

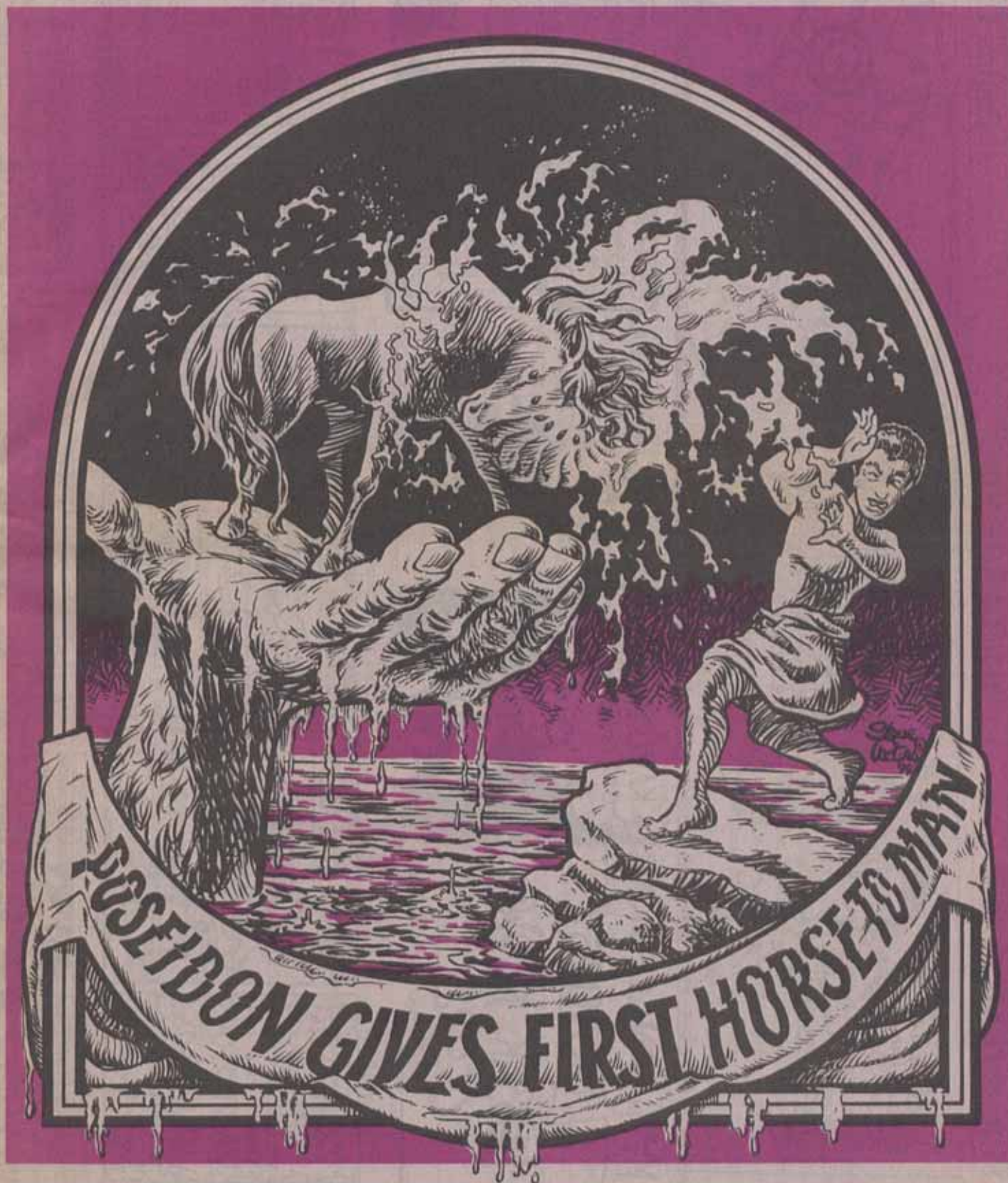
POMPEIIANA



NEWSLETTER

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In Via ad Infernum Multi ad Caelum Suspiciebant

Initio, mirabile erat quod Papa Iohannes Paulus II nominabatur "Anni Vir" in periodico cui titulus est Tempus. Anno Domini MCMXCIV tot alii viri res magnas egit quos multi credunt laudandos fuisse.

MCMXCIV autem non erat annus typicus—si talis annus umquam exstat! Anno Domini MCMXCIV mundus et eius populi in via ad infernum videbantur. Erant res novae, morbus et fames; erant tormenta et caedes in Bosnia, in Rwanda, in Beryto, in Saraievo, in Hispania Nova; milia hominum ex Haitiense et e Cuba exire temptabant; Familia Regia omnes cives in Britannia conturbabat; liberi parentes suos et matres liberos suos mactabant; viri civilium rerum periti evertabant existimationes aliorum virorum civilium rerum peritorum.

In hac via ad infernum, multi ad caelum suspiciebant. Multi ad religionem revertabant. Multi musicam religiosam, praesertim Gregorianum Cantum, emebant. Multi emebant phonographas in quibus Papa ipse rosarium Latine recitaverat. Quando Papae meditationes (de Deo, de feminarum contumelia, de abortione, de sacerdotio feminali, de caede militari, de fame in mundo, de paupertate, etc.) prolatae sunt in libro cui titulus erat Transire Spel Limen, milia exemplorum statim vendita sunt in XII rebuspublicis. Auspiciis Papae, Catechismus Ecclesiae Romanae quoque prolatus est A.D. MCMXCIV. Multi qui se in via ad infernum viderunt quoque hunc librum emerunt.



His rebus visis, non mirum est Papam Iohannem Paulum II "Anni Virum" nominatum esse.

Sed qualis vir est hic Papa, et in Civitate Vaticana quid cotidie agit?

De eo, Mater Teresa scripsit haec verba:

"Semper a Fide profundo sustentus,
A potestate augenti alitus,
Intrepidus in Spe immobilis,
Amore Dei graviter ardet."

Papae nomen verum est Karol Woityla. Natus est Wadowicensi in Polonia.

Papa Iohannes Paulus II nunc habet LXXIV annos, sed, infirmitatibus variis contemptis, surgit ante auroram, et, nocte, non dormit multo ante mediam noctem.

Quando non orat, quando non meditatur vel quando brevium suum non legit, Papa admissiones secretas publicasque dat, cum multis consularis colloquitur, litteras scribit et corporis sui integritatem et sanitatem curat. Papa numquam solus edit. Ei placet ientare cum populis ordinariis, prandere cum episcopis, et cenare cum amicis suis. Potest volubiler colloqui VIII linguis variis.

Papa Iohannes Paulus II miserorum miserari potest quod in vita sua multum laboravit. Quando Papa habebat IX annos, mater eius mortua est; quando habebat XXI annos, pater fraterque eius mortui sunt. In Polonia habitabat quando illa respublica divisa est, quando Germani illam occupaverunt, et quando communisti illam vexaverunt. Facinus intellegit.

Quandocumque potest, Papa itinera facit in terras varias ut cum populis visitet et pacem exhortetur.

Ut aliquis dixit, Papa est "fortis conscientia totius mundi Christiani." Propter hoc, multi, qui esse in via ad infernum videbantur, ad caelum et ad Papam Iohannem Paulum II A.D. MCMXCIV suspiciebant.

Focus on Pompeii

The Last Battle

By David Reese, Latin III student of Dr. M. Colakis, Berkeley Preparatory School, Tampa, Florida

I was born into a middle-class family during the second year of the reign of the Emperor Nero. I had one older brother, Marcus, and one older sister, Prima. Our mother died from a disease that was very rare when I was only three years old. Our father was a bronzesmith, and he never spent much time with us because of his long work days. Since we had no slaves, I was raised by my brother and sister. Prima took care of the house and the cooking. Marcus tried to teach me right from wrong and to teach me how to survive in life.

Finally, the day came when Marcus called a family meeting. He and Prima made me stand while they sat very formally in chairs. Marcus looked me right in the eye and said, "Maxime Plebi Pectore, you will be 18 years old in three months. Your sister and I think that it is time for you to begin to pull your own weight. As much as we love you, we cannot afford to provide for all your needs any more. We think you should find a new place to live and start a life of your own."

Throughout my childhood Marcus had taken me with him to the Stabian Baths where we had exercised and swam. Since I was already very athletically inclined, this training helped me become very muscular. I had inherited a bronzesmith's physique from my father and his family who had all been bronzesmiths. Unlike Marcus, I had grown to be 6'4". Marcus was more like our mom as I was told. I don't remember her at all, but Prima tells me that she was a beautiful woman with long blond hair and bright blue eyes. But she was short, only 5'5". By the time I was 14, I could already swim faster, jump higher, and run farther than Marcus. Marcus and Prima were always kind of quiet, I guess since they were older, while I was rambunctious and wild. I was always outside when I was little, and I hated to do any jobs around our apartment.

I had suspected that I would have to start pulling my own weight pretty soon. Marcus would have to be spending more time away from home soon since he had decided to follow in our father's footsteps and become a bronzesmith. I had no desire to do likewise, or to do anything else which would confine me to a small work space all day.

Once, when I was very young, and our city's amphitheater was still in business, Marcus had taken me to watch a match between a *Retarius* and a *Hoplomachus*. Ever since that time I had thought off and on about what it would be like to have to fight for my life.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

Hannibal

By Teresa Weber, Latin student of Cynthia Ware, Conestoga High School, Berwyn, Penn.

In the year 247 B.C.,
A son was born unto me.
Hannibal was his name,
A general is what he became.

His father's name was Hamilcar,
Hamilcar was a fighting star.
When Hannibal was very young,
Into Spain he was flung.

In Spain he was made to state,
That Rome would receive all his hate.
He made this promise loud and clear,
Without worry and without fear.

