



# Ab Tempestatis Viro Ad Litterae Virum

Aliquot annos abhinc erat in Indiana vir caeli mutationum peritus. Quaque die in televisione hic vir non solum de caeli mutationibus narravit sed etiam multa ioca de tempestate egit.

Tandem autem tanta ioca agebat ut non diu esset vir qui de caeli mutationibus narraret sed esset comoedus verus.

Quis erat hic vir qui ioca de tempestate agebat? Nemo alius nisi David Litterae Vir qui nunc spectaculum suum in televisione secunda vigilia habet.

Litterae Vir certe est comoedus extraordinarius. Habet hospites in spectaculo suo quibuscum multas res hilares confabulatur, et semper habet decem res perscripta quae tam ordinata sunt ut ridiculissima sint. Huic comoedo autem, nihil sacrum est – non etiam mater eius!

Nemo autem potest praedicare quid Litterae Vir faciat in spectaculo suo. Frequenter currit ex theatro ut cum negotiatoribus vel cum viatoribus loqueretur. Aliquando incognitus laborabit in variis negotiis ut emptores occulte vexet. Frequenter invitat canes in spectaculum suum qui technas stultas agere possunt. Litterae Vir ipse saepe faciet aliquid stultum vel etiam quasi periculosum.

Nemo scit quid Litterae Vir postea facturum sit.

Litterae Viro maxime placet populis innocentibus inludere. Aliquando populos telephono incognitus vocabit et eis inludet. Aliquando alios dominos in spectaculis eorum vocabit, et, voce falsa, eos vexabit. Quia Litterae Viro placet res incognite agere, recenter



personam egit in pictura moventi cui titulus erat *Puer Nauticus*. Huius personae nomen erat "Sal Vetus in Pago Piscatorio." A Personis Dramatis autem Litterae Viro nomen aberat. Pro "Litterae Viro" scriptum erat nomen "Earl Hofert."

Multi spectatores Litterae Virum amant, et quam maximas pecunias Litterae Vir meret. Non autem de

prosperitate umquam cogitat. In cubiculo suo in theatro Litterae Vir habet nulla memorabilia de opere suo. Nullae picturae sunt in muris, nulla praemia sunt in armario. In armario solum sunt duo automobiles minusculi et XXI ampullae in quibus est garum acerrimum. Litterae Vir semper dicit, "Si spectaculum meum umquam delebitur, cetero celeriter et simpliciter exiturum esse – sine multis memorabilibus portandis."

Quid est in Litterae Viro mente, et quae sunt curae eius? Nemo scit. Litterae Vir cogitationes privatas suas cum aliis raro communicat.

Litterae Viro casa est in Connecticutensi et similis est horreo magno. Parce instruitur. Litterae Vir autem emit multos automobiles classicos quos prope casam suam adservat.

Hoc tempore Litterae Vir uxorem non habet quamquam aliquando Michaeliam Coquam in matrimonium duxit; post VII annos divortium cum ea fecit. Nunc Litterae Vir habet amicam cui nomen est Regina Lascus, sed, ut videtur, fieri non potest ut eam in matrimonium ducat.

Litterae Vir habet corpus gracilius quia per diem semel edit. Aquam dulcem non bibit, et non dum fumat. Ei placet garum acerrimum quod hoc eum gravem non facit.

In spectaculo suo Litterae Vir videtur tranquillus et confidens, sed frequentem nervosus et diffidens est. Litterae Vir cognoscit famam esse inconstantem. Dum potest, ioca sua aget; postea de oblectamentis privatis cogitabit.

## Focus on Pompeii

### An Unforgettable Disaster

By Priyanka Bhat, Latin II student of Dr. M. Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

It is just a few days before the Kalends of September, during the second month of the reign of the Emperor Titus. As I lay on my bed this morning staring through the iron-grilled window in front of me, I felt more tired than usual from the long walk to the market place yesterday. I felt old, but that's probably as it should be since I was born five years before the great Augustus died.

My name is Marcus Claudius Marcellus, and I live alone. No known family. Never married. Both my parents died when I was young. Today I am leaving to go see my long-time companion Julius Antonius who is sick at his home in Nola, which isn't all that far from my place in Pompeii. I got word that he wants to spend his last days with me. I remember those beautiful summer days long ago when Julius and I used to run through the streets of Pompeii curiously looking into all of the doors of the shops. Everybody knew us then, and they often gave us little treats. They seemed to appreciate our visits. Now we are just two lonely old men having nothing more to accomplish in life than to give advice to young women and men who are foolish enough to ask for it. Maybe one of the reasons I'm so tired today is that last night my bed kept shaking. It almost felt like we were having an earthquake or something. Then, of course, it rained heavily and water leaked in through a cracked roofing tile. I'll have to fix that some day, but right now I should be getting on my way. It's already half way through *mane*.

The streets are packed. People are out enjoying the festivities of the day which seems to have been proclaimed a holiday in honor of the Divine Augustus. Young men are strolling up and down. Some of the neighboring farmers have even arrived to enjoy the activities. Fortune tellers and performers are drawing crowds while *paedagogi* and children watch with amazement. I decide to stop by the bakery to pick up a treat for Julius.

As I walk into the bakery, I am surprised to be greeted by Modestus himself. His father and I were good friends when we were younger, but I didn't think that Modestus recognized me any more.

"Salve, Modeste, I need one loaf of bread to take to a sick friend in Nola," I said.

"Please wait one moment while I have a fresh one fetched from the back room, Marce," he said.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

## Tuniced Toddlers Tackle Tenses

Joining in the enthusiasm for Latin at the elementary school level, Fort Wayne, Indiana, students attending grades K through 5 at Brentwood Latin School are quickly learning how the influences of Latin and Romans can be seen in nearly all areas of their elementary school curriculum.



Mrs. Ritenour's kindergartners model their tunics and weapons.

(L-R) Josh, Matthew, Hunter and Alyx.

Under the guidance of Latin curriculum coordinator Ellen Waite, all the teachers at this new magnet school of the Fort Wayne public school system take time each day to help their students see how the language and culture of the Romans have influenced almost every aspect of American daily life.



Latin Coordinator Ellen Waite poses with Ashley, a student of Mrs. James.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

## Janus Speaks Out

By Jennifer Riske, Latin II student of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph High School, Victoria, Texas

Greetings! Yes, this is the long awaited response from the god that has been on everyone's mind – the world-renowned Janus. I have gotten many letters from avid mythology readers asking about me and why my symbol is a man with two heads. Let me be the first to tell you that the mythology books are wrong about me! Here is my side of the story. You see, I have two faces because I have done some bad things in my day. But, hey, why should I repent? After all, I'm a god! But anyway, it goes like this. One day, after spending years trying to be nice to Great King Zeus – you know, getting in good, hoping to get promoted, earn a few more powers – you understand, don't you? I was talking to my good friend Hades. I spoke openly about Zeus because I thought I could trust the god, but I guess family ties ran deeper than our friendship did, being that he was Zeus' brother and all. I knew that something was wrong when, a few days later I heard Zeus throwing his thunderbolts like there was no tomorrow. He stormed up to me and said that he had heard what I said about him. I tried to deny it, but he knew I was lying. He then condemned me to be changed so that all on the earth could see how two-faced I was. So that, ladies and gentlemen, is my story. I hope that this has enlightened you and that maybe we can do it again sometime.



## Focus on Pompeii

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

"Did you feel the tremors and hear the heavy rains fall last night?" I asked.

"Indeed I did, and what damage the rains did to my floor! A couple of roofing tiles were dislodged by the tremors, and the kitchen was flooded this morning," replied Modestus.

"Well then, I am sorry for being such a nuisance to you when you probably have much work to finish," I replied.

"Do not be foolish, Marce! You have been like a father to me ever since my own father passed away years ago. You are no nuisance at all. In fact, I thank you for stopping in today. I needed to see a friendly face from the past. Here is your loaf, and I hope that you have a safe journey along with a quick recovery for your sick friend," Modestus said.

"I am glad I have caused you no trouble. Thank you for the loaf of bread. I will have to be getting along now. Vale, Modeste!"

"Vale, Marce!"

What a nice fellow Modestus is, just as his father used to be. I know that I probably did keep him from his work, but he never complained once.

As I walk through the streets, being careful to cross over only where there are stepping stones, I pass the *caupona*. I want to stop and say good-bye to my good friend Asellina who still does odd jobs for the inn-keeper.

"Salve, Asellina, how are you doing today?" I said.

"Salve, Marce, I am doing quite well," said she.

"I've come to say good-bye before I leave for Nola. You remember old Julius, don't you? He wants me to spend some time with him before he dies. I guess he's pretty sick."

"Yes, I remember Julius. I wish you were not leaving today during the festivities. You'll be missing a lot. Are you walking, or renting a *cishum*?" said Asellina.

"I am walking, and I am honored that you wish me not to leave even though I must," I said.

"Did you feel the rumbles the earth made last evening?" asked Asellina.

"Yes, in fact, I was just talking to Modestus, and he explained that his roofing tiles had been disturbed and that his kitchen was flooded. How did everything go here at the *caupona*?" I inquired.

"Pretty much the same. Two rooms were damaged by rain water, and it took three or four of us to get things tidied up," she said.

"Well, I hope your day ends better than it started out," said I.

"I'll give it my best try," replied Asellina.

"Then that is all one can ask. I really must be on my way. It's probably *ad meridiem* already," I said.

"Perhaps you should move along. I wish you a good journey, and I hope Julius recovers," Asellina replied.

"Thank you and good day to you, Asellina," I replied.

"Vale, Marce," she said.

Leaving through the *Porta Nolana*, I take a final look around knowing that it might be a while before I return. I was glad that I got to say good-bye to a few friends.

I start walking down the road, and before I know it, it's *meridie*. Two hours without a rest is too much for these old bones. I sit down under a tree and drink a little wine. It sure seems to have gotten hot and dry out.

At first I think that it's just my old muscles cramping up, but then I realize that it's the ground that is shaking. I can hear rumbles in the distance, but cannot see anything unusual. I decide to walk a little further and get up on top of the next big hill so I can have a better view of things.

