, are aware of the violent kidnapping aspects of the myth, and how an innocent young girl is held in unwilling bondage by an old man who is often equated with the essence of all that is evil and disgusting.

What most people aren't aware of, however, is that recent studies* reveal that there is a lot more to those innocent pomegranate seeds than first meets the eye. As it turns out the ancients knew that they could use these seeds as a way to avoid having children. Thus, in the myth of Persephone and Hades, the earth itself becomes infertile for one month for each pomegranate seed that Persephone eats.

The pomegranate, as these studies further show, was just one of many plants that were used by the ancients for these purposes. It just happens to be the one most prominently recorded in the literature.

[*Anyone wishing more information about these studies should see the article by Riddle, Estes and Russell on pp. 29-35 of the March/April 1994 issue of *Archaeology*.]

In the Footsteps of Orpheus

By Ryan Dolibois, Latin IV student of Kevin Gushman, Yorktown H.S., Arlington, Virginia.

I have followed you to this horrid place.
I have come all this way to ask for your love.
I have passed Persephone,
I have passed Tartarus,
And now I ask only for your hand.
We can climb the stairs together,
And I will love you like no other man could.

Oh, if only I had the voice of Orpheus!
If only my words could bring tears to the eyes of the furies.
If only I could unwind the Fate's weaving as he could,
And if only you would give in as easily as Pluto did!

But, alas, you must take
And trust me as I am.
I do not have the beautiful voice
Nor am I the voice of reason.
I am only one who promises himself to you.

I will not allow you the same end as Eurydice.
No serpent will touch your perfect heel.
My eyes will neither waiver nor falter
Until we are out of this horrid place.

Marpessa and Apollo

By Kelly Brown, Latin student of Betty Whittaker, Carmel Jr. H.S., Carmel, Indiana.

Marpessa, the maiden, needed to choose,
Two suitors loved her, but one had to lose.
The mortal named Idas was handsome and brave,
But Apollo, the god, had the power men crave.

Neptune, the sea god, Idas' good friend,
Had a winged chariot for Idas to send
Marpessa, and he to elope and be wed,
But Apollo commanded those horses, "Stop dead!"

No, Neptune was watching from the gods' lair,
He turned to Jupiter and cried, "That's unfair!
A mortal's no match for Apollo's great power.
If you don't intercede, Idas he'll devour."

So Jupiter thundered, "Let the maiden decide!"
And the two suitors each offered their side.
Apollo pledged knowledge of things past and those
to come

While, humbly, Idas offered only his love.

For the maiden Marpessa, the choice was quite clear.
Godly powers could never rival a love that was dear.
So, she chose Idas and, taking his hand,
Off together they wandered across their great land.

The Laurel, The Oak and The Linden

By Ryan Dolibois, Latin IV student of Kevin Gushman, Yorktown H.S., Arlington, Virginia.

She flies swifter than the scented air she breathes,
and yet, I follow.
Oh Nymph, please remain!
What I lack in grace, I will make up in love!
Your feet move too quickly to catch,
and my heart runs even faster.

From the first turn of my eye,
to my now longing gaze,
I follow and desire.
But, now I see only your eyes as you run away.
Why do you flee
when my heart runs even faster?

Let our love grow into the beautiful laurel
as Daphne defeats Apollo's chase;
or, better, let two trees be made into one.
Our branches will cling to one another.
Our grasp will become only a leafy remembrance of
what was before
Just as our skin becomes hardened, our hearts will
grow softer.
Let our love take new root and grow!
Allow Cupid to take your heart, as he has mine.

The Double Church

Saint Lawrence Outside the Walls

By Frank J. Korn

On the ancient road to Tivoli, the *Via Tiburtina*, just beyond the Aurelian Walls, rises one of Rome's most historic and fascinating churches—the *Basilica di San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura*, Saint Lawrence's Basilica Outside the Walls. In imperial times it stood isolated and picturesque among the groves and vineyards and meadows of the *campagna Romana*. Today, almost engulfed by a modern suburb, it must be approached through a patch quilt of narrow, twisting, congested streets.