In 229 B.C.,
Hannibal's father died finally.
His son-in-law Hasdrubal took command,
He did so with a strong steady hand.

And later when Hasdrubal was killed
With Hannibal the position was filled.
After his brother-in-law's funeral,
He became the Carthaginian general.

Then Hannibal became involved with the war,
He began to show his anger more and more.
He made an attack on Saguntum,
And for a treaty he left no room.

The Second Punic War was declared,
And I know that Hannibal wasn't very scared.
In Cartagena, the winter was spent,
And in the spring into Italy they went.

With elephants and men alike,
They crossed the Alps in a very long hike.
Scipio hearing this news,
Returned to Italy to catch a snooze.

Italy was finally reached by Hannibal,
Now his army was not quite as full.
Thinking that he had it made,
Scipio came out and played.

But Scipio, who had jumped into the saddle,
Was severely wounded in the first battle.
Then on the left bank of the Trebia River,
Hannibal won another small sliver.

Next at the Battle of Lake Trasimene,
Another great battle for Hannibal was seen.
And nobody will deny,
That it was brilliant when he seized Cannae.

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)

Teaching Mythology at Your Local Museum of Art

Everyone needs an excuse to take a fun trip to the museum of art—both teachers and students. This author is always amazed at how many classical motifs can easily be spotted on both modern and older paintings on exhibit at any one time. And, of course, there's always the thought in the back of one's mind, "If my students were here, I could point this aspect of classical civilization out to them," or, "I could use this painting to tell a myth they would really love."

Well, why not? Why not take a little time to visit the local museum of art with a spouse or a friend and scout out the possibilities? Then arrange for a weekday or weekend field trip with your students. Don't be disappointed if only a handful accept the invitation at first. After all, a trip to the museum of art with their Latin teacher may strike them as sort of weird at first, and it may take a year or two to catch on. Of course, if it does catch on, it may then be possible to begin planning bus and plane trips to bigger and better museums.

As an added bonus, the museum visited may even have a gallery devoted entirely to classical artifacts. What more could a Latin teacher wish for!

The Indianapolis Museum of Art is one of those special places that boasts a classical gallery as well as many paintings just begging to be related to classical civilization and mythology. The classical resources available in this museum were recently high-lighted in the following article entitled "Art I Facts, Art & Mythology" (*The Indianapolis Star*, Nov. 10, '94, p. C14).

(Continued in Pagina Secunda)



Focus on Pompeii

(Continued a Pagina Prima)

As I stood there listening to Marcus' ultimatum, I suddenly had this idea that I could be one of the greatest gladiators in history. I had been raised with sports, and if I were a great gladiator I could become rich and maybe even help Marcus and Prima improve their lives. Of course, I would also be the heart-throb of many rich women. Although neither Marcus nor Prima thought being a gladiator was a wise career choice, I was determined to live a life full of wonder and uncertainty. I liked living on the edge.

The day I turned 18, I decided to train at the best school there was, Capua, about forty miles north of Pompeii. When I presented myself to the *lanista*, he did not understand why I wanted to risk my life as a gladiator. I had to explain to him how I felt about life and what my dreams were. Fortunately, he took me in, and I started a rigorous training. Everyday I risked getting hurt by some of the training techniques. There was a pole in the ground which had two blades, one on top and one on the bottom, which spun while I had to duck and jump for what seemed a lifetime. I fared well through school and was finally ready for my first battle.

I had trained to be a *retarius*. I was the best trident and net trainee my *lanista* had ever worked with. I had, in fact, become the best fighter in the whole *familia* of gladiators, and I was liked by just about all the other trainees, except, of course, by those who had lost their practice bouts with me.

I was excited when I learned that my first real bout would be staged in Pompeii. I had not spoken to my brother or sister in quite some time because of training, and I was looking forward to showing them what I could do. Unfortunately, the amphitheater in Pompeii had been closed for many years by the order of Emperor Nero, so matches had to be staged in the city's main theater as intermission entertainment between the acts of some Atellan farce. And this could only happen when the officials from Rome were looking the other way.

As I walked onto the stage, my opponent was waiting. He was a short, stocky man and fought with a shield and a short sword. He looked as though he had no reason to live. His eyes were shallow and his body was pale. As the bout began, the crowd booed him and finally I had him captured in my net and had grazed his chest just enough to break the skin. He raised a finger on his left hand which symbolized that he had given up and it was now up to the crowd to determine if I would kill him or not. As the organizer gave me the command, I thrust the trident deep into the man's chest. He let out an awful yell and then just went limp. Since I had seen so many people die in other bouts, it did not faze me to kill him. I had turned calloused and hard, and I loved it. I looked over the audience to see if I could spot my brother and sister. Prima had buried her face in her hands, but Marcus just smiled and gave me a thumbs up sign. I nodded at him without smiling. I knew he shared the pride I was feeling at that moment. I had made it on my own.

For the next five years I fought in the arena at Capua and was the crowd favorite. I accumulated much money and was constantly surrounded by wealthy women whenever I returned to Pompeii. By the time I was twenty-three, I was the best *retarius* in all of Italy. I loved the thrills of my new life style.

I finally decided that I would give the theater-goers of Pompeii a special treat during their next intermission. I promised to fight three gladiators at once. I had already proven many times that I could beat two opponents at once when a second gladiator who had already defeated his opponent would team up with my opponent to the great delight of the crowds.

The day of the fight finally came. It was an unusual day in late August during the second month of the reign of the Emperor Titus. There had been a mild earthquake the night before, but no damage had occurred which would interfere with the day's activities. I had worked out my strategy for the match. I was in the best shape of my entire career. Few people were seriously betting against me. I sent a message to Marcus and Prima that if I won this match, I would be accepting the *ridis* and would be retiring from the arena.

I could hardly wait for intermission as I went through my stretching routine in the palaestra behind the theater.

Teaching (Continued a Pagina Prima)

"Fables or legends created by a culture communicate its basic values and beliefs. These myths and the gods in them play an important role in art. The following pieces in the Indianapolis Museum of Art's collection tell three of the stories from classical Greek and Roman mythology.

"Even young people in 1994 recognize the name of the youngest Roman god, Cupid. According to legend, a prick of his arrow stirs love in one's heart. The god of love enjoys pulling pranks that cause trouble for people and other gods.

"The fable says that Jupiter made the beautiful princess Psyche (which means soul) immortal so that Cupid could marry her.



Marble Sarcophagus Panel: Cupid and Psyche, Roman, A.D. 225-251

"This relief sculpture was once part of the decoration of a Roman sarcophagus, a stone or ceramic coffin. The figures and images project forward from their background. The sculpture also features a portrait of the deceased.

"The following is a painting entitled *Calypso* painted circa 1906 by the American artist George Hitchcock.



In Greek mythology, the sea nymph Calypso reigns over an island in the Ionian Sea. When a storm threw the Greek leader Odysseus onto her island, Calypso kept him with her for seven years. She offered him immortality so he would stay there forever. But Zeus ordered the sea nymph to release Odysseus and broke Calypso's heart.

"The 16th- and early 17th-century northern European painters enjoyed the Roman myth shown in the next painting. Many gods wanted to win the love of Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees. But she preferred to stay with her trees and to avoid men.



Vertumnus and Pomona painted circa 1669 by the Dutch painter Gerbrandt van den Eeckhout.

"Vertumnus, the Roman god of gardens and orchards fought for Pomona's love. He had the power to change shape and often did so. To get near the goddess, he pretended to be several different things, including a laborer, a vinegrower and a harvester.

"The painting above shows the final disguise of Vertumnus, one in which he pretended to be an old woman who pleaded with Pomona to accept Vertumnus' love.

"When Pomona's heart melted, Vertumnus dropped the disguise. Pomona saw the handsome young man, and the two took care of the orchards together from then on."

So, why not accept the inspiration of the Muses and plan an exploratory visit to the nearest museum of art? Who knows, it just might turn into an exciting adventure for both teacher and students!

Hannibal (Continued a Pagina Prima)

During that winter, Hannibal decided to rest, and in this time the Romans gathered their best. The Romans took back what belonged to them, and I could see the war coming to an end.

After the war, Hannibal fled in fright. He worked with Antiochus, staying out of sight. The Romans came trying to break down the door, and my son, Hannibal, had to flee once more.

In this place I now do sit,
Trying to think just a little bit.
It is now quite easy for me to see,
Why my son took his life in 183 B.C.

When I finally walked onto the stage, the crowd's cheer was deafening. I was ready. As my three opponents began to maneuver for positions, I immediately netted and killed the biggest one. I turned around to see where the other two were. Suddenly the stage shook, and the crowd went into a panic. The air turned a dusty orange color. As I kept one eye on my opponents, I was pushed backwards by the shock of a deafening roar that sounded as if the earth itself had exploded. My skin began to sting, and I noticed pieces of black stone and pumice raining down from the sky. It was becoming hard to breathe.

Then it hit me. This would, in fact, be my last battle. I wasn't afraid; I just knew that this was it. But I had faced death before. I was going to die knowing I was the best.

The Mellow God

By Ronald C. Gentry, Latin III student of Larry Steele, West Middle High School, Norman, Okla.

The argument had been brewing for days. You see, the leader of our cohorts and the *imperator* of our *legio* had a difference of opinion on which direction our *legio* should go. This particular journey was only meant to be a training exercise, but our *imperator* led us into land with which no one (apparently, including him) was familiar. One day, after some soldiers had complained, our *imperator*, named *Caput Densum*, said, "You are Roman soldiers! If you are true Roman soldiers, you will follow the directions of your leader with no questions!" After a few more threats and insults, most of the *legio*, as any well trained *legio* would have, followed his orders—most of the *legio*, that is, save our cohort's leader. Our cohort had been through much together; therefore, we decided early on in our relationship to follow our cohort leader, *Animus*, whenever he disagreed with his superiors. Since we were big and dumb and only had killing instincts, we let our cohort leader do the thinking.