When I get there, I look back towards Pompeii. It's Mt. Vesuvius. I didn't think Vesuvius was a volcano. But, sure enough, there it is erupting before my eyes. I stare wide-eyed at the eruption, feeling luckier every second that I am out here in the country instead of back there. I can see that it will just a matter of minutes before that black cloud coming down from the mountain will engulf Pompeii. I imagine the chaos of people running in every direction to escape the disaster. No doubt people are dying and there is a lot of destruction everywhere.

## Midas: The Untold Story

By Andy B., Grade 7 Latin student of Patricia Geraci, Pitsford Middle School, Pitsford N.Y.

After King Midas had transformed his beloved daughter, Merrygold into gold, and after he had finished crying for her, he went to Bacchus and begged him to rescind his wish. He begged and begged but Bacchus would not give in. Bacchus exclaimed, "Foolish Midas. You did only one thing for me. Why should I go out of my way to grant you two wishes? No way! I'm afraid you will just have to live with what you have brought on yourself."

So a defeated, but rich, King Midas gave up and went home. He had already decided that there was nothing he could do. But when he took another look at Merrygold's lifeless, solid gold face he knew he had to do something.

For the next year or so, Midas made frequent trips to Mount Olympus (being careful not to touch anything) to ask the other gods if they would do anything. Over and over he was rejected. But one day he made what he figured would be his last trip because he had talked to every god and goddess except Ceres, the goddess of the harvest. He was expecting to be rejected this time also, but when he spoke with her, she said she would help. She went on to explain that she, too, had lost her daughter, Proserpina, who had been taken to the underworld many years back to be Pluto's Queen. She said she still saw Proserpina once a year, but that she knew what it felt like not to have her daughter with her. She mentioned that Bacchus owed her a favor and that she could get him to rescind the touch but that Midas would have to repay her. He told her that he would do anything to see his daughter's cheerful smile once more.

Ceres thought for a minute and then explained her conditions. After Merrygold had grown up and could take care of herself, King Midas would have to give away his gold and go to work for Ceres.

Midas agreed to it.

Before the whole ordeal with the golden touch had happened, King Midas would have been infuriated that Ceres wanted him to give up all his gold, but now he had learned his lesson. He learned that life, and the love of his daughter, were worth more than all the gold in the world.

## Cerberus

By Najean Lee, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

In all of mythology, there's one famous pet, Cerberus, a dog like none you've seen yet. Pluto, his master, lived down in Hades, With Queen Proserpina, his first choice of ladies. Now Cerberus had an interesting feature, One, two, three heads were all on one creature! The more heads, the better - they sure fit his duty, For if you come close, he'll bite off your booty!

As I stand there, I feel intense heat penetrating my body, and my mouth gets gritty from the dust that fills the air.

It suddenly gets very dark, and I slowly descend the hill to try to find some sort of shelter where I can stay until it gets a little lighter out. I can't help but think about my friends especially Modestus, the baker, and old Asellina at the *caupona*. I don't doubt but that my own home and belongings are being destroyed. As I make my way coughing and spitting through the darkness, tears roll down my cheeks for the first time since I can remember.

When I look up, I realize I must have walked for hours without knowing it, because, sure enough, I've reached Nola. With the help of a few people who dare to leave their houses during this unaccustomed darkness, I find the home of my old friend, Julius Aurelius. I embrace him and remind him to enjoy life to its fullest because it can be taken away at any moment.

Then I tell him about what I saw back on the road.

All he says is, "Forget all that now. You can just stay with me from now on, and we'll be together like we were when we were carefree children."

But of course I shall never forget Pompeii. I hope no one else does either.

## Tunited Toddlers (Cont. a Pagina Prima)

While students in the first few years of their schooling may not be ready to memorize declensions and conjugations, they are more than willing to consider the Roman family when they learn about their own families and their own traditions. Students are easily taught the concept of the Roman *familia* and they learn several easy terms connected with Roman family roles and traditions. When these students study math, they are also introduced to Roman numerals and the ways in which arithmetic was used in the ancient world. When they study science, the classical stories associated with the constellations prove to be a natural addition to the curriculum.



First grade students of Mrs. Warner model their Roman outfits.

(L-R) Jeff, Audrey, Chelsea, "Tullia," Allen, and (front & center) Amber.

Of course, every student's favorite aspect of studying Latin at Brentwood is the opportunity each has to design and wear Roman outfits, as is evidenced in the photos accompanying this article!

## How Flora Became the Goddess of Flowers

By Jennifer Vaughan, Latin II student of Mrs. Bo Laurence, St. Joseph High School, Victoria, Texas

To Jennifer:

I am sending this letter in regard to the question you asked me about how I, Flora, became the goddess of flowers and springtime.

Once upon a time, long, long ago on the same day you celebrate the beginning of spring, I was taking a walk through a field. I came across a mortal man named Drew. He was a very beautiful man and I fell in love with him immediately. Fortunately, but unfortunately, he fell in love with me also. We knew, though, that we could never be truly happy together because goddesses are not allowed to be involved with mortal men. If they are, they will be sent to Hades never to return. We spent the day together getting to know one another and my life was content for that one full day. At the end, I knew I had to say good-bye. We kissed for the first time and last time and when we did, our hearts burst into tiny pieces, mixed together, and fell to the ground. Right before our amazed eyes, the little pieces grew into the beautiful flowers you enjoy now each spring. For every broken heart since then, a new species of flowers is created. Because there will always be broken hearts, the earth will always be filled with beautiful flowers. Spring comes on our anniversary, and I have made it a celebration for those who can express their love towards each other.

I hope everyone appreciates the lovely flowers and wonderful springtime. Because I was partly responsible for the flowers, I was given authority over them as Flora, the goddess of flowers and springtime.

## Latin Class

By Heather Galloway, Latin II student of Mrs. Dawn M. Kiechle, Indian River High School, Philadelphia, New York

We come to Latin class every day, Hooray!

We study declensions until we are grey

We chant and recite through the night

We are tested and tested 'til it is right.

We do our homework; it takes all night long.

We chant our declensions like a little song.

We want to go home and take a little rest.

We are still failing quizzes; we do our best.

We hope we will pass Latin this year with ease.

We all know our teacher is very hard to please.



## Noli Nimis Alte Volare!

By Stephen Dirksen, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert,  
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

On the isle of Crete a long time ago  
There lived a man Daedalus, a clever fellow.

Confined he was for but a trivial crime,  
Sentenced to prison, to do some hard time.

Now from inside of his long-dreaded prison,  
A yearning to leave had suddenly arisen.

He plotted his plans to escape from Crete:  
He'd fly his way out, an incredible feat.

The land and the sea routes he just could not try;  
The only way left was to go through the sky.

His mind he did turn, that Greek engineer,  
To creating some wings, a stunt without peer.

Some wood laid with feathers to let them take flight  
And then sealed with wax to make them hold tight.

Ere he and son Icarus left that small isle,  
He gave him instructions in flight for awhile.

"Icarus, give me your mind and your eye,  
For if you ignore me, you surely will die.

Flying too high causes wax wings to soften;  
The waves far below will be your blue coffin.

And if in your flight you swoop too far down,  
Poseidon will claim you and cause you to drown."

They took off with glee for their far away home  
And over the great sea Aegean did roam.

But Icarus, enjoying his powers of flight  
Flew a little bit higher to enjoy better sight.

But when he approached too close to the sun,  
The wax became liquid and started to run.

Icarus was wingless, could no longer fly  
And plunged to the sea, destined to die.

Daedalus, seeing this, began to mourn  
The careless boy's death had made him forlorn.

Daedalus would say, "Heed your parent's advice;  
Otherwise, you'll end up by paying the price."

A Day in the Lives of  
Dido and Aeneas

By Rachel Marshall and Marca Thrower, Latin I  
students of Mr. Larry Steele, West Middle High  
School, Norman, Oklahoma

## Diary of Dido

Today a very unique feeling came over me. A shipwrecked stranger came to me for assistance. I extended my invitation for him to come to a banquet. Not knowing how he came to my city, my mind was in wonder. At dinner he began telling of his adventures. These stories were very fascinating. I was flattered by his courage and by his tales. He seems to be a very nice young man, and I really find him interesting. I hope he decides to stay. I think he just might be my true love.

## Diary of Aeneas

A very mysterious voice directed me to Carthage today. Here I met the most beautiful maiden. She has a very generous heart and is gracefully hospitable. She gave me a place to stay and food to eat. At the banquet I told of all my journeys. It seemed to fascinate all that attended. But the maiden was most attentive. I feel as if she hung on every word. I believe I want to stay here a while. It would slow me down a little, but perhaps destiny can wait.

## Why Pegasus is at Jupiter's Stable

By Andea Ferris, Latin II student of Nancy Mazur,  
Marion L. Steele High School, Amherst, Ohio

Bellerophon and Pegasus were flying through the sky.

Jupiter thought that they were flying much too high.

He flung a bolt of lightning down into the air.

Which definitely gave Pegasus quite an awful scare.

Pegasus threw Bellerophon as far as he was able,

And Pegasus flew onward until he reached the

stable.

Slick City Magazine Features  
Local Latin Teacher

Major American cities all have slick magazines dedicated to promoting their images and to providing a forum for area businesses to introduce themselves to visitors or to those planning to move themselves, their conventions or their companies into town.

Indianapolis Monthly is the promotional magazine of the town known to many simply as Indy—the home of the Indianapolis 500.

It is a bit of a surprise, therefore, and a significant honor for such a magazine to devote five of its pages to its coverage of a Latin teacher! The Latin teacher is Dr. B. F. Barcio, Director of Pompeiiana, Inc., adjunct instructor of Latin at Butler University in Indianapolis and a teacher of a four-year Latin program in Carmel, a northside suburb of Indianapolis.

According to Ann Wesley, the author of the Barcio article ("When in Rome," Indianapolis Monthly Dec. '94, pp. 46-53), "Barcio has found a way of motivating teenagers to take Latin for four years as an elective course. He and many Carmel parents still consider Latin a solid foundation for high academic study. However, Barcio also understands that to get kids excited about a classical language he must offer them something more than hours of translation and memorization.