The Ionic Colonnaded Entrance of
San Lorenzo's

As an ordained deacon of the early Church, Lawrence worked closely with the saintly Pope Sixtus II in gathering food and clothing and alms for the poor. This took place in the middle of the third century. The historian Eusebius relates how the Emperor Valerian was, at first, cordial toward the Christians. Then, faced with myriad problems across the length and breadth of the Roman Empire in 258, he suddenly launched a savage persecution of the Church. For anyone found participating in Christian worship, the death penalty was carried out automatically, swiftly and violently.

On August 6 of that turbulent year, Pope Sixtus was condemned to death. Before his execution, the aged Pontiff entrusted the treasury of the Church to Deacon Lawrence, whom he loved like a son. The pious deacon, with his face damp with tears, asked of Sixtus, "Will you go without your son? Shall I not be at your side once more in this last sacrifice?"

To which the old Holy Father replied, "My son, thou shalt rejoin me in three days." Then he instructed Lawrence to sell the sacred vessels and all other material possessions of the Church and then to divide the proceeds among the city's poor.

The Pontiff having been slain, the city prefect issued an injunction to the deacon to turn over all the treasures of the Church to the *Aerarium*, i.e. the state coffers. Lawrence begged for a few days' extension of this deadline, and it was granted.

Three days later Deacon Lawrence showed up at the prefect's office trailed by a throng of tattered, sickly, and starving mendicants. "Behold," he announced to the stern-faced official, "These are the children and treasures of Mother Church."

Feeling that he was being mocked, the prefect commanded that Deacon Lawrence should first be beaten bloody with whips and then roasted to death over a gridiron heated with red-hot coals. Pope Sixtus' prophecy proved accurate.

Lawrence's remains were gathered by a group of Christians who interred them in the catacombs out on the road to Tivoli, or, as it was called in ancient times, *Tibur*.

When Constantine converted to Christianity, he ordered grand basilicas built over the graves of Peter and Paul and another, a more modest crypt church, built over the resting place of Deacon Lawrence. This crypt church was enlarged and embellished under Pope Pelagius in the middle of the sixth century, and it became known in Latin as *Sanctus Laurentius Extra Muros*.

In the early seventh century, a large church was built adjoining the back of San Lorenzo's with the outer walls of apses actually touching.

After Honorius III was elected to the Chair of Peter, one of his first monumental endeavors was to remove both apses and connect the two churches, which left the original altar now in the center of both structures—unique in all the Christian world. The front entrance was from that point on, through the latter part of the "double church." It featured a portico of six graceful Ionic columns.

The fact that early church architecture was influenced by the designs of Jewish synagogues becomes apparent as soon as one enters the church of San Lorenzo. The ancient orthodox Jewish community had upper galleries where the women would gather. Since the primitive Christian community of the city of Rome consisted largely of Jewish converts, this feature in a number of ancient Christian churches is not very surprising.

And so this venerable church of San Lorenzo stood unchanged across the next eight centuries. Then exactly a half century ago, in 1944, it suffered devastation from allied bombers seeking to demolish the Nazi supplies depot nearby.

Pope Pius XII felt the quake caused by the bombardment and rushed to the window of his apartment facing the direction of the San Lorenzo quarter. There are poignant photos extant of Papa Pacelli (as the Pope was affectionately known in Rome) standing in front of what was left of the church of San Lorenzo surrounded by the frightened men, women and children of the district. With his white soutane caked with the blood of some of those he comforted, he wept all the way back to the Vatican.

At the war's end, reconstruction of San Lorenzo commenced at once. Today the Pilgrim can see it in much the same splendor as did his counterpart eight hundred years ago.



The Interior of San Lorenzo's showing
the synagogue-echoing balcony

Winter Blues

By Melanie Dunham, Latin III student of Mrs. Margaret Curran, Orchard Park H.S., Orchard Park, New York.

Est adhuc frigidum extra,
Ero calida cum sol splendet.
Nix, cur non tu liquida fis?