When *Animus* formally informed *Caput Densum* that he disagreed with the plan to blindly march wherever the wind blew on that particular day, *Caput Densum* was fuming mad. However, while I watched this debacle take place, an unsettling smile formed on *Caput Densum*'s face. He then said to *Animus*, "If you and your men believe you can survive a journey back to Rome without the support of your entire *legio*, I will allow you to leave after we break camp tomorrow."

(Continued in Pagina Tertia)

Mellow God (Continued a Pagina Secunda)

Animus brought word of *Caput Densum's* decision back to us. We were elated because *Animus* had gotten his way; usually if *Animus* got his way, we were in good shape. We went to sleep that night with a sense of excitement and joy. We were glad that the next day would bring us freedom from *Caput Densum* and put us under the sole leadership of *Animus*, who would lead us home. The rest of our *legio* would be rotting like Spartan pigs in this desolate area, while we would be safely home. As we lay down to sleep, we could see the men in all the cohorts around us with smiles, much like the smile we had seen on *Caput Densum* earlier. We thought they were just happy to see us leave so they could have some peace and quiet. We found out what those smiles meant in the morning.

We arose and were ready to break camp when we noticed something strange. We were the only ones around. Of course we numbered about 360, but that is considerably less than the 6,000 of the total *legio*. No matter, we didn't care about the others. *Animus* told us to find the provisions *Caput Densum* had probably left for us. Then we would be on our way.

We looked and looked, but we could not find anything. There was no food, or any other essential camp supplies. We had only our own armor and weapons. *Animus* explained to us that this was why *Caput Densum* had smiled and let us freely leave the *legio*—he planned all along to leave us for dead. We could see worry in *Animus's* eyes, but we told him that we believed in him. Nevertheless, we broke what camp there was left and headed toward Rome—at least where *Animus* said Rome was. After two days of no food or water the men could go no farther. *Animus* said we were left with only one choice—beg for mercy from the gods.

So, instead of forming search parties to look for food and water, we dropped all of our things and fell to our knees. We bowed, praised, complimented the gods and goddesses on their manhood and womanhood, promised them animal sacrifices when we got home safely, etc.... After seven hours of this wailing, begging, and whooping, *Animus* said that he had been told by the God of Swamps, Marshes, Mellowness, and of Weary-Soldiers-Who-are-Very-Hungry-and-who-Need-Food-With-Great-Swiftness-for-Survival, that seven miles "that way" would lie comfort for the whole cohort. Since no one else had received any other divine communication, we all gladly marched seven miles "that way." After we had traveled a good distance, we decided that we had probably come upon our "comfort." You see, we were not sure because aside from being the God of Swamps, Marshes, Mellowness, and of Weary-Soldiers-Who-are-Very-Hungry-and-who-Need-Food-With-Great-Swiftness-for-Survival,

Animus's god was also the God of Ambiguity. When *Animus* was told to go "that way," he had just gone with his instinct. Our "comfort" seemed to be numerous, large, white pallets. Everyone was disappointed, but they were glad to have something soft on which to starve to death.

The hungry cohort bedded down for the evening. My own pallet was very soft and cushy, but it was a little sticky for my comfort. However, all in all, it was rather comfortable. After a while I also became aware that my pallet also smelled very good. After having a near perfect night's sleep (hunger was what kept it from being perfect), I made a discovery. While stretching and cavorting after awakening, I accidentally poked a hole into my pallet, and a white, milky substance was seeping out of it. It looked good so I tasted it. It was wonderful! The substance had a unique taste, but it certainly quenched my thirst. As others began to get up, they made the same discovery.

After a while, however, the substance began to lose its white color and to resemble plain water! *Animus* explained that the white in the water was probably due to its being inside the white pallet. He thought some of the "insides" had colored the water.

After drinking all of the water in my pallet, I decided to try my luck and take a nibble of the pallet. It was great! The God of Swamps, Marshes, Mellowness, and of Weary-Soldiers-Who-are-Very-Hungry-and-who-Need-Food-With-Great-Swiftness-for-Survival, had saved us. In honor of this god, we named the pallets "Marsh Mellowns."

After *Animus* had led our cohort safely back to Rome, the soldiers began to tell stories about how the Marsh Mellowns had saved our lives. As enterprising merchants heard about them, they began to journey back to the spot where we had camped and to bring the Marsh Mellowns back to Rome to sell.

I, personally, was a little upset by this, however. The Marsh Mellowns had been provided for us by a god, and I felt that they should have been left where they were in case that god wanted to help someone else. Since I did not want to be part of a society that capitalized on the Marsh Mellowns, I left Rome.

By the way, whenever I ask about the *legio* of *Caput Densum*, people still say there has never been any word of them.

[Editor's note: Food historians refer to the Marsh Mellowns described above as "divine marshmallows." These historians believe that the people who brought them to Rome were able to analyze their ingredients and come up with a more palatable recipe. They also point out that although the commercial manufacture of modern marshmallows has compromised quality for expediency, the original art of making Marsh Mellowns is still practiced in several small Italian villages.]

That Fateful Day

By Sean Pace, Latin II student of Nancy Tigert,
Anderson High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

As Caesar strode out
On that fateful day
He never foresaw
The price he would pay.

An old man had warned him
His time was at hand,
But Caesar dismissed him
With a wave of his hand.

And so he strode on,
Although death was near,
When senate convened
Caesar knew no fear.

Misfortune, betrayal,
The blades bit very deep,
Companions had killed him:
Their power to keep.

And a friend's blade struck last,
On that fateful day,
Caesar cried as he died,
"...Et tu, Brute?"

Don't Catapult in the Dark!
Pompeiana Has the Blueprints!

Almost ten years after Pompeiana's tenth and final National Catapult Contest, the catapulting bug has emerged once again: first in England, then on the popular T.V. show *Northern Exposure*, and now in Fort Worth, Texas.

While the catapults constructed under the sponsorship of the National Catapult Contest were more varied and included machines powered by bent wood and twisted rope as well as trebuchets, the latest ventures have concentrated solely on trebuchets.

Students who helped formulate the guidelines for trebuchet construction during the National Catapult Contest quickly realized that unless certain limits on the counterweight were established, there would be no fair way for students to compete with a variety of machines. Thus all trebuchets built for the contest were limited to one ton of counterweight placed no farther than 15 feet from the pivot.

Recent attempts by Hew Kennedy in England, in the State of Washington (where *Northern Exposure* is filmed) and Texas seem to be operating with no limits, and instead of firing huge rocks and boulders, this latest batch of catapulters seems to be concentrating on hurling such non-Roman items as pianos, toilet stools and Buicks.

There is no denying that the mind-set behind these
(Continued in Pagina Quinta)

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	Peius
11	Optime	Melius	Mediocriter	Peius
10	Optime	Bene	Male	Pessime
9	Optime	Bene	Male	Pessime
8	Optime	Mediocriter	Peius	Pessime
7	Melius	Mediocriter	Peius	Pessime
6	Bene	Male	Pessime	Pessime
5	Bene	Male	Pessime	Pessime
4	Mediocriter	Peius	Pessime	Pessime
3	Mediocriter	Peius	Pessime	Pessime
2	Peius	Pessime	Pessime	Pessime
1	Peius	Pessime	Pessime	Pessime
0	Pessime	Pessime	Pessime	Pessime

- When a word ending with the letter *-m* elides with a word beginning with the letter *h*, this is called: a) chiasmus, b) ecclipsis, c) diastole, d) systole.
- The only surviving Greek trilogy, the *Oresteia*, was written by: a) Aeschylus, b) Menander, c) Sophocles, d) Aristophanes.
- Vergil's *Aeneid* contains _____ books.
a) 6, b) 12, c) 18, d) 24
- Dido's sister was named:
a) Galatea, b) Circe, c) Creusa, d) Anna.
- Annis* is a word that Vergil frequently uses for: a) *femina*, b) *flumen*, c) *via*, d) *arbor*.
- Tullia was greatly incensed by the report.
a) puzzled, b) reassured,
c) delighted, d) provoked
- In Cicero's time the management of the provinces was in the hands of:
a) lectores, b) proconsuls, c) aediles, d) censors.
- Pliny the Younger was living at _____ when Mt. Vesuvius buried Pompeii.
a) Mycenae, b) Rome, c) Misenum, d) Stabiae
- Aulus Gellius wrote: a) *Noctes Atticae*, b) *Epodes*, c) *Miles Gloriosus*, d) *The Metamorphoses*.
- The one word which is not derived from the Latin verb *mitto* is:
a) commit, b) mitten, c) mission, d) missile.
- "Scio quid _____" means "I know what they are saying."
a) dicunt, b) dicent, c) dicant, d) dicerent.
- Trans _____ incolunt.*
a) Rhemus, b) Rheni, c) Rheno, d) Rhenum
- "My brother is at home."
a) domum, b) domi, c) domo, d) apud domum.
- Conamur* means: a) We try, b) We are being tested, c) Let us try, d) Let us be tested.
- The genitive singular of the demonstrative pronoun meaning "this" is: a) *illius*, b) *cuius*, c) *huius*, d) *eiusdem*.
- When completed, the *Via Appia* extended from Rome to: a) Lake Geneva, b) Florence, c) Pompeii, d) Brundisium.
- Syllables added to the ends of words are called: a) antefixes, b) prefixes, c) suffixes, d) roots.
- The Italian word *figlia* is derived from a Latin word meaning: a) husband, b) son, c) wife, d) daughter.
- The Latin prepositions *pro*, *sine*, *ab*, *cum*, *de* and *ex* all take the _____ case.
a) genitive, b) ablative, c) accusative, d) dative
- According to tradition, Romulus founded Rome on the _____ Hill. a) Aventine, b) Capitoline, c) Esquiline, d) Palatine

Self-Scourge for Valentine's Day

By Paul Hughes, Latin III student of Dawn M. Kiechle, Indian River H.S., Philadelphia, N.Y.