"Barcio's enthusiasm piqued a young Ellen Waite's interest in Latin 15 years ago, when Barcio visited her junior high dressed as a Roman soldier and talked about Latin. Barcio's dramatic play worked: Waite enrolled in the course. 'We didn't just study language, but also mythology and culture, and he always had different characters for everything,' she says. 'We ended up having a lot of kids in Latin Club who didn't even take Latin: They just wanted to participate in what he did.'

"By the time Waite graduated from Carmel H.S. in 1986, she was as hooked on the ancient language as was her teacher. 'I knew I always wanted to be a teacher, but I thought it would be social studies. I ended up choosing Latin because those classes were unique,' says Waite who now is the Latin coordinator at Brentwood Latin School in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

"Carmel senior and Latin Club president David Peaper signed up for the subject because he wanted to set himself apart from fellow high schoolers. But for the last three years he has continued studying Latin out of interest in the language—and respect for Barcio. 'Dr. Barcio is one of the few teachers I have who is himself a reference book,' Peaper explains. 'If you ask him anything about the history, language, mythology, whatever, he knows it right off the top of his head. Most teachers, if you ask them a question, they have to get back to you or check it in the books, but with Dr. Barcio, you get your answer right away.'

"Many of Barcio's students especially admire his willingness to expose the class to adventure—like this year's ancient Olympic-style chariot races. Barcio uses an authentic-looking aluminum chariot, and by taking turns pulling and riding, students get a taste of what championship racing was like centuries ago.

"This year was the first time I'd been in the chariot races," Peaper says. "It was just a few hundred feet we raced, but it was something we wanted to do. That's the thing about Dr. Barcio: If someone suggests something we could do, he'll listen. Other teachers would just think it was too off-the-wall."

"The ultimate goal, Barcio acknowledges, is to inspire kids to translate the classics. 'But if you force your students to work, work, work, all the time, you'll find them dropping out,' Barcio says. 'You have to make it palatable: It's not that the kids are lazy, but they have to feel it is enjoyable.'

"Barcio can argue that students who master Latin in high school generally outscore all others on SATs and stand a greater chance of impressing college admissions officers. 'Colleges don't just look at the students with the highest grades,' he says. 'A Latin student's course load is a distinctive feature. In a community like Carmel, where people want their kids in Harvard and Yale, Latin is important as a way to give kids an advantage.'"

## How Are You Doing In Latin?

Answer the 20 questions below, and then check the correct answers in Pagina Decima to see how well you're doing at your personal level of study.

Score	Latin I	Latin II	Latin III	Latin IV
20	Optime	Optime	Optime	Optime
19	Optime	Optime	Optime	Melius
18	Optime	Optime	Optime	Bene
17	Optime	Optime	Optime	Bene
16	Optime	Optime	Optime	Mediocriter
15	Optime	Optime	Melius	Mediocriter
14	Optime	Optime	Bene	Male
13	Optime	Optime	Bene	Male
12	Optime	Optime	Mediocriter	Pelus
11	Optime	Melius	Mediocriter	Pelus
10	Optime	Bene	Male	Pessime
9	Optime	Bene	Male	Pessime
8	Optime	Mediocriter	Pelus	Pessime
7	Melius	Mediocriter	Pelus	Pessime
6	Bene	Male	Pessime	Pessime
5	Bene	Male	Pessime	Pessime
4	Mediocriter	Pelus	Pessime	Pessime
3	Mediocriter	Pelus	Pessime	Pessime
2	Pelus	Pessime	Pessime	Pessime
1	Pelus	Pessime	Pessime	Pessime
0	Pessime	Pessime	Pessime	Pessime

- The tunic, *stola* and *palla* were worn by Roman: a) boys, b) women, c) sailors, d) senators.
- The possessive adjective meaning "our" is: a) *meus*, b) *noster*, c) *tuus*, d) *vester*.
- Rhea Silvia was the mother of: a) Aeneas, b) Julius Caesar, c) Castor and Pollux, d) Romulus and Remus.
- Phidippides is remembered in connection with the Battle of: a) Marathon, b) Pharsalus, c) Actium, d) Cannae.
- Pollice verso* is a phrase associated with: a) dinner, b) the Circus Maximus, c) the baths, d) an amphitheater.
- Caesar's most trusted lieutenant was: a) Ariovistus, b) Brutus, c) Labienus, d) Antony.
- Spain is separated from France by the: a) Saone, b) Alps, c) Rhone, d) Pyrenees.
- The final decisive battle of the Gallic War was fought at: a) Cannae, b) Lake Geneva, c) Alesia, d) Aquileia.
- To form the superlative of *idoneus* it is necessary to use: a) *maxime*, b) *-issimus*, c) *-rimus*, d) *magis*.
- When *cum* means "although," the Latin word is usually found in the main clause. a) *tam*, b) *tamen*, c) *tandem*, d) *tum*
- Cicero's favorite child was: a) Marcus, b) Quintus, c) Tullia, d) Terentia.
- Ad Quirites* speeches were addressed to: a) a jury, b) the people in the Forum, c) the senators to praise someone, d) the senators to censure someone.
- An overstatement or exaggeration is called a: a) Hyperbole, b) Metaphor, c) Triad, d) Simile.
- The senate gave *tacit* approval to his suggestion. a) unwilling, b) silent, c) temporary, d) unjustified
- Istius sceleris* is in the \_\_\_\_\_ case. a) nominative, b) genitive, c) dative, d) accusative
- The Latin poem which tells the story about the country mouse and the city mouse was written by: a) Horace, b) Ovid, c) Catullus, d) Vergil.
- The poetic foot which scans —UU is called a/an: a) anapest, b) trochee, c) iambus, d) dactyl.
- The Vergilian equivalent of Hell is: a) Styx, b) Elysium, c) Tartarus, d) Avernus.
- Naso* was the *cognomen* of the Roman author: a) Vergil, b) Ovid, c) Catullus, d) Lucretius.
- The return of Pallas' body to his father, in Book XI of *The Aeneid*, echoes the Greek return of the body of \_\_\_\_\_ to his father. a) Achilles, b) Paris, c) Menelaus, d) Hector





*Cara Matrona,*

I am a young man who is in that awkward condition where I haven't yet been allowed to accept the *toga virilis*, but I am old enough to sport the beginnings of a great *barba*.

The problem I am having is that my *pater* won't let me do anything with my facial hair until he decides I'm ready to be enrolled as a citizen and accept the *toga virilis*. The friends I hang out with are what people call *bene barbati* or *barbatuli*, and I want to be like them. They have all been allowed to shave or style their facial hair so that it looks a little better and gives them some individuality.

*Matrona*, I spent the last several years dutifully oiling my face so that I would have some facial hair and not look like some effeminate boy who is a social outcast from the "in" crowd. Now that I have something that I can work with, my *pater* won't let me work with it so that I can have some dignity among my friends.

Specifically, what I want to do is shave my *barba* but leave my *mustax* which has grown in quite nicely. My *pater* has become irrational about the subject and won't listen to any reason at all.

I would be glad to hear what you have to say about the subject.

*Male Barbatus, Ostiae*

*Care Male Barbate,*

I am afraid you may not like what I am about to say to you, but, like so many young people today, you need to be reminded that "*etiam nunc pater optimum scit*."

Your *pater* no doubt has several good reasons why he does not want his son to be one of the *bene barbati* or the *barbatuli* crowd. In general, it is always better to blend in and not draw undue attention to yourself – and it is definitely better not to be associated with groups that many consider to be radical or strange, such as the *barbatuli*.

Your *pater* also no doubt has many good reasons why he doesn't want you to shave your *barba* and walk around with a *mustax* hanging under your nose. You don't say so, but I assume your family has some social standing in Ostia. You're certainly not slaves.

To many people the *mustax* is still firmly associated with slavery. As you may or may not know, the *Graeci* – (many of whom are slaves in most communities throughout *Italia*) – take great pride in well-developed moustaches. They consider them to be a sign of their manliness. Also, many of the slaves from *Gallia* and *Britannia* have long *mustaces* which they wear as personal mementoes of their earlier lifestyles. Masters tolerate the practice because it does help distinguish slaves from citizens.

Are you sure you want to be associated with this group and to be subject to the quick judgements people will make about you when they see you with a *mustax*?

If you have any hopes of career advancement, I would strongly advise that you not get yourself "tagged" as a radical in your youth. You will be resented and shunned not only by your own *pater*, but also by the *pateres* of other families with whom your *pater* has business dealings. They won't want to give tacit approval to the example you're setting by continuing to be associated with your *pater*.

My advice to you is to do the right thing and yield to the wishes of your *Paterfamilias*. After all, you will head your own family someday, and you will expect equal compliance from your own children.

## Caesar Augustus...Ave Atque Vale

*By Frank Korn*

Though the sultry wind that blows in from Africa had turned Rome into a cauldron, the streets of the Eternal City teemed with people of all ranks under the blistering noonday sun. It was the twenty-first day of August in the year A.D. 14.

Two days earlier their leader Caesar Augustus had passed away at his vacation retreat in Nola, down near Naples. Now the hushed, mourning populace waited for a final glimpse of the physically frail but spiritually strong man who had ruled over the vast Roman Empire for the past half century. They waited to pay homage one last time to the shy, cerebral, ascetic handsome emperor, dead at the age of 77.

Proud of the long, full, active life he had led, Octavian – as he was so named at birth – uttered these last words to those gathered round his deathbed: "Have I not acted the play well?"

Shakespeare's Jacques declared: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. They have their entrances and their exits." Now on this steamy summer day, one of the stars of the eternal drama that is Rome was making his final exit amid much solemn pageantry.



Official portrait statue of Augustus featuring his famous hairstyle which he modeled after Alexander the Great

Many wept as his bier, in the form of a golden couch, passed by, borne on the shoulders of the Senators, to the Forum. There Tiberius, his adopted son and new emperor, delivered an eloquent eulogy. Then to the sound of muffled drums and trumpets, Tiberius led the long procession slowly out of the Forum, around the base of the Capitoline Hill to the Campus Martius, where an enormous funeral pyre had been prepared.

When the fire had spent itself, the most distinguished members of the Senate gathered the ashes into a terra-cotta urn. Accompanied by Augustus' widow Livia, the group bore the container to the Imperial Mausoleum just a short distance away, near the banks of the Tiber.