Acronymic Lovers

By Jenny Hiland, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

- D ear
I ntelligent
D evoted
O vercome by love
- L onging
O ver some time
V enus
E ros
S igns from the gods
- A dventurous
E xciting
N oble
E nergetic
A hero
S mart

How Well Did You Read? 114.

- How old was Julian when he was proclaimed emperor in A.D. 361?
- What was a *chirographum argentarium*?
- What kind of milk is supposed to be used to make Roman Cheese Bread?
- Which Pope was Lawrence the Deacon obeying when he sold all the possessions of the early Church and gave the money away?
- How many meters long was the race in which Dan Jansen won his Gold Medal?
- What color clothing was traditionally worn during the celebration of *Cerealia*?
- What service was provided by *mangones*?
- Whom did Marpesa choose instead of Apollo?
- What is the deadline for submitting entries to be a Contract Cartoonist for 1994-1995?
- Who is the protagonist in *Silver Pigs*?

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Potesne Risum Movere?

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To be considered for selection as a 1994-1995 Pompeiiana Contract Cartoonist, artists must make sure that samples of their work are received by Pompeiiana, Inc. no later than May 1, 1994.

All work MUST be done in black felt-tip on plain white paper. The format of a cartoon strip must be 2 1/2 inches high by 12 7/8 inches long. Single box cartoons MUST be 3 7/8 inches square. Balloon print must be bold and clear so that it can be legible after the cartoon is reduced 78% for printing.

If a cartoonist is selected as a Contract Cartoonist for the 1994-1995 school year, the cartoon that was submitted as a sample will be published in the September 1994 issue and paid for at that time. Selected cartoonists will be asked to sign a contract guaranteeing that new installments of their cartoons will be received by Pompeiiana, Inc. by the 1st day of the month prior to their intended month of publication (e.g. by Sept. 1 for the October Newsletter) throughout the 1994-1995 school year.

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It's time to think about your April whites and your April parti-colored festival clothing.

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Orders for *vestimenta alba* that will require alterations must be received by the Nones. *Vestimenta versicoloria* must be ordered by the Ides if alterations will be required.

Ask for the *taberna* of *Vestiarum Lugdonenses* just off the *Vicus Pallacinae*.

Geminus Quaeritur.

If any one has information concerning the whereabouts of my master's twin brother whose name is *Menaechmus*, there is a *CC denarii* reward if this information results in their being reunited.

Anyone with information should write *c/o Messenia, Menaechmi Servus, Syracusae* during April or May.

This six-year search has already taken us to *Istria in Italia*, to *Hispania* and to *Ilyria*, and I personally am most anxious to conclude our travels by re-uniting my master with his twin brother. Those who write after May should send their correspondence to *Epidamnus* which will be our next destination.

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Latin Learning



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 To qualify for consideration, your application and sample must be received by May 1, 1994.

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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.

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I.S.S. # 08925941

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

1. SO MUCH IN LOVE, All-4-One
2. WHATTA MAN, Salt-N-Pepper featuring En Vogue
3. THE SIGN, Ace of Base
4. GIN & JUICE, Snoop Doggy Dogg
5. NOW AND FOREVER, Richard Marx
6. MARY JANE'S LAST DANCE, Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
7. I'M OUTSTANDING, Shaquille O'Neal
8. YOU SEND ME SWINGING, Mini Condition
9. CAN WE TALK? Tevin Campbell
10. I'M IN THE MOOD, Ce Ce Peniston

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First King of Rome

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2. WOLF
3. REMUS
4. FAUSTULUS
5. RHEA SILVIA
6. AMULIUS
7. MARS

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Military Madness

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12. K
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18. J
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21. N
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Picturae Moventes

1. ON DEADLY GROUND
2. SUGAR HILL
3. BLUE CHIPS
4. REALITY BITES
5. 8 SECONDS
6. MY FATHER THE HERO
7. WHAT'S EATING GILBERT GRAPE?
8. GREEDY
9. ANGIE
10. SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION

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Gods and Goddesses

1. MARS
2. NEPTUNE
3. JUNO
4. PLUTO
5. MERCURY
6. APOLLO
7. VENUS
8. CERES
9. BACCHUS
10. DIONYSUS
11. MINERVA
12. VESTA
13. PROSERPINA
14. FAUNUS
15. ARTEMIS
16. HEPHAESTUS
17. JUPITER
18. GRATIAE
19. CRONOS
20. CUPID
21. AESCULAPIUS

109.