Venus, tear out my heart, you goddess of love,
Venus, watch the blood drip and reddens the floor,
Venus, we had something good together, yes,
Venus, we were both young and innocent then.
Venus, I gave you everything, my soul, too.
Venus, you left me cold and lonely and dark,
Venus, your beauty radiates to me still;
Venus, my pain at the very thought of you.
Venus, your green eyes will haunt me forever,
Venus, you will find another victim now.



Cara Matrona,

I know that I am just a *puella* and that I should not be opinionated or judgemental – such things are better left to *pueris vel viris* – but I feel I do have to talk to someone about how I am bothered by the way some slaves are being treated in my neighborhood.

Now, don't get me wrong. I know that slaves are necessary. After all, without them who would do the work that needs to be done every day? Who would keep my *cubiculum* clean and neat? Who would make sure I have clean *tunicae et stolae* to wear everyday and who would help me get dressed every morning? Who would do the shopping and the cooking? It is absolutely necessary to have slaves, and I hope that when I am in *matrimonium ducta* I will have as many slaves as my *mater* has to help me run my house.

The slaves in our house, however, know that they have a very real chance of being set free if they serve well, and there is always great joy when we have a *manumission*. Also, in our house, we are always nice to our slaves, and they are respectful, and even loving, toward us. Very rarely does my *mater* or even my *pater* ever speak harshly to any of the slaves. Also, I've never seen my *parentes* strike any of our slaves, and I don't intend to either when I am a *matrona* in my own home.

The problem is that when I am going somewhere with my *mater*, it seems that all I hear on the streets and in the homes is people yelling at their slaves, telling them how stupid they are and slapping or hitting them. This really bothers me, but everytime I feel that I should say something, my *mater* just gives my arm a sharp tug, and we keep going, minding our own business. It's no wonder that *Larcus Macedo* was killed by his own slaves while he was bathing if this is the way he was treating them. And he was a freedman, too, who should have known how terrible it is for slaves to be mistreated.

Also, the other day as I was sitting in the *peristyle* doing my daily spinning, I happened to hear some slaves talking rather loudly on the other side of our *postern* gate. I couldn't help but overhear – but now I'm sorry I did.

Matrona, I have never heard anything as gross as what those slaves were saying. They were telling how some man named *Vedius Pollio* fattens up his eels by feeding them the blood of his own slaves! If any of his slaves offends him in any way, he orders that slave to be tossed into the fishpond and fed to the eels. These are the eels that *Vedius* then has served to himself for dinner!

Matrona, this is nothing but cannibalism once removed! How can such a civilized society as ours allow such things to go on? Is there anything that I should do, or should I just continue to be a good little *puella* and look the other way while keeping my mouth shut?

Puella Offensa, Romae

Cara Offensa,

I'm sorry that you were exposed to such harsh realities of life at such a tender age. I, too, am offended by such stories as the one about *Vedius Pollio*, but being a *femina*, I have come to learn, as you must, that such things are not our concern. Decisions about the treatment of slaves are the business of the man of the house, and each *Paterfamilias* has the right to treat his slaves as he chooses. No one has the right to interfere with another man's treatment of his slaves. You can, however, take comfort in the fact that occasionally justice is served, as was the case with *Larcus Macedo* (although, of course, all the slaves of that household were publicly crucified whether or not they had any

Gaius Julius Caesar

By Steve Green, Latin student of Nancy Sax,
Poinciana High School, Kissimmee, Florida

You went from obscurity
To supreme power,
From birth till death.
Your time with history,
Not more than an hour.

You married thrice,
For death or power.
Of Roman decent twice,
Pompey's relative, how nice,
The other, an Egyptian flower.

To your political gain,
You became a true dictator.
Through many campaigns,
You won your fame.
Yet you dreamed of being a traitor.

For you, through your men,
Came glorious victory,
Over again and again.
For the people themselves could not defend,
Because of your treachery.

Many were the battle sights.
The more popular you became,
For numerous bloody fights,
They lasted through the nights,
The upper hand the enemy could not gain!

When you were declared leader for life
You were over ecstatic.
However the senate, there was much strife,
Conspired they did to take your life.
Your life's end was very traumatic.

Now a sadder tone,
After you were smitten
Upon this stone,
Which now is your throne,
"Veni, Vidi, Vici," was written.

part in the actual murder).

You should also take comfort that in your family, at least, slaves are treated with dignity, and that you and the other members of your family are respected and even loved by them in return. My guess is that when your *pater* arranges your marriage, he will seek out another family that shares his own attitudes in this regard.

You can't solve all the problems of the world! All you can do is make sure that you treat your personal slaves in a way that lets you live with yourself – and, in the long run, lets you live safely in your own house.

It has always amazed me that cruel masters don't realize the fact that they are out-numbered by their own household slaves. Common sense would seem to dictate that they be nice to them.

One thing you can do, when you become the *matrona* of your own house, is try and convince your *maritus* to establish a routine of freeing his household slaves. Once slaves realize that good service can lead to *manumission*, they freely give the respect and love that you have come to value.

How slaves are freed is not really all that important, just so they know that the possibility exists. Your *maritus* will be able to practice *Manumissio per vindictam*, *Manumissio censu*, *Manumissio testamento*, *Manumissio inter amicos*, *Manumissio per epistulam*, or, a way which stirs true emotions among the entire household, *Manumissio per mensam*.

It's good for a *Paterfamilias* to vary the way that he frees his slaves – it keeps everyone's interest up and the slaves don't get discouraged when they don't see the same things happening each time.

You do realize, however, that there are laws which govern the number of slaves that any one is allowed to manumit in a year's time. Otherwise rich folks would be competing with each other to show off, and slaves would be released who may not be ready to accept responsible roles in society as *Libertini*.

So you see, there are things that you will be able to do later in life. For now, however, it is best that you continue to look the other way and keep your mouth closed, like a good little *puella*!

Trials and Triumphs

By Lauren Roberts, Latin II student of Kate Sullivan,
Oakmont Regional H.S., Ashburnham, Mass.

I.
In the twisted tales of Mythology
Some lived a life of tragedy,
Pain, agony, deceit, crimes.
They were to pay in endless time.

The face that launched a thousand ships
Would not have shone with the drips
Of Iphigenia's blood that shed
To begin the gusts of wind overhead.

Another youth who died in vain –
Phaethon; for he lost the reins:
The burning trip into the sky
Which caused Apollo's son to die.

A mirror image was all he admired,
He even rejected Echo's desires.
In a metamorphosis that took great power
Narcissus was changed into a flower.

II.
Passion, death, fate and lovers,
The lives of these couples are like no others.
The Fates have determined to cut short the skeins,
So together in death they may always remain.

The musical skill that Orpheus possessed
Was used to wake Eurydice's rest.
Out of the underworld not looking back,
At the very last moment Orpheus cracked.

Philemon and Baucis had nothing to spare,
But when visited by gods they managed to share.
To reward them for such kindly behavior,
They turned into trees and were together forever.

Star crossed lovers both to die
Went to meet beneath the sky.
A lion and his bloody prey,
Brought Pyramus and Thisbe together to stay.

Every night as Hero waits,
Leander swims across the strait.
In a violent storm Leander drowned,
And under the ocean Hero was found.

III.
The deities were revered, honored and feared;
Sacrifices were given throughout the year.
Temples and altars were worshipped by day,
And all of the people would meet there to pray.

Nine of them, when counted in all,
The Muses inspired both great and small.
All throughout your mind they roam –
Euterpe helped me write this poem.

For diseases, pain, grief and death,
Aesculapius restored corpses' breath.
The herbs and potions and magical spells
Brought joy and relief and made people well.

Nike, victorious, laurel crowned
Presided over militant ground.
Her triumphant grace forever dwells
In all the victories that history tells.

IV.
The ones that follow are here for a reason.
They tortured all for crimes and for treason.
People fled with all their might,
But were overcome by tremendous fright.

The Furies lived to torture those
Who had guilt-ridden, aching souls.
The three went out to punish crimes
That had escaped the public's mind.

The Daughters of Night,
The Moirae, the Fates,
Spinning, cutting year by year,
They cut the thread when your time was near.

Stories, legends, myths and truths
Passed on for centuries by elders and youths.
Some stories are evil, some are kind,
But they will always remain in the back of your mind.

Euclidean Memoirs

By Mariko Maeda, Grade 7, Latin student of Patricia Geraci, Pittsford Middle School, Pittsford, N.Y.

My name is Euclid, and I am originally from the Island of Rhodes. I am now the tutor of Gaius Cornelius' children.

The story of how I ended up here began in A.D. 73. All I can remember was people screaming in pain as the sounds of war surrounded us. Rhodes was suddenly a battleground. The Romans had come just as the gods had predicted. Oh! If only I had gone farther north like my friends, I would not be here as a slave, but living a free life somewhere else. After my confrontation with the Roman soldiers I was bopped on the head, and I blacked out.

The next thing I knew I was being jostled in a wagon with 10 other men, women, and children. The first thoughts that came to my weary mind were, "Where am I? What am I doing here? Where is my family?" They were not in the wagon with me, and I would never see them again. After going through many crowded streets, the wagon came to stop in front of the largest forum I had ever seen! It was as big as four *stadia* put together! But the thing that struck me the most was that it was jam-packed with slaves, plus buyers and dealers. Deep fears caught me as I looked out over the sea of people. Would I be sold as a slave? Would my new master beat me? Would I be able to stand serving to someone's every need? Unanswered questions spun around in my head as I was put onto the auction block and quickly sold for 35,000 sesterces.