Way back in the twenty-fifth year before Christ, Augustus had begun construction on this stately edifice that he wished to serve as the final resting place for himself, his family, and his successors. Marcellus, beloved nephew of Augustus, was the first to be entombed there. He died of malaria in 23 B.C., at the age of 19. Had he lived, he would have been his uncle's successor. Augustus' son-in-law and great friend Marcus Agrippa was laid to rest there a decade later.

The historian Strabo gives us this description of the mausoleum: "A huge monumental rotunda rising on a gigantic square base, both of pure white marble, richly decorated and having over it an earthen mound landscaped with cypresses. This is surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of the Emperor."

Flanking the entrance were two towering obelisks brought to the capital from Egypt on orders of Augustus. (These slender monoliths still stand in Rome – one having found its way in Renaissance times to the Esquiline Hill, the other to the Quirinal.) Before the entrance was an elegant portico featuring bronze tablets engraved with the highlights of his long stewardship. Surrounding the complex was a grove of considerable size planted with pines and poplars.



Model of Augustus' tomb near the Tiber in Rome

In A.D. 29, at the age of 86 the redoubtable empress Livia was laid to rest in the Augusteum, as the mausoleum was known. Her son, the Emperor Tiberius, joined her there eight years later. Then came the ashes of Caligula in 41, and those of the poisoned Claudius in 54. By this time things were getting a little crowded in the family tomb. The last occupant was to be the aged Emperor Nerva in A.D. 98.

From time immemorial, the sepulchers of monarchs have proved a temptation to the greedy gain of conquerors. And Augustus' resting place would be no exception. During the invasion of the Western Goths under Alaric, the Augusteum was broken open, the ashes desecrated, and the walls stripped of all ornamentation.

Throughout the Middle Ages the Augusteum stood as a gutted hulk of brick substructure. Toward the close of the eighteenth century a certain Marquis Vivaldi transformed it into a theater. Thus does the present assert its right over the past, the living over the dead.

In this hallowed chamber where the first ruler of Imperial Rome, his family, friends, and successors commenced their last long sleep, noisy audiences now roared to the bawdy punchlines of Roman comedies. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

In 1929 Mussolini peeled away theater accretions and declared the ruin beneath them a historic site. Thus we see it today.



Archaeological remains of Augustus' tomb

Should you find yourself some fine day hard by the banks of the River Tiber, do not fail to seek out the Augusteum. And reflect for some moments as you stand there, that once there rested here the ashes of that restless man who "found Rome a city of brick and left it a city of marble."



## Tornus Adus Superbus The Untold Story

By Jamin Herold, Latin II student, Carmel H.S.,  
Carmel, Indiana

The wind carried him swiftly and quietly through the streets of Ostia. Unnoticed by any mortal man, Mercury made his way forward through the night—towards the one for whom he was sent. No time did it take with his speed before he knew that this job would soon be done. Soon he would once again be free to do what he most wanted to do, namely, to walk unnoticed among the mortals as a thief!

Soon there it was, the villa of *Tornus Adus Superbus*, the best discus thrower in the Roman world. He was the one man who could throw a discus farther than Apollo travelled each day in the sun chariot.

Mercury stepped inside. Off came the helmet. Now, once again, he would be visible to mortals. The first man he met was the servant, *Servus Primus Equus*.

"Go fetch your master, *Tornus Adus Superbus*. I am the Messenger God, and I wish to see him," came Mercury's booming voice.

Trembling, *Servus Primus Equus* left in search of his powerful master. Soon he returned.

"Here, Oh Messenger God, is my master, *Tornus Adus Superbus*, Demigod and son of the powerful Juno. Now I shall take my leave."

As the servant left the room, Mercury began to talk.

"Juno requests that you do her a favor, mighty *Tornus*. It seems that Jupiter has recently visited a woman of this town, the beautiful *Pulcherima Etalia*, who has since born a son. Here is where the request of your mother, the Goddess Juno, comes into play. Tonight you must use the child of *Etalia* as your discus. Far away must the child spin, and into the sea must he land, dead. Glory will you have forever, and forever your name will be yelled with terror."

*Tornus* responded, "So be it done. The child's name is *Parvus Iovinus*, and he shall be dead by morning. So shall my name be recalled with fear. Jupiter shall know of my power."

Donning his helmet, Mercury was gone again, invisible to the mortals of Ostia. In the morning they would wonder what thief had visited their homes unseen during the night.

*Tornus Adus* also left his villa to make his way to the home of *Etalia Pulcherima*. Once there, by the power of Juno did he break in. The baby, *Parvus Iovinus*, was found there lying calmly down. Taking the baby, to the ocean he did steal. Once there, back went the arm of *Tornus*, and around he spun. Soon *Parvus Iovinus* was twirling far out over the ocean, already dead from the force of the throw.

Yet, as *Tornus* was soon to find out, crossing Jupiter was gravely done, for the Father of the Gods quickly did appear.

"*Tornus*, grave is the deed which you have done. Grave is the punishment which shall now be sent onto you. As you did spin to throw my son twirling into the ocean, in just such a way, *Tornus Adus*, shall you forever spin howling. Thus you shall alarm those who might cross me. Spinning and spinning shall you go, leaving havoc and destruction in your path."

And so to this day does he spin and howl his warning. Death is his to bring, and destruction for all. As Mercury himself had unwittingly predicted, people now yell the name of *Tornus Adus* in terror: "Tornado! Tornado!"

## Sixth Graders Compose Latin!

In Tarrytown, New York, sixth graders are now studying Latin with their teacher Rowena Fenstermacher. The students, who attend Hackley School, are using texts which are a part of the Oxford Latin Course.

After reading about a character named Argus in his Oxford text, sixth grade Latin student Dave Wechsler composed the following:

"*Argus cenam parat. Quintus Argon videt et culinam intrat. Argus Quintum salutatur. Cena bona est! Quintus laetus est; Argon laudat. Flaccus casam intrat; fessus est. Argus ad Flaccum cenam portat. Cena bona est! Flaccus iacet et dormit. Omnes laeti sunt.*"

## Portfolios

### Another Tried and True "New" Idea

For years—no, centuries—Latin teachers have known that they were doing something right. Good Latin teachers know how to help students learn. They have many "bags of tricks" which they share with each other through a world-wide networking system called the JCL.

Good Latin teachers have known for years—make that centuries again—that students learn best when as many of their senses as possible are brought into play: sight, touch, hearing, taste and smell. When students use all five of their senses, they not only learn, they remember. They are involved and interacting with their lessons. This is why good Latin teachers have their students involved with tactile projects—everything from making mosaics to baking and eating Roman bread. Of course, scholarly activities are always a *sine qua non*, but students are also involved in the politics of Latin club and in the organizational roles of planning and executing a full calendar of Latin related activities. Good Latin teachers have always encouraged their students to do creative writing, both while translating Latin and while studying Roman culture, and the Latin teacher network provides many opportunities to have the best student writing published in such publications as state and national JCL newsletters as well as in the international *Pompeiana Newsletter*. Latin students *certamen*; they plan and attend President's Days, plan and attend state and national conventions, contribute to or create scrapbooks which document all the phases of their learning during the school year. Good Latin teachers have been doing all this for years—sorry, decades.

The rest of the teaching world has now decided they like what the Latin teachers have been doing to "involve" their students in their education and to reward and document their achievements.

They have, therefore, created a "New" approach to encourage quality student education at the secondary school level. Thus the introduction of the Portfolio concept.

It's actually a great idea. We Latin teachers know. We've been developing and practicing its facets for years—make that centuries.

As Cynthia Ware, a Latin teacher from Conestoga H.S. in Berwyn, Pennsylvania, recently wrote, Latin learning activities and Portfolios go hand in hand:

"Dear *Pompeiana*,

"Enclosed you will find some student work prepared as part of Latin portfolios. As I incorporate the use of portfolios into my classroom, I appreciate even more your Newsletter.

"*Pompeiana* not only provides fun for my students, but also presents models of student writing, art, etc. Hopefully, some of our pieces will be appropriate for publication. If so, then *Pompeiana* will also provide an avenue for students to see their work 'in print'."

## Festivals and Celebrations

By Katie Smith & Shelby Bour, Latin IC students of  
Mr. Robbins, Monroe Middle School, Rochester, N.Y.  
This article appeared first in the April 1994 Newsletter,  
*Bonum*, published by Mr. Robbins' students.

The Romans celebrated many public holidays. Many of these holidays were festivals in honor of gods and goddesses. During the festivals there were great processions and sacrifices of animals provided by the government. These festivals were also times for feasting, drinking, and visits to the games and to the theater.

One such festival was celebrated on New Year's Day, the first day of March! Fresh laurel leaves were hung on building doors, and Vestal Virgins lit a new fire in their temple in Rome.

In April the Romans celebrated *Floralia* in honor of the goddess Flora, the protectress of flowers. This festival lasted for a week. Tables were piled with flowers. Garlands were worn by people who danced in the streets.

## Paris

By Tina Wu, Latin I student of Mrs. Nilsen, St. John  
Vianney High School, Hoboken, N.J.

Paris, son of Priam, was abandoned when he was small.  
Taken in by a shepherd, he was raised, fed, cared for and all.  
He was re-accepted into his family on the day of a wrestling game,  
And from then on and after, his life was never the same.  
He was chosen to pick the fairest, with a reward he could not refuse,  
That was the hand of a beautiful woman, which he was free to choose.  
Choosing Aphrodite because he was unaware of the fact,  
That Hera and Athena were jealous and would hate him and Troy after that.  
Falling in love with Helen, and getting himself into war,  
He killed the hero Achilles, and his troubles amounted to more.  
Until one day he was killed, and though he never came back,  
He will always be remembered for the bravery he did not lack.

## Reflections on Italy

By Adrienne Gass, Latin IV student of Mrs. K.A.  
Sullivan, Oakmont Regional High School,  
Ashburnham, Mass.

Meandering through the streets of Rome at night with the air of life filling my head, I sang songs to myself and wrote poetry to the city gods. This was one of the most beautiful nights of the trip, clear and black. We stopped at a square to inspect the artwork and gaze at the fountains, which had looked very ordinary in the day light but suddenly became glowing and majestic by moonlight, springing thoughts of love and life into my being.