Fire

1. SEQUOR
2. EDITUS
3. IACTO
4. FLUMEN
5. CAPUT
6. AEDIFICIUM
7. UTILIS
8. SPES
9. HORTOR
10. MAGISTER
11. BREVIS
12. AUTEM
13. GENS
14. QUAM CELERRIME

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Television—Latin Style

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

Roman Government—Scrambled

1. COMITIA TRIBUTA
2. CURSUS HONORUM
3. CONSULS
4. PRAETORS
5. CURIA
6. TOGA
7. AEDILES
8. TRIBUNES
9. QUAEASTORS
10. CATILINE

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114.

How Well Did You Read?

1. 30 years old
2. A check
3. Goat's milk
4. Pope Sixtus
5. 1000
6. White
7. They conducted slave auctions.
8. Idas
9. May 1, 1994
10. Marcus Didius Falco

111.



112.

Libri Optimi

1. ACCIDENT, Danielle Steel
2. CELESTINE PROPHECY, James Redfield
3. THE CAT WHO CAME TO BREAKFAST, Lillian Jackson Brontë
4. FAMILY BLESSINGS, LaVyrle Spencer
5. BILL WALTON: NOTHING BUT NET
6. WHAT BLACK PEOPLE SHOULD DO NOW: DISPATCHES FROM NEAR THE VANGUARD, Ralph Wiley
7. MAGIC EYE, N. B. Thing Enterprises
8. A DRINKING LIFE, Pete Hamill
9. MIAMI, IT'S MURDER, Edna Buchanan

The Crisis, Number 1

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands now, deserves the love and thanks of men and women. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; it is dearer only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."

"...By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils—of a ravaged country, of a depopulated city, habitations without barracks, of lawless houses for Hecubians, and of a future race to provide for, whose fathers we shall doubt of."

"Look at this this picture and weep over it! And if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented."

Finally!

Daniel Jansen Earns an Olympic Gold Medal

No doubt you have heard this advice: "Never give up!" But have you heard this advice? "Be careful about what you want. You'll probably get it."

Olympic athletes know what they want, and they never give up before they've gotten it. Olympic athletes want gold—Olympic Gold Medals. They want to be Olympic Champions.

Daniel Jansen is an athlete who skates. Although Daniel is very fast on the ice, he has never been an Olympic champion before this year.

Whenever Daniel was not in a competition, he skated very fast. But whenever he was in a competition, especially in Olympic competitions, Daniel always had bad luck.

In 1988 in Calgary Daniel had his first bad luck. While skating the 500 meters, he fell on the ice. Then while skating the 1000 meters, he fell again on the ice. Daniel wasn't able to concentrate because his sister had died the day before.

Daniel, however, never gave up. He practiced for the next four years. Once again he was skating very fast. In 1992 he was made an Olympic athlete and competed at Albertville. Daniel, however, had bad luck again. In the 500 meter competition he almost fell and finished

in fourth place. He wasn't able to skate very fast in the 1000 meter competition either. In this competition Daniel finished twenty-sixth.

Daniel, however, knew what he wanted—an Olympic gold medal.

Daniel continued to practice every day—for two years.

Then in 1994 he was an Olympic athlete again—in Norway. He was no longer sad over his sister's death. Now he had a wife and a daughter. There was peace in his eyes. If he should have good luck, he would become an Olympic champion.

In the 500 meter competition Daniel almost fell again. He touched the ice with his hand, and, because of this touch, he finished in eighth place.

Daniel, however, still did not give up. One competition was left, and Daniel intended to become an Olympic champion in this race.

On the next day Daniel skated as fast as possible in the 1000 meter competition. He became an Olympic champion! His wife fainted from the excitement. Daniel, however, holding his daughter in his arm, skated a lap to accept the praise of the spectators.

Daniel never gave up. He finally got what he wanted. He is an Olympic champion!