Next, I was put on another wagon with 5 other men. I was quite weak by then and promptly fell asleep. When I awoke, I was lying on the ground beside the wagon. I jumped up and followed the overseer and some household slaves to a small box-like *cubiculum* with a straw mat at one end of the room and a tiny wooden chest at the other end. That was it. There was also a set of clothes on the floor for me. After I had changed, I was told to stay there until morning. The door was then locked. I lay down on the mat. I still had doubts and fears. What was to become of me? What life would I lead here? Would I be unhappy for the rest of my life? Could I escape? What would happen if...? I drifted off to sleep, confused and uneasy about what the future would hold.

Student Receives Letter From Eros

Matthew Dow Mangum, a Latin II student of Bo Laurence at St. Joseph H.S. in Victoria, Texas, recently wrote to Eros to ask why the god has two different names. Matthew received the following reply in time to share it with the readers of the Pompeiana NEWSLETTER for Valentine's Day:

Dear Matthew,

I am so glad that you wrote. It is always good to hear from my admirers on earth. In your letter you asked how I happened to become the god of love. Well, a long time ago, I was playing a little game of matchmaker with some of the other young gods and goddesses. I would set up blind dates, and then they would have to go places together. Soon, some of the older gods wanted to play also, so I started arranging blind dates for them too. I'll bet you didn't know that I'm the one who got Zeus and Hera together—I know they're brother and sister, but you have to realize that this is kind of a closed society up here. Anyway, Zeus was so happy with the arrangement that he decided to make me the all-time god of love.

Now, concerning your question as to how I also got the name Cupid. Well, one day I told the god of the Underworld, Hades, that he would fall in love with Persephone, but that he would only be able to live with her for six months at a time. He got mad and yelled out that I was "stupid" for suggesting such an arrangement. Zeus happened to hear Hades yelling, and he asked him what he had called me. Because Hades didn't want to anger Zeus by letting him know that he didn't like me, he said that he had called me "Cupid," and that this was a new name he had made up for me to thank me for arranging his marriage with Persephone. Well, the name sort of stuck, with some people anyway. You probably know that the Greeks prefer to call me by my original name of Eros, while the Romans prefer my new name Cupid.

Love,
Eros/Cupid

Catapult (Continued a Pagina Tertia)

latest attempts is the same as was behind the participants in the National Catapult Contest. This mind-set was perhaps best summed up in 1976 by a writer for the *Saturday Evening Post* who was covering the contest:

"What is the usefulness of a catapult today, if it does get built? The answer: no earthly use whatever. Those who cannot understand why this would fire up a group of people, do not really understand people. It's not that people want to do something useless. Far from it. It has to do with the simple fact that the project tests their ingenuity to the utmost and belongs exclusively to them. That the object they are making has no relevance to modern life is of no consequence."

The latest catapult to be constructed in Fort Worth, Texas, is being built by John Quincy, a dentist whose goal it is to hurl a Buick. Not limited by restrictions to his counterweight, he plans to power his trebuchet (to be named Thor) with at least 15 tons of counterweight.

His project has attracted several others who want to see him reach his goal, and to this end they have formed a group called "The International Hurling Society." The group even has an 800 number which people can call to keep up with the project and lend their support. The full number is 1-800-HURL-R-US.

Pompeiana has contacted the group and offered to share a complimentary copy of the book, *Catapult Design, Construction & Competition*, with the group. The book documents major machines that were built during the National Catapult Contest and contains detailed blueprints and construction insights which are designed to help future catapulters successfully follow their own dreams into the sky.

Readers who might be interested in purchasing a copy of this book may order it from Pompeiana, Inc. for \$10.00 per copy.

Pompeii

By Michael Thakur, Latin III student of Carol Berardelli, North Penn H.S., Lansdale, Penn.

Morning rose again, with the sea pre-telling predicament.

The sky was fiendish and foreboding, the breeze menacing indeed.

As dew lay moist upon the Pompeian ground, and the poignant smell of disaster filled the August air, The streets would yet bustle again with work and fanfare.

From every gladiators' court where the echoing clang of tridents would be engulfed only by the deafening roars of the crowd,

To the theaters where thespians would deliver lines with aspiring eloquence,

They would awaken to a new day, so bright and promising as it seemed.

From the familiar port from which these ships would set sail conveying wine and oil,

To each house where painted political slogans reminded of local elections,

They would stir to sunny rays that prophesied another forenoon full of activity.

From sacred temples that would be satiated with worshippers,

Across the affluent farms on which landowners would stand above slaves' unrequited toil,

And to every far-reaching corner of this ancient Roman city,

Indeed the day commenced so typically, yet how atypical it was!

A few miles away, so near and noxious, a demon lurked and soon would appear.

Mt. Vesuvius, as it was named, towered, precarious, patient until now.

Its blood boiled, its decorum diminished, and its wrath soon would be revealed.

Thus perished the citizens of Pompeii:

A boy ambling across the marketplace;

A woman tending her garden;

A merchant selling cloth.

From that moment they would endure —

A civilization, not unlike others, humbled by the sheer power of nature.

Computer Catches and Caveats for Latin Lovers

It was inevitable that a subject as immortal as Latin should eventually embrace the most modern computer technology. While there are still not programs and software available which will allow entire Latin courses to be mastered with keyboard and screen, new advances are entering the market monthly.

One of the oldest software producing companies for Latin programs is Centaur Systems (v.i.) which produces short supplementary programs designed to accompany a variety of popular beginning texts.

Transparent Language (v.i.) is a company which is attempting to market a software program designed to help students translate selections from such upper level authors as Vergil. Although this author has not personally examined the program, it does appear to be limited in its text selection. No doubt, if there is enough market support, the program will eventually allow students to use the program to read/translate the first six books of Vergil's *Aeneid*. At that point, Latin teachers whose classrooms are also computer labs would no doubt flock to the program and redesign their teaching methods around it.

A relative newcomer to this market is the Bailout Software Co. (v.i.). This company is marketing a program called "MasterLatin 2.0" which is designed to help first-year Latin students learn the fundamentals of Latin grammar and syntax. The program comes in five different versions so that it can be used with the five major introductory texts currently used by teachers, i.e. *Oxford Latin Course*, *Jenny, Ecce Romani*, *Cambridge* and *Wheelock*.

Finally, there is ancient history presented on an interactive CD-ROM, and it comes with a major caveat from this author! It is being marketed by Putnam New Media (v.i.). The CD-ROM's are entitled "The Cartoon History of the Universe," Volumes 1 - 7. While some teachers might be interested in having their students interact with major events from the Golden Age of Greece to the time of Alexander the Great, they are cautioned to preview these materials! The program was created by Larry Gornick. Gornick is a cartoonist who loves to present the baseness of which human beings are capable as graphically as possible with balloon language totally unsuitable for classroom presentation. Teachers who may be interested in these programs are encouraged to read the review by Jonathan Spence in the *New York Times Book Review* (12/18/94) before investing any money.

As valid programs float to the top of the vat known as the Computer Software Market, there will, no doubt, be many useless and poor quality attempts that will be pawned off on unsuspecting buyers. Eventually, however, quality materials will be available, so teachers should get their Latin computer labs up and running as quickly as possible.

Centaur Systems, LTD, Educational Software for the Classics, 407 N. Brearly St., Madison, WI 53703-1603.

Transparent Language, Computer Software for Translating Latin, P.O. Box 575, Hollis, N.H. 03049-9961.

Bailout Software Co., MasterLatin Computer Service, 4 Ober Lane, Beverly, MA 01915.

The Cartoon History of the Universe, CD-ROM Volumes 1-7 on 2 disks for Macintosh or Windows, Putnam New Media, 11490 Commerce Park Dr., Suite 130, Reston, VA 22091.





- I. CONSTANTER, Immaturus 76.
- II. IOCOSE AGERE, Facies Permutare
- III. VIDESNE? Vorrenus G.
- IV. NUMQUAM VIRUM FLENTM VIDI, Facies Cicatricosa
- V. SUCUS IN AURI TUAE, Craigus Maccus
- VI. TANTUS NATU UT MELIUS SCIAM, Vadoflumentransire Nebula
- VII. UNIVERSITAS, Musas lacere
- VIII. ADVENTUS ALTER, Rosae Lapideae
- IX. DIES ANTE ACTI, Iacobus Domus
- X. SI COR MEUM ALATUM ESSET, Melissa Mancunium



Legal Latin

Submitted by Shari B. Faber, Latin III student of Darrel Huisken, Covenant Christian High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan

1. ad quod damnum
2. corpus delecti
3. inter se
4. in rem
5. nolo contendere
6. in pari delicto
7. sub poena
8. sua sponte
9. quantum meruit
10. mens rea
11. res iudicata
12. res ipsa loquitur
13. nunc pro tunc
14. ultra vires
15. prima facie
16. inter vivos
17. amicus curiae
18. causa mortis
19. ex parte
20. habeas corpus

- a. now for then
- b. in equal fault
- c. the body of the crime
- d. you may have the body
- e. among living persons
- f. under penalty
- g. between each other
- h. with the cause of death
- i. from one side only
- j. at first appearance
- k. a criminal mind
- l. to what damage
- m. of one's own accord
- n. against the thing
- o. a matter adjudged
- p. beyond legal authority
- q. friend of the court
- r. the situation speaks for itself
- s. as much as one has deserved
- t. I do not wish to contest the charge

Libri Discipulis ad Universitatem Proficiscentibus 78.

Submitted by the Latin III students of Denise Davis, Bishop Watterson High School, Columbus, Ohio.

These are books that are generally recommended reading for college bound students. Give their English titles and match their authors with the Latin translations.