The road of fortune tellers was next; people at tiny stands with candles just waiting to channel celestial beings and gain contact with forces of the unknown, for a minimal surcharge of course.

When we came upon the large Trevi Fountain, it had a magical sort of eerie glow to it, like coming upon a mirage of a shining white magic gem in the midst of darkness. We threw coins into the fountain, in order to ensure a safe return to Rome, amidst men so graciously concerned about our need for roses.

On the way to the buses we stopped outside the house of a very well to do family which was suing McDonald's for the terrible stench of greasy food which came onto their premises. Right in front of the house was a large statue on which two young lovers were perched, arms intertwined and lips interlocked. Normally, in environments such as school hallways, these PDA's (public displays of affection) disgust me, but here, in this gorgeous country, it overjoyed me to see such affection and seemingly pure love.

With our walk complete, we boarded the orange buses, and I rested my weary body into the last available seat. I watched the streets and people fade away, feeling that this had all been a dream which had ended far too soon.





61.

- I. IN GENU FLECTO, Paeri II Viri
- II. QUI SERPIT, T.L.C.
- III. SEMPER, Iuppiter Bonus
- IV. HOC CUPIS/AMORIS STRIA DE LXX, Ianetta Iacobides
- V. VOLVERE EST RES COTIDIANA, G-Demete
- VI. OMNIBUS VOBIS, Infans Ille
- VII. SOLUM AGERE DESIDERO, Sheryllis Cornix
- VIII. ALIA NOX, Verus Coides
- IX. MORTUUS AMBULANS, Gruis Baccac
- X. PUPAE PARTES, Cavum

62.

### Amo Catullum

Submitted by Whitney Bryant, Latin III student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Put the letters in the boxes in the blanks below to spell out the subject of Catullus' best known poems.

1. In real life, what was Lesbia's name?  
□
2. From what school of Greek writers did Catullus and his contemporaries get inspiration?  
□
3. "Return to \_\_\_\_\_"  
□
4. "Farewell to \_\_\_\_\_"  
□
5. To what group of Roman poets did Catullus belong? [in Latin]  
□
6. Catullus wrote several poems lamenting the death of this pet of Lesbia.  
□

63.

### Spectacula Ludorum

Submitted by Andria Dyess, McCain Ashurst, Stacy Butler and Jeanine Rouso, Latin students of Teresa Casey, Montgomery Academy, Montgomery, Ala.

Match each game show with its translation.

- |                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Rota Fortunae          | A. Press Your Luck     |
| 2. Familiae Proelium      | B. Wheel Of Fortune    |
| 3. Faciemus Pactum        | C. The Price Is Right  |
| 4. Scalpito               | D. Caesar's Palace     |
| 5. Pretium est Rectum     | E. Family Feud         |
| 6. Emite Donec Tu Cades   | F. Name That Tune      |
| 7. Temptate Tuam Fortunam | G. Scrabble            |
| 8. Regia Caesaris         | H. Jeopardy            |
| 9. Periculum              | I. Let's Make A Deal   |
| 10. Nominate Illum Cantum | J. Shop 'Till You Drop |

### In Honor Of Cicero

Submitted by Adam Himebauch, Latin student of Mrs. Cynthia Ware, Conestoga H.S., Berwyn, Penn.

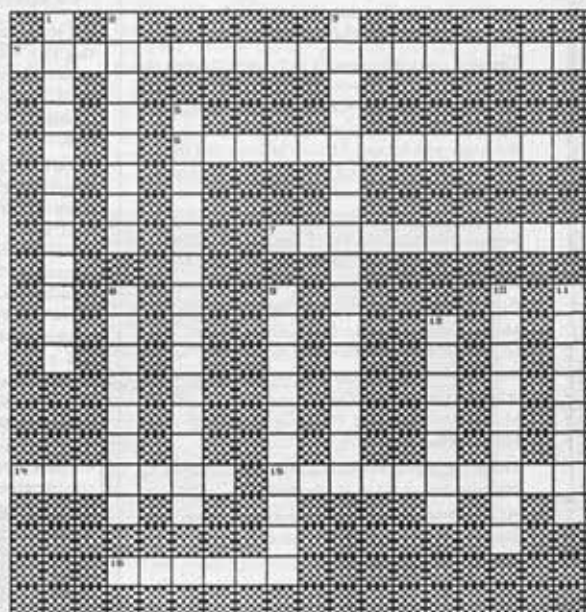
64.

#### ACROSS

4. Cicero's full Latin name
6. Social order into which Cicero was born (2 English words)
7. Cicero prosecuted this governor for mal-administration (2 Latin names)
14. Name of Cicero's Athenian friend to whom he addressed much of his personal correspondence
15. Country in which Cicero stayed during his exile from Rome
16. Member of the 1st Triumvirate who sponsored Cicero's return from exile (English name)

#### DOWN

1. This conspiracy occurred in 63 B.C.
2. Member of the 2nd Triumvirate who tried to save Cicero's life
3. The private alliance of Crassus, Caesar and Pompey in 60 B.C.
5. In 45 B.C. Cicero wrote this survey of theological views
8. Name of Cicero's first wife
9. Third member of the 2nd Triumvirate along with Lepidus and Octavian (2 English names)
10. Cicero was the only one of these to be elected Consul (2 Latin words)
11. Name of Cicero's 2nd wife
12. One of Cicero's country estates located near the Bay of Naples
13. Cicero was elected to this office in 67 B.C.



### Mythology Quiz

Submitted by Angel Wahnsiedler, third year Latin student of Ms. Judy Grebe, Mt. Vernon H.S., Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Match characters in column A with description in column B

- | Column A          |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Iris           | 9. Aphrodite    |
| 2. Athena         | 10. Echo        |
| 3. Lares          | 11. Hyacinth    |
| 4. Vestal Virgins | 12. Hecate      |
| 5. Jocasta        | 13. Daphne      |
| 6. Epimetheus     | 14. Triton      |
| 7. Dionysus       | 15. Rhea Silvia |
| 8. Medusa         |                 |

65.

### Villa Rustica

Submitted by Dawn Consaul, Latin student of Mr. Finnigan, Fairport H.S., Fairport, N.Y.

Translate each English noun into Latin. Then locate the Latin in the word search below.

1. Farmhouse
2. Fishpond
3. Garden
4. Vineyard
5. Olive grove
6. Overseer
7. Bedrooms
8. Open space
9. Horse
10. Master
11. Large farm
12. Slave
13. Field
14. Handmaiden
15. Mistress

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



67.



- I. ITINERIS APUD STELLAS SAECULA
- II. IUNIOR
- III. IMUS PUDOR SORDIDUS
- IV. LEO REX
- V. PROMITTENDI ZONA
- VI. PAGINARUM DOMINUS
- VII. REGIS FILIA CYGNEA
- VIII. STULTUS ET STULTIOR
- IX. PATEFACTIO
- X. ELINGUIS



## Latin And English Opposites

Submitted by Sonya Kohnen and Katie Parsonko,  
Latin I students of Nancy Tigert, Turpin H.S.,  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Translate each English word into its Latin opposite.  
Then copy the boxed letters onto the lines below to  
discover an age-old truth in English.

- |           |       |
|-----------|-------|
| 1. bad    | _____ |
| 2. big    | _____ |
| 3. far    | _____ |
| 4. short  | _____ |
| 5. first  | _____ |
| 6. woman  | _____ |
| 7. happy  | _____ |
| 8. empty  | _____ |
| 9. old    | _____ |
| 10. after | _____ |
| 11. death | _____ |
| 12. few   | _____ |
| 13. below | _____ |
| 14. fat   | _____ |
| 15. give  | _____ |
| 16. low   | _____ |

## Column B

- a. Pandora's husband  
b. son of Poseidon  
c. in charge of keeping the emperor's will  
d. turned into a laurel tree by her father at her request for help  
e. household gods  
f. Oedipus' mother, whom he married "accidentally"  
g. plays and celebrations were often in his honor  
h. Apollo's mortal friend that was accidentally killed by Apollo's discus  
i. goddess of witchcraft  
j. goddess of the rainbow  
k. lover of Poseidon; met him in Athena's temple  
l. goddess Edgar Allan Poe mentions in his famous poem, "The Raven"  
m. nymph in love with Narcissus  
n. mother of Aeneas  
o. mother of famous illegitimate twin sons

## Quote Boxes

Submitted by Melissa Frazier, Latin student of  
Cynthia Ware, Conestoga H.S., Berwyn, Penn.

To solve Quote Boxes, drop the letters from each vertical column—not necessarily in the order in which they appear—into the empty squares below them to spell a quotation reading from left to right, line by line. Black squares indicate ends of words. A word not stopped at the end of one line is continued on the next. (The quote is in English.) The author of each quote is given above the grid.

## Cicero

D	E	A	M	O	T	E	T	S	L	A	R	E	O	H
N	O	C	S	N	R	O	I	Y	E	S	O	K		L
N			A	N	E	O		T	H	I	N			O
E			O		N					I	V			

## Cicero

G	R	E	M	E	S	I	S	I	L	O	S	B	P	T
E	S	S	H	A	S	S	S	A	R	O	T	O	U	N
T	H	O	E		B	H	A	I	D	H	T	I		H
					P	S		N	D					

## Nova Lingua Latina

Submitted by Andrea Fiore, Phyllis Itoka, Sheila Kadagathur, Josh Lopez, Joseph Sokol-Margolis and James Winny, students of Pauline Demetri, Cambridge Ridge and Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

Try to match these newly-coined words with their meanings:

- |                               |                           |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. sordidaqua                 | A. springwater            |
| 2. tabula atra                | B. girl with big hair     |
| 3. qui pecunium perdit        | C. apple pie              |
| 4. carcer maximae securitatis | E. Harvard Square         |
| 5. ientaculum victorium       | F. blackboard             |
| 6. Quadratus                  | G. 1994 baseball players  |
| Harvardiensis                 | H. gambler                |
| 7. crustum malorum            | I. short order cook       |
| 8. puellula                   | J. Chinese cooking device |
| 9. sordivetus                 | K. hockey players         |
| 10. aquasfontis               | L. Alcatraz               |
| 11. liber anni                | M. pollution              |
| 12. coquus celer              | N. breakfast of champions |
| 13. "ambula"                  | O. dirty old man          |
| 14. miseri athletae           | P. yearbook               |
| 15. gladiatores frigidi       |                           |

Scisne Haec Opera  
Guilielmi Shakespearei?