1. I, NUNTIA ID IN MONTE
2. TACITUM VER
3. PER SPECULUM
4. COR OBSCURITATUM
5. RUBRUM INSIGNE VIRTUTIS
6. CRIMEN ET PUNITIO
7. REDITUS INDIGENAE
8. DOMUS SEPTEM FASTIGIORUM
9. PARVAE VULPES
10. VALETE ARMIS
11. ETIAM SOL ORITUR
12. OMNIA ANIMALIA MAGNA PARVAQUE
13. FORTIS MUNDUS NOVUS
14. PUPAE DOMUS
15. COCHLEA TORQUENDA



- A. JAMES HERRIOTT
- B. FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY
- C. HENRIK IBSEN
- D. LEWIS CARROLL
- E. ALDOUS HUXLEY
- F. STEPHEN CRANE
- G. JAMES BALDWIN
- H. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
- I. THOMAS HARDY
- J. RACHEL CARSON
- K. JOSEPH CONRAD
- L. LILLIAN HELLMAN
- M. ERNEST HEMINGWAY (used twice)
- N. HENRY JAMES

Search For Roman Military 79.

Submitted by Erin Phillips, Latin II student of Susan Neas, Greeneville H.S., Greeneville, Tenn.

Find the following Roman military terms in the word search below:

- | | | |
|----------|--------|-----------|
| FOSSA | LEGIO | TURRIS |
| SAGUM | PRAEDA | AGGER |
| SARCINA | GALEA | CENTURIA |
| ARIES | COHORS | MANIPULUS |
| BALLISTA | SIGNUM | SCORPIO |

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

Weaving your Way through Cicero 80.

Submitted by Rob Whitmore, student of Cynthia Ware, Conestoga High School, Berwyn, Pennsylvania.

Each square contains a syllable that is part of eight words associated with Cicero. Beginning at "Start," weave one unbroken line going vertically, horizontally or diagonally through all the syllables and find all eight words.

CI	TOR	CY	A	SPIR
LIC	A	OR	INE	CON
I	A	TIL	CA	CUS
AR	RES	VER	AT	TI
AS	CHI	A	LI	TUL

Finish

Start

Body Parts 81.

Submitted by Lida Cunningham, Rehanna Gubin, and Kevin Strachan, students of Teresa Casey, Montgomery Academy, Montgomery, Alabama.

Translate the body parts into Latin on the lines provided. The boxes will spell out a Latin word for a major part of the body in the blanks provided. Also, fill in the English meaning for this word!

1. eye
2. ear
3. hair
4. tongue
5. chin

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.



- I. LIBER DE LOCIS VIRGULTIS OBSITIS
- II. FEMELLAE
- III. QUI IN PLATEIS PUGNAT
- IV. ELEANORA
- V. INTELLIGENTIAE MENSURA
- VI. NUCES MIXTAE
- VII. RICARDULUS OPULENTUS
- VIII. TRANSITUS TUTUS
- IX. PARATUM INDUTU
- X. ANIMALIA CAELESTIA

State Mottoes

83.

Submitted by Jim Rogers, Latin student of Nancy Tigert, Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

Match the Latin Motto to the State Nickname; then match the motto's translation to the state nickname. Finally, list the state described!

State Nickname	Latin Motto	Translation
1. Centennial State	_____	_____
2. Constitution State	_____	_____
3. Golden State	_____	_____
4. Sunflower State	_____	_____
5. Wolverine State	_____	_____
6. Grand Canyon State	_____	_____
7. Show me State	_____	_____
8. Heart of Dixie	_____	_____
9. Land of Opportunity	_____	_____
10. The Gem State	_____	_____
11. The Old Line State	_____	_____

- A. Eureka
B. Qui transtulit sustinet
C. Regnant Populus
D. Nil Sine Numine
E. Ditat Deus
F. Salus populi suprema lex esto
G. Scuto Bonae Voluntatis Tuae Coronasti Nos
H. Ad astra per aspera
I. Audemus iura nostra defendere
J. Si quaeris paeninsulam amoenam circumspice
K. Esto Perpetua

- I. May you Last Forever
II. Nothing without providence
III. I found it.
IV. God Enriches
V. To the stars through hardships
VI. You have crowned us with the shield of your good will.
VII. We dare defend our rights.
VIII. The people rule.
IX. If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look about you.
X. He who transplanted still sustains.
XI. The welfare of the people shall be the supreme law.

This and That

84.

Submitted by Monica DeBoer, Latin II student of Durrell Huisken, Covenant Christian High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Match the demonstrative pronouns and the nouns they modify with their English translations.

1. _____ hic liber
2. _____ istius amici
3. _____ huic civitati
4. _____ illae civitates
5. _____ haec consilia
6. _____ illo libro
7. _____ hoc consilio
8. _____ isti amico
9. _____ hanc civitatem
10. _____ illi libri

- a. these plans
b. those states
c. those books
d. of that kind of friend
e. by that book
f. this state
g. this book
h. to that kind of friend
i. to this state
j. by this plan

Looking to the Sky

85.

Submitted by Arpad Zoltani, student of Dawn Mitchell, Dulany High School, Timonium, Maryland.

Match the gods to what they represent.

1. _____ Apollo
2. _____ Jupiter
3. _____ Gaea
4. _____ Mercury
5. _____ Pluto
6. _____ Uranus
7. _____ Neptune
8. _____ Saturn
9. _____ Venus
10. _____ Mars
11. _____ Diana
- a. King of Roman gods
b. God of reaping
c. God of war
d. Ocean god
e. Goddess of love and beauty
f. Roman god of wealth
g. God of musicians and poets
h. Messenger of Roman gods
i. Greek earth goddess
j. Father of Saturn
k. Goddess of animals, hunting

Res In Schola

86.

By Kristen Kalsbeek, Latin I student of D. Huisken, Covenant Christian H.S., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Give the Latin names for articles in a classroom.

1. box _____ 9. picture _____
2. room _____ 10. ball _____
3. basket _____ 11. ruler _____
4. eraser _____ 12. rose _____
5. window _____ 13. chair _____
6. door _____ 14. statue _____
7. table _____ 15. tablet _____
8. pen (feather) _____ 16. blackboard _____

Find the above Latin words in the puzzle below.

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

Fabula Ulixis

87.

By Amy Midgett, Latin II student of Cyndy Braun, Heligate H.S., Missoula, Montana.

ACROSS

2. Noctua Penelope _____ socii pallam.
6. Penelope _____ omnes servos servasque praeter nutricem veterem.
7. Penelope proci dixit, "Tempta tendere hunc _____."
9. Eumaeus dixit Ulixem esse _____.
10. Ilixes fecit iter longissimum _____.
12. _____ vestes et facies mutatae erant.
13. Cotidie Penelope texuit socii _____.

DOWN

1. Nutrix recognovit Ulixem _____.
3. Ulixes iter faciebat _____ annos.
4. Dea Athena monuerat Telemachum in _____.
5. Eumaeus gerebat vestem purpuream et auream _____.
8. Post multos _____ Ulixes pervenit ad Ithacam.
11. _____ erat pastor fidelis.



- I. ALAE, Daniella Chalybs 88.
II. QUI SORTIE VICIT, Maria Higgensis Clarcus
III. DEI FILIUS ALTER, Donaldus Imius
IV. MUTATUS NUNTIVS INFERUS, Marlus Margonus
V. TRANSIRE SPEI LIMEN, Iohannes Paulus II
VI. INLUMINA, Maria Anna Guillelmidis
VII. MORUM LIBER, Guillelmus J. Benedictus
VIII. PUELLA, Pallidus Nelides
IX. VICUS, David Mametus
X. VICTIMAE PRAECIPUAE, Nicolaus Gaitanus

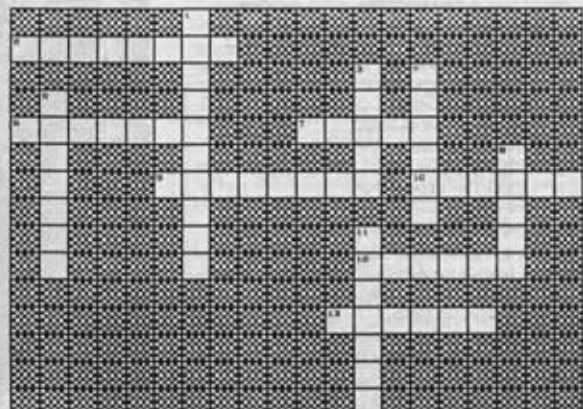
Latin Boggle

89.

By Kristen Elsasser, Latin I student of Nancy Tigert, Anderson H.S., Cincinnati, Ohio

Connect letters vertically, horizontally or diagonally to form at least 30 Latin words of three or more letters without using proper names.

I	N	B	M
T	S	R	A
E	A	E	H
M	D	O	I
R	C	T	L



The Palatine Hill . . . From Rags to Riches to Ruins

By Frank Korn



Aerial view of the Palatine taken in 1935

Scattered skeletons of brick palaces, irregular pebble-path gardens, dusty lanes sporting chunks of marble monuments clothed in ivy, mutilated statues and pieces of tessellated pavement, here and there a column standing awkwardly alone. Suggesting a *mise en scène* for a drama on the fall of Rome, this is all that is left of the splendor of which the Palatine Hill once boasted.

The first-time visitor beholding the wondrous devastation cannot help but wonder what it must have been like here in the golden age of the Roman Empire. The mere vastness of the ruins triggers visions of vaulted ceilings, frescoed walls, tapestried windows, sculpture-lined corridors; of servants non-obtrusively scurrying about at lavish state dinners, serving a fine Falernum wine in goblets of gold! The observer gifted with a fertile imagination can almost smell the aromas from the huge kitchens and hear the chatter and laughter echoing in the dining halls and antechambers. It was upon this hill that a future empire was born, as a tiny village of shepherds' and farmers' thatched huts. Legend claims that on this site, on the twenty-first day of April in 753 B.C., a certain Romulus declared himself king and named the humble colony for himself...Rome. Surely, in his wildest dreams, the young monarch could never have foreseen that the few crude paths down the slopes of the Palatine would one day miraculously metamorphose into a network of paved highways that would lace together a far-flung empire.