Submitted by the Latin IV students of Denise Davis,  
Bishop Watterson H.S., Columbus, Ohio

Match the Latinized titles of these Shakespearean works to their jumbled English equivalents.

- |                                     |                                       |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Fabula Hiemalis                  | a. A Mmmdiersu-Gnith's Eadrm          |
| 2. Tempestas                        | b. Sa Oyu Keli Ti                     |
| 3. Duo Viri Honesti Veronenses      | c. Uersmae Orf Seurame                |
| 4. Nox-Duodecim; Aut, Quae Vultis   | d. Elvo's Abrol Slot                  |
| 5. Uxorres Hilares Windsoris        | e. Hie Ydcome fo Reonsr               |
| 6. Modus Pro Modo                   | f. Pheltwt-Gihttr; Ro, Twah Ouy Ilwli |
| 7. Omnia Finita Bene Sunt Bona      | g. Het Niwret's Elat                  |
| 8. Mulier Jurgiosa Domitanda        | h. Eth Ryerm Sywie fo Drosnwi         |
| 9. Ut Tibi Libet                    | i. Lal's Lwel Aht Dsen Ewll           |
| 10. Comodia Erronan                 | j. Eht Owt Ngeletmne Fo Navroe        |
| 11. Mercator Veneticus              | k. Het Emstipe                        |
| 12. Somnium Nocturnum Media Aestate | l. Het Hatnrc fo Cieny                |
| 13. Amoris Labor Amittitur          | m. Het Matgni fo het Wehrs            |

## 69.



Columnist Rich Gotshall has chosen the following as the most influential books of the Twentieth Century

- I. LUCTATIO MEA, Adolphus Hitler

- II. RATIO GENERALIS DE QUAEITU, USURA ET PECUNIA, Iohannes M. Keynes

- III. FEMINARUM MYSTERIUM MYSTICUM, Elisabetha Friedanus

- IV. IGNIS INSEQUENTI TEMPORE, Iacobus Baldwinus

- V. RENUNTIATIO KINSIENSIS

- VI. VER SILENS, Rachella Carsonus

- VII. A.D. MCMLXXXIV, Georgus Velbene

- VIII. CAPTOR IN SECALE CEREALI, I.D. Salinger

- IX. FELES IN-PETASO, Seus Doctus

- X. PENTAGONUM CHARTAE

## Mythological Song Title Match

Submitted by Latin III students of Mrs. K.A. Sullivan,  
Oakmont Regional H.S., South Ashburnham, Mass.

Match the following song titles with characters listed.

- |                                  |                        |
|----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Yea, I am Blind               | A. Vulcan              |
| 2. Homeward Bound                | B. Prometheus          |
| 3. Unlucky Friends               | C. Endymion            |
| 4. We Fly So Close               | D. Penelope            |
| 5. Together Forever              | E. Narcissus           |
| 6. King of Wishful Thinking      | F. Eurydice            |
| 7. Two Steps Behind              | G. Orpheus             |
| 8. You're So Vain                | H. Deucalion & Pyrrha  |
| 9. Dream a Little Dream          | I. Sisyphus            |
| 10. If I Had a Hammer            | J. King Midas          |
| 11. Night Swimming               | K. Philémon & Baucis   |
| 12. Witchy Woman                 | L. Ceres               |
| 13. I'm Every Woman              | M. Pluto to Proserpina |
| 14. See You in September         | N. Icarus & Daedalus   |
| 15. Cornflake Girl               | O. Nisus & Euryalus    |
| 16. It's Still Rock'n'Roll to Me | P. Pandora             |
| 17. Let It Rain                  | Q. Circe               |
| 18. Knockin' on Heaven's Door    | R. Hero & Leander      |
| 19. Forever Your Girl            | S. Oedipus             |
| 20. Light My Fire                | T. Odysseus            |

## Famous Latin Phrases

Submitted by Anne Kleimeyer, Latin I student of  
Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Match Column A with Column B

- | Column A           | Column B                   |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Ad Infinitum    | A. Autopsy                 |
| 2. Caveat Emptor   | B. New Order of the Ages   |
| 3. Carpe Diem      | C. Let the Buyer Beware    |
| 4. E Pluribus Unum | D. Forever                 |
| 5. Per Annum       | E. Self Evident            |
| 6. Novus Ordo      | F. By the Heads            |
| Securum            | G. Seize the Day           |
| 7. Post Mortem     | H. Before War              |
| 8. Rara Avis       | I. By the Year             |
| 9. Quid Pro Quo    | J. Rare Bird               |
| 10. Per Capita     | K. Something for Something |
| 11. Ante Bellum    | L. One from Many           |
| 12. Ipso Facto     |                            |



## Why Fight?

Katie Mitchell, Mary Steffel, Exploratory Latin students of Betty Whitaker, Carmel Jr. High School, Carmel, Ind.

I stood frozen, unable to run. My only movements were my two eyes darting from corner to corner of the dark catacomb, helplessly searching for a full-proof hiding spot. Meanwhile, my Christian friends pushed and shoved each other endlessly—all trying frantically to get through the one-man passageway. Their hopes of escaping were soon crushed, for the Roman Guards quickly besieged the underground meeting place.

All of a sudden, a cold hand grasped my shoulder. I was thrust onto the hard, dusty, stone floor, and chains were clamped on my arms and legs.

Now, here I stand in a gloomy, rancid cell with criminals of far worse crimes. Murderers on my left, thieves on my right; what crime could I have possibly committed to be placed in a cell with these men? All I did was worship my god as any man would do in his own religion.

As I sat there—trembling and apprehensive—I noticed a man alone in the corner. He looked very different from the other men in my cell. His toga was that of a slave's, dirty and ripped in several places. His tan face had a long scar across his left cheek; I assume it was from his owner's whip. He then looked up at me, and our eyes locked. I saw a special glimmer of innocence in his brown eyes and found myself walking hypnotically toward him. As soon as I was within arms length, his eyes dropped, and he turned away cowering as if about to be struck. It was at this moment I realized that the frightened human curled up before me was not a man, but a child no older than sixteen. It broke my heart because at a time like this, a child needs a father—not a cold cell. Just then, I realized why I was put in this hell in the first place—to give this boy the father he needed and deserved.

I reached out and gently placed my arm on his shoulder—he shuddered at my movement. "Don't be afraid. I am a friend," I said softly.

No answer. I tried again. "Why were you brought here?" Slowly, he turned around to me, but before he could begin, we heard the clanking of armor outside the gate. Two guards had stopped to discuss sentences just in front of the cell. One was tall, lean, and proud; the other was short, fat, and gruff. We could overhear everything. "When do the games begin?" asked one.

"Tomorrow at fourth hour."

"What inmates are fighting first?"

"Those two," the gruff guard stated pointing directly at us. "Look, they're becoming friends!" he added sarcastically.

With that they burst into horrendous laughter.

Furious at the unfeeling men, I flung myself at the gate. Shaking the cold metal, I emitted more curses at these men than I knew existed in me. Before calmly walking away, one spat at me while the other grinned sourly. I turned around, defeated and angry, to see everyone in the cell staring at me. None had ever dared to speak out to Roman authorities before.

I couldn't sleep that night. Whenever I shut my eyes, the horrible faces of the guards taunted my sleep. I glanced over at my "son." No matter what the consequences, I could not fight him. What (if any) crime he had committed was nothing to me. He shouldn't be in jail; he should be with his parents. In my eyes, he was not a criminal but a lost soul. He didn't deserve a death sentence—only some parental love. "Tomorrow we fight; we must outsmart the guards," I thought to myself.

When we awoke the next morning, the sun was shining brighter than I'd ever seen it before. We were each handed a sword and placed at separate ends of the amphitheater. At the sound of a horn, we sprinted at each other. But, just before our weapons met flesh, we raised our swords high to the sun and angled at the guards. The sun was so bedazzling that it reflected off our swords and blinded the two malicious guards. I grabbed my young friend by the arm, and we tried to make a break for it. The crowd let out a roar as we ran for an exit. Before we got there, however, ...



## Catullus: Personality Check

By John Andrade, Latin III student of Allison Richards, Caesar Rodney High School, Camden, Delaware

Catullus was a man. Of this Latin scholars have been sure for quite some time. But, besides that, who was Catullus? The answer to this question comes from his poetry. His love poems reveal, in little bits and pieces, a lovesick man, one who throws himself into a relationship and therefore is plagued with problems of heartbreak. Politics presented to Catullus an avenue for criminals and thieves, and so Catullus wrote heartily about the wrongdoings of those he did not like. Probably due to a self-consciousness of his own work, Catullus repeatedly put down other poets, people, a few women, and even a generation. But aside from his obvious character deficiencies, Catullus has moments of brilliance and in many poems embodies tremendous humor and wit.

Love and Catullus. The two needed each other as much as they hated each other. Many poems from Catullus' pen were on love, the large majority of those being about a particular relationship with a woman named Lesbia, who traditionally is identified with a woman named Clodia. Catullus could be credited with inventing soap operas if one examines his love poetry. In these poems, Catullus changes his feelings regularly, adapts different moods, and reacts unpredictably. All of these characteristics are evident in his poetry. In the poem *Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus*, Catullus exhorts Lesbia to *da mihi basia mille...*, asking her for a thousand kisses. This example shows Catullus' love for Lesbia. In *Miser Catulle, desinas inepire*, however, Catullus asks of Lesbia, *Quis nunc te adibit? Cur videberis bella?* In this example, Catullus is cruel, but only because he is deeply troubled and confused about his own emotions. He demonstrates this last point effectively in *Odi et amo*. *Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris?* A few Catullan poems are written to defend Lesbia, while a few do the opposite. In *Salve, nec minimo puella naso*, the poet puts down a girl whom people consider beautiful, by asking rhetorically *Tecum Lesbia nostra comparatur?* Then in *Furi et Aureli, commites Catulli* he asks friends to call Lesbia an adulterer and a whore.