Accompanied by his advisors (among them his twin brother Remus) as dawn broke on that fateful day, Romulus yoked his oxen to a plough and drove them around the base of the hill, tracing with the ploughshare the line of the high walls of fortification he would soon have erected, lifting the plough only at the points where the city gates were to be set.

Tacitus in his twelfth book of his *Annales* (XII.24) describes the outline of the primitive city:

"Igitur a Foro Boario sulcus designandi oppidi coeptus, ut magnam Herculis aram amplecteretur: inde certis spatii interiecti lapides per ima Montis Palatini ad aram Consii, mox ad Curias Veteres, tum ad sacellum Larium, Forumque Romanum."

"And so, from the cattle market a furrow was drawn to mark out the town so as to embrace the great shrine of Hercules: then at regular intervals stones were placed around the perimeter of Mount Palatine as far as the altar of Consus, then to the old courts, and finally to the chapel of the Lares and the Roman Forum."

By the first century before Christ, i.e. in the twilight of the Roman republic, the Palatine Hill had become the most distinguished residential quarter in the Mediterranean world. Persons of all means and ranks sought a Palatine address. That was where everybody who was anybody in Roman society lived. Such "anybodies" included the Gracchi, Catullus the poet, Crassus the entrepreneur, and even Catiline the revolutionary.

In the year 65 B.C., Marcus Tullius Cicero (the country bumpkin from Arpinum as his jealous detractors labeled him) purchased Crassus' posh town house on the Palatine for two million *sesterces* (ca. \$750,000 at the current rate of exchange, give or take a few grand). The new leader of the Roman Bar was even willing to compromise his normally lofty principles to realize his real estate dream. Not having anywhere near the cash flow needed to close the deal, he accepted a sizeable loan from a local fat cat, who at the time was under indictment.

Cicero's social ambition to overcome his *novus homo* stigma and to "keep up with the Joneses" drive was almost always ahead of his bank account.

The following generation witnessed yet another transformation of the property character of the Hill. When Octavius, in 27 B.C., became the first emperor of the Roman world, he established his official residence on the Palatine, where he had been born and raised.

Now known by the name which the Senate had bestowed on him, Caesar Augustus, the young ruler erected fine, yet modest, houses for himself and his second wife Livia. Wishing to portray himself as a populist sovereign, Augustus conducted himself as a private citizen in many ways. In fact, he even preferred the title of *Princeps* (Chief Citizen of Rome) over the more honorific Augustus.

In his own house, the table fare was of the plainest description served in as few courses as possible. He wore woolen garments spun by the women of his household. He heard with patience the requests of the poor. He visited friends and neighbors without a guard. So much did he dislike an outward show of status and wealth, that he ordered a splashy mansion built by his profligate daughter, Julia, to be pulled down and replaced by a tastefully moderate structure.



Substructure of Palace of Tiberius

Augustus would have found repugnant the excesses of his successors, beginning with the *Domus Tiberiana* which was built by his successor Tiberius who found the *Domus Augustiana* to be a little too humble for his purposes. Then came looney Caligula who made extensive additions to the *Domus Tiberiana*, confiscating all the properties of his neighbors to make room for the new sprawling imperial palace complex.

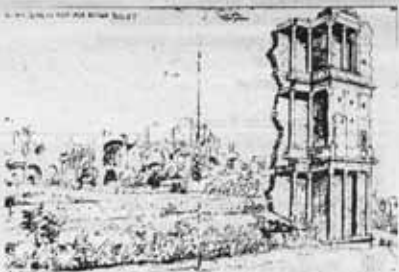
From A.D. 81 to 96, Emperor Domitian was busy with, among other matters, raising a Palatine residence that dwarfed its predecessors. This new *Domus Flaviania* featured one wing called the Throne Room (*Aula Regia*) in which he was honored by fawning audiences as *Dominus et Deus*. There were also gardens, courtyards, fountains, orchards, and even a stadium for command performances by leading athletes.



Domitian's Stadium

There were numerous *Triclinia* (Banquet Rooms), countless salons and guest chambers, their walls decorated with precious marbles and works of art.

At the turn of the second century A.D. (193-211), Septimius Severus added the *Septizonium*, a beautiful portico with seven stories of columns. This he placed at the corner of the hill that looks out on the Appian and Ostian Roads, so that visitors arriving in the Capital by either thoroughfare might at once behold this architectural witness to the "Glory of Rome."



A.D. 1540 drawing of the Septizonium

Severus also added baths and even more elaborate gardens and shrubs and promenades, making for a relaxing mix of vegetation and stone.

But before two more centuries had come and gone, this leafy cradle of the Roman Empire was to become its grave, the immense and resplendent imperial palaces unceremoniously crushed, along with their occupants, under the awesome burden of trying to rule an increasingly restless and rebellious world.



Ruins of the Imperial Palace today

In general the ancients were a very superstitious lot, and when it came to something as important as dinner time, great care had to be taken not to stumble into any bad luck.

While the ancient Greeks were very superstitious, from their literature it is hard to document superstitions they had concerning meals. Greek diners, of course, were very careful to do things in their proper order and to take proper turns when drinking or toasting. They were very sensitive to the respect due all deities and daemons and avoided incurring the wrath of any divine being through their speech and actions. Greeks also knew that certain people might have the power to cast evil spells on them and that the proper precautions had to be taken to avoid this. Homer (Od. X. 305) mentions a special herb called *moly* which Odysseus uses to counteract the spells that the witch Circe might cast on him. Odysseus himself is describing the plant:

*Ὡς ἄρα φασὶν ἔσθαι φάρμακον ἀργυρόφυλλον
ἐκ γούνης ἱρίων, καὶ μοι φάνη αὐτοῦ θεῖζε.
μή μιν μίλαν ἔσθαι, γάλακτι δὲ ἐκείνου δούθον
μῶλον δὲ μιν καλῶνται θεοί· χαλεπὸν δὲ τ' ἀρῶσεναι
ἀνθρώποις γὰρ θνητοῖσιν· θεοὶ δὲ τὰ πάντα δύνανται.

"Then Hermes gave me the plant, which he had pulled up by its roots, and pointed out its unique appearance. Its root was black as night while its blossom was white as milk. The gods call it moly, and it's almost impossible for a human to get it out of the ground – but with divine help anything's possible."

There are quite a few specific examples of Roman superstitions. Not only were they concerned that someone might enter the *triclinium sinistro pede*, but they had a whole series of things that they tried to avoid in order not to ruin a carefully planned dinner party.

Everyone tried not to sneeze while the food was being served. If someone did sneeze, he was bound to take some food from the tray immediately and eat it.

If a diner accidentally dropped food on the floor, it was immediately retrieved for him by one of the *servi triclinarii*. He then had to blow on it or wipe it off and eat it. If the diner who dropped the food happened to be a *Pontifex*, the food would have to be placed on a tray on the table and burned immediately as an offering to the *Lares*.

No one mentioned "fire" during a dinner. If the word was mentioned accidentally, water would have to be spilled on the floor to counteract any impending bad luck.

If lightning lit up the sky outside, all diners were bound to give out shrill whistles to ward off bad luck.

Any diner whose mind happened to wander to some worrisome thought was bound to moisten his finger and rub behind his ear to ward off any bad luck.

It was considered a bad omen if a *servus* swept the floor while one of the guests was standing up.

It was a bad omen if a *servus* began to remove a serving table while one of the guests had his cup raised and was drinking.

If anyone mentioned the dead, that diner was bound to kiss or touch the table or touch the floor immediately to avoid incurring the wrath of the dead person mentioned (cf. our custom of knocking on wood to avoid bad luck when mentioning something that could go wrong).

Keeping up a friendly flow of conversation was everyone's responsibility because if, by chance, everyone fell silent at once, this bad omen foretold personal tragedy for each of the guests.

Catullus 101

By Junnie Cross, Latin III student of Allison Richards, Caesar Rodney High School, Camden, Del.

From many a strange land
I come, and with thee I stand.
Your spirit, I give a gift from me,
My words, though vain, said to ashes of thee.
O, brother, you left – how quickly it was.
So unfair. That time was happy – twas!
With my heavy and overflowing tears,
Take these gifts with lack of fears.
I say these words and only you I tell.
Good-bye, dear brother, farewell, farewell.

DEXTRO PEDE



The worst possible bad omen was for the diners to hear a rooster crow during the *cena*. When this happened, the party was over because the only way to avoid bad luck after a rooster's crow during *cena* was not to eat anything for the rest of that day.

All these things came naturally to well-trained Romans, just as modern diners immediately say "bless you" if anyone happens to sneeze at the table.

At any rate, when all the guests were settled in, Greeks and Romans were ready to begin their meals.

Dinners hosted by wealthy Greeks generally consisted of two courses, called *πρωται τραπεζας* (the first tables) and *δευτερας τραπεζας* (the second tables). The Greeks didn't bother with "rabbit food" salads that Romans liked to serve at the beginning of meals. The Greek first course was the main course, featuring fish, poultry, meat, etc.

Roman menus, of course, featured three courses: *gustatio* (appetizers), *prima mensa* (the main course), and *secunda mensa* (dessert).

This month the focus will be on appetizers, which, of course, leaves the Greeks out.

The first thing Roman dinner guests were served was *mulsum* (wine with honey). The *ministri* who served the wine were carefully selected for their pleasant looks, and they were called *pueri a cyathis*, the "wine servers." They were dressed in very fancy colorful tunics and their long hair was elaborately curled. Then the *gustatio* would be brought around to the diners.