Catullus must have had a troubled adolescence. He consistently puts down his colleagues and other public officials for various reasons, some of which are confusing to everyone else. In one of his more unusual put-downs, Catullus relates the tale of Arrius, who aspires inappropriately. This poem, *Chomoda decebat, si quando commoda vellet*, is a classic example of Catullan put-down poems. In it, Catullus insults the man and goes for the family tree. One of the few put-down poems where there is a legitimate reason for doing so is *Marrucine Asini, manu sinistra*, in which a man has stolen Catullus' napkin and Catullus is

responding. He, at one point, threatens the thief with *Quare aut hendecasyllabos trecentos expecta*. This means that Catullus is going to write more put-down poetry unless the napkin is returned. His eagerness to write put-down poetry is an indication of a deeply self-conscious man who must insult others to feel good about himself. The reason Catullus insulted everyone is shrouded in mystery, much like the rest of the information on Catullus.

One poem by Catullus does not follow the pattern of the rest of his put-down poetry. In *Suffenus iste, Vare, quem probe nosti*, Catullus insults Suffenus by saying that he may write on elegant paper but his work is of a low caliber. The unusual part is that Catullus ends by saying that Suffenus is like everyone else because everybody has a little Suffenus in him or herself. This is totally off the wall for Catullus, whom niceness eludes like honesty escapes the politician. Suffenus was fortunate not to have to suffer the plight of Volusius in *Annale Volui, cacata carta*, in which Catullus calls Volusius' work *crapped-on paper*.

One quality of Catullus that can be appreciated is his wit and humor. One of the little-known facts about Catullus is that he regularly appeared at the Standup Comedy Forum and even hosted Comic Relief with Whoopea Aureburgia and Billius Crystallus. Well, maybe not, but even so, he does display much wit and humor in his poems. In *Cenabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me*, Catullus invites a man to dinner but the man may not come without *candida puella et vino et sale et omnibus cacinis*. In short, Catullus says, "I'll buy you dinner if you pay".

Another quirk of Catullus' brilliant humor is his obsession with addressing objects. In *Faene insularum, Simoi*, Catullus addresses a peninsula. Whoever heard of addressing a peninsula? Next is his home, right? Right; in *O funde noster, seu Sabine seu Tibure*, Catullus praises his farm. Oh boy, next he's going to tell people how many adventures his boat has had as if it were human, right? Yep. In *Phaetelus ille, quem videtis, hospites...*, he tells his guests all about his small boat.

Of course, Catullus' wit would not be complete without insulting Cicero in *Disertissime Romuli nepotum*. In this poem, Catullus uses a roundabout way to call Cicero a bad lawyer.

Even with all of Catullus' character flaws, he has a friendly, caring side. In the poem *Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulchris*, Catullus consoles Calvus on the death of his wife Quintilia. Catullus may have had his negative aspects, but he was human and not without heart.

## History Repeats Itself

By Chelsey Ferrigno, Latin III student of Mrs. K.A. Sullivan, Oakmont Regional High School, Ashburnham, Mass.

They say that those who do not understand history are doomed to repeat it, and since Roman society is considered the most well-oiled political machine in ancient civilizations, it makes sense to have an understanding of its development. Historians have always fallen back on Greek philosophers and Roman politicians to support them in their latest thesis. Even America's own Declaration of Independence was backed up with quotes from Cicero in his cry for good treatment of the plebeians, Caesar, and other great names from Roman times.

When Aeneas set out from war-torn Troy to find a new land for his people, could he not have inspired the Pilgrims on their long and arduous journey away from persecution to found a "city upon a hill"?

Was it not the spirit of Manlius, who had saved Rome from attack by noting the flight of the geese, that urged Paul Revere on during the night of his "midnight ride"?

In ancient times, Coriolanus agreed not to attack Rome so as not to bring harm to his mother and sister. How many men felt this same stab of guilt during the Civil War as they faced their brothers across the battlefield?

And what of Gracchus, the great land reformer, looking out for the good of the plebeians despite his lofty status as tribune? Wasn't he emulated by Franklin D. Roosevelt in his proposal of a "New Deal" to put the common man back on his feet after the Great Depression?

All these are names in history, but even today these long dead Romans speak to us, influence us, inspire us. There are those today, like Crassus so long ago, who have everything, but become greedy and push their luck, only to lose it all.

Cato ended every speech with "*Carthago delenda est!*" Today, there are many who will not rest easy until Saddam Hussein lies safe in his grave.

Why is the idiom "Pyrrhic victory" still around? Don't people today still strive to hurt someone at all costs, even if they hurt themselves more in the process? How often do we "win" at infinite cost to ourselves?

Antony had everything in the world to look forward to, but gave it all up when he fell in love with Cleopatra. There is still the man today who would give up his chance at the job at his father's company to marry a woman of whom his father disapproves, even knowing that by doing so he stands to lose everything.

After the December column which described how the Greeks and Romans got "decked out" to go to dinner, it's now time to discuss dining rooms (the Greek *αὐδov* and the Roman *triclinium*) and the dinner servants under the direction of either the Greek *τρικλινάρχης* or the Roman *triclinarcha*.

If you're wondering when this column will get down to the "meat and potatoes" of ancient dinners, you will have to wait for the February, March and April issues when the courses of ancient Greek and Roman meals will be discussed in great detail.

Meanwhile, back to the dining room!

Greek homes were generally designed in two sections, each very gender-specific. The front of a Greek home was considered the men's quarters, i.e. the public part of the house that could be entered freely by visitors and guests. The rear of the house, accessible only through the male-controlled dining room (the *αὐδov*), contained the ladies' quarters. This was a very private and controlled-access area. To be invited to dine in a Greek home meant that, as a dinner guest, you were being trusted to recline in the *αὐδov*, a room that contained the only entrance to the most private part of the house. A Greek woman did not join her husband and his guests in the *αὐδov* unless the occasion was extraordinary, such as a wedding dinner. Even on such special occasions, however, respectable ladies never reclined. They always sat in chairs, as did the children when they were allowed to join the dinner party.

As soon as dinner guests arrived in the *αὐδov*, the dining room entrance hall, they were met by slaves of the house who removed the guests' footwear and washed their feet so they could put their feet on the dining couches without fear of getting the luxurious coverlets dirty.

The Greek *αὐδov* was equipped with several couches (*κλιναι*) on each of which one or two people could recline. The Greeks seem to have initiated the custom of reclining on their left elbows (supported by over-sized striped pillows crammed under their armpits) and eating with the fingers of their right hands. After the guests had reclined, and before any food was served, slaves came around and helped guests wash their hands to prepare for dinner. The only eating utensil available was a spoon (*μυρρινον*) which was used when soup was served. After eating with their fingers, Greek diners wiped their fingers clean on special pieces of bread which were called *σπογγαῖον*. This bread was then thrown to the dogs who were allowed in the *αὐδov*. Napkins, which the later Greeks called *χειρομακτα*, were introduced into Greece much later by the Romans, much to the chagrin, no doubt, of the Greek dogs!

In Roman houses, too, the dining room seems to have been located between the publicly accessible *atrium* and the more private *peristylum*, although the sections of a Roman house were not as gender-specific as they



were in Greek houses. The Roman dining room was called a *triclinium* as was the couch on which Romans reclined. As the names imply, there were three dining couches in a *triclinium* and as many as three diners could recline on each. Concerning the proper number of guests at a dinner party, the Roman author Aulus Gellius (*Att. Noct. XII.11*), quotes from the *Menippean Satires* written by Marcus Varro:

*"Dicit autem convivarum numerum incipere oportere a Gratianum numero et progredi ad Musarum, id est, proficisci a tribus et consistere in novem, ut, cum paucissimi convivae sunt, non pauciores sint quam tres, cum plurimi, non plures quam novem. 'Nam multos,' inquit, 'esse non convenit, quod turba plenumque est turbulentia.'"*

¶  
"He says that the number of dinner guests should start with the Graces and end with the Muses, that is, to begin with three and stop at nine, so that when the party is very small there won't be fewer than three guests and when it is as large as possible, there won't be more than nine guests. 'For,' he says, 'it's not right to have a lot of guests, because a crowd usually gets rowdy.'"

At a formal dinner the *triclinarcha*, assisted by a small army of *ministri* or *servi triclinarii*, would be responsible for orchestrating the evening. As guests arrived, they would be directed to their socially correct reclining areas by the *Nomenclator*.

A chief chef, called a *stricator* was in charge of "presenting" each dish to the diners. Fancy dishes were portioned and served by special slaves called *carptores*, *diribitores* or *scissors*. As each course was completed, the leftovers were removed by another slave originally called a *scoparius*, and later an *analecta*. While making fun of his friend Santra, the Roman author Martial (*Epig. VII.22.16-17*) claims that Santra crams every leftover into his napkin to take home much like a shameless *analecta*:

*"Colligere longa turpe nec putat dextra analecta quidquid et canes reliquerunt."*

¶  
"The *analecta* doesn't think it shameful to gather up with his far reaching hand whatever even the dogs have left behind."

Between each course *servi triclinarii* would help the diners to wash their fingers, since, like the ancient Greeks, they, too, used no table utensils except spoons (*coclearia*), and those only when eating soup. Well-mannered Romans had mastered the art of eating with their fingers while not making a total mess of their face or their hands.

The Roman author Ovid (*Ars Am.*, III, 755-6) gives the following advice for polite dining:

*"Carpe cibos digitis (est quiddam gestus edendi); Ora nec immunda tota perungue manu."*

¶  
"Take your food with your fingers (this is the proper way of eating); and don't wipe your dirty mouth with your whole hand."

If you would like to fix something to snack on before *gustatio* is presented in the March issue, here is a suggestion for a *Pre-gustatio* snack which was called *promulsis*, or food eaten before the pre-dinner *mulsum* (honeyed wine) was served.

#### Promulsis

Buy one cup of mild white farmer's cheese and grate it coarsely. Mix in 2 tbs of honey, 1 mashed anchovy, 1 tsp of white wine, 1 tbs of white wine vinegar, a pinch of oregano and basil, and 1/2 tsp of black pepper. Mix well and then chill for at least an hour. Serve on very thin, dried bread squares.