Every *gustatio* had to include eggs of some bird fixed in one way or another. (Remember that Romans enjoyed the eggs of many other birds besides chickens, such as peacock eggs.) After all, a proper Roman meal went *ab ovo usque ad mala*, from eggs to apples.

Other items served as part of this course were olives, lettuce, small sausages stuffed with seafood or pheasant, leeks, tuna fish, rodents, pomegranates, vegetable and meat casseroles, lentils with chestnuts, mussels, chopped liver, cucumber-celery-leek salad with fried chicken livers mixed in, and even apricots stewed in honey and sweet wine and sprinkled with cinnamon.

Mulsum was served throughout *gustatio*, although guests were careful not to drink too much because they believed that wine could deaden their taste buds and lessen their enjoyment of the next two courses.

One of the most extravagant dinners ever recorded in Roman literature is perhaps the Dinner of Trimalchio which is part of the *Satyricon* written by Petronius. Here is a description of Trimalchio's *gustatio*:

"A large tray was brought in on which stood a bronze donkey with two baskets hanging from its back. One basket was full of green olives, and the other with black ones. Next to the donkey were two huge silver serving platters (each clearly engraved with Trimalchio's name). Each platter was loaded with dormice that had been cooked and then rolled in honey and poppy seed. Their little bodies were stacked up to form little bridges on each platter. Another tray contained a silver grill on which were arranged tiny sausages. Beneath the silver grill, arranged to resemble charcoal

and flames, were prunes and pomegranate seeds. (...) Next a large tray was carried in on which stood a huge chicken, carved from wood, with its wings outspread as though it were sitting on eggs. Then, with a drumbeat, the servers began digging in the straw under the wooden chicken to produce eggs which were passed out to the guests. When the eggs were cracked open, they turned out to be real eggs covered with rich pastry and stuffed with tiny cooked birds nicely seasoned with pepper."

Later in the same story, a man named Habinnas arrived at the party, fresh from another lavish banquet that had been thrown by a lady named Scissa in honor of her dead slave. Habinnas was pressed into telling what kind of *gustatio* Scissa had served:

"There were pickled beets, soft cheese soaked in new wine, snails, tripe, liver in pastry boats, eggs wrapped in pastry, turnips, mustard and cooked un-shelled beans. Finally they passed around a dish of olives pickled in caraway. These were an expensive delicacy, and some guests had the nerve to walk off with three fistfuls."

To get into the spirit of a good Roman *gustatio*, try the following egg recipe which is based on the pastry-wrapped eggs mentioned above.

Ova in Farina Involuta
Hard boil 4 large eggs and then let them cool. Boil 12 to 16 tiny salad shrimp for 10 minutes, then drain and cool these.

Peel each egg, and then carefully cut off one end so that the yolk is about 1/3 revealed. Save the white end of the egg that was cut off.

Scoop the yolk out of each egg and place it in a small bowl. Add 1 mashed anchovy, 1 tsp of white wine, 1 tbs of white wine vinegar and a pinch of oregano and basil to the egg yolks and blend the mixture together.

Next, into the hollow of each egg insert 2 or 3 tiny shrimp and then fill the rest of the cavity with the yolk mixture. Place the white end back on each egg after it is filled.

In another bowl mix 1 1/2 cups of flour, 3 ounces of olive oil, 1 raw egg and 1 tbs of cold water. Mix this dough thoroughly – it will be a little sticky.

Divide the ball of dough into four quarters, and press each quarter out into a flat 6 inch circle. Wrap each egg in a circle of dough. Place the wrapped eggs in a small pre-greased baking pan and place the pan in an oven which has been preheated to 400°. Bake until the dough wrapping turns brown and begins to split.

Remember to save some room for next's months *prima mensa*!



The Legacy of Paris

By Geetika Gupta, Latin IV student of Nancy Tigert,
Turpin High School, Cincinnati, Ohio

O Paris of Troy,
what wretched destiny you have!
Exposed on a mountain side because of a dream
grown up to be handsome and charming.
Fate made you choose between three goddesses—
Juno, Minerva, and Venus—O what a plight.
And then having chosen the most beautiful woman
in the world,
you brought undying wrath to Troy.
Ulysses, Achilles, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ajax
all fulfilling their pledge set you right.
Troy, taken by the decoy of a wooden horse—
set afire and forever changed.
All this because you demanded as your prize
the most beautiful woman in the world,
O Paris of Troy.

How Well Did You Read?

90.

- Using what final disguise, was Vertumnus able to convince Pomona to accept his love?
- Who had the *Septizonium* built on a corner of the Palatine Hill?
- What is the unusual goal of the Texas dentist, John Quincy?
- Who was *Maximus Plebius Pectoris*' sister?
- In which year did Hannibal commit suicide?
- Which Roman historian describes the area encompassed by *Romulus' sulcus*?
- According to Homer, what special power does the herb *moly* have?
- Which Muse supposedly helped Lauren Roberts write "Trials and Triumphs"?
- What was Pope John Paul II's Polish name?
- What happened to the freedman *Lucius Macedo* while he was bathing?

Setting the Record Straight

Without Diana There Would Be No Cereal

By Rachael Neumann, Grade 7 Latin student of Gayle Hightower, Mansfield Middle School, Storrs, Conn.

Unlike what you may have read, Ceres was not one of the original goddesses. She is a true Roman product of the land. I know this because long ago an old man told me this story as we sat under a tree.

"You know, most folks believe that we should be thankful to the goddess Ceres for the grain we enjoy on our tables. But there's quite a different story which I'm about to tell you—one which I believe is true!

"Once upon a time, when Diana was out hunting, she accidentally destroyed a grove of young oak trees that a poor farmer was growing to make flour from the acorns. His livelihood was ruined. Not knowing that this young tomboy was a goddess, the farmer began to curse her carelessness. In anger, Diana reached for one of her arrows and was about to kill the poor farmer for cursing her. She was, however, still a very young goddess and was not yet as vengeful as she would later become. Finally, she just slammed her arrow back into its quiver and returned to Olympus in a rage.

"When she got there, she was met by Jupiter who had been watching her encounter with the farmer. He, too, was very angry. He told Diana that she must help the farmer or he would have nothing to eat.

"Diana returned to earth and searched for the most perfect tree—a tree with splendor, height, beauty and form. She then broke off a branch of this tree, took it up to Mt. Olympus, and dipped it into the nectar of the gods. That night, while the poor old farmer slept, Diana returned to his damaged field. She placed her special branch into the soft earth. Suddenly, the branch grew into a beautiful tree that looked exactly like a very beautiful woman. Its bark was smooth and its branches formed two beautiful arms. The shyly bowed head was covered with beautiful leaves.

"When the poor farmer awoke the next morning and went out to continue his lament for his lost trees, he saw the beautiful tree that had grown from Diana's branch. He had no idea where it had come from. He ran quickly to call his friends so that they, too, could see this wonderful tree which had grown in the shape of a beautiful, shy woman. All the farmers gathered around and just watched the tree. After several hours, the sky became cloudy and it started to rain, but the farmers didn't move. As they stood in the rain watching the tree, they were amazed to see the rain water melting the bark off the tree. When the rain stopped and the sun came out again, a beautiful woman stood where once the amazing tree had been growing.

"I am a new goddess," she said to the farmers. "My name is Ceres, and I shall oversee agriculture. I offer you seeds of barley and wheat so you will not have to eat acorn bread any more. Nor will you have to wait years for oak trees to grow before harvesting your crop. Plant these seeds and you will have new food every year for yourselves and your families. If you tend the seeds carefully, you will also have enough to sell to others so that they, too, can enjoy the fruits of my gift to you."

"The farmers bowed toward the new goddess, and when they looked up, she was gone. On the ground, where once the beautiful tree had grown, were two large piles of seeds, one of barley and one of wheat." And so you see, my young friend, since the farmers never figured out that the beautiful tree had been brought by Diana, they continued to worship Ceres as the goddess of grain, instead of their real benefactor.

Advertisement

Make Your Move To Mythical Meadows Now!

By Megan Bruno, Latin student of Mrs. Nilsen, St. John Vianney High School, Holmdel, N.J.

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Felesne Linguam Tuam Tenet?

Has the cat got your tongue, and you just can't bring yourself to make it through another *Caristia*? I am a trained facilitator and will gladly attend your family's *Caristia* celebration to make sure everyone finds the courage to say, "Me paeniet" or "Tibi ignosco." Don't spend another day dreading a.d. VIII Kal. Mart. Send for *Qui Faciliorem Reddit* in the Forum Holitorium.

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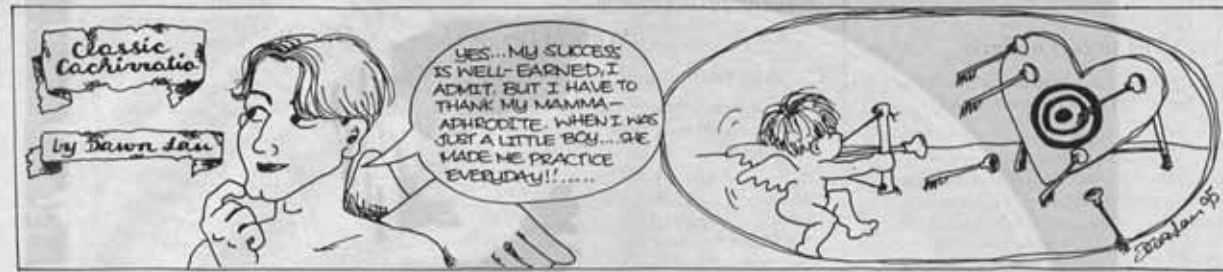
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Responsa Probata

How Are You Doing In Latin?

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



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

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