### THE GREEKS Attended by 900 Indiana Latin Students

In an effort to make the wonderful stories of ancient Greece relevant to modern day students, an Indianapolis playwright Claude McNeal sat down and wrote an action-packed play called *The Greeks*. It takes the audience back to the most primitive times when the Greeks first conceived their ideas of anthropomorphic deities, and then, through a totally absorbing, fast-moving series of mini-skits—which feature song, sword-fights and tantalizingly short tunics—the audience is brought into the Golden Age of Athens and cunningly reminded that the Greeks continue to influence modern day life and drama.

Although McNeal's play has been staged scores of times for east coast audiences, this was the first time the east was invited to perform in Indiana.

Teachers of the Indiana Classical Conference Resource Center VII helped make the show possible by featuring it as the main attraction of their annual Latin Day attended by more than 900 Latin students.

Before entering the theater to see the play, seven schools met in another nearby theater to compete in a jeopardy contest which has been part of Central Indiana Latin Days for many years. The contest featured the Greeks and Romans and their drama.



Hector (played by David Hausler, L) and Achilles (played by Geoffrey Gilbert, R) bring the action of the Trojan War to life for the audience. [Indianapolis Star photographer, Frank Espich]





### How Well Did You Read? 75.

1. To which Roman did Chelsey Ferrigno compare Roosevelt and his "New Deal"?
2. According to *Matrona*, slaves from which two foreign lands wore *mustaces*?
3. Which public school system in Indiana currently offers a K thru 5 Latin School?
4. Which ancient people supposedly initiated the custom of reclining on their left elbows?
5. Through which gate did *Marcus Claudius Marcellus* leave Pompeii for the last time?
6. According to Jamin Herold, which goddess ordered *Parnus Iovinus* to be killed?
7. *Quot annos erat Michaela Coquus Literae Viri uxore*?
8. What happens each time a heart is broken?
9. What is the title of Claude McNeal's modern play about the ancient Greeks?
10. Who was the last Roman Emperor to be buried in Augustus' tomb?

### Venus Continues Her Obfuscations

(Special thanks to Diane Werblo of Indianapolis for bringing Elizabeth Barber's book to our attention.)

O *felix Culpa!* What would the world do if the notorious Venus de Milo statue still had both arms intact? Gone would be all the speculation, the studies, the theories, the lectures, the hours of discussion. In fact, with her arms intact, Venus de Milo would probably be just another statue in a gallery of hundreds of other examples of Greek sculpture.

But, without her arms, what a conversational piece!

The fascinating thing is that almost everybody gets into the act when it comes to Venus de Milo, not just classicists. Cartoonists have used the statue for hundreds of humorous outlines for years! There have been scores of suggestions for restoring the arms—the only real problem being that experts refuse to agree on the correct pose for the missing arms.

Should the arms be holding something? Should they be pointing to something? Should they be modeled on other poses of Venus statues? Should speculation be limited to serious classicists, or should anyone and everyone be given an equal opportunity to make suggestions?

Because the statue is more or less public domain by now, it does seem that anyone has a right to publish his or her own suggestions for the famous missing arms.

Elizabeth Wayland Barber, author of *Women's Work: The First 20,000 Years*, has taken the liberty of suggesting that Venus de Milo was spinning wool before she lost her arms. This, she states, is strongly suggested by the musculature of the arm stumps. Since Barber's book focuses on the distaff roll of women, she has chosen to use the defenseless statue to complement her work.

As a rule, serious classicists don't get too upset when neophytes foolishly misinterpret the great works of art of the Greeks and Romans. After all, by definition, classical works of art transcend the centuries and belong to a wide variety of people in all cultures and in all times. Everybody likes to look at them, and, in a way, everybody has a right to his or her interpretation of them.

Venus with an apple



Venus holding a baby



Venus with stylus and tablet



### Artemis

By Susan Herriott, Latin I Student of Mrs. K.A. Sullivan, Oakmont Regional High School, Ashburnham, Mass.

#### Artemis,

Lady of Wild Things

She hunts with a silver arrow,  
and, when sailing through the air, it sings.

She was the lover of the woods,  
and the wild mountain chase.  
She conquered her opponents,  
never letting fear show on her face.

She is struck between good and evil.

A hunter is made to kill,  
She loves the animals dearly,  
yet she does her job still.

Phoebe and Selene  
and other names,  
but being goddess of the moon  
was her claim to fame.

She is the goddess with three forms.  
Artemis on earth, Selene in the sky,  
and Hecate down under  
when darkness is nigh.

Artemis is a well known god.  
Her fame is far and wide.

She has left an impact on everyone,  
on both the good and evil side.

### Aphrodite

By Brooke LaForty, Latin III student of Mrs. Dawn M. Kiechle, Indian River High School, Philadelphia, NY

Aphrodite, the goddess born from the foam of the sea.

Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus and goddess of beauty  
Aphrodite of love and fruitfulness who granted charms

Aphrodite, wife of Hephaestus, mother of Cupid  
Aphrodite for whom the rose, dove, and swan were sacred.

Aphrodite whom the apple for beauty was given  
Aphrodite worshipping in the island of Cyprus  
Aphrodite patroness of pure and heavenly love  
Aphrodite to whom the sparrow was of importance  
Aphrodite bestowing elegance and grace on Rome.

## CAVEANT EMPTOR VENDORQUE

### Ministeria in Inter-Rete Pro Magistris Latinis

The American Classical League is now making a variety of Internet Services available to member and non-member classicists. Services currently include an Announcement Service, a Moderated Bulletin Board, a Gopher Service and WWW Server. Those who are currently Internet literate can send inquiries and comments to [a.c.l.@umich.edu](mailto:a.c.l.@umich.edu).

### Stude in Magno Malo Aestate Proxima

The Latin/Greek Institute of the City University of New York will offer intensive language courses for beginners (June 12–August 22) and, for the first time, an upper level program in Latin (June 12–August 1). Call 212/642-2912 10 a.m. – 5 p.m. weekdays.

### Magnae Picturae Romanae Mox Vendendae

Grec-O-Posters of Athens Greece will soon announce the availability of a new set of beautifully reproduced full color posters of Roman sites based on recommendations made by Pompeiana readers. Watch for details in the February, March and April issues.

### Res Hilaris Accidit Obviam Foro

Own a copy of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. 100 min color video available for \$19.95 from Critics' Choice Video. Cat. #TKMGM202258. Telephone Orders: 800/367-7765

### Nimias Lucernas Feclmus!

We're overstocked! We made too many lanuaria lucernae. We have hundreds of bronze and clay lucernae all bearing the message *ANNO NOVO FAUSTUM FELIX TIBI SIT, I as for clay, I sesterius for bronze. Vide Anguillam in Colle Viminali.*

### Hi Tres Libri Tibi Emendi Sunt

The following three books currently offered by Barnes & Nobles deserve consideration:

*The Archaeology of Weapons* by Ewart Oakeshott. 400 pp. HC. Cat. # E104135. \$9.98

*Encyclopedia of the Roman Empire* by Matthew Bunson. 494 pp. HC. Cat. # A105609. \$29.95

*A History of Private Life: From Pagan Rome to Byzantium*, Ed. by Paul Veyne. 670 pp. HC. Cat. # A107587. \$19.98

### Habita et Labora Athenis

If you are single, have an interest in classical studies and a little bit of wanderlust in your blood, you may just want to pull up roots and head for Athens! The American School of Classical Studies at Athens is advertising for a new school secretary effective July 1, 1996. In addition to salary and benefits, housing is provided on the School premises. Application deadline is Feb. 15, 1995. Send a cover letter and a curriculum vitae to Prof. Eugene N. Borza, Dept. of History, 105 Weaver Bldg., Penn State Un., University Park, PA 16802.

### Iter fac ad Ad Californiam et Accipe Multam Pecuniam!

It may sound too good to be true, but the National Endowment for the Humanities will pay you \$1,000 to attend a summer institute at the University of California in Los Angeles (including visits to the Getty Museum) and pay all your expenses, including travel, books, room & board!

The summer institute (July 10–August 4, 1995) will focus on Ancient Greek Religion and is a perfect match for secondary school teachers of Latin.

Request applications from Prof. Nicholas D. Smith, Dept. of Philosophy, Michigan State University, East Lansing, MI 48824. Completed applications are due by March 15, 1995.

### Hic Catalogus Historiam Quoque Docet

Although the coins tend to be rather expensive to buy, this catalog is a valuable asset for Latin teachers for its beautifully reproduced photos of ancient coins and for the fine historical notes offered with each coin. Request the *Worldwide Treasure Bureau Holiday Catalog* by calling 800/437-0222.

### Responsa Probata

### How Are You Doing In Latin?

1. b, 2. b, 3. d, 4. a, 5. d, 6. c, 7. d, 8. c, 9. a, 10. b, 11. c, 12. b, 13. a, 14. b, 15. b, 16. a, 17. d, 18. c, 19. b, 20. d.





## Pompeiana, Inc.

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

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

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

## The Pompeiana Newsletter

I.S.S. # 08925941

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

Each month, September through May, 13,000 copies of the Pompeiana Newsletter are printed and mailed to members and Latin classes throughout the world.

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

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### Plan Now to Renew Your Membership & Classroom Order

#### Membership Enrollment Form, 1994-1995

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

U.S.A. — \$15

Australia — \$35; Canada — \$17;

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

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

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

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

#### Classroom Subscription Order Form 1994-1995

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

Per student rates in U.S. Dollars:

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Let Pompeiana Put Your Name in Print

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

*The Editor*

*Pompeiana Newsletter*

*6026 Indianola Ave.*

*Indianapolis, IN 46220-2014*

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

#### What may be submitted

1. Original poems/articles in English or Latin (+ Eng. trans.)
2. Special interest photos or news reports of Latin activities.
3. Latin reviews of Movies or Movie Stars, Musical, Sports, or Political Figures. (English translations required for proofing.)
4. Summaries or reviews of articles published elsewhere, complete with references to original author, title of publication, date, and page numbers.
5. Learning games and puzzles, complete with solutions.
6. 300-400 word, cleverly written essays about anything Roman. These may be serious or tongue-in-cheek parodies.

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

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